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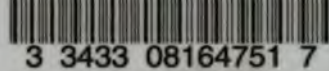
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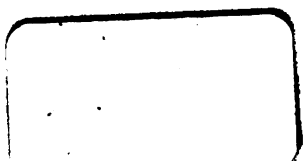
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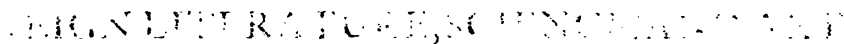
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philosophy and a life pattern. My advice
therefore is as radical as good living
can be. Use the first half of your
life to make your character and mind
strong enough to meet the second half
as it comes. Then you will be keeping
your mind strong to keep a downward
working of the mind from making a
downward of one's personality. And
that, of course, have been intended
to put our minds in a downward and
downward as they grow, leading to
upliftment of them. Always, it is a
downward, and of them, it is a
downward.

That has been good, but has been
produced only by the power of a
downward, some sort of them will
be produced without it. Generally, it
is the best of a man's mind, and he
come to a new and present, and
middle sort of mind, and a new





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THE NADIR OF LIBERALISM.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"DEMAS hath forsaken me"—so the deserted and dejected Muse of Literature may say—"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and hath betaken himself to this or that constituency." It is now more than fifteen years since I exhorted my young literary and intellectual friends, the lights of Liberalism, not to be rushing into the arena of politics themselves, but rather to work inwardly upon the predominant force in our politics—the great middle class—and to cure its spirit. From their Parliamentary mind, I said, there is little hope; it is in getting at their real mind, and making it work honestly, that all our hope lies. For from the boundedness and backwardness of their spirit, I urged, came the inadequacy of our politics; and by no Parliamentary action, but by an inward working only, could this spirit and our

politics be made better. My exhortations were as fruitless as good advice usually is. The great Parliamentary machine has gone creaking and grinding on, grinding to much the same result as formerly. But instead of keeping aloof, and trying to set up an inward working on the middle-class spirit, more and more of one's promising young friends of former days have been tempted to put their hands to the machine; and there one sees them now, helping to grind—all of them zealous, all of them intelligent, some of them brilliant and leading.

What has been ground, what has been produced with their help? Really very much the same sort of thing which was produced without it. Certainly our situation has not improved, has not become more solid and prosperous, since I addressed to my friends, fifteen years

ago, that well-meant but unavailing advice to work inwardly on the great Philistine middle class, the master-force in our politics, and to cure its spirit. At that time I had recently been abroad, and the criticism which I heard abroad on England's politics and prospects was what I took for my text in the first political essay with which I ventured to approach my friends and the public. The middle class and its Parliament were then in their glory. Liberal newspapers heaped praise on the middle-class mind, "which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value;" ministers of State heaped praise on "the great, the heroic work" performed by the middle-class Parliament. But the foreigners made light of our middle-class mind, and, instead of finding our political performance admirable and successful, declared that it seemed to them, on the other hand, that the era for which we had possessed the secret was over, and that a new era, for which we had not the secret, was beginning. Just now I have again been abroad, and under present circumstances I found that the estimate of England's action and success under a Liberal Government had, not unnaturally, sunk lower still. The hesitancy, imbecility, and failure of England's action abroad, it was said, have become such as to delight all her enemies, and to throw all her friends into consternation. England's foreign policy, said some clever man, reminds me of nothing so much as of Retz's character of the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis the Thirteenth: "There was a wide distance, with him, between wishing and willing, between willing and resolving, between resolving and the choice of means, between the choice of means and the putting them in execution. But what was most wonderful of all, it frequently happened that *he came to a sudden stop even in the midst of the putting into execution.*" There, said the speaker, is a perfect prophecy of England in Egypt! At home we had Ireland; to name Ireland is enough. We had the obstructed and paralyzed House of Commons. Then, finally, came the news one morning of the London street-mobs and street-riots, heightening yet further the impression of our impotence and

disarray. The recent trial and acquittal of the mob-orators will probably complete it.

With very many of those who thus spoke, with all the best and most important of them at any rate, malicious pleasure in our misfortunes, and gratified envy, were not the uppermost feelings; indeed, they were not their feelings at all. Do not think, they earnestly said, that we rejoice at the confusion and disablement of England; there may be some, no doubt, who do; perhaps there are many. We do not. England has been to us a cynosure, a tower, a pride, a consolation; we rejoiced in her strength; we rested much of our hope for the Continent upon her weight and influence there. The decline of her weight and influence we feel as a personal loss and sorrow. That they have declined, have well-nigh disappeared, no one who uses his eyes can doubt. And now, in addition, what are we to think of the posture of your affairs at home? What is it all coming to? It seems as if you were more and more getting among the breakers, drifting toward the shoals and rocks. Can it really be so? and is the great and noble ship going to break to pieces?

No, I answered; it is not going to break to pieces. There are sources, I trust, of deliverance and safety which you do not perceive. I agree with you, however, that our foreign policy has been that of people who fumble because they cannot make up their mind, and who cannot make up their mind because they do not know what to be after. I have said so, and I have said why it is and must be so: because this policy reflects the dispositions of middle-class Liberalism, with its likes and dislikes, its effusion and confusion, its hot and cold fits, its want of dignity and of the steadfastness which comes from dignity, its want of ideas and of the steadfastness which comes from ideas. I agree, too, that the House of Commons is a scandal, and Ireland a crying danger. I agree that monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are the letting out of anarchy, and that our weak dealing with them is deplorable. I myself think all this, and have often, too often, said it. But the mass of our Liberals of the middle and

lower classes do not see it at all. Their range of vision and of knowledge is too bounded. They are hardly even conscious that the House of Commons is a scandal or that Ireland is a crying danger. If it suited their favorite minister to tell them that neither the one nor the other allegation is true, they would believe him. As to foreign policy, of course it does suit him to tell them that the allegation that England has lost weight and influence is not true. And when the minister, or when one of his ardent young officials on their promotion, more dauntless than the minister himself, boldly assures them that England has not at all lost weight and influence abroad, and that our foreign policy has been sagacious, consistent, and successful, they joyfully believe him. Or when one of their minister's colleagues assures them that the late disturbances were of no importance, a mere accident which will never happen again, and that monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are proper and necessary things, which neither can be prohibited nor ought to be prohibited, they joyfully believe him. And with us in England, although not in the great world outside of England, those who thus think or say that all is well are the majority. They may say it, replied the speaker already mentioned, who has a turn for quotation; they may say it. But the answer for them is the answer made by Sainte-Beuve to M. Rouher asserting that all was well with the Second Empire in its closing years: "He may say so if he pleases, but he deceives himself, and he thinks contrary to the general opinion."

Yet surely there must be something to give ground to our prevalent notion of Mr. Gladstone as a great and successful minister. Not only the rank and file, the unthinking multitude, of the Liberal party, have it and proclaim it, but the leaders, the intelligent and educated men, embrace it just as confidently. Lord Ripon speaks of "the policy we might expect from the glorious antecedents of Mr. Gladstone." Professor Thorold Rogers calls him "that veteran statesman with fifty years of victory behind him." Mr. Reginald Brett says that any scheme for Ireland which he produces will be "a scheme based on

his unrivalled experience of the art of government." Mr. John Morley says that "in his great abilities and human sympathy will be found the only means capable of solving the great Irish question." Sir Horace Davey "will not hesitate to say that he has confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and that he believes the country also has confidence in Mr. Gladstone. The Liberals of England would not soon withdraw their confidence from that illustrious statesman, who had so often led them to victory." Surely there must be some foundation or other for this chorus of eulogy and confidence. Surely there must have been great success of some kind, surely there must have been victory.

Most certainly there has been victory. But has there been success? The two things are often confounded together, and in the popular estimate of Mr. Gladstone we have a signal instance of the confusion. He has been victorious, true; he has conquered, he has carried his measures. But he has not been successful. For what is success for a statesman; is it merely carrying his measures? The vulgar may think so, but a moment's reflection will tell us that the vulgar are wrong; that success for a statesman is succeeding in what his measures are designed to do.

This is the test of a statesman's success, and the great and successful statesmen are those whose work will bear trying by it. Cavour and Prince Bismarck are statesmen of our own time who are really great, because their work did what it was meant to do. Cavour's design was to make a united Italy, Prince Bismarck's to make a strong Germany; and they made it. No minor success, no success of vanity, no success of which the issue is still problematical and which requires other successes for its accomplishment, will suffice to assure this title of *successful* to a statesman. To some people Prince Bismarck seems great because he can snub all the world, and has even been enabled, by an incredible good fortune, to snub the proudest of countries and the one country against which, above all others, he was powerless—England. These successes of vanity are nothing. Neither is he to be called a successful statesman because he carried the May laws, for it is as yet uncertain

whether the end which those laws were designed to attain they will accomplish. But let us see, then, what it is which does indeed make Prince Bismarck a great and successful statesman, a statesman whose "antecedents," to take Lord Ripon's phrase, are indeed "glorious." He is successful because, finding his country with certain dangers and certain needs, he has labored for forty years, at first as a subordinate, but for the far greater part of the time as principal, to remove the one and to satisfy the other.

Germany had needs, she found impediments or she found perils to her national life, on the side of Denmark, Austria, Russia, France. First her needs on the side of Denmark were satisfied, in spite of the opposition of France and England. Graver difficulties had to be faced next. A strong Germany was impossible without a strong Prussia. But Prussia seemed to be one of the Great Powers only in name; Austria, thwarting and supercilious, checked her movements at every turn, frustrated all efforts to consolidate Germany. Except by Prussia's beating Austria, the consolidation of Germany could not go forward; but a war with Austria—what a difficult war was that for a Prussian minister to make! Prince Bismarck made it, and the victory of Sadowa gave Prussia free action in Germany. But except free action in Germany, Prince Bismarck demanded nothing from Austria; no territory, no indemnity—not a village, not a shilling.

Russia had saved Austria from the Hungarians, why did she not save her from the Prussians? Because the Prussian Government, foreseeing the future, foreseeing the inevitable struggle with Austria, had refused to take part with the Western Powers in the Crimean War—a foolish and prejudicial war for England, but which would have been still more foolish and prejudicial for Prussia. Austria had in a half-hearted way taken part with the Western Powers; Russia's neutrality in Austria's war with Prussia was Prussia's reward for the past and Austria's punishment.

Meanwhile at Prussia's success France looked on, palpitating with anger and jealousy. A strong Germany was a defiance to all French traditions, and the inevitable collision soon came. France

was defeated, and the provinces required to give military security to Germany were taken from her. Why had not Austria now sought to wreak her revenge on Prussia by siding with France? She had Russia to still reckon with in attempting to do so. But what was of yet more avail to stay her hand was that Prince Bismarck, as has been already mentioned, had with admirable wisdom entirely forborne to amerce and humiliate her after Sadowa, and had thus made it possible for the feelings of German Austria to tend to his side.

For the last fifteen years he has constantly developed and increased friendly relations with Austria and Russia. As regards France, whose friendship was impossible, he has kept Germany watchful and strong. Those legitimate needs and that security of Germany, which thirty years ago seemed unattainable for her, he has attained. Germany, which thirty years ago was hampered, weak, and in low esteem, is now esteemed, strong, and with her powers all at command. It was a great object, and the great *Reichskanzler* has attained it. Such are Prince Bismarck's victories.

I observe that Mr. John Morley, like many people in this country, speaks of the work of Prince Bismarck as something extremely precarious, and likely to crumble away and vanish as soon as the Emperor William dies. "When the disappearance of Kaiser Wilhelm dissolves the fabric of the Triple Alliance, new light will be thrown on the stability of governments which are anti democratic." In my opinion, Mr. Morley deceives himself. Advanced Liberals are always apt to think that a condition of things where the people cannot hold whatever meetings and processions they like, and wherever they like, is an unnatural condition and likely to dissolve. But I see no signs which show that Prince Bismarck and his policy will disappear with the Emperor William. The Crown Prince is too judicious a man to desire it; even if he desired it, I doubt whether he could bring it about. The state of Germany is, unless I am much mistaken, more solid than our own. Prince Bismarck commits errors, the German character has faults, German life has deficiencies; but the situation there is a great deal more solid, and

Prince Bismarck far more fixed in the national affections than our Radicals suppose.

But now let us come to the victories of Mr. Gladstone. Are they not victories only, but successes? that is, have they really satisfied vital needs and removed vital dangers of the nation? Sir Robert Peel's abolition of the Corn Laws may be said to have removed a risk of social revolt. But the general development of Free Trade cannot absolutely, as we are all coming to see, be said to have satisfied vital needs and removed vital dangers of the nation; free trade is not, it is now evident, a machinery making us by its own sole operation prosperous and safe; it requires, in order to do this, many things to supplement it, many conditions to accompany it. The general development of free trade we cannot, therefore, reckon to Mr. Gladstone as a success of the sort which stamps a statesman as gloriously successful. The case was one not admitting of a success of the kind. On foreign affairs I shall not touch; his best friends will not allege his successes there. But at home for a success of the kind wanted, a true and splendid success, Mr. Gladstone has had three great opportunities. He had them in dealing with the Irish Church, with the Irish land question, with obstruction in Parliament. In each case he won a victory. But did he achieve not only a victory, but that which is the only real and true success for a statesman? did he, by his victory, satisfy vital needs and remove vital dangers of his country? Did he in the case of the Irish Church? The object there for a statesman was to conciliate the Catholic sentiment of Ireland; did his measure do this? The Liberal party affirmed that it did, the Liberal newspapers proclaimed it "a great and genial policy of conciliation," and one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues told us that the Ministry had "resolved to knit the hearts of the empire into one harmonious concord, and knitted they were accordingly." True, there were voices (mine was one of them) which said differently. "It is fatal to the English nation," I wrote in *Culture and Anarchy*, "to be told by its flatterers, and to believe, that it is abolishing the Irish Church through reason and justice when

it is really abolishing it through the Nonconformists' antipathy to establishments; fatal to expect the fruits of reason and justice from anything but the spirit of reason and justice." This was unpopular language from an insignificant person, and was not listened to. But who doubts now that the Catholic sentiment of Ireland was not in the very least conciliated by the measure of 1868, and that the reason why it was not and could not be conciliated by it was that the measure was of the nature above described?

The Irish Land Act, in like manner, was a victory but not a success. It was carried, it was applauded; the Liberal party duly extolled it as "a scheme based on Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled experience in the art of government." But did it satisfy vital needs and remove vital dangers? Evidently not; the legislation now proposed for Ireland is impregnable proof of it. Did the victory, again, achieved in the reform of procedure, achieved by Mr. Gladstone wielding a great majority and spending the time of Parliament without any stint, did this victory succeed? Did it satisfy the nation's needs and remove the nation's dangers as regards obstruction in the House of Commons? Why, the Conservatives have had to devise a fresh scheme, and the Liberal Government has had to adopt it from them, and is at this moment working in concert with them to mature it!

Well, then, "our veteran statesman with his fifty years of victory behind him," with his "glorious antecedents," with his "unrivalled experience in the art of government," turns out, in the three crucial instances by which we can test him, not to have succeeded as a statesman at all, but on the contrary to have failed. "Let me try again," he is now saying. And Mr. Morley assures us that in "Mr. Gladstone's great abilities and human sympathy will be found the only means capable of solving the great Irish problem." The mass of Liberal voices chime eagerly in with Mr. Morley. I do not deny the great abilities and the human sympathy; I admit them to the fullest extent. I do not even say that Mr. Gladstone is to be blamed for not having succeeded. But succeeded, in the true sense of the word,

he has not ; his work as a statesman has hitherto failed to satisfy the country's vital needs, to remove the country's vital dangers. When, therefore, he proposes, in a most critical condition of things, to fall to work again on a bigger scale than ever, we may well feel anxious. We may well ask ourselves what are the causes which have kept him back from a statesman's true success hitherto, and whether they will not also keep him back from it in what he purposes to do now.

The reason why Mr. Gladstone has not succeeded hitherto in the real and high work of a statesman is that he is in truth not a statesman, properly so called, at all, but an unrivalled parliamentary leader and manager. A little development is needed to bring out clearly what I mean.

Mr. Gladstone is the minister of a party and a period of expansion, the minister of the Liberals—the Liberals whose work it should be to bring about the modern development of English society. He has many requisites for that leadership. Everybody will admit that in effectiveness as a public speaker and debater he cannot be surpassed, can hardly be equalled. Philosophers may prefer coolness and brevity to his heat and copiousness ; but the many are not philosophers, and his heat and copiousness are just what is needed for popular assemblies. His heat and copiousness, moreover, are joined with powers and accomplishments, with qualities of mind and character, as admirable as they are rare. The absence in him of aristocratic exclusiveness is one of the causes of his popularity. But not only is he free from *morgue*, he has also that rarest and crowning charm in a man who has triumphed as he has, been praised as he has : he is genuinely modest. Every one should read in proof of this a beautiful and touching letter from him in Hope Scott's *Life*, a letter so deeply modest, and yet breathing, at the same time, the very spirit of sincerity. If one could be astonished at anything in political partisans, I should be astonished at the insensibility of his opponents to the charm of Mr. Gladstone. I think him an unsuccessful, a dangerous minister ; but he is a captivating, a fascinating personality.

Why then, with all these gifts and

graces, does he fail as a statesman ? Probably because, having to be the minister of the modern development of English society, he was born in 1809. The minister of a period of concentration, resistance, and war, may be spiritually rooted in the past ; not so the minister of a work of civil development in a modern age. I once ventured to say to Lord Salisbury, before he became the leading personage he is now, that he interested me because, though a Conservative, he was reared in a post-Philistine epoch and influenced by it. I meant that his training had fallen on a time when a man of his powers and cultivation must needs get a sense of how the world is really going, a sense which the old time of routine and fictions was without. Lord Salisbury is a Conservative leader ; his business is to procure stability and prominence for that which already exists, much of it undeniably precious. He may have a sense in his own inner mind of what is mere survival of routine and fiction from the past and of how the modern world is really going, but that knowledge has not to be the grand spring and motor of his public action. A Liberal leader here in England is, on the other hand, a man of movement and change, called expressly to the task of bringing about a modern organization of society. To do this, he should see clearly how the world is going, what our modern tendencies and needs really are, and what is routine and fiction in that which we have inherited from the past. But of how few men of Mr. Gladstone's age can it be said that they see this ! Certainly not of Mr. Gladstone. Some of whom it cannot be said may be more interesting figures than those of whom it can ; Cardinal Newman is a more interesting figure, Mr. Gladstone himself is a more interesting figure, than John Stuart Mill. But a Liberal leader of whom it cannot be said that he sees how the world is really going is in a false situation. And Mr. Gladstone's perception and criticism of modern tendencies is fantastic and unsound, as his criticism of Homer is fantastic and unsound, or his criticism of Genesis. But he loves liberty, expansion ; with his wonderful gifts for parliamentary and public life he has naturally an irresistible bent to political lead-

ership; he will lead the Liberal party. And he will lead it, he will lead this great party of movement and change, by watching their mind, adapting his programme to it, and relying on their support and his own inexhaustible resources of energy, eloquence, and management, to give him the victory.

But the task of providing light and leading is thus shifted upon men yet more incompetent for it than Mr. Gladstone. It is thrown upon the middle class in English society, the class where lay the strength of the Liberal party until the other day, and upon the working class, which conjointly with the middle class makes its strength now. Both are singularly bounded, our working class reproducing, in a way unusual in other countries, the boundedness of the middle. Both have invaluable qualities, closely allied, as generally happens, with their defects. The sense for conduct in our middle class is worth far more than the superior intellectual lucidity to be found in divorce from that sense among middle classes elsewhere; the English workman, as a great Swiss employer of labor testified to me the other day, is still the best in the world; the English peasant is patient, faithful, respectful, kindly, as no other. But range of mind, large and clear views, insight—we must not go to our middle and lower class for these. Yet it is on our middle and lower class that the task is really thrown, Mr. Gladstone's gifts and deficiencies being what they are, of determining the programme of Liberal movement for our community, and indeed of determining the programme of our foreign policy also; while Mr. Gladstone finds the management and talents for insuring victory to the programmes so determined. Thus it is that our foreign policy has been what we have seen it; thus it came about that the Irish Church was abolished by the power of the Dissenters' antipathy to Church Establishments. And so we find that precisely the reverse happens of what Mr. Frederic Harrison bids us expect; the minister, says he, initiates, the untrained elector simply finds a good minister. "Now very plain men know how to find the set of ministers who wish them well and will bring them good." But we see that in fact our

Liberal electorate has the task thrown upon it not only of choosing a good minister, but also of determining what the good shall be which this minister is to bring us.

Such, then, is our situation. A captivating Liberal leader, generous and earnest, full of eloquence, ingenuity, and resource, and a consummate parliamentary manager—but without insight, and who as a statesman has hitherto not succeeded, but failed. A Liberal party, of which the strength and substance is furnished by two great classes, with sterling merits and of good intentions, but bounded and backward. A third factor in our situation must not be unnoticed—an element of Jacobinism. It is small, but it is active and visible. It is a sinister apparition. We know its works from having seen them so abundantly in France; it has the temper of hatred and the aim of destruction. There are two varieties of Jacobin, the hysterical Jacobin and the pedantic Jacobin; we possess both, and both are dangerous.

At such a moment Ireland sends eighty-five Home Rulers to the House of Commons; and the Irish question, which had previously given to Mr. Gladstone so much occasion for showing how he can conquer without succeeding, must be dealt with seriously at last. What grand scope is here offered for the talents of the great Parliamentary manager! The thing is, to have the eighty-five Home Rulers voting solid with the Liberal party. How is it to be effected? The generous and ardent feelings of Mr. Gladstone rush to his aid. Ireland has been abominably governed! True. Ireland desires autonomy more hotly than any other part of these islands desires it! Very naturally. Why then should we not give to the Irish what they so hotly desire? Why not indeed? responds the Liberal party. Only there must be no endowment of religion, no endowment, above all, of Popish superstition! There shall be none, says Mr. Gladstone. In that case, replies his Liberal following, go on and prosper! Let the Irish have what the majority of them like. It is the great blessedness for man to do as he likes; if men very much wish for a thing, we

ought to give it them if possible. This is the cardinal principle of Liberalism ; Mr. Fox proclaimed it.

Yes, Mr. Fox proclaimed it—the brilliant and generous schoolboy ! But what would Burke have said to it ? Nay, even a sagacious woman, who had closely watched a time of civil trouble, knew better. “Quand les hommes se révoltent, ils sont poussés par des causes qu'ils ignorent ; et, pour l'ordinaire, ce qu'ils demandent n'est pas ce qu'il faut pour les apaiser.” Men are driven to revolt by causes not clearly known to them ; and in general the thing they call for is not the thing requisite to content them. The observation is profoundly just and true.

The project of giving a separate Parliament to Ireland has every fault which a project of State can have. It takes one's breath away to find an English statesman propounding it. With islands so closely and inextricably connected together by nature as these islands of ours, to go back in the at least formal political connection attained, to make the political tie not closer but much laxer, almost to undo it—what statesmanship ! And when, estranged from us in feeling as Celtic Ireland unhappily is, we had yet in Ulster a bit of Great Britain, we had a friend there, you propose to merge Ulster in Celtic Ireland ! you propose to efface and expunge your friend ! Was there ever such madness heard of ?

Those Irishmen, who may happen to know anything about so unimportant a person as I am, will know that I am no enemy of Ireland. They will therefore, I hope, have patience with me while I tell them the truth. The more intensely the Irish desire a separate Parliament, the more it proves that they ought not to have one. If they cry out for a separate Irish Parliament when Scotland and Wales do not cry out for a Scotch or Welsh Parliament, that is not a reason for giving such a Parliament to Ireland rather than to Scotland or Wales, but just the contrary. The Irish desire it so much because they are so exasperated against us. The exasperation is good neither for us nor for themselves. The thing is to do away with the sense of exasperation by removing its causes, to make them friends. The causes of the

exasperation are not in our political tie with them, but in our behavior and treatment. Amend the behavior and treatment by all means. But simply to cut the Irish adrift in their present state of feeling, to send them away with the sense of exasperation rankling, with the memory of our behavior and treatment fresh in their minds, what is it but to leave the sense of exasperation to last forever, and to give them more full and free scope for indulging it ? No gratitude for a measure which its supporters are already recommending by the ignoblest appeals to our fears will prevent this. To our fears the measure will be imputed ; and to our fears or our foolishness, and to no more worthy or winning motive, will it indeed be due. Every guarantee we take, every limit we impose, will be an occasion for fret and friction. The temptation to the Irish legislature *ampliare jurisdictionem*, to extend and enlarge its range of action, will be irresistible ; the very brilliancy and verve of Irishmen necessitate it. The proper public field for an Irishman of signal ability is the Imperial Parliament. There his faculties will find their right and healthful scope ; he is good for us there, and we for him. But he will find scope for his faculties in an Irish Parliament only by making it what it was not meant to be, and what it cannot be without danger. It will be a sensation Parliament—a Parliament of shocks and surprises.

Ask those “thoughtful Americans” who in conjunction with his own terrors are the mighty persuaders of Mr. Whitbread's mind, ask them what they would think of a proposal to make the South one homogeneous political body distinct from the North, and with a separate Congress in Richmond. They will laugh. The South, they will say, is certainly much inferior in strength and population to the North. But such a Congress would inevitably come to regard itself as a rival to the Congress at Washington, the Southern States which are in sympathy with the North would be swamped by those which are not ; it would be a perpetual stimulus to secession. And then let Mr. Whitbread, if his tremors have left him any voice, ask his “thoughtful Americans” what it is which they are so thoughtfully and

kindly exhorting him to do in Ireland !

This brings me to the challenge constantly thrown out to those who condemn Mr. Gladstone's plan of an Irish Parliament, to produce an alternative policy of their own. Why, really such a policy, in its main lines, which are all the state of the case at present requires, produces itself ! Let us give to our South, not a single central Congress, but provincial legislatures. Local government is the great need for us just now throughout these islands ; the House of Commons is far too large a body, and is weighted with much work which it ought not to have. But in Great Britain we have this difficulty : the counties would give us local legislatures too numerous, and not strong enough ; and we have no provinces. The difficulty may be overcome, but a difficulty it is. But in Ireland it does not present itself ; Ireland has four provinces. Ireland's strong desire for local government is no good reason for giving Ireland an Irish Parliament ; but it is a good reason for seizing as promptly as possible any fit means for organizing local government there, and for so organizing it even before we organize it in Great Britain ; and such means the Irish provinces supply. Munster and Connaught may probably be considered as of one character, and some of western Ulster, as being of the same character, might go naturally with them. But we have at least three divisions in Ireland, each of them with a distinct stamp and character of its own, and affording, each of them, materials for a separate provincial assembly : Ulster proper, or British Ireland ; Leinster, or metropolitan Ireland ; Munster and Connaught, or Celtic Ireland. Evidently the assembly representing British Ireland would be one thing, the assembly representing Celtic Ireland quite another. Perhaps Leinster, the old seat of the capital and of metropolitan life, would give us an assembly different in character from either. So much the better. Each real and distinct part of Ireland would have its own legislature, and would govern its own local affairs ; each part would be independent of the others, neither of them would be swamped by the others. The common centre would be the Imperial Parliament

at Westminster. There the foremost Irishmen would represent Ireland, while for the notables of each province the provincial legislatures would afford a field.

It is deemed enough to say, in condemnation of any scheme of this kind, that it is not what the majority of the Irish are demanding, and that the eighty-five members who follow Mr. Parnell would not accept it. But carry it, and what would happen ? Would not Ulster accept it ? It is just what Ulster desires, while a general Irish Parliament is just what Ulster fears. Would Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, metropolitan and Celtic Ireland, refuse to accept ? How would they carry their refusal into effect ? They could only do so by the majority abstaining from the election of members for the provincial legislatures. But this would leave those assemblies to be elected by the minority, who would assuredly elect them gladly enough, but how would that suit the majority ? No, the Home Rulers may say that nothing less than an Irish Parliament will they accept, and no wonder that, with Mr. Gladstone's offer before them, they should say so ; but once carry a plan for establishing provincial legislatures, and they will come into it before long.

And indeed one cannot but at first feel astonishment that Mr. Gladstone should have preferred to such a plan his plan for an Irish Parliament. Last year I was often and often inclined to say as to Egypt : With one tenth of the ingenuity and pains which Mr. Gladstone spends to prove, what neither he nor any one else ever *can* prove, that his Egyptian policy has been sagacious, consistent, and successful, he might have produced an Egyptian policy sagacious, consistent, and successful. So one may say now as to Ireland : With one tenth of the ingenuity and pains which Mr. Gladstone is expending upon a bad and dangerous measure for Ireland, he might have produced a good and safe one. But alas, he is above all a great Parliamentary manager ! Probably he is of the same opinion with Cardinal de Retz, who has been already mentioned ; he thinks " that it takes higher qualities to make a good party-leader than to make a good emperor of the universe." The eighty-five Parnellite members added to

the Liberal majority, and enabling him, as he hopes, to defy opposition and to carry his measure victoriously, are irresistible to him. To the difficult work of a statesman he prefers the work for which he has such a matchless talent—the seemingly facile but really dangerous strokes of the Parliamentary tactician and party manager.

Not that he himself foresees danger from it. No, that is the grave thing. He does not foresee danger. Statesmen foresee, Mr. Gladstone does not. He no more foresees danger from his Irish Parliament than he foresaw that his abolition of the Irish Church would not conciliate Catholic sentiment in Ireland, or that his Land Act would not conciliate the Irish peasant. He has no foresight because he has no insight. With all his admirable gifts he has little more real insight than the rank and file of his Liberal majority, people who think that if men very much want a thing they ought to have it, and that Mr. Fox's dictum makes this certain. It is this confiding majority under this unforeseeing leader which makes me tremble. Will anything ever awaken either the leader or the followers to a sense of danger? When the vessel of State is actually grinding on the rocks, will Mr. Gladstone be still cheerfully devising fresh strokes of management; and, when not engaged in applauding him, will Mr. Illingworth be still prattling about disestablishment and Mr. Stansfeld about contagious disease?

I have long been urging "that the performance of our Liberals was far less valuable than they supposed, that their doings wanted more of simple and sincere thought to direct them, and that by their actual practice, however prosperous they might fancy themselves, they could not really succeed." But now they do really seem to have done what the puzzled foreigners imagine England altogether has done—to have reached the nadir. They have shown us about the worst that a party of movement can do, when that party is bounded and backward and without insight, and is led by a manager of astounding skill and energy, but himself without insight likewise. The danger of our situation is so grave that it can hardly be exaggerated. People are shocked at even the mention of the contingency of civil war. But the danger

of civil war inevitably arises whenever two impossible parties, full of hatred and contempt for each other, with no mediating power of reason to reconcile them, are in presence. So the English civil war arose when, facing and scornfully hating one another, were two impossibilities: the prerogative of the King and the license of the Cavaliers on the one side, the hideousness and immense *ennui* of the Puritans on the other. The Vendean war arose out of a like collision between two implacable impossibilities: the old *régime* and Jacobinism. Here lies the danger of civil war in Ireland, if the situation cannot find rational treatment; Protestant ascendancy is impossible, but the Ulster men will not let bunglers, in removing it, drag them down to a lower civilization without a struggle. Nay, the like danger exists for England itself. Change we must; but if a Liberal party with no insight, led by a victorious manager who is no statesman, brings us to failure and chaos, the existing England will not let itself be ruined without a struggle.

Therefore at the present time that need for us, on which I have so often and so vainly insisted, to let our minds have free and fair play, no longer to deceive ourselves, to brush aside the clap-trap and fictions of our public and party life, to be lucid, to get at the plain simple truth, to see things as they really are, becomes more urgent, more the one thing needful for us, than ever. That sentence of Butler, which I have more than once quoted in past times, acquires now a heightened, an almost awful significance. "*Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?*" The laws which govern the course of human affairs, which make this thing salutary to a nation and that thing pernicious, are not of our making or under our power. Our wishing and asserting can avail nothing against them. Lord Ripon's calling Mr. Gladstone's antecedents glorious cannot make them other than what they are—Parliamentary victories, but a statesman's failures. Mr. Morley's "great triumph" in the election of "330 Liberal members, more or less, who without excessive arrogance may be taken to be the best men in the way of intelligence and honesty that

the Liberal party can produce," cannot make the Liberal party, both in and out of Parliament, other than what it is—a party of bounded and backward mind, without insight. Deluders and deluded, the utterers of these phrases may fancy them solid while they utter them, the hearers while they hear them. But solid they cannot make them; and it is not on the thing being asserted and believed, but on its being really true or false, that our welfare turns.

Whatever may be the faults of the Liberal party, "the Conservative party at any rate," says Mr. Bradlaugh, "is blind;" and here, too, of course there is danger. The Conservative party is the party of stability and permanence, the party of resistance to change; and when the Liberal party, the party of movement, moves unwise and dangerous changes, recourse will naturally be had, by sensible men, to the Conservative party. After all, our country as it is, as the past has made it, as it stands there before us, is something; it is precious, it shall not lightly be imperilled by the bungling work of rash hands. Burke from such a motive threw himself on the Conservative forces in this country to resist Jacobinism. But no solution of the problems of national life is to be reached by resting on those forces absolutely. Burke would have been far more edifying for us to-day if he had rested on them less absolutely. What has been said of the urgent need of seeing things as they really are is of general application, and applies to Conservative action as well as Liberal. If Conservative action is blind, we are undone. True, for the moment our pressing danger is just now from the Liberal party and its leader. If they cannot be stopped and defeated, the thing is over, and we need not trouble ourselves about the Conservative party and its blindness. But supposing them defeated, the Conservative programme requires to be treated just like the Liberal, to be surveyed with a resolutely clear and fair mind.

Now there is always a likelihood that this programme will be just to maintain things as they are, and nothing further. Already there are symptoms of danger in the exhortations, earnestly made and often repeated, to keep faith with the Irish proprietor to whose security Eng-

land, it is said, has pledged herself; to secure the Irish landowners and to prevent the scandal and peril of Catholic supremacy in Ireland.

As to Catholicism, it has been the great stone of stumbling to us in Ireland, and so it will continue to be while we treat it inequitably. Mr. Gladstone's Bill treats it inequitably. His Bill withholds from the Irish the power to endow or establish Catholicism. That, he well knows, is the one exception which his Liberal followers make to their rule, borrowed from Mr. Fox, that if men very much wish to do a thing we should let them do it. To endow Catholicism they must not be permitted, however much they may wish it. That provision alone would be fatal to any sincere and lasting gratitude in Ireland for Mr. Gladstone's measure. If his measure is defeated it would be fatal to repeat his mistake. Why should not the majority in Ireland be suffered to endow and establish its religion just as much as in England or Scotland? It is precisely one of those cases where the provincial legislatures should have the power to do as they think proper. Mr. Whitbread's "thoughtful Americans" will tell him that in the United States there is this power, although to the notions and practice of America, sprung out of the loins of Nonconformity, religious establishments are unfamiliar. But even in this century, I think, Connecticut had an established Congregational Church, and it might have an Established Church again to-morrow if it chose. Ulster would most certainly not establish Catholicism. If it chose to establish Presbyterianism it should be free to do so. If the Celtic and Catholic provinces chose to establish Catholicism, they should be free to do so. So long as we have two sets of weights and measures in this matter, one for Great Britain and another for Ireland, there can never be concord.

The land question presents most grave and formidable difficulties, but undoubtedly they are not to be got rid of by holding ourselves pledged to make the present Irish landlords' tenure and rents as secure as those of a landlord in England. We ought not to do it if we could, and in the long run we could not do it if we would. How greatly is a

clear and fair mind needed here ! and perhaps such a mind on such a subject the Conservatives, the landed party, do not easily attain. We have always meant and endeavored to give to the Irish landlord the same security that the English has. But the thing is impossible. Why ? Because at bottom the acquiescence of the community makes the security of property. The land-system of England has, in my opinion, grave disadvantages ; but it has this acquiescence. It has it partly from the moderation of the people, but more from the general conduct and moderation of the landlords. If many English landlords had borne such a reputation as that which the first Lord Lonsdale, for instance, acquired for himself in the north, the English landed system would not have had this acquiescence. In Scotland it has it in a less degree, and is therefore less secure ; and, whatever the Duke of Argyll may think, deservedly. Let him consult the Tory Johnson for the past, and weigh, as to the present, the fact that Mr. Winans is possible. But it has it in a considerable degree, though in a lower degree than England. Ireland has it in the degree to be expected from its history of confiscation, penal laws, absenteeism—that is to say, hardly at all. And we are bound in good faith, we are pledged to obtain, by force if necessary, for the Irish landlord the acquiescence and security which in England come naturally ! We are bound to do it for a landed system where the landowners have been a class with whom, in Burke's words, "the melancholy and invidious title of grantees of confiscation was a favorite ;" who "would not let Time draw his oblivious veil over the unpleasant means by which their domains were acquired ;" who "abandoned all pretext of the general good of the community" ! But there has been great improvement, you say : the present landowners give in general little cause for complaint. Absenteeism has continued, but ah ! even if the improvement had been ten times greater than it has, Butler's memorable and stern sentence would still be true : "Real information is in many cases of no avail at all toward preventing the miseries annexed to folly *exceeding a certain degree*. There is a

certain bound of misbehavior, which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things." But a class of altogether new and innocent owners has arisen. Alas ! every one who has bought land in Ireland has bought it with a lien of Nemesis upon it. It is of no use deceiving ourselves. To make the landowner in the Celtic and Catholic parts of Ireland secure as the English landowner is impossible for us.

What is possible is to bear our part in his loss ; for loss he must incur. He must incur loss for folly and misbehavior, whether on his own part or on that of his predecessors, *exceeding a certain degree*. But most certainly we ought to share his loss with him. For when complaints were addressed to England, "the double name of the complainants," says Burke, "Irish and Papist (it would be hard to say which singly was the more odious), shut up the hearts of every one against them." All classes in Great Britain are guilty in this matter ; perhaps the middle class, the stronghold of Protestant prejudice, most. And, therefore, though the Irish landlords can, I think, be now no more maintained than were the planters, yet to some extent this country is bound to indemnify them as it did the planters. They must choose between making their own terms with their own community, or making them with the Imperial Parliament. In the latter case, part of their indemnity should be contributed by Ireland, part, most certainly, by ourselves. Loss they must, however, expect to suffer, the landowners of the Celtic and Catholic provinces at any rate. To this the English Conservatives, whatever natural sympathy and compassion they may entertain for them, must clearly make up their minds.

On the reasonableness of the Conservative party our best hope at present depends. In that nadir of Liberalism which we seem to have reached, there are not wanting some signs and promise of better things to come. Lord Rosebery, with his freshness, spirit, and intelligence, one cannot but with pleasure see at the Foreign Office. Then the action of Lord Hartington and Mr. Trevelyan inspires hope : that of Mr.

Chamberlain inspired high hope at first, but presently his attitude seemed to become equivocal. He has, however, instincts of government—what M. Guizot used to call “the governmental mind.” But the mass of the great Liberal party has no such instincts; it is crude and without insight. Yet for the modern development of our society, great changes are required, changes not certainly finding a place in the programme of our Conservatives, but not in that of our Liberals either. Because I firmly believe in the need of such changes, I have often called myself a Liberal of the future. They must come gradually, however; we are not ripe for them yet. What we are ripe for, what ought to be the work of the next few years, is the development of a complete and national system of local government for these islands. And in this work all reasonable Conservatives may heartily bear part with all reasonable Liberals. That is the work for the immediate future, and besides its own great importance, it offers us a respite from burning questions which we are not ripe to treat, and a basis of union for all good men. The development of the working class amongst us follows the development of the middle. But development for our bounded and backward middle class can be gained only by their improved education and by the practice of a rational, large, and elevating system of local government. The reasonableness and co-operation of the Conservatives are needed to attain this system. By reasonableness, by co-operation with reasonable Liberals, they have it in their power to do two good things: they can keep off many dangers in the present,

and they will be helping to rear up a Liberalism of more insight for the future.

But is it possible, and is there time? Will not the great Parliamentary manager, with his crude Liberal party of the present, sweep everything before him now? The omens are not good. At Munich a few weeks ago I had the honor to converse with a wise and famous man, as pleasing as he is learned, Dr. Döllinger. He is an old friend of Mr. Gladstone. We talked of Mr. Gladstone, with the interest and admiration which he deserves, but with misgiving. His letter to Lord de Vesci had just then appeared. “Does it not remind you,” Dr. Döllinger asked me, “of that unfortunate French ministry on the eve of the Revolution, applying to the nation for criticisms and suggestions?” Certainly the omens are not good. However, that best of all omens, as Homer calls it, ourselves to do our part for our country, is in our own power. The circumstances are such that desponding and melancholy thoughts cannot be banished entirely. After all, we may sometimes be tempted to say mournfully to ourselves, nations do not go on forever. In the immense procession of ages, what countless communities have arisen and sunk unknown, and even the most famous nation, perhaps, is only for its day. Human nature will have in dark hours its haunting apprehensions of this kind. But till the fall has actually come, no firm English mind will consent to believe of the fall that it is inevitable, and of “the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humor of the English people,” that their place in the world will know them no more.—*The Nineteenth Century*.



HEREDITY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BY DR. HENRY MAUDSLEY.

THE inheritance of parental or ancestral qualities of body and mind is a fact which has been taken notice of by all peoples in all times. It may justly be called an induction of universal experience, and in that character have as much weight ascribed to it as a modern scientific observation; for in a matter

requiring not special means of research, but lying open to the common observation of all the world, the common experience of the race is wiser than the experience of any individual, however uncommon he may be. Are not the proverbs of a people for the most part more pregnant with wisdom than the

lucubrations of its most ingenious philosophers?

It would be superfluous to adduce proof of the general recognition of a law of heredity; they are to be met with everywhere—in prophets, proverbs, and poets; for example, in what the Bible says was a proverb in Israel, “When the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children’s teeth are set on edge;” in the well-known and well-worn quotation from Horace:—

“Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis
Est in juvenis est in equis patrum
Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant acquilæ columbam;”

and lastly in these lines from Goethe’s *Iphigenia*:—

“Wohl dem der seiner Väter gern gedenke,
Der froh von ihren Thaten, ihrer Größe,
Den Hörer unterhält und still sich freuend
An’s Ende dieser schönen Reihe sich
Geschlossen sieht! Denn es erzeugt nicht
gleich
Ein Haus den Halbgott noch das Ungeheuer:
Erst eine Reihe Böser oder Guter
Bringt endlich das Entsetzen, bringt die
Freude
Der Welt hervor.”*

The aim of modern scientific inquiry is to obtain an exact knowledge of the ways of heredity, but it must be confessed that very little has been done yet to trace them exactly. They remain in a very nebulous state, yielding ample warrant for surprise that so little is known definitely about a tendency that has been known so long. What has been done is mainly to collect and record some very striking instances of hereditary action both in health and disease, and in doing so to bring into full relief the question, Why, such things being so, are they not always so? Moreover, not a little has been done to demonstrate that the action of heredity in the determination of mental and moral qualities is more definite, constant, and deep-reaching than it was thought to be at one time. Up to a recent date the common notion was, that

the mind, as a spiritual essence, divinely inspired in man, lay quite outside material laws of any sort; all persons being supposed to have pretty equal mental capacities naturally, and the actual differences of intellectual stature being ascribed to differences of education and circumstances. Not many persons think that now. But it is still a common notion that all persons are equally good by nature, and might be equally good actually, if they had the will to be so; that it is not any one’s misfortune, but the fault of his lapsing free-will, when he is not the good creature which he could and should be.

The notion of equal capacities of goodness in all persons is contradicted positively by the facts of heredity, which prove plainly that men are born with all degrees of moral capacities and incapacities, and some of them destitute in that respect, just as they are born with all degrees of intellectual capacities, and some of them with none at all. Moral idiocy is no less certain a fact than intellectual idiocy. As no one can by taking thought add one cubit to his bodily stature, so no one can by taking thought add one cubit to his natural mental stature. Everybody testifies of his forefathers in the potentialities and dispositions of his mind as certainly as in his bodily potentialities and dispositions; and it is no more possible to obtain grapes from thorns or figs from thistles in the moral than in the vegetable world. An amiable belief in innate human goodness ought not to prevent a prudent person from marking with a black note of interrogation the most seemingly virtuous person whose breed was morally bad; for it is only too probable that the strain of a fit temptation will reveal the fundamental flaw in his nature.

Although a study of the facts of heredity in a scientific way is a quite recent undertaking, and has not yet yielded much fruit, the inquiry affords fair promise of useful gains in the future, gains not to the educator alone, but to all those who would breed a good race of men. All the world perceives plainly that animals are not bred well or ill by accident; breeders of stock notoriously take the greatest pains so to select parents as to obtain the qualities which

* How blest is he who his progenitors
With pride remembers, to the listener tells
The story of their greatness, of their deeds,
And silently rejoicing, sees himself
The latest link of this illustrious chain!
For seldom does the selfsame stock produce
The monster and the demigod: a line
Of good or evil ushers in at last
The glory or the terror of the world.

they wish to have in the offspring ; but human beings entirely fail to realize that similar laws rule in their breedings, or if they acknowledge the theory in words, habitually lose sight of it in practice, being content to leave their own breedings to chance. Such vastly superior beings as they are, for whom the whole creation has groaned in travail from the beginning until now, they hold nature to be charged with the responsibility of taking care that they do not degenerate. It was an exaggerated exemplification only of this inconsistency which was presented by the gentleman, mentioned by one author, who was "so deeply interested in the doctrine of crossing, that every hour of his life was devoted to the improvement of a race of bantam fowls and curious pigeons, and who yet married a mad woman, whom he confined in a garret, and by whom he had insane progeny."

It is certainly easier to breed a particular variety of pigeons than to breed a particular variety of children. Pigeons run in more simple grooves of heredity ; they do not put forth so many variations as human beings do ; it is easier, therefore, with them to predict and obtain results. In man, complex organic being as he is, the law of inheritance of like qualities is largely modified by laws of variation. The son is not the image of his father, or of his mother, nor is he a simple mixture of their qualities, as he would be were the whole business one of simple inheritance—that is, of like begetting its like. It is not possible to predict what will be the exact mental qualities and bodily features of the child of two persons whose characters are known very well, nor so much as to tell what its sex will be. Solomon, wisest of men, did not trust his wisdom to decide the quarrel between the two women about the child which each claimed as hers by its resemblance to the one or the other. Again, twins, although sometimes ludicrously like in features and characters, are very unlike in other cases ; while the child which resembles one parent in bodily features may not resemble it in mental character. Nor have the halves of double monsters always similar dispositions. The Hungarian twin sisters that lived united by the bottom of the

back for twenty-two years, had extremely different temperaments, albeit after their deaths their blood vessels were found to communicate, so that the same blood served them. The so-called Siamese twins, again, who died a few years ago, did not live happily together to the end of their days ; one gave way to drinking, thereby disturbing much the other's comfort ; and they quarrelled so much on that account, and because they took opposite views of the American civil war, that they were earnestly eager to have a separation of bodies and consulted eminent surgeons on the subject.

There is always then a principle of variation at work in breeding, contesting the ground, as it were, with a principle of heredity, the effects of which are so great sometimes that resemblances are hidden or overborne entirely. The union between two persons may be compared in that respect to combinations in chemistry, when the products exhibit widely different properties from those of the combining elements. Now as the human body is the most complex organic substance in the world—the most compounded mass in nature, as Bacon calls it—it affords infinite scope for modifications, neutralizations, and variations of qualities ; and the reasons are obvious why we cannot predict results. Countless variations may occur in each case. No two voices, no two faces are exactly alike ; it is probable that no two persons cough or blow their noses in exactly the same way, and that a man might be known by his sneeze if minute enough attention were given to its special character. Most of these variations die with the individual, but some of them, meeting with fit surroundings and being fostered thereby, are propagated from one generation to another, and become fixed qualities of the family stock. For the qualities of the stock are deeper and more stable than those of the individual, and the qualities of the species deeper and more stable than those of the family. The law of heredity is most evident in the preservation of the characters of the species, the law of variation in the determination of individual characters.

While noting these two streams of tendency in human breeding—the one marking lines of heredity whereby the

person is more or less like his parents, the other marking lines of variation whereby he is more or less unlike them—it is important to note that manifest differences often hide a dormant, deep-lying sameness, which is vaguely felt when it cannot be actually defined. The law of heredity is in latent, albeit not in patent, action. Let the unlikeness between two brothers be so great that they look more like strangers than brothers, and the likeness between two strangers so close that they look like brothers, we nevertheless feel instinctively, when we come to speak or deal closely with them, the essential identity which there is beneath differences in the brothers, and the essential difference which there is beneath likeness in the strangers. It is a common observation that a particular quality of the parent shall be absent in the child, but shall show itself in a very exact way in the grandchild ; or, again, that the quality of an uncle, or of a much more distant relative, shall come out in a most striking way in the child whose parents showed no trace of it. This latency or dormancy of ancestral qualities that afterwards wake again to open activity—which is known as Atavism—is proof that the effect of the union of two persons may be to hold special qualities of each other in a sort of neutralization or check, released from which they show themselves again, just as an element in a chemical compound exhibits its own properties again as soon as it is free. Hence it is that everybody may learn more of the deep foundations of his character—of what he is essentially and is capable of becoming—by the study of his relations than he will by the most scrupulously minute self-inspection ; for he may observe in one or another of them the full development of what lies dormant in him, hidden and indiscernible—the actual outcome of the deep-lying potentialities of the family stock. That is the way to get pregnant hints to a true self-knowledge, a knowledge of the aptitudes which may help and of the tendencies that may betray on the occasions of critical strain in life. These hidden qualities, although they sometimes remain dormant through life, may be stirred into open development by various causes, for example, by the shocks of the constitutional changes

which take place naturally at particular epochs of life ; by the intimate bodily changes that are induced by the disturbing effects of such abnormal events as fevers or other illnesses ; by the outer stimuli of particular circumstances of life. Thus it is a familiar observation that a person whose likeness to his mother is more apparent at one period of life becomes more like his father at another period, or that a paternal quality which had never been noticed in a daughter at all is plainly evident in her after the climacteric change ; or that the stimulus of a great crisis in a person's life brings out ancestral qualities of which up to that time he was thought destitute.

These then are the obvious lessons which a study of heredity teaches, namely, the inheritance of like qualities, the combination to produce different qualities or variations, and the suspension or dormancy of qualities which may become active on a particular occasion in the individual life or in a subsequent generation. Observation of diseased states appears to prove, as might theoretically be anticipated, that the conclusions are of pathological as well as of physiological value.

If any one would know whether he is likely to live long or to die soon, let him inquire whether old age runs in his family or not, for the good tissues of long life are apt to be hereditary, and he may commit a great many excesses or other errors without killing himself if he comes of a long-lived stock. In like manner he may get much help towards a knowledge of the diseases to which he is prone, and which excesses or other errors are likely to light up, by inquiring what diseases his forefathers or kinsfolk suffered or died from. Some diseases are notoriously reckoned to be directly hereditary in like kind, for example, epilepsy, phthisis, insanity. When a person has one of them we are not at all surprised to learn that his father or mother had it ; indeed, we are apt to treat the discovery as a sufficient explanation, and to think that no more need be said. But it is not really an explanation ; it is merely an indication of the direction in which the exact explanation has yet to be sought. If it be a sufficient explanation, how does it

happen that all the children of the same unsound father or mother do not suffer in the same way? How is it that twins, living under the same conditions, have not always, as now and then they have, the same diseases at the same ages? In calling a disease hereditary it is not really meant that the disease itself is actually inherited by the offspring, who in that case would be born with it; what is meant is that the latter inherits a certain organic constitution, which, being likely to undergo that pathological development in the ordinary circumstances of life, is therefore described as a constitutional predisposition or tendency to the disease. We do not in the least know what is the intimate nature of the predisposition, but we know that it may be greater or less in different persons, and that it is thought to be so great in the cases of the diseases mentioned, and so likely to be transmitted to children, as to be a serious objection, if not an actual bar, to marriage. Those who, having fallen in love, are aware of the existence of them in their families are therefore not a little troubled sometimes with scruples of conscience, and anxiously ask medical advice whether they shall marry or not. In the end they commonly marry, whatever the advice given them, having persuaded themselves that the epilepsy was not real epilepsy, but a form of strong hysteria; that the lung-mischief was not constitutional phthisis, but the accidental consequence of a neglected cold; that the insanity was not the outcome of family degeneracy, but an incidental effect of a blow on the head, which was thought nothing of at the time. Would the earth ever have been peopled had cool reason been potent enough to quench the hot passion of love?

In such case there is always this to be said in defence of marriage—that the inheritance of a disease-tendency, however likely, is not invariable. One child may have it and another be free from it. It is a very rare thing for all the children of an insane parent to become insane; indeed, it seems sometimes as if the child which falls a victim drains off the taint for that generation, like a sort of scape-goat sent out into the wilderness, so that the other children escape. Nay, more, it sometimes hap-

pens that one child, aided by propitious surroundings, collects, concentrates, and develops into some form of genius the erratic forces which carry another child, not so favored by its circumstances, into the vagaries of insanity. In like manner, it is not by any means certain that all the children of a phthisical parent will have phthisis. And as regards epilepsy, although it certainly runs in families in a very striking way, only one person perhaps in a generation is struck by it. Cancer is popularly believed to be a distinctly hereditary disease, but so uncertain and irregular is its transmission, if it be, that some medical authorities doubt or even deny that it is so. In all these cases, however, it is proper to take due account of the before-mentioned fact, that a disease-tendency which is latent or dormant at one period of life or throughout the whole life of the individual may undergo actual development at a particular physiological epoch, or on occasion of a great bodily crisis from some other cause (almost at the same time in twins, sometimes); and that a tendency which is latent or dormant in one generation may show itself actively in the next generation. Herein we recognize the pathological parallel of the physiological dormancy of qualities which was previously taken notice of; disease-tendencies, like parental characters of mind and body, are held in check or actually neutralized.

Of the direct inheritance of morbid qualities of like kind, suicide yields the most decided examples. It is, indeed, striking and startling to observe how strong the suicidal bent is apt to be in those who have inherited it, and how seemingly trivial a cause will stir it into action. Persons afflicted by it will sometimes put an end to themselves on the occasion of a petty contrariety, or when they are a little out of sorts; and with almost as little concern as if they were only taking a short journey. Public feeling is much shocked, as if something very unnatural had happened, when a child of eight or nine years of age commits suicide, and is prone to rush to the hasty conclusion that so fearful an act would never have been done by so young a child unless it had been subjected to very cruel treatment.

The real truth commonly is that the act is done for a cause that seems utterly inadequate ; perhaps because his master inflicted a slight punishment, or because his father scolded him, or because his mother refused to let him go to a school-treat. But if the child's family history be inquired into, it will usually be found that a line of suicide, or of melancholic depression with suicidal tendency, runs through it. So it comes to pass that a slight cause of vexation is sufficient to strike and make vibrate the fundamental life-sick note of its nature.

Other examples of this form of heredity, of much more morbid nature than suicide is, might be given. Phthisis is a notorious instance, passing so directly from parent to child as to entail the extinction of a family when it is not neutralized by favorable interbreeding. For such neutralization, not of phthisis only but of other disease-tendencies, may undoubtedly be effected, although we have not at present any knowledge of the laws by which the good result is brought about. The fact, however, is certain and profoundly significant. The union of two individuals, one of whom has a marked disease-tendency of a particular kind, produces an organic constitution in which it is held in neutralization or check, never showing itself in their children. It has become a disease-immunity for that generation. Did we know the exact nature of the neutralizing process, it would no doubt be possible, by suitable arrangements for subsequent breeding, to get entirely rid of the morbid tendency and to obtain a perfectly sound stock. Unfortunately we do not, and so are liable to find the neutralization temporary, since it not unfrequently happens that the union of the offspring which is apparently free from the disease-tendency, because it is held in check, with a person who is also apparently free from it, produces an organic nature in which it shows itself distinctly. It is somehow made a disease-aptness again.

Here, then, we perceive the opening of a most interesting and fruitful line of medical inquiry, not yet ever seriously attempted, namely, the production and the elimination of constitutional disease-tendencies and disease-immunities in the offspring by the combinations

of different parental disease tendencies and disease-immunities. And not of disease-tendencies only of the same kind as the parent has. If a child have a disease unlike that which either parent had, it may nevertheless owe it to them ; for there is abundant reason to believe that variations may occur in morbid heredity, just as they do physiologically. What are the morbid outcomes of the union of a gouty and a phthisical diathesis ? How is it that diabetes runs alternately or coincidentally with insanity in families, as it certainly seems sometimes to do ? What is the fit constitutional tendency to neutralize, in interbreeding, a predisposition to cancer ? How best mate the person who has constitutional predisposition to madness, so as to neutralize it in the progeny, or, better still, to convert it into a good evolutionary variation ? Why and under what conditions is it that the epilepsy of one generation is transformed into the insanity of the next generation ? These and many like questions in reference to other morbid constitutional states easily suggest themselves for systematic investigation. When medical science is able to answer them precisely, and to make practical use of its knowledge for the prevention of disease, it will have achieved a work of protective hygiene such as the most enthusiastic sanitarians hardly yet dream of.

It is an old story that genius and madness are nearly allied. Assuredly they do often occur side by side, or in succession, in the same families. The son or brother of a person who committed suicide, or was otherwise disordered mentally, may be a genius. It is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly ever a man of genius who has not insanity or nervous disorder of some form in his family. In order to go mad or to be a genius the person must be original—that is to say, must have a constitutional dissatisfaction with things as they are, and an urgent impulse to get off the beaten tracks of thought and feeling in which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred go contentedly all their lives. It is surprising, when we take notice of it, what pure automata most persons are ; they say, think, feel, and do the same things in the same way day after day, like so many parrots, or just

as if they were so many organic machines. Were any one to amuse himself by taking train from London in different directions, and alighting at so many towns or villages fifty or a hundred miles from it, about the same hour of the day, what would he observe? He would observe the cocks and hens going through the same sort of cacklings, and crows, and scratchings; the dogs performing the same kind of sniffings, and prowlings, and barkings, in exactly the same way; the children crawling and squalling, running, playing, and quarrelling in the same way, and making exactly the same sort of cries and ejaculations; the men and women lounging, sauntering, and gossiping, and doing or saying, inside or outside their houses, the same things in the same way. He would observe the acts of animal and human life, although more varied, to be almost as mechanically constant as those of so many machines, and might, perhaps, conclude that man does himself more than justice, or does such little creatures as ants and bees less than justice, when he exalts his reason so much above their instincts.

It would appear, then, that when any one has a tincture of originality in him, inspiring and urging him to think, feel, and do differently from all the rest of the world, he must be one of two things—either a genius who is in advance of the world, ahead of it in thought, feeling, and action, or a madman who is alien from it; in both cases he represents an organic variation, which in the one case is physiological or evolutionary, in the other pathological and degenerative. He will be a genius when, along with his urgent individuality, he has a strong brain that fits him to maintain the balance between himself and the world, either by conforming aptly to circumstances, or by compelling the circumstances to conform to him; he will be a madman when, along with his urgent individuality, he has a weak brain which fails to keep the balance. It is not very surprising, then, that when one brother makes a great name in the world another brother is perhaps shut up in an asylum, and that some men of special genius are at times a little mad, or, displaying a Paul-like enthusiasm and energy, seem so to the Festus of the

day. However that be, the indisputable and instructive fact is that of two persons of the same morbid stock and of the same generation, the one shall exhibit a physiological variation which marks a new step of evolution, while the other shall exhibit a morbid variation which is really a step in degeneracy. Seeing, then, that in this case a valuable developmental variation is bred of an unsound stock by suitable union, what conjectures, legitimate or illegitimate, may we not form? Might not an equal constitutional gain of a different kind be perhaps obtained by the suitable union and happy direction of the excur-sive forces of other morbid constitutional dispositions?

But why does not the genius propagate his kind? Why are the sons of great men not so great as their fathers? Mr. Galton, in his book on *Hereditary Genius*, has applied much painstaking research to show that the common opinion that they do not is ill-founded. He has collected a great many instances of sons or descendants of great men who have in their turn occupied high positions in the world. The obvious objections to his method of inquiry and his conclusions are, first, that among his instances of transmitted genius there are barely two or three persons who can properly be called persons of genius; second, that he has not taken sufficient account of the special training for certain vocations in certain families, and of the possibly great advantages to individuals from that cause, apart from all question of hereditary advantage; and, third, that he has selected too many examples from the descendants of those who, having themselves attained greatness, have notoriously been very active in putting their relations into good berths, or so well in the way of promotion that these cannot fail, if possessed of ordinary abilities, to attain positions of some eminence. At any rate his conclusions are at variance with those which previous observers had with one accord arrived at, namely, that great men have commonly sprung from common, poor, or unknown families, and with the almost proverbial opinion that the sons of great men have had only ordinary or less than ordinary abilities. The great man does not make himself; he needs

and uses up the silently accumulated capital of generations of the family stock; the natural result after him, therefore, is commonly mediocrity or degeneracy. Dr. Prosper Lucas, whose exhaustive treatise on Heredity has been a rich mine of instruction for subsequent inquirers, went so far as to formulate the proposition that giants in mind, like giants in body, do not propagate themselves, and are generally childless. He labored, indeed, to prove that there is a law by virtue of which variations, whether of mind or body, that pass to a certain extent beyond the mean, are not inherited, the organic tendency always being to revert to the mean.

Here, then, may be noted another law or tendency the like of which is observed in disease, namely, the tendency to revert to the normal type. When the body is disordered in disease its natural tendency is to right itself; its most stable and comfortable state is a state of health, and to that equilibrium it gravitates naturally, when it is not hindered by meddling medicine. So also is it through generations. It would not be possible to breed and rear a race of idiots or lunatics, however painstaking and persistent the attempts. Impotence and sterility would put a stop to the unnatural business. Nor would it probably be possible to breed a race of men to all of whom cancer should be as natural an inheritance as original sin. Either cancer would bring the race of men to an end, or the race of men would get rid of the cancer. Health is the normal and stable, disease the incidental and passing condition; and so it comes to pass that through generations, as in individual life, the organic bias is to make up shortcomings, to rectify deviations, to bring disorder back to order.

Is not the law of heredity at bottom an expression of this tendency, since its operation is most evident in the preservation of the more stable characters of the species?

One consideration more with regard to morbid variations naturally arises. Does it ever happen that a new disease is produced? Not an old disease in a new guise or in a new situation, but a disease that never was before under the sun—actually new? New diseases have,

of course, been discovered and described from time to time, but in respect of most of them it is pretty certain that the newness was in the discoveries, not in the diseases. However, it is maintained by no less eminent an authority than Sir James Paget that there are good theoretical reasons to believe that deviations from the usual morbid types, to such an extent as to generate new diseases, may and do take place, albeit he allows the evidence not to be decisive. It is certainly not possible to attach much weight to the fact that a disease was not formerly described as a proof of its absence then, or to the fact that no morbid specimen of it was preserved in any museum, when we reflect how mechanical men are in their modes of perception, feeling, and thinking, and how certain it is that no attention would be given to any phenomenon, and no care taken of any morbid specimen, which did not fall into the ordinary categories. Moreover, it might fairly be asked, from a speculative point of view, whether a morbid species is not likely to be as stable and constant as an organic species in the present conditions, internal and external, of the human organism, and whether, therefore, the same kind of tendency to revert to constant types does not prevail in diseased as in healthy action. Variations in disease in individual cases, both as regards situation and groupings of symptoms, there no doubt are, but it is still a question whether, the body being what it is and so long has been in form and structure, these will be so great as to be new diseases, and whether any of them will be propagated through generations and so nursed by fit surroundings as to become new morbid species. There is scarcely a limit conceivable to the number and variety of movements of which the human body is capable, but they are not unlimited; they are conditioned by the nature, number, and disposition of its muscles; and it may be that all its possible movements have been made by this time in some circumstances or other. In like manner it is not possible to fix a limit to the possible variations of the body's derangements, but these are after all conditioned by the nature, number, form, and disposition of its structures; and it may be

that all the possible derangements of which it is capable, constituted as it is and has been within historical time, have been exhausted by this time.

The question is not unlike a question whether new sins occur. Is man, clever as he deems himself in this century, capable of inventing a new sin? Has he not exhausted both the sin-conceiving capacities of his mind and the sin-executing capacities of his body? In the complex conditions and relations of modern society there are, of course, the occasions of many more varieties and more complex combinations of sin than in a simpler society, but are they more than so many variations of old species? Considering how ingenious and persistent man has been from his beginning in devising modes and means of sinning, one may perhaps conclude that the invention of a new sin now would be the greatest discovery of modern times.

Be the truth what it may respecting the generation of new disease, there can be no doubt of the scientific interest and practical value of full and exact observations of family diseases, disease-tendencies, disease-immunities, and of the results of their hereditary combinations. The aim must be to obtain such an exact knowledge as will render it possible to breed hereditary liabilities to, and hereditary immunities from, different diseases. And if the inquiries into family disease-histories are combined with inquiries into the conditions of life under which the morbid constitutional tendencies have developed, or have failed to develop, into actual diseases in individual cases, the way will eventually be made plain not only how to prevent an outbreak in the individual, but how best to abate or cure it should it take place. This kind of inquiry is one that may be set down as entirely wanting,

and therefore Mr. Galton has done great service by calling attention to the pressing need and fair promise of it, and by his endeavors to stimulate its pursuit.

It was a saying of Descartes—one often quoted as if it had been incidental, whereas his whole method of philosophy led up to it—that if mankind is to improve the means of perfecting it must be sought in the medical sciences. He is commonly thought of as a great metaphysician, and it is true that his celebrated axiom—"Cogito, ergo sum"—has been of wonderful service to the clever weavers of metaphysical moonshine into fine philosophical fabrics since his time; but he was the originator and father of modern philosophy, and of such a positive habit of mind that he spent the last thirteen years of his life in making numerous experiments, "trying," as he says, "to get some knowledge of nature so as to derive rules for medicine more trustworthy than those now in use." He even wrote a book on Anatomy which went through four editions. Great as the progress of medical science has been since Descartes' time, it has done little practically to forward the slow perfecting of mankind; but by perceiving and defining the exact problems to be solved and indicating the definite paths of fruitful inquiry, it has done enough to foreshadow the future fulfilment of his forecast. A vast improvement in man's estate may reasonably be anticipated when he learns not only how to ward off many of the diseases which now afflict him, so as to enable each one to get the best out of life in comfort and power, but also how to promote in accordance with scientific method the physical, intellectual, and moral evolution of the race, so as perhaps to make life more worth living in time to come.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT NAMES.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE plea that I made in the January number of this Review* for the familiar forms of historic names has met with so

much support, that I am encouraged to add some fresh observations; and I will take occasion to notice the only criticism of which I have heard. My contention was that, since a mass of names derived

* See THE ELECTIC MAGAZINE for April.

from all ages and languages has become imbedded in our literature in familiar forms, it would cause needless confusion to recast the whole of them in the exact contemporary forms, and in the spelling of many different languages. Specialists are continually pressing us to write names in the forms found in distant ages, or in other tongues. The true answer is that which I set forth : that to admit all these separate claims (each plausible by itself) would turn our language into a chaos, and I appealed to what is almost the only effective argument in such a case, the laughable consequence of adopting all these claims together. The court which must decide this matter will be formed out of common sense, general culture, and the best types of English literature.

To that plea as a whole I have heard no answer. It is plainly one to which no answer on any single line is possible ; and where scholars dealing with their special subject alone have really no right to sit as judges. They are the persons on their trial. It is not a matter of research or any special learning at all. The question cannot be limited to any particular subject, to one language, or any one epoch. It must be argued as a whole ; as a matter, not of research, but of literature. What will become of the English language, if all the schools of research have their way together ? This question, I say, will ultimately be settled by common sense, general culture, and the practice of English literature in its best types.

The article by Mr. Freeman, in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*, is therefore no reply at all. He does not allude to the true question, the confusion in the language which general change would cause. He defends his own practice and deals with his own subject exclusively ; and leaves Orientalists and Elizabethans to deal with theirs. He rates me for meddling with what I know nothing about. He makes a series of assertions about what I know and do not know, what I have read or have not read, and what he supposes I think. In fact, he is Professor Freeman, in the Old-English war-paint that we all know and have so long enjoyed as Saturday night came round. I shall presently show that no one of these as-

sumptions about myself is true. But, supposing they were true : that is, assuming that I had never seen a Saxon Charter, or that I took *Mathildis* for an Old-English name, or that I ever supposed *Guelph* to be an hereditary surname (every one of which assertions is a mere invention), it could have no effect on the general argument, or in any way weaken my contention.

The case stands thus. I say, that in a history of England intended for children it is a pity to cumber the pages with such forms as *Ælfthryth* and *Ælfgifu*. Mr. Freeman in effect answers, You don't know what *Ælf* means. Surely, that is no answer, even if it were true. Again, I say, it is a pity to have our language interlarded with Orientalisms and Mediævalisms. Go to, says Mr. Freeman, you are not a serious scholar. Well ! I am warning people against letting the rather too serious scholars murder the Queen's English. Suppose I find a builder discharging a cartload of bricks in the Queen's highway, I remonstrate and appeal to the public authorities. You're not a builder, cries the culprit ; you know nothing about bricks, and were never in a brick-field in your life. That may or may not be true ; but my immediate purpose is to ask the Court if every builder in the mighty Temple of Research is free to discharge bricks of his own baking into the midst of the Queen's English.

Mr. Freeman is much scandalized with me for beguiling the tedium of discussion with a jest or two ; and he says my style of controversy is not that of " a serious scholar." I cannot undertake to be always in full academics ; and I think that, if an argument is sound, it is none the worse for being presented in a pleasant way. A great master told us it was best always to mix the *dulce* with the *utile*. I can remember how poor Robson used to preface his immortal " Villikins " with the warning : " *This is not a comic song !* " but the warning was always lost on me. Why is it to be assumed that, if we are merry, we cannot be wise ? I know that in this age of Teutonic *Gründlichkeit*, unless a man will school himself to be as dull as Professor Gneist, he is supposed not to have an ounce of Research in him. It used not to be so in the glorious eighteenth

century. Hume and Gibbon, Diderot and Turgot, did not find learning incompatible with a lively manner or with good English and good French.

The line which Mr. Freeman adopts is the one with which his readers are quite familiar. He behaves like a tutor correcting a pupil's exercise, and giving him what schoolboys call a "ballaraging" for false concords and quantities. He cries out, Read what I have written in So-and-so! I suppose you think this? and, Why do you not read the other? Every one knows that to cross Mr. Freeman in one of his linguistic fads is to risk being treated as my little boy was treated in the Zoological Gardens, when he offered a bun to the porcupine. But I have had some experience with the *fera natura*; and I have been conversant with the English language for a good many years. Of his work as an historian I have spoken with the great respect I unfeignedly feel; but in the matter of the best mode of writing our native tongue I cannot accept the authority of the most serious of scholars. Were I to put on my own cap and gown, and had I the Professor before me to examine in the history of law, or of modern philosophy, or of the industrial movement, or the like, I should do my best to give him his "*Testamur*" politely, and I certainly should try not to look as if I were about to give him a caning.

To employ such a tone to me is surely a little out of place. I have been occupied all my life, just as Mr. Freeman has, in learning, teaching, and studying; and, if my special periods or subjects are not quite the same as his, we are on fair terms in a question of general literature. Moreover, it so happens that, in my professional duty as professor of constitutional history, these books which he tells me to go and look into are the ordinary text-books of my daily work. It would seem as if no one is a scholar serious enough for Mr. Freeman, unless his life is spent over the *Saxon Chronicle* and the *Codex Diplomaticus*. He says that I will not stop to hear what he has to say; that I have not stopped to learn the simplest facts about these matters; that I wrote purely at a venture; and have made a reckless

raid into regions where I do not know the road.

None of these assertions are true. I have very carefully studied all that he has written on the subject. I well know all the reasons he gives for his practice in writing English names; and they do not seem to me good reasons. I re-read them again before writing about them. He hardly knows how diligent a student of his works he has in myself. I study them all—large and small, scientific and popular, old and new; and I had them all before my eyes at every step in my remarks on spelling. My examples are all drawn from his own books and those of his immediate followers, and I will give him chapter and verse. Kemble, Stubbs, Skeat, Freeman, Green, were in my hands at almost every sentence that I wrote about the forms of Old-English names. I do not find that I cited any of them incorrectly. The blunders, which he supposes and infers me to have made, I did not make.

My topic was the form of names to be used in familiar English; but I took care in speaking of the *Battle of Senlac*, or of Orderic, or of the title of Edward the Elder, to go again to the authorities, and not to speak without book. I did not quote the Bayeux Tapestry or the Continuation of Wace's *Brut*, or the poem of Guy of Amiens without examining them for myself. And before saying one word about the Battle of Hastings, I again read all that I could find in Mr. Freeman, as well as in most of the best authorities. Yes! I perfectly knew that Orderic was born in England, having had all that Mr. Freeman tells us about him before my eyes when writing. But as Orderic left England at the age of ten, and passed his whole life in Normandy, I did not find it needful to mention the place of his birth. I state all these trifles in order to show that I did not write at a venture; and I said nothing for which I had not a first-rate authority.

I mention a few points whereon he declares me to have blundered: but where the blunders are not mine, but his. Where, he asks, did I get the form *Knud*, for *Cnut*? "*Knud*," says Mr. Freeman, "is quite beyond me." Well! I got the form *Knud* from Mr. Freeman

himself. In his *Old-English History*, edition of 1878, p. 222 (a little book expressly written for children), I read as follows:—"Cnut or Knud is his real name. He is often called *Canutus* or *Canute*. . . . It is better to call him by his own name." Again, in the *Norman Conquest*, vol. i. p. 442 (edition of 1867), I find as follows:—"Cnut or Knud, in one syllable, is this king's true name." Having these passages under my eye, I wrote: "Cnut or Knud. . . . had rather a queer look." I did not say that Mr. Freeman constantly used *Knud*. He tells children it is better to call the king by his own name; and that *Cnut* or *Knud* is his real name. And now, he says, *Knud* is quite beyond him; and that it would indeed look odd to talk about *Knud*. So I said.

Next he says that I used the term, *Kaiserinn Mathildis*, as a contemporary English form. I did nothing of the kind. I used it as a German form. It chanced that I had taken a note of a piece by the German historian, Treitschke, about another Empress Matilda, "*Heinrich I. und Mathildis*," he using the Latin form with the title *Kaiserinn*. My argument was that, if Edward the Confessor has to be *Eadward*, Stephen of Blois ought to be *Estienne*, as a Frenchman, and Maud ought to be *Kaiserinn Mathildis*, as a German. As she married a German, and retained a German title, the highest of all titles, I was arguing that, to be consistent, she should keep the German style in full.

Then about Edward the Elder. Mr. Freeman reproves me for saying that Edward called himself "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*"; that it ought to be "*Rex Angul-Saxonum*." It so happens, that to be quite safe, I had before me, when I was writing this sentence, that admirable little book, *Old-English History*, by E. A. Freeman, p. 139, edition of 1878; where I read that, "He [*i.e.*, Edward] commonly calls himself *Rex Anglo-Saxonum*" (*sic*). I simply copied out those words, as I was dealing with Mr. Freeman about a popular mode of speech. I was quite aware that the spelling of the Charters is "*Rex Angul-Saxonum*," because, in writing, I had under my eye as well Mr. Green's *Conquest of England*, pp. 192, 193, and

Bishop Stubbs's *History*, vol. i. p. 173, both of which so spell the title. But since the matter in hand was the name *Anglo-Saxon* itself, not the spelling of the name, I was satisfied to follow Mr. Freeman's "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*."

By the way, I venture to ask if Mr. Freeman's "commonly" here is not a little too strong. And I ought perhaps to warn him that I have read all the charters of the *Rex invictissimus Eadwardus* both in Kemble and in Thorpe. I did not say that a succession of historians and scholars have used the *Latin phrase*, "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*," but that they had "*used the term* (*i.e.* *Anglo-Saxon*). This is a fair specimen of how Mr. Freeman tries to screw blunders out of perfectly plain and accurate language.

Then, says Mr. Freeman to me, whence do I get my *Karl*; and where for twenty years past has he himself said anything about *Karl*? I did not assert that Mr. Freeman usually writes of *Charlemagne* as *Karl*. On the contrary, I wrote—"Professor Freeman taught us to speak of *Charles the Great*." When, later on, I wrote—"we have all learned to speak by the card of *Karl*," I had in my mind and under my eye a very famous Essay, where I read the name *Karl* six times in twenty lines of print, all about the "legend of *Charlemagne*," and the "history of *Karl*." My edition of this Essay bears the date 1872. I cannot undertake to remember all the editions of all Mr. Freeman's books; or when he first dropped *Karl*. But having written that "Professor Freeman taught us to speak of *Charles the Great*," I felt amply justified by this Essay in adding in a merry vein, "we have all learned to speak by the card of *Karl*." Professor Freeman's lessons are not so soon forgotten as he thinks.

And now about *Charlemagne*. Of course the whole world knows all that Mr. Freeman has been telling us for twenty years about *Karl*, *Charles*, and *Charlemagne*, and the important significance of these forms. *Charlemagne*, he says, is a "French name," only to be used "when one is speaking of him distinctly as a subject of French tales" (*Old-English History*, p. 332). That seems to me to be affectation. *Charlemagne* is now an English word, a word

used of the historic *Charles* by the best scholars, and fixed indelibly in English literature by them. I think "Charles the Great" an excellent name, and often use it. But since Gibbon, Hallam, Milman, Sir H. Maine, and many other scholars, have used the name *Charlemagne* of the historical emperor, I maintain that it is a good English term. It came to us through the French, as thousands of words came; but it is now as good English as *Lombardy*, or *Normandy*, *Cologne*, or *Treves*. One might as well say that *mutton* and *beef* are French names; and tell children that it is good manners always to ask for *sheep* and *ox*. Mr. Freeman has explained that his objection to *Charlemagne* arises from this, that we shall never understand the Empire until "all French influences are wholly cast aside and trampled under foot." There is no more "Truth" in *Charles* than in *Charlemagne*. Truth requires *Karl*. Etymology is not truth; nor is it history. If we are to take down Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* before we may speak of our mother tongue, and never use a word of French derivation for fear of awakening "false ideas," we shall never get our dinners at all. One would think Mr. Freeman can never bring himself to speak of the *Fortnightly Review* or the month of *December*; and not to awaken "false ideas," that he always speaks of our contemporary as the "*Monthly*," and calls the twelfth month of the year—*Duodecember*.

Mr. Freeman makes it a great point that I said the Latinized form of Edward was not usually spelt with the double vowel; and he "can only infer that I write purely at a venture." Now it happens that I did refer to contemporary authorities to see at what date, and to what extent, the double vowel dropped out of the Latin form. The Latinized form of *Edward* is so continually quoted by eminent scholars in its modern shape, that it would be misleading to rely on citations. I accordingly consulted a good many chronicles in the *Rolls Series*. I should have been more correct had I written "not uniformly," instead of "not usually." But in Thorpe's collection of Charters there are scores of examples of Saxon names written in Latin before the Conquest without the double vowel. I did not say

that either practice was invariable. At no period was it invariable.

Mr. Freeman asks me if I object to physiologists changing "musk-ox" into "musk-sheep." Not at all. "Musk-ox" is rather a description than a name. But I should object very much to find in Owen's *Comparative Physiology* our old friend *Hippopotamus* turned into *Hyopotamus*, in the name of "truth." When Professor Freeman tells children not to say *Charlemagne*, because he was not a Frenchman, it is just as if Professor Huxley told them not to say *Hippopotamus*, because the animal is not a horse. Names are labels, not definitions.

In conclusion, I briefly answer a few questions. I do not strain at the forms in Kemble, because Kemble's works are technical text-books, not popular histories, and consist mainly of verbatim extracts. Nearly every one of my illustrations was purposely taken from Mr. Freeman's *Old-English History*, specially written for children. What I said of *Hrofesceaster*, *Cant-wara-byryg*, the *Hwiccas*, was, that they "had rather a queer look." All are found in the text of Mr. Green's admirable book, *The Making of England*. I spell the *Hwiccas* either as in the Latin *Wiccii*, or with *Hw* transposed into *Wh*. We no longer write *Hwittcirice*, we write *Whitchurch*. As Mr. Freeman tells the children (*Old-English History*, Preface): "*Hw* is simply what we now write *wh*." Precisely: then, say I, let us so write it. Since I had under my eyes, when I made a note of the name *Hwiccas*, Mr. Green's account of the battle of Wanborough, I suppose I knew who the *Hwiccas* were.

Certainly, Mr. Grote did begin the resetting of Greek names in *England*. As I was writing about English literature, it did not occur to me to speak about the practice of Germans, when writing German. I never said anything about *Κέρκυρα*, or *Corfu*. I said that Mr. Grote writes *Korkyra*. So he does. I wonder that Mr. Freeman did not assert that, in objecting to *Krete*, I thought *Candia* was the same word. All this reminds me of my old master at school, when determined to make out that one of us ought to be caned.

Mr. Freeman's reason for eviscerating English history of the *Battle of Hastings* is the "danger" that somebody

might think (as a critic once did) that Taillefer sang his song on the sea-shore. I can face even this danger, rather than cease to speak of the *Battle of Hastings*. And he asks me if I think it pedantic to speak of the *Battle of Stamford-bridge*. Certainly not : that is the name by which I have always heard of it. I might think it pedantic to write *Stantford-brigge*, as William of Malmesbury does.

As to *Buonaparte*, I was well aware that this was the original form of the family name, and was used by Napoleon in his early career. But the absolute *de facto* ruler of a nation has certainly the official right to change the spelling of his own name. And as Napoleon when Emperor did this, there is an end of the matter. Our grandfathers, Scott included, treating him as the "Corsican bandit," naturally stuck to the old name, by way of saying "Corsican." But to speak in 1886 of "either *Buonaparte*," is to carry lampoons into history. I neither said, nor implied, that *Capet* and *Guelph* are hereditary surnames. I suggested that Terrorists and O'Donovan Rossa possibly thought they were. With regard to the title under which my essay appeared in January, it happens that I did not so write it, nor did I see the actual title until the Review was published. Mr. Freeman seems inclined to give a new sense to the word "pedantic." He suggests that it means "accurate," the making words answer facts. Not so ! No amount of "accuracy" can be pedantic ; but "singularity" may be, when it is uncouth and needless. It is pedantic to twist old words into new forms, and to try to turn old names into battle-cries and badges.

Names and words are current coin of the realm ; which, for public convenience, have definite values ; and to clip and deface them is to debase the linguistic currency. It is the part of a good citizen and a sensible man to carry on his transactions in the current coin, taking them and counting them at their official value. If a man, in order to make his words answer to facts, and not to raise any "false ideas," were to cut a five-shilling piece in two, and to offer the bits as two half-crowns, the public would call him crazy, and the police would treat him as "a smasher." Mr. Freeman is really trying to pass amongst

the lieges Saxons *sceats* and *scillings*, as if they were good current coin. The first magistrate before whom he is brought will tell him that *sceats* and *scillings* are not now in circulation, and that private persons have not the right of coining.

Of course in this matter of spelling there are very real and important points behind. It is a serious evil to unsettle the language. It is unkind to throw fresh stumbling-blocks in the way of education. All singularity in forms, without motive or without adequate motive, is a fresh difficulty, and a source of offence. The plan of trampling under foot all French influences, or other influences, is a one-sided plan, a short-sighted plan. To give tithe of mint and anise in Old-English names, and to leave all the weightier names in universal history in their vulgar shapes, is a misleading purism. If we tried to torture *all* names in history out of their current forms and into their contemporary orthography, if we tried with the modern alphabet to represent the various sounds of a hundred different languages, to spell the same name in a dozen different forms, according to the century of which we are speaking—this would produce a literary chaos. And, since there is no adequate reason for specially selecting any one epoch or any one race for this equivocal distinction, it is the part of good sense, and good English, to be content with the current names long familiar to us in the best literature. These names, no doubt, do differ moderately, and from time to time, as language grows, changes in form are spontaneously adopted. But the claim of any scholar, however eminent, of any knot of scholars (and I look on the knot of Old-English scholars as amongst the most eminent of our time) to sweep the board of the familiar names for one particular epoch, and systematically to force on us and on our children another language in names—this is a bad claim and ought to be resisted.

And now let me say that I have no kind of quarrel with Mr. Freeman, of whose works I am a diligent student and a humble admirer. I am very much against any process of trampling under foot, and against all uncouth forms of good old names. In this matter I am the real conservative. It will not do for

the Old-English people to say that they are merely reviving an ancient practice. Mr. Hyndman might as well declare that the meeting in Hyde Park was only a revival of the Witenagemot. It is I who am defending the practice of learned men, of the men of the widest learning, even in this particular subject. The idea that Mr. Freeman, in this debate, represents Truth, Fact, Scholarship, and Research, and that I represent nothing but frivolous trifling with serious learning, is a mere hallucination of his own. I am asking Mr. Freeman and his followers to conform to the practice of an authority at least as great as their own—that of the Bishop of Chester. Dr. Stubbs, in his great work, follows a form of names, eminently wise, practical, and decisive. He finds nothing difficult, nothing false, in writing *Alfred* and

Edward, *Clovis* and *Canute*, *Anglo-Saxon* and the *Battle of Hastings*. He has often introduced Old-English forms, such as Hume did not use; but then he makes no attempt to sweep the board of all the names in ordinary use.

I am asking for no rigid system of spelling, for no absolute fixity, for nothing which has not the sanction of the most eminent scholars and the best writers. When men of the learning of the Bishop of Chester, Sir Henry Maine, Sir James Stephen, and so many more of our contemporaries, to say nothing of Hallam, Milman, and those departed, can write *Alfred* and *Edward*, I think little children need not be crammed, in the name of "truth," with whole pages of *Ælfthryths* and *Ælfgifus*.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE CHILD OF THE ENGLISH SAVAGE.

BY CARDINAL MANNING.

THE Christianity and the civilization of a people may both be measured by their treatment of childhood. In the old Roman world fathers had power of life and death over their children; they might inflict torture upon them, they might sell them as slaves, they might cast them out to die. Children were the father's chattels, and as he neither knew God nor his own soul, his children were to him without rights and he to them without obligations. He knew no Creator and Law-giver to whom he must give account.

In the measure in which God is known the soul is also known. The consciousness of our relation to God awakens a consciousness of our relations to all who are made in His own likeness. No man may ask: "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Am I my sister's keeper?" "Am I the keeper of children?" The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man bind us all to each other in a twofold duty of love, of service, and of self-denial under penalty of our Creator's law.

Nevertheless, "when the world in its wisdom knew not God," it lost the light of self-knowledge, of brotherhood, and of duty.

It was Christianity that revealed our Father's kingdom and the inheritance of His children. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6). This light shone from the Child Jesus. The love of Fatherhood was revealed in the Eternal Father; and the love of Motherhood in the Mother of the Eternal Son. A new and divine consanguinity bound man to God and man to man. It has thereby created the sanctity of home and the charities of domestic life. We were already children of God our Maker; we are now children of God by a new birth, and by sonship in Jesus Christ.

It was in the fulness of this divine charity that our Lord manifested His love for children. He took them up in His arms; He laid His hands on them; He blessed them; He declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven; He made them examples even to His Apostles; He declared that each one of them had an angel before the face of their Father in heaven; that it were better not to be born than to offend against

them ; that it is a sin even to despise or to slight the children of God. What then shall be the end of those who maim and torture, degrade and destroy, the little ones of our Heavenly Father ?

The love of God for childhood is a law to us ; as He loves them, so ought we ; not fathers and mothers only, but all the family of the redeemed. A child is not only made in the image of God, but of all His creatures it is the most like to Himself in its early purity, beauty, brightness, and innocence. It has an immeasurable capacity of joy and bliss, and of eternal union with God in the beatific vision. Nevertheless, a child is the most helpless and defenceless of the creatures that God has made. The offspring of the lower creation is no sooner born into the world than it can, for the most part, care for itself. A child does not even know its own dangers. It is thrown for protection, guidance, and nurture upon its parents and upon us. It depends on us with an absolute need, as we all depend on Him "in whom we live and move and have our being." What a mystery is pain in a child. Death reigns over them even in their early innocence. The feeble texture of their frame is quick in every nerve with the sense of suffering. To wound a child, then, is brutal. And if pain in childhood is a mystery, how much more wonderful is the sorrow of a child. The whole soul of childhood is open to the sting of sorrow. To wound a child by unkindness or by wrong is not brutal only, but fiendish. And yet, in the light of English Christianity and in the rankness of English civilization the strong and the wicked wreak their strength and their wickedness, without remorse or pity, upon innocent and helpless childhood. Men who have fallen from God are more guilty than they who have never known Him. The guilt of a Christian and civilized society is therefore darker, deeper, and more Godless than the guilt of the old world in its darkness. Society illuminated by the knowledge of God cherishes every child as the son of the Great King, and a brother of the Divine Infant in Bethlehem. Society, when the light of the knowledge of God is extinct, in its malice and its license deals with children as its prey. And in the measure in which

that divine light fades away, the wrongs and sorrow and sufferings of childhood arise again and multiply as in the old world which the judgment of God has swept away.

It is, then, a joy full of thankfulness that God has awakened among us a tender love and care for His little ones, perishing in our refined and luxurious, but also brutal and licentious cities ; and has also kindled in the hearts of men a stern and inflexible indignation against the malefactors who do them hurt or wrong.

About eighteen months ago, following the example of Christian citizens in New York and Liverpool, a few men and women in London banded themselves together to resolutely and persistently attack cruel ways with children. They were persuaded that the evil had serious and wide-spread existence, and they had no belief in the absurd idea that the evil would set itself right. In face of the great difficulty, that cruelty is done chiefly where its doer is most secure from detection, and where no one has a right to follow him—in the man's own "castle," as a common saying has it, or, more appropriately, in his own dungeon—the Society, with but one officer, has dealt with no less than ninety-five cases in one year. Inquiries, reprimands, and in some cases punishments, through courts of law, were the means it used, but they were only the means. Its real work was in the better state of things in the children-world, in the fewer moans and sores and tears of the little victims of reckless brutes, and the lightening sense of dread which lay upon them—all which are celebrated by the children, not by statisticians. And even those sunnier days and quieter nights of little dwellers in the ninety-five chiefly London homes, are maybe not so much as a tithe of the Society's actual work. For every individual savage on whom the Society actually laid its hand, probably salutary fear fell upon a score of his neighbors and acquaintance, who had similar evil ways with their children ; and new efforts were made to meet the new enemy by at least limiting their fury.

To paint a picture of the "Triumph of the Innocents" one has no need to go to Egypt for a groundwork, nor to Herod's pitiable victims for the figures.

Its air might be filled with angel-children, once bruised with blows, crippled with kicks, and faint with hunger, looking down watching the little company of playing children in some grimy London court, where, since they had been abused out of the world, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has prosecuted a man. Their little eyes, which used to weep, should be made glad with the sight of their old comrades rejoicing in the new and happier times.

But besides the less cloudy and sad lot in private dwellings, the new Society has made itself felt in public institutions. What greater reasonableness it has introduced into the chastisements of that "Industrial School," that "Home" of a sisterhood, and on board that "ship of war" into which it carried its crusade against unjust and iniquitous proceedings, cannot, of course, be estimated.

Fifty-three of the domestic cruelties were of the nature of punishments—floggings, for instance, from which even garroters would have shrunk—punishments which were constant, and to which the little victims could see no end.

Thirty were cases of horrible neglect, deliberate starvation, with a view of bringing about, in a roundabout way, the child's death.

Twelve were cases of a kind of cruelty which cannot be even named.

Nothing is more startling than the pleas men make to the officer—naïve, too, to the magistrates—in justification of their conduct, quite expecting them to be accepted. And in the spontaneous and clearly genuine amazement with which they learn that such pleas cannot be allowed, philosophers may learn that these horrible, and to a Christian country scandalous, evils exist largely because of social neglect: no demand has been made upon their doers; they have been done for generations.

"My father did it to me, and nothing was done to him," jerked in a fine young fellow, almost in tears, as his case proceeded, and the magistrates rebuked his unspeakable savagery towards quite a little boy. They themselves are magistrates of a terrible kind, yet they will sometimes cry at the announcement of "three months' imprisonment," the shame of the exposure is so great. The

childish iniquities which they punish with their heaviest vengeance of clenched fist and nailed boots are of the most trifling kind: spilling a jug of beer, which little numbed hands have fetched across a slippery street; dipping a finger into a mug of treacle; spending the pence given for schooling (a more serious kind), have at times filled some wretched room with shrieks, roused a court, landed a child for weeks in a hospital, and, thanks to the Society, a man for months in jail.

Here is a case of a carpenter, in his wrath, because his boy had carried his two pennies to the old toy-woman who sold tops, instead of to his schoolmaster. On the discovery of the wrong, the door of the house, in which the father and son are, is deliberately locked; the boy, hurried into the back-room, is made to strip to the skin, and for ten long cruel minutes his bare flesh is flogged with double thongs of rope till the man himself is fairly tired, his unexhausted vengeance throws down the rope, unlocks the door, and makes for the public-house. Refreshed with drink, he returns. The astonished, bleeding boy, who had fallen on his face upon the bed, still stripped, for he had been far too crushed and sore to dress, at the sight of the returning man, more terrible in his fury, starts to his feet and pleads, "I will never do it again." Oaths and curses break in for reply. The rope is seized, and the already lacerated back is beaten again and again, while the tyrant grips his victim by the arm, the boy shrieking and pleading in the wildest manner. By this time a neighbor (long-suffering, as the neighbors of furious men inevitably become) assails the door, demands admission, and is ordered to mind his own business. His wrath still unexhausted, the father, seizing a hammer handle (of oak, it was proved), belabored the boy on the head till he at length fell down helpless and unconscious on the floor. A policeman had by this time been procured, the door was forced, the man arrested, and the boy, as it seemed dying, carried through the streets to the nearest infirmary for the doctor to try to save. There for long weeks he lay in agonies and weakness before he was fit to get about again.

Happily for the father, the strong man

had a strong son, with a much-enduring constitution, or there would have been an effectual stop put to the boy's stealing (which the man pleaded was his sole provocation), and there would have been also a good chance of his having to answer the charge of manslaughter. Indeed, the fact that he had gone to prison on the evidence of the boy made it probable that after all this, double evil would occur. Those who knew him best knew what the boy had to expect on his father's return from prison and his own from hospital; and as the law is perfectly heartless in the way it treats such children, he would be made over to the custody of the brute he had got punished the moment he was out of prison. Politicians have taken no pains to find out the just way of dealing with this class of children, so that the Society was bound to break the law, and become guilty of technical abduction to save the child, and the father from murder.

Cruelty to offspring people tacitly accept as the accompaniment of great poverty, squalor, and social misfortune; but the Society's work lends no sanction to that idea: it is almost the reverse of truth. Against the poor, the terribly poor, it can bring hardly a complaint. As a class they seem full of a rough kindness which costs them much sacrifice. Nor is it the blustering and noisy man who is cruel. He will make a stir when he gets home at night, but his children know that there is no real danger from him. The true English savage is often quiet, and is generally the earner of good wages. Squalor enough there is in his home, for he spends almost everything out of it and upon himself.

In the most flagrantly wicked case with which the Society has had to deal, twelve shillings a week was the man's pension, and regular wages made this into two pounds; with full-time work it was two pounds ten shillings; yet his dwelling was horrible. Nor had he many mouths to feed. At no one time had he more than two children, and only three in all. He was so good a workman, too, that his employer, anxious not to lose six months of his services, volunteered him a high testimonial, which was produced in court. Yet he deliberately got rid of his three children, all of them, one after another.

The first passed away before this Society had made his acquaintance. The neighbors said it had never had enough to eat; in plain English, that it died of starvation. The doctor, giving the cause of death its scientific name, certified "mesenteric disease," while the coroner, looking at the whole facts of the case, called the man "a disgrace to humanity;" and there, to the shame of the locality be it spoken, the matter ended, and the father was free to go and do as he would once more; which he did, and another child followed. The medical certificate was furnished; the inquest and funeral and everything in all respects happened as before, with one exception this time—the case came to the ears of the London Society. The death took place thus: It was in winter, in a bare room, on a mattress. The child, a girl, had but two garments on: a chemise and a print frock. There was no blanket, no coverlet, no sheet. The window was curtainless; the nights were frosty. There was no fire in the grate, nor had there ever been through all the long illness. There was no food, no physic, not even a cup of water to drink. Through all the pain of her slow, weary dying, she had been untended, whilst for some weeks before she passed away she had been quite unable to attend to herself: she could not turn in bed, she could not raise a limb. Her bones almost protruded through the bed-sores which added misery to her misery. Happily, during many of the last days through which she lay in darkness and bitter cold, while actual death was slowly taking place, unconsciousness must have been as kindly to her as death: she possibly felt nothing, but gently breathed herself away.

Down-stairs sat the pair with whom she had lived from her birth—her father and mother. They brought her no share of their tea nor crumb of their bread. They had blankets for themselves; they had fire there. During these cold weeks a baby was born. That was brought to her, and laid in an onion box in a heap of rags in one corner of her room: it was not wanted. Children were a nuisance. Population was a nuisance. Men were right who said so. It made times bad and bread scarce, and there wasn't much money for pyramids and billiards.

The parents did not care for the new-born baby in the box, nor for that wasting child on her couch. While the wailing of the hungry "little stranger" continued, on Feb. 14 the girl's heavy breathing ceased. On her coffin-lid was written, "Sarah, aged 7 years," and she was laid on the top of her sister in the cemetery. To people who tend their own offspring, new-born or sick, with such wistful care, listening for their invalid's lowest murmured want, turning their pillows, moistening their fevered lips, watching for the least sign of exhaustion, through days and nights, having no comfort till the little sick thing is well again, and who feel when it is dead and gone that they must lie down and die themselves, such a story seems simply impossible. But unhappily these harrowing particulars have all been proved, and have been admitted to, by the accused parents in a court of law.

Yet, how much of this horrible guilt is society's ! While the two deaths were taking place, and it was vaguely known that a second child was going the way of the first, and perhaps a third was doing so too, the man went to his work and the woman to her gossip ; and there were no neighbors' curses on the woman ; no blows drove the man from his work. Folks get to think these things are to be allowed, "like a lot of other things as is not right, and nobody is ever punished for ;" as a well-meaning neighbor said, by way of explaining her inaction, "Nobody is ever punished for them." Neither the working men (who read it all in their local paper), nor the master, nor the clergy, nor the guardians of the poor, nor any town authority took proceedings against the man. But the share of guilt is not all theirs. Why do so few seek the aid of the law ? Surely it is, in part at least, owing to the want of straightforwardness in the legal question raised, and the uncertainty of doing any real good, with the possible disastrous moral consequences of an acquittal of the guilty in the nation's courts. If by one malicious act a man get rid of his child, society has arranged to get rid of him ; but in a case like this there is practically very little risk of any legal consequences whatsoever, and at the worst, to our national shame be it spoken, he has only to count with "six

months' imprisonment with hard labor," less than he would risk by stealing half-a-pound of tobacco. Thanks to the London Society, this guilty pair are serving their six months whilst we are writing.

The duty society owes to the lives of unwanted children is greatly increased by the waking up of evil-disposed men to the modern ideas that population is a nuisance, and that God and a future judgment are "superstitions ;" and, be it remembered, the new foundations which are offered to their belief and conduct call them so. By such ideas the security to child-life cannot be increased, and if Parliament is wise, it will take knowledge of the fact, and enact unambiguous laws which a happier state of things rendered unnecessary. A secularized conscience, at the dictation of certain apostles amongst us, is shaking itself from old-fashioned restraints with a thankful sense of freedom, like a horse from his harness at the end of the day. As the tendencies of religious considerations are being suspended, the tendencies of legal ones must take their place, or tampering with infant life will be greatly increased. Good sentiments about children have spontaneous root in human nature, and they may survive the inspirations of Christian motive for a while, but not for long. They will not survive the inspirations of an anti-population creed. There are little communities in every English city where, in this matter of child-life, law should lack neither sharpness nor certainty, and at present it lacks both.

Again we urge that it is not the humble fellow, with the short black pipe in his mouth, loitering with slovenly gait at the street corner, with whom the friends of child-life and happiness have to contend. Too often it is with well spoken, well-dressed men, who would call *him* but an animal (and to his credit be it said, he does not disgrace the name) ; and who will discuss with you "superstitions" and high questions of State. Twice in six months, one father had to be sent to prison whom it seemed a shame to send at all. When he had gone his second time, there was found on his table "The Floating Matter of the Air," by Tyn-dall, with his book-mark at page 240, to which he had read. Had you passed

him and his wife together in the street you would have unconsciously felt a certain pride in the British workman ; yet was he not ashamed to express openly a desire to be rid of the tasks and limitations his children set to his life, and twice in one night he gave an infant of fifteen months old a caning for crying of teething. His clenched fist could have broken open a door at a blow, and with it, in his anger, he felled a child three years and a half old, making the little fellow giddy for days, and while he was thus giddy felled him again ; and because the terrible pain he inflicted made the child cry, he pushed three of his huge fingers down the little weeper's throat—"plugging the little devil's windpipe," as he laughingly described it. He denied none of the charges, and boldly claimed his right ; the children were his own, he said. And one of the papers, quoting his remark, took occasion to warn the readers that we might have another of those Societies whose business it was to interfere with parental rights.

Like most cruel men, he added to cruelty the wickedness of false witness, which, being only against a child, nobody ever prosecutes. He said that they were bad children, little liars and fiends. Three months were they in the Society's shelter whilst their maligner was in prison, and when the grave, frightened little looks with which they came had passed away, they were full of the ways of sunny childhood ; and a more docile child, or one more ready to twine his arms round your neck, you seldom find than was the little fellow he again and again made giddy by his deadly blows. He was a man whom no pretty words, no tender caresses could mollify. Such men's children—and they are many—are subject to an almost eternal punishment. Though all sorts of bad characters have been given to children—though they have been accused of being liars, thieves, vixens (even infants in arms have been called vixens), and the like—by savages to magistrates as reasons for their severity, the Society is able to say that from every quarter to which the children have been sent, and from its own knowledge of them in its shelter while awaiting permanent disposal, the children receive the kind of character which would

be given to the children who have the happier fortune of belonging to the families of its own committee. While they were in its shelter, they laughed and played together with no greater calamity than an occasional stand-up talk, a tumble, or the breaking of a toy.

Here is another case. It is of a woman with a boy in her charge whom she would willingly "get rid of."

At the age at which the Society got possession of him the normal weight of a boy is 60 to 70 lbs.; he weighed only 27 lbs. Under the tight-drawn skin every bone could be seen ; what little flesh there was, was all marked with bruises and wounds, old and fresh, from beating with a walking-stick and straps. They were on the head, the hands, the wrists, the back, the face. In this emaciated condition he had been made by "mother," as he called her, to carry flat-irons, one in each hand, up and down-stairs, going his weary way up and down, up and down, from early morning till late at night. Each iron weighed 7 lbs.; together, they were more than half his own weight. He had sometimes carried them from half-past seven in the morning till nine at night. Often for thirty-six hours he had nothing to eat, and, what must have been worse to bear, nothing to drink ; through nineteen of which he was going along his weary, useless way up and down steep cottage stairs, with his merciless weights in his hands. When at the long intervals the woman chose to give him food, he was never allowed to stop to eat it, nor was he ever allowed to have enough ; to have once had enough to eat would have been heaven to him ; with such food as he was allowed to have, his brother fed him on the stairs as he went to and fro.

If it happened that he saw a chance of a crumb and took it, and was found out, his sore thin limbs were beaten for stealing. He got at the cat's meat ; he was punished by more weary tasks, "to keep him out of mischief." When the woman went out he was locked in the coal place. Weary and sore and ill, he sometimes stopped and fell against things, or dropped the irons ; then she beat him with her remedy for all his soreness and faintness and hunger, a walking-stick, a rod of thorns, or a strap ; and at times she added a pinch of salt

to the raw wounds she had made. She forbade him to go out, for he had once stolen away beyond their gate and begged bread of a neighbor. In a very little while he would have quietly expired in bed, the doctor would have certified some disease as the cause of death, and that would have been the end of the matter.

The boy did not live in a crowded slum, but in an isolated cottage, surrounded by a garden that yielded flowers and fruits to his father's culture. Father and step-mother both were thrifty, and had money laid by in the savings-bank. Their cottage was not squalid, but clean and white. Six days they labored, and even bought meat for their cat; and on Sunday the man at least went to chapel. The woman was a spiteful fiend, though for all that she wore a decent bonnet and shawl, and was always sober and "respectable." The money in the savings-bank was chiefly her saving. And while the meek, gentle child of the dead mother went dragging himself wearily up and down her stairs, the terrible load dragging at his skeleton arms, she was sitting in her easy-chair, by a clean hearth and singing kettle, knitting her stockings. The only fault of the father seemed to be that he had neither much heart nor will of his own, and he cared more for being at peace with his masterful wife than for the unendurable miseries of his almost perishing son.

Happily, the boy was constitutionally strong, and in the cottage hospital to which he was removed, after a critical time (in which more than once life seemed gone from him), he made flesh; and when he left his bed he could not get into any of his clothes.

"It is all rickets" was the woman's bold plea on the first hearing in court; and had the boy once passed beyond the reach of inquiry, alas! all that science could have said would have been the same. The "disease" which stands in the Registrar-General's return covers many a wickedness. Rickets it was; but rickets are passing away, and he has the prospect of growing up a healthy boy.

So far as the Society can see, the real root of persistent savagery to children is mainly twofold: it is, first, a sullen, ill-

conditioned disposition; and secondly, a cowardice which limits its gratification to unresisting and helpless things. It is due not to peculiarity in the spirit of the abused child, but to peculiarity in the spirit of the adult abuser of the child. Men become addicted to cruelty as they become addicted to drink and gambling. It is a vile pleasure in which they indulge, some occasionally, some persistently; making their homes into little hells. In some cases, drink, trouble, and more or less of provocation, and the like, may temporarily and grievously aggravate its expression; but these things are not its real cause, and with its worst and most chronic forms they are not even associated.

Such was the kindly heart of the miserable victim of this female spite that it was with the greatest reluctance he answered the questions which brought the mercilessness of his persecution to light. And his is the common disposition of little sufferers from cruelty, and the fact constitutes one of the difficulties which beset attempts to bring their accusers to justice. Few of them are ready to accuse, many are ready to forgive; they are friends of their abusers, with a friendship far closer than a brother's.

A little while ago there might have been seen a small girl of nine years old, who had suffered greatly from her father's hand before she reluctantly told the tale which got him into prison, now standing at his prison door. It is the morning of her father's release. No one is with her; she is alone, and shivers as the cold April wind lifts her poor thin garments and her hair, for she is without any covering to her head. She has loved and dwelt with him all her days, she will love and dwell with him still; perhaps nobody else will do so now, for he has been in there. At length the door opens, and she sees him coming through. Her pale little face lights up with a look that speaks welcome more than words—it is her father—such looks as win from true men their tenderest caress and kindest words. As she steals up to him, there is in her what could have burst upon him with shouts and leaps of joy. It longs to do so; but it is sorely discouraged; the father looks so sullen. Yet, in spite of that, she sidles up toward the fellow as he is leav-

ing the doorway, with such a timid, pathetic little prayer in her uplifted, silent face. For a few seconds she is walking by his side. Then he half turns his head and looks at the face so full of gentle woe, which now has a half-born smile in it. Is he going to let her kiss him? "Be off!" he growls. He is a thickset fellow, and he half lifts the arm next to her as if he would slap the pleading little face with the back of his hand if she continued another step by his side. The child stops instantly; the man goes on. She stands a moment, and then turns and goes meditatively and slowly back, sits down on a stone step, and—"cries," you say. No, she does not cry; there are young eyes already tired of tears. They are too old to weep. Her heart had been silenced with a blow for the thousandth time; that was all. There are little children reared in hunger and curses and blows, whose hands are ever ready to stroke the beard of the big men who have inflicted their sores and made them sick to death; they never waver in filial fidelity. It is with but few of the deepest aches and pains of unfortunate children that the law can deal. The torture of sympathies, and trusts, and loves—this it is which makes bodily injuries all the more strange and hard to bear.

Turning fresh from a case like that of the woman of that gardened cottage, the milder cruelties of which, generally speaking, mothers are capable seem almost a relief. One woman, the mother—"to keep him from the School Board," as she alleged—put her little son into an empty orange-box, and having corded it up, thrust it under her bed, leaving it there until she turned the key in her door at night, after her day with her orange basket in the streets. She did this daily for weeks. But, comparatively trifling as the cruelty may seem, what must have been the sufferings of the child's mind in his dark and silent prison for all the long hours he lay in it. It was a veritable coffin, in which he was daily buried alive. Happily, sometimes he was drugged. When the Society got possession of him he was almost out of his mind. This child was the mother's own, her only one, and she was in good earnings.

The Society has felt greatly the need

of the Legislature giving time to the consideration of changes in the law. Already it has succeeded in altering one law, the law of evidence as it affects very little children, who are often cruelly injured by immoral men, and whose evidence is generally the principal evidence in the case. The law that required that no evidence should be received unless given upon oath, practically excluded the bulk of such cases from court, for to give evidence on oath the witness must understand the nature of an oath, and be able to answer questions upon it. The effect was that such offenders against the life and health of children too young to fulfil this condition were beyond the reach of punishment, and they generally knew it. Sir Richard Cross described the proposal as too profound a change in the law of evidence in criminal cases for the House then to entertain it; but the Society persisted, and, thanks to Mr. Stead's great awakening of public feeling upon the point, the House did entertain it, and ultimately passed, and without a division, the following law:

"Where, upon the hearing of a charge under this section, the girl in respect of whom the offence is charged to have been committed, or any other child of tender years, who is tendered as a witness, does not, in the opinion of the court or justices, understand the nature of an oath, the evidence of such girl or other child of tender years may be received, though not given upon oath, if, in the opinion of the court or justices, as the case may be, such girl or other child of tender years is possessed of sufficient intelligence to justify the reception of the evidence, and understands the duty of speaking the truth."*

And the judges have been surprised at the immediate and, as the Society regards them, natural and splendid results. Little sufferers who have been clearly speaking the truth are now for the first time under the protection of the Crown, though they are too little to comprehend theological questions.

Its next proposals will be, first, to place the child of the savage on the same level as his dog. Already the English savage has learnt that it is not safe nor decent to knock his cattle about, but he has all sorts of maxims as to parental rights—his house being his castle, and the like—which make it both

* Criminal Law Amendment Act, section iv.

safe and decent and altogether as it ought to be, to knock his child about : his notions of his child's honesty and truth demand it of him. At present the law explicitly forbids "ill-treating, abusing, torturing and insufficient feeding" of dogs, allowing the Court to construe the meaning of these simple words. What the Society will submit to Parliament is a proposal to do the same for children ; that is all, but that will be enough to work a miracle on the behavior of brutal parents.

It will also ask that a man's wife shall be able to give evidence on behalf of her child against a cruel husband. At present she counts for nobody in the case, though she is as good a witness as anybody else in the case of the dog. A step-mother is allowed to give evidence against her husband, but not a real mother. The mother of an illegitimate child is allowed, but not a married mother.

"I did not care for his beating me," cried one woman whose baby had been shamefully and persistently injured ; "but I cannot stand his beating baby." The magistrate gave her the only consolation the law permitted him—his own sincere regret that he could not help her. "I am sorry it is so," said Mr. Bushby, "but it is the law ;" and the savage went home the victor, and the mother tried to drown herself.

It will also ask for a law to limit the hours during which children—veritable slaves—are allowed to sell in the streets. They are generally the earners of drunken, idle tyrants' livings. Then the Society intends to appoint a night officer ; till then, though there are hundreds of little creatures whose lives are one long weary misery now in the night-streets, it is illegal to interfere.

If the new Parliament is wise, it will accept all these proposals, and make it possible to get at cruelty anywhere and everywhere, and on whomsoever committed, even on a "man's own child." We need a straightforward Draconian code against it. To-day, boys and girls are being hurt, degraded, killed, that reckless men may sing songs to personal liberty, parental rights, and God knows what.

There are those that say—as that ugly

mongrel of falsehood and truth has it—"You cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament." We might commend these to the English brickfields and coal-mines of twenty-five years ago. What was it that set them in harmony with the Christian conscience of the land ? Or we might, better still, commend them to the districts of certain London stipendiaries we could name, where the long familiar shrieks and moans of young voices are being quieted. True, there is room enough for the moralists still, but the arms of savages have been restrained. At a few sharp sentences, with the ring of manly denunciation in them, the whole neighborhood has been startled into a higher idea of the demands of the Crown on behalf of its young subjects. In some other districts, the old cries and curses give shameful witness to the presence of another kind of authority on the bench.

That the national will can effect immense revolutions in the conditions of child existence is beyond doubt,—not alone because it can impose direct annoyances and miseries on its savage abusers, but because it can set up a standard of right and wrong, and community obligation, which is a still more powerful influence. In no rank of life are parents of pure conscience, least of all are the ill-conditioned. And as long as the spirit of morality and religion is short of universal, the necessity of protective laws for children can never be superseded. To every child its property is already secured ; to every child the endurableness of its existence ought to be secured, especially where the law is its only protection. And the result of such laws will, in the long run, be both moral and religious ; because punctilious and bracing righteousness about the bruising of but one baby-body in its midst exalteth a nation. The unhappy child of the savage, growing up under the new unconscious influences of such surrounding, will carry into manhood freedom from the evil habit of the past ; for disuse is destruction.

As a people, we have already set up the throne of law in warehouses of merchants, to see fair-play between trader and trader ; the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children wants

to set it up in the courts and slums of the land, to see fairness between an unworthy parent and his helpless offspring.

And the throne cannot be put to a more worthy or beautiful use.—*The Contemporary Review*.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE subject of Books and Reading is *in the air* at the present time; Lord Idlesleigh raised the question last November, by his admirable discourse on Desultory Reading, delivered at Edinburgh. Sir John Lubbock was not slow to follow the lead, in his lecture at the Working Men's College; and lastly, we have Mr. Goschen's more abstract and despondent remarks on Hearing, Reading, and Thinking. The discussion has been carried forward from Newspaper to Journal, and from Journal to Magazine, and has attracted representatives of the most heterogeneous elements into the ever-widening circle. Sir John Lubbock wound up by enumerating a *hundred* of the books—

"most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and I have ventured to include some, which though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. I have abstained for obvious reasons from mentioning works by living authors." ("Self Help," however, is admitted into Sir John's revised list), "though from many of them, Tennyson, Ruskin, and others, I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and have omitted works of Science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive. I feel that the attempt is over-bold, and must beg for indulgence; but indeed one object I have had in view is to stimulate others, more competent far than I am, to give us the advantage of their opinions. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides, they would be most useful."

The challenge thus thrown down was quickly taken up by the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," who forthwith sent out a Circular to certain eminent men of the day, inviting them "to jot down such a list—not necessarily containing a hundred volumes—as would help the present generation to choose their reading more wisely." Whether the majority of the "guides" thus appealed to have responded to the call, we are not informed; the replies of several have been published; and our thanks are due to those who have been instrumental in opening up a discussion of

great variety and universal interest; though we must confess to some regret that the initiative was not given in a different form. Why the number should be fixed at one hundred; why works of Science should be excluded; why Biography and Travels should enjoy so meagre a representation on Sir John Lubbock's list, are questions to which no satisfactory answer has been given.

Who is it, we would ask in the first place, for whom this list is primarily intended? Not the man whose love of books is firmly established, for he will have chosen for himself his own walk among the innumerable highways and bypaths of literature; nor he whose tastes are just forming, for the field is too wide, and he would hardly prefer the *Analects of Confucius*, the *Shahnamah*, and the *Sheking*, to "Marco Polo's Travels," Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and "Æsop's Fables." No list, however, that could be drawn up would escape criticism, and our desire is not so much to suggest in what manner the present list might be amended, as to indicate how, in our opinion, it might have been made to serve some practical purpose.

"Books have brought some men to knowledge and some to madness. As fulness sometimes hurteth the stomach more than hunger, so fareth it with arts; and as of meats, so likewise of books, the use ought to be limited according to the quality of him that useth them." Thus wrote Petrarch, and the comparison between the bodily and mental digestion, if trite, is very far from being a mere superficial analogy.

Those who are blessed with a judicial friend, quite competent to make a diagnosis of their literary capacity and prescribe a diet, are indeed fortunate—"sua si bona norint." Such prescriptions have been long since made, and handed down to us. That written out by Doctor Johnson, for his friend, the Rev. Mr. Astle of Ashbourne, is brief enough,

and savors of the drastic remedies fashionable in the last century.* If on glancing over the Doctor's list our readers are inclined to assume that the Rev. Mr. Astle was possessed of a very healthy digestion, we would remind them that solid joints and heavy folios were more in vogue at that time than in these days of French cookery and periodical literature.

In later times Comte also, among others, has furnished a catalogue, or syllabus of books for general reading; but even his faithful follower, Mr. Harrison, admits, half apologetically, that it "has no special relation to current views of education, to English literature, much less to the literature of the day. It was drawn up thirty years ago by a French philosopher, who passed his life in Paris, and who had read no new book for twenty years."

"What shall I read?" There are few questions more frequently asked than this; few, perhaps, to which a thoughtless answer is more frequently given. Coming from one of that large class to which Lord Iddesleigh has given the name of "indolent readers," it might be assumed to be lightly asked, and might be as lightly answered by the recommendation of some three-volume novel, or the more fashionable shilling's-worth of gruesome mystery; but if the inquirer be a young book-lover, a worthy answer is far to seek. The diagnosis and opinion of the physician do not present greater difficulties, and in many cases are not attended by more momentous results. To turn a juvenile adrift in Sir John Lubbock's list would be to prescribe an exclusive diet of richly seasoned dishes and rare wines to a convalescent patient—to feed him on strong meats, on caviare and truffles, and to omit the simple, wholesome, homely fare on which, in his condition, health and efficient progress must in the main depend.

How often has the young inquirer been imbued with a distaste for solid literature by being compelled to read "masterpieces" long before he was able to appreciate their value, or even to comprehend their history! The system at many of our schools is much to blame

in this respect. There are, we believe, comparatively few boys who acquire, until they seek it for themselves, even the roughest general outline of the world's history, to which their various episodic studies may be applied, so that each may fall into its proper place and order. "Periods" and "Epochs" are studied minutely and painfully, without any knowledge of the grand structure of which they form but a single fragment; and history is too often divorced from geography. A schoolboy is set to work on a play of Aristophanes before he has made acquaintance with the social and political movements of which Pericles and Cleon were the representatives. He reads his Bible and his Homer, his Virgil and Horace, his Cæsar and Livy, but probably with the vaguest ideas of their relations to one another, or their respective positions in the world's chronology. Or it may be that the whole of one term is devoted to one or two books of "the Iliad" and "the Odyssey," "the Æneid" or the "Odes," which are ground out line by line and word by word, all the interest and flavor of the complete work being inevitably and hopelessly dissipated in the process. Even "the college prizeman and the college tutor cannot read a chorus in the Trilogv but what his mind instinctively wanders on optatives, choriambi, and that happy conjecture of Smelfungus in the antistrophe."* But certain books having to be got up for an examination by the cramming process, the receptacle for all this erudition only looks forward to the time when he may throw his Classics behind the fire forever. No book with the least pretension to permanent value can be read purely by and for itself; inevitably it must draw on the reader—if he be in any sense worthy of the name—from point to point beyond its own immediate sphere, until he finds his interest expanding and his tastes forming under a natural and rapid process of revolution. Can any intelligent person read his Homer or his "Æneid," his Boswell, his "Old Mortality," or "The Voyage of the Beagle" without asking himself who are these strange characters, and where are these strange lands that seem so familiar to us?

* Croker's "Boswell," pp. 767, 8vo ed.

* "The Choice of Books," p. 37.

He who stands on a hill and surveys a wide landscape, easily recognizes the leading features of the country—the river and the homestead, the church and the corn-field—they need no guide, they tell their own tale. In like manner the great landmarks of the literature of the past are well defined and unmistakable to him who has eyes to see and a mind to comprehend. The traveller may choose his line, and as he goes his way he will not fail to find guides who will give him the directions which passing doubts and difficulties may render necessary. The world's great books stand out as the old stone walls of some great feudal fortress—prominent and indestructible. Their original uses have been superseded by the world's advance; but time and change add greatly to their interest. He, however, who finds himself entangled in the dense jungle of books that are not "masterpieces," and are so plentiful in modern literature, is in a sorry plight; his way lies through this jungle, be it long or short, and he cannot escape it altogether. He has heard of the quiet groves of the Academy, and of the heights of Parnassus, but he is rarely able to catch a glimpse of them. He is whirled along and loses his foothold in the eddying torrent of periodical literature; or he is entangled in the briars of controversy, and, torn and vexed, is apt to lose his way. Here then it is that he particularly needs a guide, and here it is that Sir John Lubbock bids good-by to him, and leaves him to his own resources.

The student, thus perplexed, may be surprised to learn from Mr. Ruskin that "any bank clerk could write a history as good as Grote's," and that Gibbon only chronicled "putrescence and corruption;" he may be deeply interested in the information that Professor Bryce prefers Pindar to Hesiod, that the Lord Chief Justice knows nothing of Chinese or Sanskrit, and that Miss Braddon has spent "great part of a busy life reading the 'Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews.'" But all this does not help him in his bewildering journey among the 10,000 books which are annually flooding the world of English-speaking readers—a mass of which we fear that the quality advances in inverse ratio to the quantity.

Sir John Lubbock's list, as it stands, suggests a gathering of illustrious Generals and officers, without any men. They are very distinguished and admirable in appearance and qualifications, but would be doubly so if seen at the head of the army which they lead and represent. Had Sir John commenced by marshalling his hundred books in groups, either of subjects to be studied or of readers to be provided for, and then called upon the "guides" to fill up the gaps, and supply the rank and file of his army, he would have earned the thanks of all book-lovers.

In the selection of books two considerations must alternately be paramount. One of these would have reference to the subjects to be studied, the other would have reference to the readers to be provided for. We are aware of the long controversies and technical difficulties involved in this question of Classification, which has stirred the hearts of Librarians from time immemorial, but for our present purpose the elaboration of an exhaustive scientific system is unnecessary; a statement of the rough headings and divisions, under which the books for general readers should be grouped, presents no insurmountable obstacles. Various minor considerations may subsequently assert themselves; as, for example, whether the books are required with the ultimate object of the formation of a library, and "the cultivation of literature is an object which cannot be accomplished without the acquisition of a library of a greater or less extent," or for the mere purpose of amusement. To draw up such a catalogue as we propose would exceed the capacity of any single individual; each section should be the work of one or more persons specially versed in the subject.

We are, of course, dealing rather with those who are aspiring to be book lovers than with those who, having already attained to that distinction, can trust to the guidance of their own inclinations. These aspirants must seek first an able and judicious guide for each department of study. One guide may be fully competent to make a list of works in history or biography, but may lack experience in philosophy or in art; while, on the other hand, the regimen prescribed for

the country curate would hardly be appropriate for the mechanic or the soldier.

But, first, we must endeavor to define, by a rough process of elimination, the book lover, whether mature or in embryo. He is not the mere "glutton of the lending library," who bolts the contents of the monthly box without discrimination and without reflection, his main object being to while away an idle day or to gain a superficial reputation at the next dinner party at which he may be present; nor is he the collector of gaudy bindings; nor one who has never possessed nor desired to possess a library of his own, who has never read a book more than once, and has never committed to memory a single passage. He is not the man, in short, who fails to realize that "the utility of reading depends not on the swallow but on the digestion."

From the American Westerner who buys an Encyclopædia in parts, and finds in it all that he requires of instruction and amusement, to the princely founders of libraries—the Spencers and Parkers, the De Thous, the Sunderlands, and the Beckfords—is a wide interval, and includes all sorts and conditions of men, diverse from one another in everything but their love of books.

Sir John Lubbock, by his eminence in the world of science and the world of commerce, is admirably qualified to draw up a list of works on science and trade. But these he has unfortunately excluded from his consideration. Such lists would be invaluable to the thousands who from intellectual or more purely mercenary motives, are now seeking for light. Had Sir John classified his list on some simple and discriminating plan, such as we have suggested, we might, as a result of the discussion, have obtained a summary of works on art by Mr. Ruskin, or a soldier's library by Lord Wolseley. Others, whose replies have been published, would have furnished special lists; and a still wider circle would, no doubt, have seen their way to rendering much help and service. We should, moreover, have been spared some rather irrelevant and wayward criticisms to which the discussion has given rise.

Two or three of the "guides" have, with more or less success, adopted for themselves a definite system. Mr. William Morris has given us a list, the

perusal of which may perchance arouse serious misgivings in the heart of the general reader, who cannot "even with great difficulty read Old German," and who has not yet been educated up to the point of regarding Virgil and Juvenal as "sham classics." The "Admiral's" list is good, if somewhat too technical; and we would plead for the admission of Southey's "Life of Nelson," even, if need be, to the exclusion of the "Annual Register" in 110 volumes. The Head Master of Harrow "tried to think how he should answer a boy's question if he were to ask, at any point of his school life, what books it were best worth while to read before the end (let me say) of his thirtieth year;" and we venture to regard Mr. Welldon's list as the best of all in point of conciseness and practical value.

The last to enter the lists, though not under the auspices of the "Pall Mall Gazette," is Mr. Frederic Harrison, who comes armed with a volume entitled "The Choice of Books," though four-fifths of the contents have strayed far away into such remote pastures as "The Opening of the Courts of Justice," "A Plea for the Tower of London," and "The Æsthete." With the small residue of the book, which has remained faithful to the title-page, we have little fault to find. Mr. Harrison, as might be expected, regards everything through the spectacles of Augustus Comte—"hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum." Comte's "Syllabus," to which we have already referred, was the basis of at least one of his essays, and is the subject of his closing remarks.

For our present purpose, the first article, "How to Read," is undoubtedly the most valuable and practicable. It deals in a straightforward and vigorous manner with many of the snares and difficulties by which the reader is beset, and sweeps away much of the sentimental, sickly criticism which is unfortunately prevalent at the present time. We think, however, that Mr. Harrison is inclined to raise the standard of taste too high for the mass of general readers.

"Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or vicious taste for imaginative work. If the 'Cid,' the 'Vita

Nuova,' the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakspeare's 'Sonnets,' and 'Lycidas' pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Red Cross Knight'; if he thinks 'Crusoe' and the 'Vicar' books for the young; if he thrill not with the 'Ode to the West Wind' and the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'; if he had no stomach for 'Christabelle,' or the lines written on 'The Wye above Tintern,' he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleaner and quieter spirit."

Now we believe that there is many a humble aspirant to literary taste on whom the above paragraph will produce an effect similar to that of "iced air and mountain tops" by taking his breath away. Literary palates are mercifully endowed with tastes and appreciations as varied as mere bodily palates, and we must protest against any such Procrustean method of ascertaining whether a man's "spirit be cleanly and quiet," or, which is terrible to contemplate, the reverse. On another page Mr. Harrison himself loudly deprecates and disclaims any narrow or sectarian view; he is nothing if not Catholic in his tastes. "I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular; I condemn no school; I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men."

All taste must be founded on knowledge, and between the hard, dry teaching of the Board School or the Examination Room on the one hand, and the ætherial atmosphere of Desultory Reading and the purest literary discernment on the other, there lies an intermediate region, a "penumbral zone," which differs from the first in that it is entered voluntarily, and from the second in that it is attainable by all who care to enter it. The way through this region, though pleasant, is laborious; system, accuracy, and discipline are essential to him who would traverse it. To be a desultory reader, in the sense defined by Lord Iddesleigh, a man must first have been a student; and not to every student is given the temperament, capacity, and opportunity, to become a desultory reader—still less can every student aspire to that refined literary taste which Mr. Harrison possesses in so large a measure, and which, in its characteristics he describes so well.

So far as modern literature is concerned, it may be said, that the Re-

viewers are, by their skill and experience, qualified to direct, and ever ready to aid the wayfarer; and in theory this is true. But, putting aside the few leading journals and periodicals, daily and weekly—of which we would only speak with the greatest respect—we fear that the reviewer's art is at a low ebb in these days. Often the side breezes of controversy, of private jealousy, or of personal interest, intervene to divert straightforward criticism; still more often does absolute incompetence render these guides worthless. A score of books may be seen, huddled together in an unbroken column of so-called criticism, with no other bond of union than their publication in course of the same week. The interested author, wading through this disconnected mass, suddenly stumbles on a few words extracted—possibly perverted—from his own preface, to which a line of commonplace commendation is affixed; and he then suddenly encounters a subject as far removed from his own as the "Republic" of Plato is distant from "Called Back."

Among all these discordant voices, who shall help us to detect the true ring? Thrice happy are those privileged few who enjoy the loving care and supervision of some wise mentor to guide their choice and to watch their progress; but for the multitude to whom such a privilege is denied, a good classified list, not excluding recent works, carefully sifted and added to by the most prominent men of the day, would be of inestimable value.

In the first place, a connected chain of histories, from the earliest times to the present day, with a selected list of contemporary memoirs and biographies, would throw a guiding gleam of light on thousands who are wandering, dark and aimless, in a labyrinth of "masterpieces." In this inquiry system is essential. Of desultory comments, charming and instructive in themselves and valuable in the formation of taste, we have abundant store. Who that has read Emerson's "Essay on Books," or Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," or Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" and "Literary Character," or Byron's brilliant and impulsive criticisms on books and authors, can be without some kind-

ling of enthusiasm and of desire to know more fully the great works thus passed in critical review? But the essential characteristics of such commentaries as these are snares to the student. The temptation to pass from one subject to another is inseparable from treatment of this kind, and so becomes a hindrance to more earnest application.

Dibdin's "Library Companion" in some respects fulfils the requirements we have mentioned; but apart from the fact that the information it contains is now in a great measure obsolete, too much space is devoted to the description and value of choice and rare editions. It is a book-buyer's rather than a reader's guide. Perkins's "The Best Reading" is too bald a catalogue, and requires a vast amount of sifting, and the addition of a few words of running comment to render it serviceable. It lacks, in short, the characteristics of a *catalogue raisonnée*.

The Historical List which we have proposed should be prefaced by a chronological table, indicating the epochs into which the World's History divides itself, and the periods covered by each of the works recommended. This would give the student a bird's-eye view of the field which he is about to explore, and enable him, at any moment in his exploration, to take his reckonings and verify his position.

Careful distinction should be made between Chroniclers and Historians, between those who have provided the materials and those who have designed and reared the complete structure. Sometimes these chroniclers have furnished merely rough and unhewn stones, useful in themselves, but with no pretence to artistic finish or individuality of character; and these have been absorbed into the building. Other chronicles, again, are perfected in form, and are not merely integral, essential portions of the complicated structure, but become a source of endless pleasure from the merit of their workmanship. Thucydides and Clarendon are universally read, while Hecataeus has all but vanished; and Thomas May's "History of the Long Parliament," though pronounced by Lord Chatham to be a "much honester and more instructive book of the same period than Lord

Clarendon's," is relegated to the shelves of the specialist or the bookworm.

Histories are scarcely less ephemeral than books of science; and the object of the list we are advocating is not to provide an exhaustive catalogue, a task which in these days would overtax the capacity of half a dozen Dr. Johnsons, but to select those works which will give the best continuous narrative of the period under discussion, and represent the most recent scholarship; omitting those which have been absorbed or superseded.

Mitford and Gillies have given place to Thirwall and Grote; and even the star of Hallam, outshining De Lolme, is beginning to wane before the searching light which, by the publication of State Papers and other archives, is being brought to bear on the History of England and of Modern Europe. But such materials, though ruthlessly relegating much of what we have hitherto regarded as the "Pearls of History" to the category of "Mock Pearls," cannot immediately be made available for the ordinary student, or become absorbed into the popular histories of the day. We can ill spare from our list the names of those writers, who, from Livy to Lord Macaulay, have added a fascination to the study of history; though in their works most beautiful Mock Pearls abound. But the student should be warned against implicit reliance on their records.

To Clarendon has been ascribed the honor of being the first Englishman who wrote History, as we regard it; his predecessors having been in the main mere chroniclers or annalists. Clarendon elaborated the picture of which these annalists had merely supplied the materials; and the eighteenth century saw the development of this new method in the brilliant triad of contemporaries, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Our own age has witnessed a further advance in the school of philosophical historians, who, without aiming at any connected narrative of events, present to us the profound lessons which history teaches; pointing out the far-reaching causes which have influenced and are influencing events occurring in widely distant countries; causes and events which to the superficial observer seem totally dis-

connected. This philosophical category would form one of the most interesting, and in these days, when political empiricism shows a growing tendency to supplant statesmanlike research, not the least important portion of our historical list. If to this main stem of History there be added the due complement of branches and leaves—memoirs and biographies—the Plutarchs and Pepyses, the Walpoles and St. Simons, the Crokers and Grevilles of each generation—we shall have a tree of knowledge which would yield to none in point of interest and utility.

We have dwelt at some length on this part of the subject, first, because of its almost unlimited extent; and secondly, because, owing to this extent, there is such difficulty in making a genuine and trustworthy selection. There is, besides, an apparently constant antagonism in history between the qualities of strict accuracy and literary brilliancy. The two are not incompatible, but the striving after literary merit is as great a snare to the writer as its attainment by the writer is, in too many cases, to the student.

Of voyages and travels, "I would also have good store, especially the earlier, when the world was fresh and un-hackneyed, and men saw things invisible to the modern eye. They are fast-sailing ships to waft away from the present troubles to the Fortunate Islands."* Grouped under each quarter of the globe, we should have selections of the works of those travellers, who, from Herodotus to Mr. Stanley, and from Marco Polo or Captain Cook down to Miss Bird, have made us who stay at home familiar with the remotest corners of the earth. Much of the romance of travel has of necessity perished in these matter-of-fact days; but as the writing of history has developed from a mere chronicle of events into a scientific and philosophical method, so the art of travelling is now assuming a political form under pressure of the gigantic problems which are exercising the mind of the civilized world; and a section of political travels, of which Mr. Froude and Baron von Hübner have recently

given us examples, should not be omitted.

Without pretending to enumerate all the departments which our catalogue should comprise—and most of them are too obvious to require enumeration—we would suggest a good selection of the best translations and editions of the Greek and Roman Classics. In mentioning translations we, of course, disclaim any recommendation of the common "crib," but refer to those scholarly works which have brought the classical masterpieces to the very doors of the general public; such, for example, as Rawlinson's "Herodotus," or Prof. Jowett's "Plato and Thucydides;" as Lord Derby's "Iliad," Gifford's "Juvenal," or Conington's "Virgil;" nor is the crib more widely removed from such works as these, than, in the matter of editions, is Anthon's "Virgil," for example, from Munro's "Lucretius." In the opinion of Mr. Harrison, this "is the age of accurate translation. The present generation has produced a complete library of versions of the great Classics, chiefly in prose, partly in verse, more faithful, true, and scholarly than anything ever produced before." Mr. Harrison's own essay on the "Poets of the Old World," goes far to supply one at least of the branches of this section. Last, but by no means least, do we plead for a guide to "Children's Books." We run some risk in these days of competitive examinations and "higher education," of placing instruction too prominently in the front, to the exclusion of pure amusement; forgetting that it is through the imagination that the interest of a child is most readily aroused, and that, unless the interest be aroused, our educational labors will be worthless. A child can live in an atmosphere of genial fiction, and appreciate it, without the danger which lurks in a misrepresentation of what passes around him in his daily experience. It is exaggeration, not fiction, that is liable to injure the mind of a child.

On the vital question, "how to read," the student has received matter for careful and deliberate consideration, alike from Lord Idlesleigh and Mr. Goschen, from Mr. Harrison and Mr. Lowell. The burden of their advice is the same, though the forms differ; they all unite

* Mr. Lowell's Address at the dedication of the Free Public Library, Chelsea, Massachusetts.

in deprecating and deploring the hurry, the want of application, the want of restraint which prevail in the present day. The hurrying reader, on the one hand, and the indolent reader, on the other, are the types to be avoided with the most scrupulous care. We suffer from an excess of opportunities, and require to be constantly reminded that "it is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject."

If we look through the long list of English literary celebrities, we cannot but be struck with the large proportion of those who have received little or no regular education in their early days, and whose opportunities of study have been of the scantiest. Ben Jonson working as a bricklayer with his book in his pocket: Wm. Cobbett reading his hard-earned "Tale of a Tub" under the haystack, or mastering his grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of 6*d.* a day; when "the edge of my berth or that of my guard-bed was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table, and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life:" Gifford, as a cobbler's apprentice, working out his problems on scraps of waste leather; or Bunyan, confined for twelve years in Bedford jail with only his Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," are but a few among scores of instances which will immediately suggest themselves.

There are many persons who are possessed with a strange and unaccountable conviction, that to read a book and to write a book are processes which require little, if any, previous training or preparation. The one error is sufficiently obvious to all who pay any attention to the great mass of cheap literature which is pouring from our printing-presses; the other is less easy of detection. "The first lesson in reading is that which teaches us to distinguish between literature and merely printed matter," is the admirable maxim laid down by Mr. Lowell, and this is one of the essential points in which the personal influence of an experienced friend is of inestimable value. As the latent beauties of some great masterpiece of art unfold themselves to our eye under the guidance of a Kugler or a Ruskin,

and we are thus enabled to detect their presence or their absence in the works of other hands and other schools, so in the masterpieces of literature the realization of the points, wherein the chief merits of each lie, places us in a position to form a standard—to possess a talisman, which shall enable us unerringly to detect the true from the false. Mrs. Knowles said of Dr. Johnson, "He knows how to read better than any one; he gets at the substance of a book directly; he tears the heart out of it." This faculty, which was exhibited in a marvellous degree also in Southey and Macaulay, is as rare as it is enviable; but there are not a few who erroneously suppose themselves to be possessed of it. The hurried, careless method of reading is one of the chief dangers a student should guard against. In studying a work of biography, for example—but above all in studying the classics—the first requisite, and one which is, as we have said, sadly overlooked in public school teaching, is the acquisition of a simple, general outline of the period to which the work relates. In the fashionable phrase of the day, the books so read are frequently not in correspondence with their environment. To him whose views of Roman history are but a shapeless mist, if not an absolute void, Virgil and Horace are sealed books; nor can any one who is ignorant of Scotland and her traditions penetrate beyond the husk of "Waverley" or "Old Mortality." To the young beginner a few judicious words of explanation at the commencement of a book may serve to awaken that interest without which reading is useless, and to make darkness light; and, similarly, a few words of discussion, when the book is completed, will have the effect of consolidating the floating ideas to which the perusal has given rise. The habit of casting aside a book as soon as the last page is read, without pondering over its contents and recalling the argument and refreshing the memory where it has failed, or allowing the "frenzied current of the eye to be stopped for many moments of calm reflection or thought," is apt to render worthless all the previous effort. Lord Erskine, we are told, was in the habit of making long extracts from Burke, and Lord Eldon is said to have copied

out "Coke upon Littleton" twice with his own hand. "Writing an analysis," says Archbishop Whately,* "or table of contents, or index, or notes, is very important for the study, properly so called, of any subject. And so also is the practice of previously conversing or writing on the subject you are about to study." Reading can produce a beneficial result only in proportion to the extent and accuracy of information previously stored in the mind of the reader. Such information is like the roots of some flourishing oak; every fresh fact is, as it were, a new fibre confirming and strengthening the growth of the tree, and attracting nourishment from new soil.

"The moment you have a definite aim, attention is quickened, the mother of memory; and all that you acquire groups and arranges itself in an order that is lucid, because everywhere and always it is in intelligent relation to a central object of constant and growing interest."† Bearing this in mind, we would urge the student to investigate every unfamiliar allusion which may occur in the course of his reading or conversation. A fact or subject thus sought out fixes itself more firmly in the memory than most of those which are merely passed in the ordinary course of reading.

The use of odd moments should not be overlooked. "Blockheads," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "can never find out how folks cleverer than themselves came by their information. They never know what is done at dressing-time, meal-time even, or in how few minutes they can get at the sense of many pages." It is not possible always to have a book at hand, but any one who will take the trouble to copy out, from time to time, passages which have attracted his attention, and carry them about with him to learn by heart at odd moments, may perhaps be astonished to find how much may be acquired in this manner.

There are some books which by their nature lend themselves to a snatchy method of perusal, and a few minutes may often be well employed in reading an ode of Horace, or the disjointed conversations of Dr. Johnson, but such mo-

ments should as a rule be devoted to books which are already more or less familiar. The habit of frivolously taking up, and as frivolously casting aside, a book is, however, one which should be guarded against with the utmost care. It was a strict rule in the family of Goethe the elder, that any book once commenced should be read through to the end. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, considered a rule of this kind "strange advice; you may as well resolve that whatever men you happen to get acquainted with, you are to keep them for life."

A snare, which did not exist in the time of Goethe or of Dr. Johnson, presents itself in these days to the reader, in the ever-increasing mass of periodical literature. But the busy man, who has not time to turn aside from his own work to the thorough investigation of the topic of the hour, may sometimes, in the pages of a magazine, find the case stated tersely by distinguished advocates on both sides; and he may thus at least discern the main positions of assailant and assailed. An exhaustive and genuine review of a book is occasionally afforded by periodical literature, more rarely perhaps than is generally believed; but such essays to have any value, should be read only after the work to which they relate, a condition that is, we fear, seldom fulfilled.

The "desultory reader" has now been defined and elevated. We can hardly be mistaken in considering that by reason of Lord Iddesleigh's admirable remarks the expression has acquired a new signification; at least a large number of those who may have fondly imagined themselves to be desultory readers have now been effectually eliminated from the category.

We live in days of "specialism," and the book-making specialist of our generation probably yields to none of his predecessors in the literary roll in respect of industry, skill, and accuracy; but his subject, as a rule, is his business, his breadwinner. The desultory reader regards literature as his pastime and recreation. Happy is he who has the time, the opportunity, and the education, to become a desultory reader, in Lord Iddesleigh's sense of the word.

But admitting that Desultory Dilet-

* Notes to Bacon's "Essays."

† Mr. Lowell.

tanteism may under certain favorable conditions be both profitable and a fascinating attainment, and claiming as we do a very high value for good guidance in the choice of books, we must not lose sight of the fact that the basis on which the main practical question of the selection and proper use of books rests, is not what is good in general, or in special literature, but what is fitted for each individual man. And to discover this the man himself, or his immediate ancestor, the youth or boy, must be examined. The foundation of success in any sphere of life is physical and mental, nervous and moral aptitude; and those who have to direct, or to decide for, or to advise the young respecting their career in life, should make the personal condition of their protégés their careful study. From the ascertained condition the capacity of each may be discerned, and his future capabilities may be, to some extent, foreseen. These capabilities are the indicators of the course of reading first required; by them the youth's career should chiefly be selected and decided on. Unfortunately in most cases careful forethought is neglected. Qualities that actually make the man are, in a decision that affects his hopes and happiness for life, too often overlooked; and some mere transient incident, esteemed perhaps a stroke of fortune, is accepted, without any hesitating thought about the suitability of its results, as a sufficient introduction to the business of the world. The consequence of this neglect is obvious enough. In every social and commercial sphere we find men drudging on in hopeless slavery, or ruined by the natural revolt of sensibilities that could not be controlled, against the influence of circumstances wholly inappropriate, and for which these sensibilities, most useful in their proper sphere, were not of course designed.

A young man's very desultory reading will perhaps be one of the most useful means for finding what his life's career should be. Knowing himself, or being known, as has been said, by those directing him, and by his own discursive reading having learnt what work for his peculiar abilities is open for him in the world, he probably will judge quite readily what line of study he should at

first pursue, and following out this clue, at first by the aid of judicious external guidance, he will, with ever-increasing self-reliance and discrimination, proceed to fulfil the requirements of education and the inclination of his own mental disposition. This method of development is the natural order by which intellectual growth, by means of books, or any other means, proceeds. To make a choice of certain hundred books for any man's perusal, in his youth or afterward, is but a feat of cleverness, arousing curiosity or wonder, but evolving nothing—ending in the choice. A man may be possessed of any number of good books; and possibly a thousand books might be selected, all of which would be by general consent called excellent, and worth possessing, and perhaps he would be none the better for them all. Young men do not require a hundred books at once. Indeed the fewer well-selected books a youth has to begin with, the more safe he is against excessive loss of time. His most important question is not, what shall I read? but, what need I read? The student's care should be to read as little, and to think as much as possible. Thus, he will find what thing it is that he at any time immediately requires to know, and he will make this pressing need the object of his next acquirement in books. This method tends to education; it develops mental power, and makes a cultivated man. A hundred books procured and read without appropriate sympathy, and interest, and thought, will merely make an animated bookcase of the man.

Not only should the student's books be few, but as he reads he should be constantly upon his guard. Most readers read to be informed or to be entertained; and books of information are absorbed as if all printed statements must of course be true, or even if not true must, as a record, be worth knowing. This omnivorous, careless style of reading is a grievous waste of life and energy. Were books read with critical, inquiring thought, the time misspent in reading would be wholesomely reduced, and readers would increase in mental power in due proportion to their increased information.

In books of entertainment, and especially of fiction, corresponding careful-

ness is necessary. There are books among the best which are, in various degrees and ways, of evil influence, and should be read with caution and reserve. To yield one's self to the enjoyment of an entertaining book may be as foolish as to give one's self into the hands of an untried agreeable companion. Ability to please is to these incautious subjects of it a most dangerous influence ; and books as well as men when most attractive should be treated warily. In Rabelais and Swift, in Fielding and Smollett, coarse manners must be reprobated. In George Eliot's novels, with exceptions, and in "Jane Eyre," there is a subtle taint that is unwholesome to the unguarded reader. Thackeray too frequently compels us to associate with evil company ; and, while admiring the writer's skill, the reader should keep well outside of almost every group in Thackeray's novels.

Distinct alike from the progressive student and the discriminating reader, is an abundant class who, without individuality, are mere omnivorous devotees of books, chiefly reading the lighter literature of the day. These people, through excess and self-indulgence, become feeble-minded, intellectually dis-

sipated, and incapable of serious study. In every rank of life the book-devouring vice abounds ; but chiefly among women, girls, and boys ; men finding in the newspapers their daily pabulum. This thoughtless, fragmentary reading has debilitated the contemporary mental fibre of the nation ; and has so absorbed the time, we cannot say the attention, of the immense majority of the reading public, that many of them are ignorant even of the existence of the standard works of literature. The late discussion, therefore, about books has been of use ; it has made known to the great community of people, who now can read, the fact, that there are certain books, a hundred more or less, far more worth reading than the popular and periodical literature of the day. If this discovery could be impressed upon the public mind with practical effect, the result would be a beneficial change in their condition. The abundant tattle and affected interest about names and things of mean and transient notoriety, and the discursive dinner-table gossip of the world would then perhaps subside ; and English conversation would become a constant and beneficial intellectual enjoyment.—*The Quarterly Review*.

LADY MARTIN'S FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP.

In all attempts thoroughly to understand a great dramatic personation, we are, in the last result, thrown back on the autobiography of the actor. While we gaze, the illusion will be more or less complete, in part according to the actor's gift, in part according to stage detail, but reflection will afterwards come into play ; and, just in the measure of the experience and thoughtfulness of the critic, comparisons and contrasts will suggest themselves. Then we are in the realm of judgment, rather than of enjoyment, pure and simple : we analyze and dissect, perforce. The final triumph of the actor is then achieved, when judgment only enhances enjoyment. Much *in the theatre*, not due at all to the actor, may combine to please, and to aid illusion ; scenery, machinery—even

dresses. But of these the great actor should be independent, or at least should *use* them, and prove them subordinate or even unnecessary ; in this lies *one* test of originality and greatness. In the degree that the actor is consciously dependent on these his interpretation will be more or less mechanical ; he truly succeeds as he renders us indifferent to them, as he takes us "*out of ourselves*," suffusing the most elaborate touches with a sense of spontaneity, due to his own creative and immediate apprehension. This is the link that binds the great actor to the audience, learned and unlearned alike—the touch of nature that, on the stage, makes the whole world kin.

While we look on the stage we are lost in the subject ; when we recall in the

closet we are curious about the artist. We would fain seize the secret of that subtle power of identifying himself or herself with orders of thought and feeling which may be foreign to any personal experience, or even opposed to it. We would fain know whether there has been aught exceptional in the mental history, or in the atmosphere in which the actor has lived, to stimulate such powers of realizing and presenting. It is this tendency that makes details about the lives of great actors and actresses so interesting, and in the end associates their personalities in some cases so intimately with certain rôles. There is an idle gossip which is contemptible; but there is a natural curiosity also which is inevitable, and without which the highest dramatic criticism is impossible. Notwithstanding, it may be said that the less we can account for the power, the more attracted we become. In one aspect of it, indeed, the actor's genius may be measured by his or her power of passing into "frames and feelings" contrary to the current of natural tendency, and of which no clear critical account can be given. The width of the rubicon that must be crossed to enter this new world measures the amount of power. Miss Farren, in a light burlesque, does not need to take a long voyage. Miss Mary Anderson, when she essays Rosalind, has to take a longer one, and yet a longer when she plays Juliet; but Miss Helen Faucit, when she impersonated Lady Macbeth, had to take a much longer one still. The sleep-walking scene, on this theory, would be the highest testing-point. To enter into those complications of feeling and of motive, those wholly abnormal conditions, implies a subtle though undefined psychology beyond the reach of the systematic psychologist, however much and earnestly he may strive. Ophelia, in this respect, simple as the original lines of her character appear in the main to have been, is one of the most trying characters for the actress; and in the measure that she maintains the unity of type, even through all the mental shocks and disturbances that finally merged into madness itself, we shall discover something of the reach and grasp of her genius. So, too, with Hamlet and Iago; the conventions of the stage, or the best schooled

elocution, will do but little to help the actor in their case.

"To present the man thinking aloud is the most difficult achievement of our art," says Mr. Henry Irving. "Here the actor who has no real grip of the character, but simply recites the speeches with a certain grace and intelligence, will be untrue. The more intent he is upon the words, and the less on the ideas that dictated them, the more likely he is to lay himself open to the charge of mechanical interpretation. It is perfectly possible to express to an audience all the involutions of thought, the speculation, doubt, wavering, which reveal the meditative but irresolute mind. As the varying shades of fancy pass and re-pass the mirror of the face, they may yield more material to the studious playgoer than he is likely to get by a diligent poring over the text, &c. I challenge the acute student to ponder over Hamlet's renunciation of Ophelia—one of the most complex scenes in all the drama—and say that he has learned more from his meditations than he could be taught by players whose intelligence is equal to his own."*

"Dr. Johnson," Mr. Irving adds further on, "was discussing plays and players with Mrs. Siddons, and he said, 'Garrick, madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken 'to be or not to be' better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master, both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellences.'"

Each new and earnest effort to present a great and typical dramatic character thus reveals to us a new personality, as well as a new Hamlet or Ophelia, a new Desdemona or a Portia; and the study is therefore a double one—autobiographic as regards the actor, and interpretative as regards the drama. The frank narrative of the experiences of a great actress, the honest record of the difficulties that lay before her, and the means she took to meet and to overcome them, must therefore be of the greatest

* "The Art of Acting." *English Illustrated Magazine*.

interest and value. It is for this reason that Lady Martin's book is as much of an autobiography as it is a criticism or an interpretation of Shakespeare. A superficial criticism, indeed, might urge this as an objection to the book, and call it egotistic; but it was a necessity of the case that it should in a certain degree be so; and in this will lie the great attraction to those who are sympathetic rather than formal, and who believe that life's riddles, and therefore also the riddles of the drama, admit of an imaginative and human, rather than of a critical and logical solution. She here enables any one who will take the pains to do pleasantly in the closet what the cultured and critical beholder in former days could only have done with difficulty after many visits to the theatre, and some severe processes of thought; so that if we cannot see the actor, we may still have compensations in the book. She has adopted the epistolary form, and nothing could be better suited for the kind of confessions she has to make. The first three letters were addressed to her friend, Miss Jewsbury, who died before the fourth was finished; and the rest are addressed to Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Anna Swanwick, Mr. Brown-ing, and Mr. Ruskin. The studies are seven—of Ophelia, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Imogen, Rosalind, and Beatrice.

These letters will in many ways illustrate what we have said, and we shall now turn to them for corroborative aid and anecdote.

First of all let us inquire whether the facts of Miss Faucit's life and training suggest explanations of her success, and throw light on her development as an actress, if they do not account for her genius and power. If it be true, as the poet says, that—

Tasks in hours of insight willed
May be in days of gloom fulfilled,

it is also true, as Goethe so often said, that genius must be *formed* in solitude if, like talent, it must *attest itself* by contact and commerce with the world. A few facts gleaned from this volume will suggest some explanation of Miss Faucit's remarkable power of what, for want of a better term, we may call vicarious living and feeling. When a child she was left much alone to muse

and brood over the world of Shakespeare. She was not influenced by the opinions of others, by the interpretations or the impersonations of others. She lived in a world of her own, and her fancy filled it. She formed her conceptions of Shakespeare's men and women in solitude. She tells us:—

"In my childhood I was much alone—taken early away from school because of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea-side in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there—an acting edition by John Kemble. . . . Like all children, I kept, as a rule, my greatest delight to myself. I remember on some occasions, after I returned home to my usual studies, when a doubt arose about some passage which had happened to be in the little storehouse of my memory, being able to repeat whole chapters and scenes of my favorites to the amused ears of those about me. But I never revealed how much my life was wrapped up in them, even to my only sister, dear as she was to me. She was many years older than myself, and too fond of fun to share in my day and night dreams. I knew I should only be laughed at. Then I had lived again and again through the whole childhood and loves of many of Shakespeare's heroines, long before it was my happy privilege to impersonate them, and make them, in my fashion, my own."

The individual experiences of the actor have an indirect but ineffable effect upon the impersonations: thus Macready confessed that when he played Virginius, after burying his beloved daughter, his experience gave a new force to his acting in the most pathetic situations of the play.

Again, here is a very interesting and suggestive autobiographical trait:—

"The manner of Desdemona's death increased her hold upon my imagination. Owing, I suppose, to delicate health and the weak action of my heart, the fear of being smothered haunted me continually. The very thought of being in a crowd, of any pressure near me, would fill me with terror. I would give up any pleasure rather than face it.

Thus it was that, owing to this favorite terror of my own, the manner of Desdemona's death had a fearful significance for me. That she should, in the midst of this frightful death-agon, be able not only to forgive her torturer, but to keep her love for him unchanged, was a height of nobleness surpassing that of all the knights and heroes I had ever heard or read of. Hers, too, was 'the pang without the palm.' Juliet, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, sufferers as they were, had no such suffering as this. For hers was the supreme anguish of dying, while the one in whose regard she desired to stand highest believed her tainted and impure ! To a loving, noble woman what fate could be more terrible than this ?'

The result was that the text of Shakespeare itself became to her but the commentary on a wider sphere. She followed up his hints to the fountain-head, and constructed complete biographies of his heroines. She traced their growth step by step from the earliest stages, noting their peculiarities as they sprang and budded. The silent, almost unnoticed tendencies of temperament that, to the eye of sympathy and love, foretell so much, but are usually lost on the merely practical and common-sense mind, however constantly near, she endeavored to estimate as formative forces in the character that was to be, and which, in its ripeness, she was to portray. What Ophelia had been as a child was an earnest inquiry with her ; and the lack of a mother's keen and loving insight, as well as the presence and teaching of an old pedant-courtier father, were fully realized and allowed for. The wide gap between the dreamy, impressible girl, Desdemona, and the worldly father was imaginatively realized in all its fatal effects. As it was with Ophelia and Desdemona, so it was with Imogen, and Juliet, and Portia, and Rosalind, and Beatrice, and the whole circle of loved creations ; and so, likewise, in some measure with the heroes with whom they became related. For in a play, as in life, men and women are mirrors that reflect each other. In this way, while she learned to realize each character as a unit, as a personality, with a past that had greatly determined the present and would greatly determine the future, she saw them in relation

with others whose influence was powerful, and in whose web of fate too often they were helplessly entangled. The following passage indicates at once her system of study, her aim, and its results, no less than it throws light on the beautiful character of Imogen :—

"The opening scenes, in which Imogen appears, are a proof, among many others, how much Shakespeare expected from the personators of his heroines. In them the actress must contrive to produce the impression of a character of which all that is afterward seen of Imogen is the natural development. In look, in bearing, in tone and accent, we must see the princess, strong in the possession of fine and cultivated intelligence, and equal, through all her womanly tenderness, and by very reason of that tenderness, to any strain which may be put upon her fortitude and endurance—one who, while she draws on all insensibly to admire her by her mere presence, at the same time inspires them with a reverent devotion. Ah ! how little those who, in mere ignorance, speak slightly of the actor's art can know of the mental and moral training which is needed to take home into the being, and then to express in action, however faintly, what must have been in the poet's mind as his vision of Imogen found expression in the language he had put into her mouth !"

And how much does a passage like this aid the reader in an understanding of Ophelia's character and destiny !—

"The baby Ophelia was left, as I fancy, to the kindly but thoroughly unsympathetic tending of country folk, who knew little of 'inland nurture.' Think of her sweet, fond, sensitive, tender-hearted, the offspring of a delicate dead mother, cared for only by roughly mannered and uncultured natures ! One can see the lonely child, lonely from choice, with no playmates of her kind, wandering by the streams, plucking flowers, making wreaths and coronals, learning the names of all the wild flowers in glade and dingle, having many favorites, listening with eager ears when amused, or lulled to sleep at night by the country songs, whose words (in true country fashion, not too refined) come back again vividly to her memory, with the fitting melodies, only, as such

things strangely but surely do, when her wits are flown. Thus it is that when she has been 'blasted with ecstasy' all the country customs return to her mind : the manner of burying the dead, the strewing the grave with flowers, 'at his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone,' with all the other country ceremonies. I think it important to keep in view this part of her supposed life, because it puts to flight all the coarse suggestions which unimaginative critics have sometimes made to explain how Ophelia came to utter snatches of such ballads as never ought to issue from a young and cultured woman's lips."

Or take this on Juliet, as attesting the determination to reach the secret of character, and hold it as a whole :—

"Poor Juliet ! with a father who loves her in a wilful, passionate way, with the understanding that when he has set his mind upon a thing her will shall always bend to his ; with a mother who, if she loves her daughter, entirely fails to understand her nature, or to feel for her like a mother where even hard mothers are tender, and having for her only other friend her foster-mother—a coarse-minded, weakly indulgent, silly woman, over whom, since her infancy, she has ruled and tyrannized by turns ; not one of them having, as we are brought to see, an idea of marriage beyond the good worldly match thought necessary for the rich heiress of the Capulets ! Amid such surroundings has bloomed into early girlhood this creature, with a rich imagination full of romance, and with a boundless capacity for self-devotion. Her dreams are of a future, with a love in store for her responsive to her own capacity for loving, and they are inspired by an ideal hero, possessing the best attributes of manhood—a love in which her whole being should be merged, and by which her every faculty and feeling should be quickened into noblest life."

A companion glimpse of Desdemona—significant for its clear insight and fine sympathy—may follow :—

"This wide difference of feeling could not have existed had there been any loving sympathy between the father and his child. He would have foreseen the danger of exposing a girl dawning into womanhood, and of sensibilities so deep,

to such an unusual fascination, and she would have turned to him when she found herself in danger of being overmastered by a feeling, the indulgence in which must wreck his peace or her own. But the father, who is only the 'Lord of Duty,' has established no claim upon her heart ; and that heart, hitherto untouched, is stolen from her during these long interviews, insensibly, but forever."

Lady Martin's ideas about the necessity of the actress—more especially the tragic actress—having apprehended the character she impersonates as a unity, is admirably put. But there is more.

The leading actor, as we have seen, ought not only to have mastered the character with which he is immediately concerned, but also all those in the play, by whose presence or influence the development of his subject was aided or accelerated. Much of the character of the byplay must be determined by this. Without compliance with it, indeed, the byplay is certain to be overdone, assertive, and without the subdued reserve from which, in tragedy most often, springs its significance. As in comedy the byplay derives its effect from defects in the character, or from oddities of manner, or from unconscious cross-purposes in intention ; so, in tragedy, it springs from serious and fatalistic undercurrents of thought and passion which finally color all the current of the action. The tragic actor must thus apprehend with the deepest sympathy the character and bias of all the rest. It is not without purpose and meaning that Lady Martin ventures on this caveat :—

"Perhaps you will think that, in the fulness of my sympathy for Ophelia, I feel too little for Hamlet. But this is not really so. One cannot judge Hamlet's actions by ordinary rules. He is involved in the meshes of a ruthless destiny, from which by nature and temperament he is powerless to extricate himself. In the infirmity of character which expends its force in words, and shrinks from resolute action, he unconsciously drags down Ophelia with him. They are the victims of the same inexorable fate. I could find much to say in explanation and in extenuation of the shortcomings of one upon whom a task was laid, which he of all men, by the es-

sential elements of his character, seemed least fitted to accomplish."

It is because of the same law, and in defence of the same principle, that Lady Martin deprecates the commitment of a character like Rosalind to the mere comedy actor :—

"It was surely a strange perversion which assigned Rosalind, as at one time it had assigned Portia, to actresses whose strength lay in comedy. Even the joyous, buoyant side of her nature could hardly have justice done to it in their hands ; for that is so inextricably mingled with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect, disciplined by fine culture, as well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give the true tone and coloring even to her playfulness and her wit. Those forest scenes between Orlando and herself are not, as comedy actresses would be apt to make them, merely pleasant fooling. At the core of all that Rosalind says and does lies a passionate love, as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom, and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart, and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us during the time of probation by wit, by fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardness, playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect."

As illustrating the undercurrent of significance that may attach itself to the byplay in dramatic acting, many weighty passages might be quoted from these letters. But perhaps the most suited to our present purpose, as revealing the author's care and consciousness, is the following, on the writer's way of dealing with the death-scene of Desdemona :—

"My friends used to say, as Mr.

Macready did, that in Desdemona I was 'very hard to kill.' How could I be otherwise? I *would not* die dishonored in Othello's esteem. This was bitterer than five thousand deaths. Then I thought of all his after-suffering when he should come to know how he had mistaken me ! The agony for him which filled my heart, as well as the mortal agony of death which I felt in imagination, made my cries and struggles no doubt very vehement and very real. My whole soul was flung into the entreaty but for 'half an hour !' 'but while I say one prayer !'—which prayer would have been for *him*. Then, when she hears for the first time that Cassio is the supposed accomplice in her guilt, it was as though I spoke for myself in uttering the swift rejoinder, 'Send for the man and ask him !' "

A companion instance may be found in the account of the beauty of Portia in the famous casket scene :—

"Throughout the earlier part of the last of the casket scenes what tortures of suspense must Portia have endured, for by this time her heart has made its choice ! How she must try to rest her faith in her father's love, and in the hope that the 'good inspiration' which devised this choice of caskets may prove itself in the choice of the one 'who shall rightly love' ! Hard it is for her to know the right casket and yet to give no hint ; and not only not be herself 'for-sworn,' but by ordering her suite 'to stand aloof,' far apart from the caskets, to ensure that no accident shall unintentionally on the part of a bystander direct Bassanio's choice ! With what a heart-leap she finds him choose the right casket ! with what excess of happiness !

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess ;
I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Then, when Bassanio comes to claim her according to the 'gentle scroll,' how frankly and nobly she gives him not only all he asks—herself—but her very all, with the desire that she could be 'trebled *twenty times* herself'—'in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, exceed amount' ! "

With regard to the unselfish and purely artistic purpose that inspired Lady Martin in her dramatic work there

can be no doubt. Art, with her, was in a very high degree its own end and its own reward, and not a mere means to any end—such as wealth, social position, or enjoyment. Speaking at page 373 (note) of her desire to buy her “doll-self”—“Miss Helen Faucit as the Lady Margaret in ‘Separation,’” which, to her pleasurable surprise, she saw on a bazaar stall—she says, “My funds at that time might not have permitted such extravagance, and I felt too shy to ask the price. It was a grandly got-up lady; and although my salary was the largest ever given in those days, I was, as a minor, only allowed by my friends a slight increase to the pocket-money which had been mine before my *début*. Happily for me, both then and since, money has ever been a matter of slight importance in my regard. Success in my art, and the preservation of the freshness and freedom of spirit which are essential to true distinction in it, have always been my first thought.”

We wish it to be noted that we do not here enter into any criticism of Lady Martin's interpretation of Shakespeare's characters in detail; were we to do that we should have to make no end of references to the writings of such authorities as Professor Dowden, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Furnivall, and others, and to institute comparisons with them; we are concerned to illustrate Lady Martin's methods by citations from her letters, and thus to create an interest in the great subjects to which she so effectively draws attention.

We have spoken of the degree to which a true tragic artist may be independent of the accessories of scenery, stage machinery, &c. On this point Lady Martin's words have no uncertain sound, and they may be read with an added meaning in view of the bold and studious efforts being made to-day to subordinate the actor to these things in mere sensational effect:—

“For myself I can truly say I would rather the *mise en scène* should fall short of being sufficient than that it should be overloaded. However great the strain—I have too often felt it—of so engaging the minds of my audience as to make them forget the poverty of the scenic illustrations, I would rather at all times have encountered it than have had to

contend against the influences which withdraw the spectator's mind from the essentials of a great drama to dwell upon its mere adjuncts. When Juliet is on the balcony, it is on her the eye should be riveted. It should not be wandering away to the moonlight or to the pomegranate trees of Capulet's garden, however skilfully simulated by the scene-painter's and the machinist's skill. The actress who is worthy to interpret that scene requires the undivided attention of her audience. I cite this merely as one of a host of illustrations that have occurred to my mind in seeing the lavish waste of merely material accessories upon the stage in recent years.”

And with regard to the evil effects produced in the case of high dramatic work by the calls before the curtain in the middle of the play, Lady Martin has some words so serious, so pregnant of warning, that intelligent playgoers should draw an incitement from them to set their faces very firmly against such a practice. She writes:—

“For myself I can truly say that I never cared, after having been forced, to yield to a call during the progress of the play. On the occasions when the long-continued and not-to-be-silenced clamor of the audience left me no choice, and I had gone before them (I fear very ungraciously), I have never been the same afterward; never able to lose myself in full measure in the illusion of the story; never again for that night the same Pauline, Rosalind, or whatever else I was acting, that I was before this interruption. It was ever my desire to forget my audience. Little did they, who only meant kindness, know how much they took from my power of working out my conceptions when they forced me in this way out of my dream-world.”

Mr. Irving has been careful to warn us* against regarding that which looks spontaneous on the stage as being necessarily the result of some kind of inspiration of the moment. A practised actor addressing young aspirants (as Mr. Irving to a great extent was in speaking to the students of Harvard College) could not err in dwelling rather upon the labors of the profession, and the re-

* “The Art of Acting.” *English Illustrated Magazine*.

sults gained by conscientious attention to every detail, than on creative genius and inspiration.

"It is often supposed," he urged, "that great actors trust to the inspiration of the moment. Nothing could be more erroneous. There will, of course, be such moments, when an actor at a white heat illumines some passage with a flash of imagination (and this mental condition, by the way, is impossible to the student sitting in his arm-chair); but the great actor's surprises are generally well weighed, studied, and balanced. We know that Edmund Kean constantly practised before a mirror effects which startled his audience by their apparent spontaneity. And it is the accumulation of such effects which enables an actor, after many years, to present many great characters with remarkable completeness."

Nothing great without labor; yet the faculty of reproducing touches well practised as though they were spontaneous, and due to the inspiration of the moment, is itself a rare kind of genius, really as little to be cultivated as those white heats which at certain moments illumine some passage with a flash of imagination. The moral is that, genius or no genius, labor is essential: it polishes the gem and brightens all its lustre—its subtle interchanging shades of color and of tint: it makes the common stone to shine as if it were a gem, till in some lights the gem and the stone are hardly distinguishable. Lady Martin's book is burdened with the same lesson as Mr. Irving enforces. The actor, to be successful, must, like the novelist, as Mr. Trollope tells us, dwell with his characters, must keep their company in

fair day and foul, and learn secrets which even on the stage and at the moments of highest illumination he cannot *plainly* communicate. Yet to his inspiration, due in great part to this, they owe point, definiteness, the quality that differentiates and gives distinction. The actor in this case at once possesses his character and is possessed by it; so that it is no formal phrase, but the expression of a fact, to say "Miss Faucit's Juliet," "Mr. Irving's Hamlet," "Miss Terry's Olivia," and so on. And wherever this height of dramatic inspiration is reached, the actor must live in an ideal world, none the less real that it has but a limited footing in external presentment on the stage. Time and space are alike its servants as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen. When we realize this we can apprehend how it was that Lady Martin had such a dislike to calls before the curtain in the *middle of the play*. For our part, at the moment of deepest tragic impression we have often felt the drawback of such calls even at the end of it; and would much have preferred not to see Hamlet come to life again, and Romeo and Juliet, full of life, re-emerge from their cerements. It is different with plays such as "As you Like it," and characters like Rosalind, where Shakespeare has anticipated any doubt on that score by definite direction.

Lady Martin's book cannot fail to accomplish much of what she intended. The more widely it is known, and the more thoughtfully and earnestly it is read, the greater, we venture to think, will be the boon to all true women and to all Shakespearian students.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



SOME COINCIDENCES OF LITERATURE.

THE most curious perhaps of the "Curiosities of Literature" is this slip of ignorance D'Israeli himself makes of the precise kind that he is gibbeting in Congreve and others. In exposing the incompetence of the editor of "*Reliquiæ Gethinianæ*"—the posthumously published commonplace book of that Lady Grace Gethin whose monument is

in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey—he says:—

The *Reliquiæ Gethinianæ* might well have delighted their readers; but those who had read Lord Bacon's "Essays" and other writers, such as Owen Feltham and Osborne, from whom these relics are chiefly extracted, might have wondered that Bacon should have been so little known to the families of the Nortons and the Gethins, to whom her ladyship was allied;

to Congreve and the editor; and still more particularly to subsequent compilers, as Ballard, in his "Memoirs," and lately the Rev. Mark Noble, in his continuation of Granger, who both give specimens of these relics without a suspicion that they were transcribing literally from Lord Bacon's "Essays."

Hereon D'Israeli proceeds to give specimens of these relics without a suspicion that he was himself transcribing literally from Bacon's essays. "It is one of the best bonds of chastity and obedience in the wife," he quotes from the "Reliquiæ," "if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses."

And then he adds, "This degrading sentence is found in some writer whose name I cannot recollect." But "the degrading sentence" is found, I need hardly say, in Bacon's essay "On Marriage and Single Life." A similar slip is made by Montaigne in his essay "Of Moderation," where he quotes, as from "some obscure and lascivious poet," a gross and garbled version of a passage from the *Iliad* (xiv. 194). Montaigne, again, is credited by Bacon with a debt due really to Plutarch. "Montaigne saith prettily when he enquired the reason why the word of the *lie* should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge. Saith he, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much as to say that he is brave toward God and a coward toward man.'" A fine saying, to be found, however, in Plutarch's "Life of Lysander." While, perhaps, Montaigne's own fine remark in this essay "Of Giving the Lie," that "no community, however degraded, could hold together without truth," might have been in Sir Thomas Browne's mind when he wrote, in "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," "All community is continued by truth, and that of hell cannot consist without it." But, indeed, Montaigne is a vast literary reservoir, drawn upon by as many channels as it drains—which is to say a good deal. His own innumerable and unacknowledged debts to Cicero, Seneca, Lucretius, Plutarch, Plato, &c., &c., he justifies thus pleasantly: "All, or nearly all, my borrowings are from authors so famous and so ancient that they seem to me to tell sufficiently themselves who they are, without giving me

the trouble. Their reasons, comparisons, and arguments I transplant purposely into my own soil and confound them amongst my own to conceal the author and awe the audacity of those modern insolent censurers of writings of all sorts. I would have them give Plutarch a filip on my nose, and lash themselves into fury with railing upon Seneca, while under the impression that they are railing at me." "I meant it for the man behind you," cried the fellow in the hustings crowd, who had flung a dead cat into Macaulay's face. "I wish you had meant it for me, and hit the man behind me," growled Macaulay with all Montaigne's humorous scorn of such decent and discriminating criticism.

But *sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes*. If Montaigne has stolen and stored honey from every flower, it is only to have it filched from him in masses by others. Bacon even, even Shakespeare, are his debtors often for ideas, and sometimes for the very form of their expression. "This is the reason," says Montaigne, in his essay on "The Folly of Measuring Truth and Error by Our Own Capacity"—"this is the reason that children, the common people, women, and sick folks are most apt to be led by the ears."

"Anger," says Bacon in his essay on that passion, "is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns—children, women, old folk, sick folk."

Or compare, again, these two passages from Bacon with the subjoined passage from Montaigne:—

He made a good answer who, when he was shown hung up in the temple the votive tablets of those who had fulfilled their vows after escaping from shipwreck, and was pressed with the question, "Did he not then recognize the will of the gods?" asked in his turn, "But where are the pictures of those who have perished notwithstanding their vows?" The same holds true of almost every superstition—as astrology, dreams, omens, judgments, and the like—wherein men, pleased with such vanities, attend to those events which are fulfilments, but neglect and pass over the instances where they fail (though this is much more frequently the case).—*Novum Organum*, i. 46: Johnson's translation.

It is the root of all superstition that to the nature of the mind of all men it is consonant for the affirmative or active to affect more than the negative or privative; so that a few times

hitting or presence countervails oftentimes failing or absence, as was well answered by Diagoras to him that showed him in Neptune's temple the great number of pictures of such as had escaped shipwreck and had paid their vows to Neptune, saying, "Advise now, you that think it folly to invoke Neptune in tempest." "Yea, but," saith Diagoras, "where are they painted that are drowned?"—*The Advancement of Learning*, xiv. 9.

I think never the better of these almanack makers for some accidental hits, for nobody marks their false prognostics, because they are infinite and ordinary; but if they hit upon one truth, that carries a mighty report as being rare, incredible, and prodigious. So Diagoras, surnamed the Atheist, answered him in Samothrace who, showing him in the temple the several offerings and stories in pictures of those who had escaped shipwreck, said to him, "Look, you who think the gods have no care of human things, what do you say to these saved from death by their grace?" "Why, I say," he replied, "that the pictures of the drowned—the greater number by far—are not here."—*Montaigne's Essays*, i. 11.

Or compare, again, Montaigne on death, with Bacon and with Jeremy Taylor on the same subject. "Every opinion, however weak, is of force enough to make itself espoused at the expense of life," says Montaigne. "It is worth observing," says Bacon, "that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death."

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and, as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. . . . It is groans and convulsions and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and Blacks and obsequies and the like, that show death terrible.—*Bacon's Essays*, ii.

The cries of mothers, wives, and children; the visits of astonished and afflicted friends; the attendance of pale and blubbering servants; a dark room set round with burning tapers; our beds environed with physicians and divines; in short, nothing but ghostliness and horror round about us, renders death so formidable that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already. Children are afraid of those even that they know best and love best when disguised in a vizor, and so are we; the vizor must be removed as well from things as persons, which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same death that a mean servant or a poor chambermaid died a day or two ago without any manner of apprehension or concern.—*Montaigne*, i. 19.

Take away but the poms of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noisemakers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches; and then to die is

easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maidservant to-day.—*Jeremy Taylor, Holy Dying*, vii. 4.

In these parallel passages the resemblances are too circumstantial and minute to allow us to suppose that Jeremy Taylor and Bacon borrowed direct from Seneca, and not intermediately through Montaigne.

There is still less doubt, as Shakespeare commentators admit, that Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth, which he pictures for the diversion of the wrecked king's sad thoughts in "The Tempest," is an almost verbatim transcript from Montaigne—whose essays, in Florio's translation, with Shakespeare's autograph on the fly-leaf, is one of the treasures of the British Museum.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation—all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure.

"It is a nation," says Montaigne in Florio's translation, speaking of the natives of the newly discovered America:—

It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that bath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred but common, no apparel but natural, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or metal.—*Montaigne*, i. 30.

But, indeed, Shakespeare, though he is supposed to have gibbeted Montaigne's translator, Florio, both as Holofernes and as Don Adriano De Armado in "Love's Labor's Lost," owed immeasurably more to Montaigne than this unimportant passage.

Of our other great poet Milton's indebtedness to Vondel it is needless to speak with Mr. Edmundson's book and the reviews thereon so fresh in the reader's recollection. Of course Mr. Edmundson has overshot himself and proved too much; as, for instance, in this discovery (almost as grotesque as Vondel's description of the Metamorphosis itself) of Milton's plagiarism

from him of Satan's transformation into a serpent :—

His visage drawn he felt too sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone.

—*Paradise Lost*, x. 511-14.

"Which," says Mr. Edmundson, "will be clearly seen to have its original in Vondel's lines" :—

That bright face to cruel snout,
The teeth to fangs sharpened for gnawing steel,
The feet and hands to fourfold claws, the skin
Of pearly fairness to a dusky hide ;
The back, with bristles rough, two dragon
wings
Spreads forth. In short, the Archangel, whom
but now
All angels honored, is transfigured quite—
A medley of seven beasts, each horrible.

If such a grotesque metamorphosis was to be described in detail at all, could it conceivably be more differently described? Or is it conceivable that Milton should have been such a kleptomaniac *chiffonnier* as to rake up such rubbish?

But what are we to say to this, that Mr. Swinburne has called "the most inexplicable coincidence in the whole range of literature," between the lines in "Lycidas," written in 1637 :—

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise—

That last infirmity of noble minds ;

and these lines in the tragedy of "Sir John van Olden Barnavelt," written fifteen years earlier (in 1622) :—

Read but o'er the stories
Of men most famed for courage and for
counsel,
And you shall find that the desire for glory
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
Was the last frailty wise men e'er put off.

"May there not possibly," asks Mr. Swinburne, "be some Italian original, as yet undiscovered, of the famous line, which must have struck every reader of the passage above cited with instant and astonished recognition?" But surely the original of the famous line is in Tacitus :—

Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exiit.—Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 6.

In Montaigne, too, you find the same sentiment, more diffusely expressed, but tressed by a quotation from Augustin :—

And of men's unreasonable humors it seemeth that the best philosophers do more slowly

and more unwillingly clear themselves of this [thirst for fame] than of another. It is the most peevish, the most froward, and the most obstinate of all infirmities. "*Quia etiam bene proficientes animos tentare non cessat.*"—Augustin, *De Civ. Dei.* v. 14.

In Tacitus also is to be found the original of that couplet of Dryden which Macaulay lashed Lord Mahon for forgetting, or not knowing :—

Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

Or, as George Herbert has it, "the offender never pardons." "*Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris*," somewhere observes Tacitus, who might also perhaps claim priority for the happy and hackneyed phrase of D'Israeli's, "conspicuous by their absence." In the "Annals" (iii. 76) we read : "*Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur.*"

Another verse of Dryden's, known to all Lord Macaulay's school-boys :—

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay,

is paralleled closely by these passages in Shakespeare and Fuller :—

The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break
out.

Henry IV., ii., Act iv. Sc. iv.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.—*Fuller's Life of Duke D'Alva.*

I suppose it is through a mere, though a strange, coincidence that Swift and Schiller infer in the same words the beneficence of death from its universality. "It is impossible," says Swift, "that anything so natural, so necessary, so universal as death should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind." "Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal," says Schiller. Compare this fine saying with Zeno's quibbling and puerile syllogism : "No evil is honorable ; but death is honorable : therefore death is not an evil." Judged by the aphorism that "words are the counters of wise men but the money of fools," these Grecian sages, who blow such soap bubbles, would cut but a poor figure.

Talking of the use and abuse of words,

the saying attributed to Voltaire and to Talleyrand, that "words were given us to conceal our thoughts," goes farther back than Goldsmith, to whom it has been traced. "The true use of speech," says Jack Spindle in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," "is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." But Young before him had written :—

Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind.

And, before Young, South had preached, in one of his wittiest sermons :—

In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it.

Young, again, as well as Pope, has been anticipated by more than one in his definition of Nature as the art of God :—

The course of Nature is the art of God.

"In brief," says Sir Thomas Browne in his "Religio Medici," "all things are artificial, for Nature is the Art of God"—words which Hobbes has adopted unaltered in the first line of his introduction to "Leviathan." But, indeed, the definition is as old as Plato, who says : "Those things which are said to be done by Nature are indeed done by Divine Art."

In depreciating a distinction of another kind between Art and Nature, Burns has hit upon a happy illustration without a suspicion, probably, of its having done duty more than once before in the same service. His democratic sentiment :—

The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
The man's the gowd for a' that—

is to be found in the first scene of the first act of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" :—

I weigh the man, not his title ; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better.

From Wycherley Sterne probably stole it ; for, when stealing is in question, the presumption is always against Sterne, so bad is his "record." "Honors, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal ; but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommen-

dation than their own weight," he says in "Tristram Shandy."

Usually it is the last man with the least claim who is credited with originating some wise or witty saying ; the image and superscription of the current coin are those of the last king who has re-minted it. Rochefoucauld's Lucretian cynicism, "*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas*," and his neat but inaccurate definition of hypocrisy as *un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu*, are both to be found within a paragraph of each other in Montaigne's essay "Of Profit and Honesty." And in Fontenelle's "Dialogues of the Dead" (Seneca and Marot) occurs Napoleon's aphorism, "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas* ;" and before Napoleon, Tom Paine, in a note at the close of the second part of his "Age of Reason," had said the same thing less epigrammatically :—

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.

Again, Goldsmith's exquisitely expressed

And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last,

has replaced in quotation Waller's

I would be glad to die, like the stag, where I
was roused,

and Dryden's

The hare in pastures or in plains is found :
Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

On the other hand, Dryden's

For those, whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate and first destroys the mind,

has not supplanted our old friend *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, though this is but a Latin translation in an edition of Euripides of the line

ὁ θεὸς θέλει ἀπολέσαι πρῶτ' ἀποφρονεῖ.

But the happiest of all plagiarisms perhaps is Ben Jonson's song "To Celia," which, as Mr. Symonds and others have shown, has been pieced to-

gether exquisitely out of the "Love Letters" of Philostratus :—

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

Ἔμοι δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν . . .
εἰ δὲ βούλει, τὸν μὲν οἶνον μὴ παραπόλλινε, μόνον
δὲ ἐμβαλοῦσα ὕδατος καὶ τοῖς χεῖλεσι προσφέρουσα
πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἐκπωμα.—Kayser, p. 355.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

Πέπομφα σοι στέφανον ῥόδων, οὐ σὲ τιμῶν, καὶ
τοῦτο μὲν γάρ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸ οἷς τε χαρίζομενος τοῖς
ῥόδους ἵνα μὴ μαρανθῇ.—Kayser, p. 343.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sentst it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Εἰ δὲ βούλει τι φίλῳ χαρίσασθαι τὰ λείψανα αὐτῶν
ἀντίπεμψον· μηκέτι πνέοντα ῥόδων μόνον ἀλλὰ
καὶ σοῦ.—Kayser, p. 358.

If Jonson has picked the roses out of Philostratus's garden, he has made the immortal wreath he has woven of them breathe only of himself.

To come down to more obvious and audacious thefts, where the property stolen is not, like plate, put into the melting-pot and recast, but, like a watch, is pocketed as it is. Here is a very famous watch that has been so pocketed, and has only just stopped after ticking from ten thousand pulpits for one hundred years. Paley's "watch" was indisputably stolen from Nieuwentyt, the Dutch philosopher, as translated by Chamberlayne, as the following parallel passages show :—

Over the face of the watch there is placed a glass, a material employed in no other part of the work, but in the room of which, if there had been any other than a transparent substance, the hour could not have been seen without opening the case.—*Paley's Evidences*.

Over the hand there is placed a clear glass in the place of which, if there were any other than a transparent substance, the hour could not have been seen without opening the case.—*Chamberlayne's Translation of Nieuwentyt*.

Of such literal and unquestionable plagiarisms the most extraordinary—when the slight temptation to the theft is weighed against its barefaced nature and its wide extent—is that which De Quincey has traced home to Coleridge. I do not think there is very much in his discoveries—rst, that the expression "insupportably advancing" has been

borrowed by Coleridge from "Samson Agonistes." 2nd, that the "Hymn to Chamouni" is an expansion of a short poem upon the same subject by the German poetess, Frederica Brun. 3rd, that the idea of "The Ancient Mariner" was derived from Shelvocke's reference, in his "Voyage Round the World," to his lieutenant's morbid fancy that the long spell of foul weather they had encountered was due to an albatross which had persistently pursued the ship till it was at last shot by the monomaniac, without, however, the shot taking the desired effect upon the weather. But what is to be said of this wholesale, cynical, and senseless robbery ?

In the "Biographia Literaria" occurs a dissertation upon the reciprocal relations of the *Esse* and the *Cogitare*, that is, of the *objective* and the *subjective*, and an attempt is made, by inverting the postulates from which the argument starts, to show how each might arise as a product ; by an intelligible genesis, from the other. . . . This essay of Coleridge's is prefaced by a few words, in which, aware of his coincidence with Schelling, he declares his willingness to acknowledge himself indebted to so great a man, in any case where truth would allow him to do so ; but, in this particular case, insisting on the impossibility that he could have borrowed arguments which he had first seen some years after he had thought out the whole hypothesis *proprio Marte*. After this, what was my astonishment to find that the entire essay, from the first word to the last, is a *verbatim* translation from Schelling, with no attempt in a single instance to appropriate the paper, by developing the arguments or by diversifying the illustrations ? . . . Had, then, Coleridge any need to borrow from Schelling ? Did he borrow *in forma pauperis* ? Not at all ; there lay the wonder. He spun daily, and at all hours, for mere amusement of his own activities, and from the loom of his own magical brain, theories more gorgeous by far, and supported by a pomp and luxury of images such as Schelling—no, nor any German that ever breathed, not Jean Paul—could have emulated in his dreams.—*De Quincey's Works*, vol. ii., Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Apropos of Coleridge, perhaps a parallelism between his description of atheism and that of Tennyson in one of his latest poems, "Despair," is worth notice :—

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings ? O yes,

For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,

When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,

And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill, and crows to the sun and moon.

—Tennyson.

The owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings across the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids and shuts them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"—*Coleridge.*

I cannot conclude this rather bald and
desultory inventory of stolen goods more

appropriately than by tracing back Prudhon's justification of all robbery, "*La propri  te, c'est le vol,*" to a no less sacred source than that of St. Ambrose, who thus preaches the same principle in similar language, "*Superfluum quod tenes tu furaris.*"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

I WAS a very young stone indeed, when I began rolling—a mere pebble in fact; but some of the moss which I collected then has stuck to me with greater tenacity than much that has gathered itself upon my weather-worn surface in later years. The impressions of early travel are generally so deeply stamped at the time, that the memory of them does not easily fade. Thus I have made the overland journey to the East, backward and forward, eight times, but the recollection of the first one continues the most vivid; and it is the same with my passages across the Atlantic—of which I have made twenty-two—but perhaps that is because it lasted seventeen days, was made in the depth of winter, and under circumstances calculated to cause themselves to be remembered. My first voyage to the East was by the overland route in the winter of the years 1841 and 1842; and so imperfect were the arrangements in those days, that it took me two full months to reach Ceylon. At Boulogne, where we arrived in a steamer direct from London Bridge, my companion and I seated ourselves in the *banquette* of an old-fashioned diligence—for very few miles of railway had been built in France in those days; and from our elevated perch, which we preferred to retain throughout, we had abundant opportunity for a survey of "La Belle France," as we rumbled across it from one end to the other, accomplishing the journey from Boulogne to Marseilles in eight days and five nights of incessant diligence travel; our only adventure being that we stuck for some hours of the night in the snow near Chalons, and had

to be dug out. At that time there were no passenger-steamers from Marseilles to Malta, and the mails were conveyed in a man-of-war, which was also compelled to submit to the humiliation of having to take passengers. The only incident of which I have any recollection during the voyage was that of pitching headforemost from the quarter-deck on to the main deck, in the course of a race in sacks, and the flash of thought which suggested instant death as I went over. From this accident I remained insensible for twenty-four hours, but was otherwise none the worse. At Malta we changed steamers for Alexandria, where the East burst for the first time upon my surprised senses. The foreign population was probably not a quarter of what it is now; carriages had not been introduced; the streets were narrow, ill-paved, and crowded with camels, donkeys, veiled women, and the traffic characteristic of an Eastern city, but all was life and bustle: the place was just beginning to quiver under the impulse of the movement which the invention of steam was imparting to the world, and one of the earliest evidences of which was the direct route to India, which Lieutenant Waghorn had just opened through Egypt.

One of the pleasantest experiences of the journey was the voyage along the Mahamoudieh Canal in canal-boats towed by horses, as far as Atfeh. This was a perfect picnic while it lasted; the culinary arrangements being extemporized to meet the difficulties of the situation, principally by the passengers themselves, for the organization was still so defective that they had largely to trust to their own resources and exertions to secure their comfort. The morning of

"Cook" had not yet dawned, and we were still in a sort of twilight of ignorance and dragomans. We had been looking forward to a sail up the Nile in *dahabeeyahs* to Cairo, but the first steamer had just been put on the river; notwithstanding which, owing to various delays, which I for one did not regret in a country where all was so new and interesting, it took us three days to get from Alexandria to Cairo. Here, as there was no civilized hotel—for Shepheard's had not yet sprung into existence—we had to go to a native khan, where a number of bare unfurnished cells opened upon a corridor, enclosing four sides of a square, which was filled at all hours of the day and night with a mob of grunting, munching camels, and their screaming, quarrelling drivers; and here we found Mr. Waghorn himself, indefatigable in his exertions for our comfort, and in a constant struggle with the authorities, which, considering that only a few months before we had bombarded the Egyptians out of Acre, and had handed Palestine over to the Turks, was by no means to be wondered at. Looked at by the light of subsequent events, we should probably have done better had we left things as they were; but in that case subsequent events would have been so different that we might have had occasion to regret them still more. No doubt there were reasons why it seemed best at the time to separate the interests of Palestine from those of Egypt; but the fate of each country must ever be powerfully influenced in the future, as it has been in the past, by the destiny of the other, and their relative position toward each other, topographically and commercially, must always cause the influence which is paramount in Egypt to be powerfully operative in Palestine. And this will become the case, in a still more marked degree, when the two countries are united, as they must be before long, by a railway from Cairo to Damascus. There is no line probably in the world, except perhaps between the populous cities of China, more certain to pay than one which should connect Egypt and Syria, and which would convey the greater part of that produce which is now carried in native boats by sea, or transported wearily across the intervening desert on the backs of camels.

The Eastern question will have, however, to be reopened and closed again before we can hope to see it constructed. Meantime we were almost as unpopular in Egypt in 1841 as we are now; but then, at all events, we had a clear and definite policy, and knew distinctly what we were aiming at. What we lost in one direction we gained in another, instead of losing all round, as we do in these days, and which we shall continue to do in the degree in which the British mob is invited by subservient statesmen to dictate to them the policy to be pursued in foreign affairs. However, these are merely the views of a rolling stone, with which it is impossible that stones which form a part of the pavement of London streets, and can see no further than the houses on either side, can sympathize; but of this they may feel sure, that if they were picked out of their political gutters, and sent rolling about the world for a few years, they would get rid of a good deal of the dirt of party, and gather a little of the moss of patriotism.

Forty-five years have worked a far greater change in Cairo than they have in Alexandria. In fact, they have transformed the city to an extent which makes it no longer recognizable. From the most oriental of oriental cities, which it was when I saw it first, it has become the most European—the broad *boulevards* and miles of roads and streets, the hundreds of carriages plying for hire, the magnificent hotels and handsome villas with their surrounding gardens, have superseded all that was quaint, Eastern, and picturesque. The Ezebekeyeh, where in old days one sat in the still evenings, and smoked *chibouks* and *narghilehs*, and drank coffee and sherbet, and listened to the twang of native instruments, in company with groups of venerable Moslems, is now a park where nursemaids and babies and *petits crevés* go and listen to a military band. And one has to make an expedition expressly into the native quarter to know that it exists. We were detained a couple of days in Cairo, while Mr. Waghorn was arranging for our transport across the desert to Suez, and we were never tired of exploring its narrow streets on donkeys, and spending money on articles which could never be of any manner of

use to us in its crowded and well-stocked bazaars.

We crossed the desert in several four-horse vans—horses having been recently substituted for the camels which were at first attached to these vehicles—and found waiting for us at Suez the steamer *India*. The journey from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, including two days' stay at Alexandria, had occupied eight days. The last time I crossed from one sea to the other it was by an express train without any delay at Cairo, and the time occupied was nine hours. Before the establishment of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, the mails were conveyed from Suez to Bombay by one of the East India Company's men-of-war. The first merchant-ship which carried passengers and mails direct from Suez to Calcutta was the *India*, and this was her first voyage. She was commanded by a Captain Staveley, and was considered a large ship in those days, though she was not over 1500 tons. The survey of the Red Sea was also, I imagine, imperfect. At any rate, on the second night after leaving Suez we were all nearly thrown out of our berths by the ship running full speed upon a coral-reef, on which the scene of panic usual on such occasions occurred. All the passengers, male and female, were on deck in the lightest of attire in a moment, and were somewhat reassured by the fact that the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and the ship as motionless as a statue—so much so, indeed, that one weak-minded cadet, who had been the butt of the younger members of the party all the way, thought the opportunity a good one in which to write his will, which he proceeded with great earnestness and good faith to do in the saloon, assisted by several of his friends, whose good faith was not so obvious. When he had finished it, we took charge of it, and promised that in case any of us were saved from the wreck, which he thought imminent, the survivors would see that it was executed. I have often wondered since whether this youth ever rose to command the regiment he went out to join. We stuck on this reef several hours, and then with the help of the little tide there is in the Red Sea, and the boats, we floated off, with, as it afterward turned out, a severely damaged

bottom. However, we steamed slowly on for two or three days more, and then ran out of coal. As there was not a breath of wind when this discovery was made, the prospect of lying for an indefinite time, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," was not encouraging. However, the ocean was fortunately a very narrow one, and with the aid of a puff of wind which ultimately sprang up, we managed to work our way into Mocha. As I was not in the slightest hurry to reach my journey's end, I was delighted at this *contretemps*, as it gave me a chance of seeing a very rarely visited place.

We lay off Mocha for three days, taking in wood. Its aspect from the sea is not particularly inviting. It is merely a row of white flat-roofed houses, with a minaret or two rising above them, glistening in the broiling sun, with a palm-grove at either end, and a desert beyond. Some of us went on shore to explore the town and pay a visit to the Governor or Shereef. We then found that the white houses looked far grander at a distance than on nearer acquaintance; and that there was a bazaar behind them, in which a large proportion of desert Arabs mingled with the Moslem townspeople, bringing in strings of camels with coffee and other produce for sale. I was told that, though the country immediately surrounding Mocha was barren and unprepossessing, there was a fertile, well-watered hill-region behind, where the celebrated coffee called after the town is produced, but which, even to this day, had been only very partially explored. At present, the obstacles to exploration are even greater than when I was at Mocha. At that time it was virtually, if not technically, the capital of Yemen, a rich and fertile province about 400 miles long by 150 wide; and though the Sultan of Turkey cast covetous eyes upon it, and even attempted to lay some claim to sovereignty over it, it was practically an independent country—the supreme authority being the Imaum, whose palace was at Sana, a town equidistant from Aden and from Mocha, being about 160 miles from each, and the centre of a trade which found its way to the sea-coast at Mocha. Now all this is changed. There is no longer an Imaum at Sana: after a protracted war,

which has lasted over several years, and which never raged more fiercely than it did last year, though we heard very little about it, Yemen has been annexed to the Turkish empire and constituted into a Vilayet, with a Turkish Pasha resident at Sana, where, however, his authority does not extend beyond the bayonets of his soldiers, of whom a large force is kept under his orders. I have conversed with many of these men who have returned from service in Yemen, and they all tell me that the country is in a state of chronic revolt; that the Arabs are intensely hostile to the authority of the Porte; that they are very brave, and that their conversion into peaceful subjects seems an almost hopeless task. I have also met in Jerusalem a very interesting set of Jews, who only arrived there as refugees a little more than a year ago from Yemen, where they say they have been settled from long before the final dispersion, for they claim to be descended from the tribe of Dan: they are learned in the Scriptures, and more devout and unsophisticated than those who have been in contact with Western civilization. They say they were compelled to leave Yemen in consequence of the war between Turks and Arabs, where they found themselves between the upper and the nether millstone.

So far as I was able to gather, there is, however, a strong tribe of nomads, all pure Jews, who have sided with the Arabs in the late war, and who have retired into fastnesses, where the Turks have had a difficulty in following them, for parts of the country are very mountainous. I have also heard from more than one source of the existence of a valuable gold-mine somewhere in Yemen, and conversed with those who have seen the ore that has been extracted from it.

The creation of Yemen into a Turkish Vilayet brought the frontier of the Empire almost to the gates of Aden; and the native Arab tribes, who, on the occasion of my first visit, made it unsafe to venture a hundred yards from the fortification, were glad to seek our protection rather than fall under Turkish rule. The result has been a certain tension between the Turkish authorities and British officials, arising out of this newly born propinquity; and the fear lest our influence should spread into the

interior has induced the Ottoman Government strictly to prohibit Englishmen from entering Yemen. When I was at Mocha, it was only necessary to enlist the favor of the Shereef of that place and obtain permission from the Imaum of Sana to get into the interior, which, although it was never thoroughly explored, had already been visited by Wellstead, Cruttenden, and other travelers.

Meantime Mocha has suffered severely under all these changes; and from having a population of 10,000 inhabitants, has dwindled down to a mere village, all the trade of Yemen finding its outlet at Aden, which is only eighty miles distant from it by sea.

The Shereef of Mocha, when we visited him, was a great personage, and received us with much ceremony, gave us excellent coffee, which, under the circumstances, was only to be expected, and was delighted with the present of a ship's musket, which the captain gave him to enlist his influence in the wood question. He immediately loaded it, and took a shot at a mark on the opposite wall of the street, which was not more than a foot or two above the heads of the people, by whom it was crowded. Their alarm and astonishment, as the ball whistled close to their ears, were ludicrous to behold, and highly amused the Governor, who I don't think would have been much affected even if the consequences had been serious.

The indifference of the natives to human life was remarkably illustrated while we were here. From morning till night our ship was surrounded by boats loaded with wood, their crews keeping up a most discordant din of screaming refrain while engaged in the process of discharging their cargoes into us. The abundance of this article was a strong evidence of its existence in the interior; but as it had all come on camels' backs, it must have been an expensive commodity. One of these boats, with a couple of men in it, got capsized, the boat turned over, and the men scrambled on to the keel. There must have been a strong current, as they speedily drifted out to sea, without any efforts being made by their comrades to rescue them, though the accident took place at mid-day, in full view of everybody. I sup-

pose our captain thought that it was the business of the natives to look after each other. We watched them with our glasses until they disappeared on the horizon ; but as the sea is very narrow at this part, it is to be hoped they drifted ashore on the opposite side.

From Mocha, with our wood fuel and our rickety bottom, we steamed slowly round to Aden, where the ship was laid up for repairs, and I was kindly received as a guest by Captain Staines, then Commissioner at that place. Forty-five years has worked a great change at Aden, as at all the other places on the route. It had then been only two years in our possession, and was held like a post in an enemy's country. Every morning and evening long strings of camels were to be seen passing into the camp from the interior with supplies, and returning again to the desert, every Arab who accompanied them being compelled to have a pass, and none of them being permitted to sleep within the gates for fear of treachery.

We have now reduced all these unruly tribes to subjection, and within a certain radius of Aden the petty sultans by whom they are governed have been placed under our protection—notably the Sultan of Lahaj, whose village is a day's ride distant into the interior, and who can now be visited with perfect security. We have annexed a small district adjoining the peninsula, and upon it, three miles from the fortifications, have established a town called Sheikh Osman, which has a population of 12,000, composed of Somaulis, Hindoos, Abyssinians, and Arabs. Each of these nationalities has its own quarter, and perfect peace and order are maintained without the intervention of any European—there being no white man in the place. Aden itself has now a population of at least 50,000, and is a growing commercial emporium, while large sums are about to be spent upon its fortifications. When I first visited it, the resident population outside the garrison were to be counted by hundreds ; and both at the "Camp" and the "Point," into which the settlement was divided, the residences were of the most flimsy description. To me, however, their quaint and unsubstantial character possessed all the charm of novelty ; and the

conditions of existence generally were so strange and unlike anything to which I had been accustomed, that I enjoyed my week's stay immensely, and was quite sorry when the repairs of the ship were completed, and we were called upon to bid adieu to its hospitable society.

The remainder of the voyage was only remarkable for our slow rate of speed, and we reached Ceylon without further incident, sixty days after leaving England.

AN ASCENT OF ADAM'S PEAK IN CEYLON.

I read a very interesting article in "Maga" not long since on sacred footprints, in which the writer suggested that many of them were originally coronation-stones, and in which he offered some ingenious suggestions as to the religious character which attaches to them among the various races in the different countries where they are found. They seem, indeed, to possess a peculiar fascination to the devotional mind among oriental races ; and we not unfrequently find the same footprint invested with a traditional sanctity by the adherents of religions which have no relation to each other beyond one or two of those broad ideas which are more or less common to all worship. This is notably the case with the print on Adam's Peak, the Sripada of the Buddhists ; the penitential mountain of our first parent, of the Mohammedans. It was from here that Gautama is supposed to have stepped across the Bay of Bengal into Siam—a gigantic stride—but not so wonderful a performance as that attributed to Adam, as described by a devout Mussulman to a friend of mine, when discussing the means by which he transported himself to Ceylon, after his expulsion with his wife, according to Moslem traditions, from the Garden of Eden. It seems that poor Eve, after being separated from Adam for two hundred years, and reunited with him on Mount Ararat, died before he left Arabia ; for her tomb, which is regarded with great veneration by Moslems, is pointed out to the pious pilgrims on their way to Mecca, at Jeddah. According to this tradition it was at the former place that Adam knelt down to ask forgiveness upon that stone, which has been invested with the utmost

sanctity from a period long anterior to Mohammed—the sacred Caaba of Mecca; and there he had his penance imposed upon him. Then, travelling to the coast, Eve died, and was buried about a mile from Jeddah, in a tomb 200 feet long; for she was a tall woman. The human race seems steadily to have degenerated after her time, for Noah occupies a tomb which was pointed out to me near Zahleh, in the Lebanon, only 104 feet long by 10 wide. If Eve was 200 feet high, her husband, to judge by the present proportions of the sexes, must have been a good deal taller, say 25 or 30 feet. Now the difficulty which my friend suggested to his Moslem disputant was—how, in those early days, a man 220 or 230 feet high could find a *sambook*, or craft such as are now used in those seas, big enough to carry him on a long voyage?

“There was no difficulty at all about it,” replied the Moslem; “he went over to Ceylon in *several sambooks*!”

After performing such a wonderful feat as this, the fact that he should have been able to stand on the top of Adam's Peak on one leg for a thousand years, and leave his footprint there deeply imbedded in the rock, dwindles into insignificance. Moslem traditions vary considerably in regard to the proceedings of our earliest ancestors, and I by no means pin my faith to this one. According to another, Ceylon itself was the Garden of Eden, and in that case Adam's post of penance was handy, while his enormous height would enable him to reach the top a great deal more easily than I did, and then Eve must have gone over in “*several sambooks*,” to Jeddah. Again, the most commonly accepted version of the origin of the Caaba is, that it was originally a white stone given by the angel Gabriel to Abraham, and has since been blackened by much kissing; while others again say that Hagar rested there with Ishmael, when, after being turned out of house and home, they drank at Mecca at the sacred spring Zemzem. These are all fertile themes of discussion among Moslems, and the reader may take his choice of them. Meantime many pilgrims go annually to the top of Adam's Peak, which is about 7500 feet above the sea-level, both Moslem and Buddhist; and must

feel not a little indignant with each other at finding it appropriated by two such very different characters as Adam and Buddha. By far the greater number, however, are Buddhists.

There are two paths of ascent: the one most commonly taken by pilgrims is from Ratnapoora, a place which owes its importance chiefly to its trade in precious stones. The sand-washings of the river which flows past it yield rubies, sapphires, amethysts, cat's-eyes, besides cinnamon stones and others of less value, and furnish a fair source of profit to the inhabitants. While watching the washers one day, I bought on the spot a cat's-eye from one man I saw find it, which, when polished, proved to have been a good bargain.

As it is rather a fatiguing day's journey from Ratnapoora to the top of the Peak, I made an early start with a friend from the house of the hospitable judge who was at that time exercising his functions in this district, attended by our horsekeepers—as grooms are called in that country—and some natives, who acted as guides and carriers of the provisions we required for a three days' trip. To say that our way led us through beautiful scenery is to use a platitude in connection with the central and mountainous districts of Ceylon, where the luxuriance of tropical vegetation merges as we reach higher altitudes with the heavy forests peculiar to them—where the villages are no longer embowered in groves of cocoa-nut trees, or nestle beneath the broad leaves of the plantain, but where they are surrounded by coffee-bushes red with berry, and are shadowed by the feathery bamboo; while the valley bottoms are terraced for the irrigation of rice, another variety of which, called hill-paddy, clothes the steep hill-sides where these are not already occupied by forest. Now, these once heavily-timbered slopes are for the most part covered with coffee-plantations up to a certain elevation, beyond which coffee gives place to tea and cinchona. But forty years have made a difference in this respect; and when I ascended Adam's Peak, the villages became fewer and farther between as we increased our elevation, while our path often led us up the steep mountain-flank, through a dense jungle, as yet untouched by the

hand of the foreign capitalist. We passed the night at a native house in one of the higher villages, and leaving our horses there, on the following morning pursued our way on foot amid scenery which at every step became more grand and rugged, the path in places skirting the edge of dizzy precipices, at the base of which foamed brawling torrents. The way was often rendered dangerous by the roots of large trees, which, having become slippery by the morning mist, stretched across the narrow path, and one of these nearly cost me my life. The path at the spot was scarped on the precipitous hillside; at least 300 feet below roared a torrent of boiling water, when my foot slipped on a root, and I pitched over the sheer cliff. I heard the cry of my companion as I disappeared, and had quite time to realize that all was over, when I was brought up suddenly by the spreading branches of a bush which was growing upon a projecting rock. There was no standing-ground anywhere, except the rock the bush grew upon. For some time I dared not move, fearing that something might give way, as the bush seemed scarcely strong enough to bear my weight. Looking up, I saw my companion and the natives who were with us peering over the edge above, and to their intense relief shouted that so far I was all right, but dared not move for fear the bush would give way. They, however, strongly urged my scrambling on to the rock; and this, with a heart thumping so loudly that I seemed to hear its palpitations, and a dizzy brain, I succeeded in doing. The natives, of whom there were five or six, then undid their long waist-cloths, and tying them to each other, and to a piece of cord, consisting of the united contributions of all the string of the party and the packages they were carrying, made a rope just long enough to reach me. Fastening this under my armpits, and holding on to it with the energy of despair, or perhaps I should rather say of hope, I was safely hauled to the top; but my nerve was so shaken that, although not in the least hurt, it was some moments before I could go on. This adventure was not a very good preparation for what was in store for us, when not very far from the top we reached the *mauvais pas* of the whole ascent. Here

again we had a precipice with a torrent at the bottom of it on one side, and on the other an overhanging cliff—not metaphorically overhanging, but literally its upper edge projected some distance beyond the ledge on which we stood; it was not above forty feet high, and was scaled by an iron ladder. The agonizing moment came when we had mounted this ladder to the projecting edge, and had nothing between our backs and the torrent some hundreds of feet below, and then had to turn over the edge and take hold of a chain which lay over an expanse of bare sloping rock, to the links of which it was necessary to cling firmly, while one hauled one's self on one's knees for twenty or thirty yards over the by no means smooth surface. My sensations, at the critical moment when I was clinging backward on to the ladder, remind me of a subsequent experience in a Cornish mine. I was some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth, crawling down a ladder similarly suspended; and feeling that the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me—

“It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?”

“I don't know exactly, sir,” he promptly replied; “but if you let go, you will be there in two minutes.”

Thus did he meanly take advantage of my precarious and helpless position to reflect upon my moral character!

It was my companion's turn, after we had safely accomplished this disagreeable feat of gymnastics, to pant with nervousness. And here let me remark that the Alpine Club did not exist in those days, and we were neither of us used to go about like flies on a wall. He was a missionary, in fact; and he was so utterly demoralized that he roundly declared that nothing would induce him to make the descent of the same place. Now the prospect of imitating Adam, and staying permanently on the top of the peak called after him, was so appalling that I proposed opening a bottle of brandy, which we had brought with us, and fortifying our nerves by taking a light repast there and then—a measure which was further recommended to us by the fact that the spot commanded an

extensive and magnificent bird's-eye view of the whole southern portion of the island, with the sea distinctly visible in the extreme distance, and thousands of feet below us the forests from which we had so abruptly ascended. We had one or two pretty steep places after this, but nothing comparable to the *mauvais pas*, and reached the summit an hour or so before sunset. Here we found the solitary inhabitant of a single hut to be a Buddhist, who was guardian of the sacred footprint, over which was a wooden erection something like a light arbor, and which was secured to the rock by chains riveted into it. The print itself was about four feet long and nearly three wide, so far as I can recollect, and was so misshapen that it required some stretch of imagination to detect in it a resemblance to a human impression on a gigantic scale, more especially as the toes were almost undefined. The whole area of the summit, which was almost circular in shape, was not more than twenty yards in diameter; and the sensation of being perched up at so great an elevation on such a relatively minute point of rock, was an altogether novel one. One felt as though a violent gale of wind might blow one off it into space; and that there was some such danger was evident from the fact that the two flimsy erections upon it were fastened to the rock.

We now congratulated ourselves on having brought up thick blankets; for, accustomed as we had been for some time past to the heat of tropical plains, we felt the change to the sharp night air of such an elevation,—the more especially as the priest's hut was too filthy-looking for us to occupy, and we preferred taking shelter under its lee. We had no inducement, after a night on the hard rock, to sleep late; and by getting up an hour before sunrise, I was fortunate enough to witness a spectacle which was well worth all the fatigues and perils of the ascent.

As Adam's Peak rises from a comparatively low range of hills in the form of a perfect cone, it presents a far grander aspect than its rival Pedrotallagalla, which, although more than 1000 feet higher, neither stands out from its neighbors with the same solitary grandeur, nor does it furnish anything like the same extent of panoramic view, while it

is easy of ascent on horseback. When I awoke to look about me, by the light of a moon a little past the full, in the early morning, I looked down from this isolated summit upon a sea of mist which stretched to the horizon in all directions, completely concealing the landscape beneath me. Its white, compact, smooth surface almost gave it the appearance of a field of snow, across which, in a deep black shadow, extended the conical form of the mountain I was on, its apex just touching the horizon, and producing a scenic effect as unique as it was imposing. While I was watching it, the sharpness of its outline gradually began to fade, the black shadow became by degrees less black, the white mist more grey, and as the dawn slowly broke, the whole effect was changed as by the wand of a magician. Another conical shadow crept over the vast expanse on the opposite side of the mountain, which in its turn reached to the horizon, as the sun gently rose over the tremulous mist; but the sun-shadow seemed to lack the cold mystery of the moon-shadow it had driven away, and scarcely gave one time to appreciate its own marvellous effects before the mist itself began slowly to rise, and to envelope us as in a winding-sheet. For half an hour or more we were in the clouds, and could see nothing; then suddenly they rolled away, and revealed the magnificent panorama which had been the object of our pilgrimage. Even without the singular impression which has captivated the religious imagination of the devotees of two faiths, the peculiar conditions under which this remarkable mountain was exhibited to us were calculated to inspire a sentiment of awe which would naturally be heightened in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious by the discovery on its summit of a resemblance to a giant's footprint.

My companion having taken counsel with himself during the sleepless hours of the night, had now screwed up his courage for the descent, which we accomplished without further adventure; and we reached the hut where we had left our horses, in time to proceed on our journey the same day to visit some coffee plantations which had been recently opened in the neighboring district of Saffragam.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LONGFELLOW.*

"I HAVE neither space nor wish," writes Mr. Ruskin in his autobiography, "to extend my proposed account of things that have been by records of correspondence; it is too much the habit of modern biographers to confuse epistolary talk with vital fact." It is a long while since Mr. Ruskin has written anything so entirely to the purpose. In too much, perhaps, of all modern writing the vital fact is apt to get a little confused and lost sight of; in biography it is certainly so. How could it be otherwise? Half of our latter-day biographies were worth writing in no circumstances; considerably more than one half of the remainder have too obviously been written in circumstances that could not but be fatal to the best biographer who ever set himself to paint a man "in his habit as he lived." That Gyas and Cloanthus were brave men no one doubts; and all would cordially allow them the merit of having been most charming in their family circles. But when the story of their lives comes to be writ large in black and white, how apt the charm is to fade. In the garish light of print the ways, the looks, the arts that seemed so winning and so wonderful to those who saw and felt them in their freshness, are apt to show such little things. The wit and the learning that set the affectionate critics of the fireside in a roar, or lulled them into mute admiring, but make the stony public stare. Those ethereal eyes that flashed such heavenly gleams beneath the bar of Michael Angelo, fade to the common light of every day. The great wave that was to fill the world with its echoes sinks to a rustic murmur. "His coat, his waistcoat, his shoes and stockings, his trousers, his hat, his wit and humor, his pathos and his umbrella, all come before me like visions of my youth." That is the way of half our modern biographies. Mr. Sampson Brass failed as a lawyer; but had he lived on to our time he might have made his fortune as a biographer. A cunning artist may indeed contrive to give these

dry bones some semblance of life; but cunning artists do not just at present seem inclined to labor in the field of biography. Too often the work has not even the saving virtue of Justice Shallow's estate:—"Barren, barren, barren; marry, good air;" but we miss even the good air.

And in those rare cases where the tale of the finished life is one we would willingly hear, still some malignant spirit is so apt to intervene. So fast the world moves now, so strenuously must we all pant after it, that unless the page comes hot from the press to supplement the funeral service, it is, we say, or seem to say, too late. The moment passes with the man. It is, indeed, a wonder we do not improve on the French fashion, and deliver our biographies impromptu over the open grave. They could not well be more perfunctory; and they could not but be shorter.

Small wonder then that our current biographical literature is such as it so frequently is; so confused, so barren and yet so wordy, so wanting in selection, arrangement, proportion; that so rarely the right man seems to have been chosen, or to have chosen himself, for the work. He who can work fastest is the man for our money; and where angels fear to tread who knows not what manner of man rushes in?

To all such biographers the habit Mr. Ruskin deprecates must be a boon indeed. To swell the volumes out with an unsorted, undigested mass of letters, journals, unpublished scraps, and the like, takes little time and less trouble; and thus at one blow fall the two great foes to modern literature. And it is a habit, moreover, which looks well upon the booksellers' counters. For we seem to have reversed in this, as in so many instances, the decision of our fathers, and hold a great book now to be no great evil. The reviewers may protest—when their own withers are unwrung; but who now cares for a reviewer?

Far be it from us to class Mr. Samuel Longfellow among these slipshod biographers; but we are bound to say that his work furnishes a very remarkable text to Mr. Ruskin's sermon. The two

* "The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence." Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Two volumes. London, 1886.

volumes make up about nine hundred pages, and we very much doubt if there are fifty of these unoccupied by the journals and correspondence. Mr. Longfellow, indeed, makes no pretence. In this fashion it seemed to him his appointed work could best be done; and in this fashion he has done it. Let him be heard in his own defence:

"The reader must be reminded at the outset, and must remember all along, that this is the life of a man of letters. Mr. Longfellow was not that exclusively, but he was that supremely. He touched life at many points; and certainly he was no bookworm or dry-as-dust scholar shut up in a library. He kept the doors of his study always open, both literally and figuratively. But literature, as it was his earliest ambition, was always his most real interest; it was his constant point of view; it was his chosen refuge. His very profession was a literary one. Now, the life of a man of letters must needs be unexciting and uneventful in the eyes of men of activities and affairs. In such a life, a new book is a great adventure, a new poem or tale a chief event. Such a life can be painted only by a multitude of minute touches. For this reason, and because it was desirable that he should tell his own story as far as possible, a large part of this biography is made up of extracts from a daily journal. By such a method could the reader best learn how a man of letters spends his time, and what occupies his thoughts. It brings the reader face to face with the author whom he has known in his books; letting him, as far as is fitting, into his intimacy. It presupposes an interest in, and a familiarity with, the writings whose inception and completion are so frequently, if briefly, noted. It trusts much to the personal interest which, in this instance, the writings seem in a remarkable degree to have inspired—an interest which it is believed this book, if it may in some things modify, will in no degree diminish. If in anything it should seem to fall short, let it be remembered that the poet had already put the best of himself into his books."

Precisely; but then, why give us so very much of the second best? Not being quite of Mr. Ruskin's stern virtue, we will cordially own that journals and correspondence are in themselves no bad things. Probably no one ever wished that Boswell or Lockhart or Mr. Trevelyan had given us less of either in their famous biographies. But there are journals and journals, correspondence and correspondence.

"August 3rd (1848). The capacity of the human frame for sleep in summer is very great. F. read Channing's *Life* till dinner.

"4th. Brought T. with us to Melville's. A long chat in the evening, of course; about France and England, and Emerson and Tennyson, and Milnes and Florence Nightingale.

"5th. Walked with T. and C. to the pond. Found an enormous leech; propitious sign for bathers! Afternoon, drove to Dr. Holmes's house on the old Wendell farm; a snug little place, with views of the river and the mountains."

The Grand Vizier must certainly have died in Boston about that time!

There are better things than this in the diary, of course; just as there are many letters in the two volumes better worth printing than this:

"To ———. March 17th, 1842.

"I beg you to accept my thanks for your expressions of regard. I feel sincerely happy when I hear that anything I have written from my own heart finds a response in another's. I feel this to be the best reward an author can receive; as his highest privilege is to speak words of sincerity to those who will in sincerity hear them."

The sentiment here expressed is a very just and charming one; but inasmuch as it is well-nigh as old as authorship it cannot well be called characteristic of this author; and as the reader is left in complete ignorance of the person addressed, and the work which stirred his, or her, sympathy, the irrelevance of the document is, to say the least, not diminished. We do not mean to offer these extracts as samples either of the journals or the correspondence; in the earlier part especially there is much that is very different from this, much that, if not absolutely vital, is at any rate pleasant to read and interesting; but certainly the supply of these very "minute touches" seems rather in excess of any reasonable demand.

We are very far indeed from wishing to cavil at this labor of love; and indeed the faults, such as they are, obviously arise from a feeling which one cannot but respect, while regretting that it should have marred what might have been so interesting a record of the life of so devoted and sincere a man of letters. How hard it must have been to let the editor over-ride the friend, to silence one of these voices of the dead, all will understand. Yet there is a duty imposed on all who would make a book for the people to read; and sentiment cannot be suffered to stand in its way. There must be passages in every journal which to the public eye will seem trivial and commonplace. The business of keeping a journal is apt to grow mechanical; sooner than let it languish

the writer will jot down anything which comes into his head, merely to keep his hand in, or to satisfy the sense of duty. And often these insignificant entries will prove most pleasant and capable hand-maids to memory, stealing fire and many another comfort from the fountains of the past. But to us who are not behind the scenes they have not this virtue. And it is the same with letters. Those yellow, faded pages which seem perhaps to us so bald, so pointless, so unnecessary, may to him for whose eye they were written have been through long years inexhaustible sources of consolation, tender secrets, sweet remembrances of the loved and lost, long lost but unforgotten.

"The touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still,"

may be felt and heard in every line—but not by all. There they are; the mere "epistolary talk," the passing chatter of the moment, the idle thought, the trivial record of an empty day—and "the vital fact." It is the business of an editor to separate the last from the heap and to give it to us. Mr. Longfellow has not done this. One cannot be hard on him for the defects of his book, remembering whence no doubt they came; but one cannot be blind to them.

And in the case of such a life as Longfellow's, and such a temperament, this business of separation was pre-eminently necessary. That life so even, so serene, so unvexed by all jarring sounds that echoed outside the four walls of his Cambridge library, flowed on as tranquilly as his own dear river Charles—

"The beauty of whose stillness
Overflowed him like a tide."

Very beautiful was his life, and very still. In one of his later pieces there are some lines which one might almost fancy designed for his own theory of existence, if not for his practice—

"On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he."

An indolent man he never was. Indeed during his tenure of the chairs of Modern Literature and Languages, first at Bowdoin College and afterward at Harvard, that is to say, from his twenty-second to his forty-seventh year, he was an extremely industrious man. Rarely through those years did a day pass without its line. He did not, as some do, take the completion of a work as the signal for a holiday, but rather as the signal for leisure to begin a new one. In his journal for the year 1847, the fortieth year of his life, is this passage:—"Evangeline is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning. And now for a little prose; a romance, which I have in my brain—Kavanagh by name." And most assuredly he did not neglect his pupils. Never did a more conscientious professor hold a chair, and never, probably, a more popular one. Though the conditions of his appointment at Bowdoin College only prescribed instruction in modern languages, he carefully prepared a course of written lectures, besides selecting and editing many text-books for the students. Finding no French grammar to his taste, we are told, he translated and printed for the use of his pupils the grammar of L'Homond, which had the particular virtue of containing all that was essential in a small compass. He also in the same year edited a collection of French "Proverbes Dramatiques," and a small Spanish reader, "Novelas Españolas."

"Among the French books in the library," he writes to his father, "I have just found a few volumes which are so much what is wanted for a text-book that I have concluded to make a selection from them for my pupils and others. The work is a collection of Dramatic Proverbs, or small plays, such as are performed in Paris by ladies and gentlemen in private society. The book is so exactly what we stand in need of that I am only surprised that something of the kind has not appeared here before. The more I see of the life of an instructor, the more I wonder at the course generally pursued by teachers. They seem to forget that the young mind is to be *interested* in order to be instructed. Look at the text-books in use. What are they? Extracts from the best and most polished writers of the nation; food for mature minds, but a fruit that hangs beyond the reach of children, or those whom ignorance of a foreign language puts on the footing of children. But the little collection which I propose to publish unites the simplicity and ease of conversation with the interest of a short comedy which turns upon some situation in common

life, and whose plot illustrates some familiar proverb which stands at its head by way of motto."

This view of education is common enough now, but it was not so common half a century ago, and even less common probably in America than in England. It is much to the young and untried professor's credit that he should have broken from the bondage of custom, and dared to amuse his pupils as well as instruct them. And he did more; he interested and attracted them. "His intercourse with the students," writes one, "was perfectly simple, frank, and manly." "His manner," testifies another, "was invariably full of that charming courtesy which it never lacked through his whole life. . . . He was always on the alert, quick to hear, ready to respond. We were fond of him from the start; his speech charmed us; his earnest and dignified demeanor inspired us." To his chosen friend, George Greene, he about this time gives a pleasant picture of his life at the college—

"I rise at six in the morning, and hear a French recitation of Sophomores immediately. At seven I breakfast, and am then master of my time till eleven, when I hear a Spanish lesson of juniors. After that I take a lunch; and at twelve I go into the library" (he was librarian as well as professor), "where I remain till one. I am then at leisure for the afternoon till five, when I have a French recitation of juniors. At six I take coffee; then walk and visit friends till nine; study till twelve, and sleep till six, when I begin the same round again. Such is the daily routine of my life. The intervals of college-duty, I fill up with my own studies. . . . You see, I lead a very sober, jog-trot kind of life. My circle of acquaintances is very limited. I am on very intimate terms with three families, and that is quite enough. I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society. I am delighted more and more with the profession I have embraced, and hope ere long to see you in a situation similar to my own."

His duties at Harvard, in which he succeeded George Ticknor in 1837, were more distinctly professorial, and left him accordingly more leisure for his own studies and for society. To the same friend he writes in the beginning of that year—

"I have taken up my abode in Cambridge. My chambers are very pleasant, with great trees in front, whose branches almost touch my windows; so that I have a nest not unlike the birds, being high up in the third story. . . .

My life here is very quiet and agreeable. Like the clown in Shakespeare, I have 'no enemy but winter and rough weather.' I wish never a worse one. . . . I am now occupied in preparing a course of lectures on German literature, to be delivered next summer. I do not write them out, but make notes and translations. I think this the best way decidedly. In this course something of the Danish and Swedish (the new feathers in my cap) is to be mingled. From all this you will gather that my occupations are of the most delightful kind."

A little later, when he had moved into Craigie House, which was to be his home for the rest of his life, he sends to the same friend a rather less satisfied picture of his condition—

"I live in a great house which looks like an Italian villa; have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once General Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard, or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night save now and then. Most of the time I am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock coat, a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society. The last year have written a great deal, enough to make volumes. Have not read much. Have a number of literary plans and projects, some of which will ripen before long, and be made known to you. I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want to travel."

His sedate toilette was possibly adopted in deference to the sober tastes of the new community he had entered. On his first appearance it was thought his fancies that way were a little too florid, showing rather too much color in the matter of waistcoats and cravats; just as some sterner academic tastes at first found his lectures rather "too flowery." It was perhaps some momentary sense of revolt against this Puritanism that led him to write rather angrily to his father about "the Little-Peddlington community of Boston." "Boston is only a great village," he says; and, "the tyranny of public opinion there surpasses all belief;"—a private opinion one has heard more than once expressed since. To his father, also, he sends this sketch of the course of his first year's lectures—

"(1) Introduction. History of the French Language. (2) The other languages of the South of Europe. (3) History of the Northern, or Gothic, Languages. (4) Anglo-Saxon Lit-

erature. (5 and 6) Swedish Literature. (7) Sketch of German Literature. (8, 9, 10) Life and Writings of Goethe. (11 and 12) Life and Writings of Jean Paul Richter. Some of these are written lectures; others will be delivered from notes. If I feel well during the summer and am in good spirits, I may extend the course. People seem to feel some curiosity about the lectures, and consequently I am eager to commence, relying mainly for success on the interesting topics I shall be able to bring forward. Having in my own mind an idea, and a pretty fixed one, of what lectures should be, and having undertaken nothing but what I feel myself competent to do without effort, I have no great anxiety as to the result."

He lectured orally once a week the year through, and in the summer term read two weekly papers on literary history or *belles-lettres* in addition. Besides these he was expected to generally supervise the studies in foreign languages; the tutors as well as the students, and the former seem to have given him most trouble. In the autumn of the same year he writes to his father—

"My lectures make something of a parade on paper, and require of course some attention, though they are all unwritten, save the summer course, which I think I shall this year write out. The arrangement with the Committee requires me to lecture but once a week. I throw in another, to show that I am not reluctant to work, and likewise for my own good; namely, to make me read attentively, give me practice, and keep me from growing indolent. It is, however, astonishing how little I accomplish during a week. And then this *four-in-hand* of outlandish animals" (the foreign tutors) "all pulling the wrong way, except one,—this gives me more trouble than anything else. I have more anxiety about their doing well than about my own. I think I should be more satisfied if I did the work all myself. Nevertheless, I take things very easily, not expecting perfection, and making the best of all things."

That was his way: to take things easily, and make the best of all things. He did not ignore the active life outside his own little world. He did not, as some men of letters have done, profess to despise it. It would be unfair to him to say he had no sympathy with it. Sympathy he had for everything and everybody. His study-door stood, in his biographer's expressive phrase, always open; and within beat always an open heart. The affection he seems to have inspired in all who knew him, here as well as in his own country, is rare indeed in the history of letters; one hardly knows, perhaps, where to match it, save in the life of Walter Scott. It

is beautifully and fitly expressed in the lines Mr. Lowell (his successor at Harvard) wrote for his sixtieth birthday—

"With loving breath of all the winds, his name
Is blown about the world; but to his
friends

A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud ac-
claim

To murmur a *God bless you!* and there
ends."

The man to whom such praise could be given can never have been or seemed cold, or careless, or unsympathetic. His own work is proof enough to the contrary. Its chiefest charm lies in the sweet and liberal charity it breathes for all sorts and conditions of men. One might apply to him, though in a different sense, the lines of Coleridge:—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Whatever stirred the life around him, but outside his own, served to feed the gentle flame of his universal charity and good-will. Yet though he looked on all things with a kindly eye, he looked on them with an incurious one. He sympathized with Sumner's political struggles, because Sumner was his friend; but he regretted them. "Nothing but politics now," he writes in 1848. "Oh, where are those genial days when literature was the theme of our conversation?" Eleven years later, on December 2d, 1859, a memorable day in the annals of America, his journal shows this note:—"This will be a great day in our history; the date of a new revolution—quite as much needed as the old one. Even now as I write, they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon." Then follow at intervals such passages as these:—"Read the newspapers. No good cheer there. Rebellion stalks through the land. South Carolina talks nothing but fire and fury. She says she *will* secede this time. Better this than have the North yield, which I am always a little afraid of. I hope we shall stand firm, and so end the matter once for all." . . . "News comes that Fort Sumter is attacked. And so the war begins! Who can foresee the end?" . . . "We are

in the beginning of a civil war. A very bitter thought! Dined with Judge Phillips to meet Bryant." There is something almost abnormal, though we certainly would not say displeasing, in the spectacle of a man thus serenely pursuing his even life in the midst of such tremendous scenes. "With me," he said, "all deep feelings are silent ones." But it is hard to conceive any of his feelings as very deep. His affection for his family and friends was very pure and sweet and genuine; but great depth of feeling is rarely found in natures of his mould.

An ideal temperament for the man of letters was Longfellow's—if perhaps something less so for the poet—and an ideal life. It was uneventful enough in the common sense. There were his two periods of travel in Europe; the first taken to prepare himself for the chair at Bowdoin College, the second, five years later, to ground himself more thoroughly in the German and other northern languages. In the first he saw France, Spain, Italy, and Germany; and if he never attained to the extraordinary mastery over tongues claimed for Sir William Jones, at least he became a very tolerable proficient in the languages and literatures of those countries. In the second he paid a short visit to England, studied for some months at Stockholm and Copenhagen, passed the winter and spring in Heidelberg, saw Switzerland and the Tyrol, and so home again. His letters during this first period fill nearly a hundred pages of the first volume. Very interesting they must have been to the home circle, but perhaps a little less so now to the general reader. Full of good temper they are, and a wish to be pleased with everything and everybody. But they are curiously impersonal. One takes from them so little idea either of the young traveller, or of the countries and people seen. The chief impression we, for our part, have got from them is a pleasant little sketch of Washington Irving working at his "Life of Columbus" in the early summer mornings at Madrid—and that was drawn many years after from memory! This, and the poetical gondolier at Venice who had served Byron, and remembered him as "a little pale man, but full of vivacity and talent," are the

only impressions that have stayed with us from this part of the book. Perhaps it was with this time, too, as his biographer says it was with the later time,—he put the best of himself into his books; and the best of his travels is to be got from the pages of "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer," the former of which must always keep its place among autobiographies, as well for its graceful, tender personality, as for its romantic and literary charm. Thirty years later he was in England once more, and, with several members of his family, retracing the track of his early wanderings. It was during his second visit to Germany that his first wife died; five and twenty years later a yet more tragic fate deprived him of his second wife. She died from injuries received by her dress catching fire, while she was sealing up, with her two little girls, some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. But, save for these two sorrows, and the loss of a little daughter, the seventy-five years of his life were singularly serene and happy ones; his college duties, his books—those he read and those he wrote—and his friends made up the sum of his tranquil and blameless existence. The student in "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" might stand well for the author's own portrait, though it was, we are told, designed for one of his friends, Mr. Henry Ware Wales:—

A youth was there of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands are known,
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.

We question whether the tale of such a man's life was to be best told as Mr. Longfellow has thought. He was hardly the man to be his own biographer. One of that group of friends, of whom only such meagre and tantalizing glimpses are vouchsafed us in these journals, would have drawn, we suspect, a better portrait. One there was—is, we can happily say—who would have drawn it well; one whom all English men of letters are even now preparing to welcome once more among them. What a picture might not Mr. Lowell have given us of

his friend ! For he could have said, in the beautiful words in which Callimachus mourned for the dead Heraclitus,

ἡμνήσθη δ' ὁσάκις ἀμφοτέρω
ἦλιον ἐν λείσῃ κατεδύσαμεν.*

What pictures, too, could he not have given us of the men who went in those years to Craigie House, that pleasant home, so rich in memories of Washington and "the brave days of old," so rich now in memories of a gentler time and fame. Pictures of Emerson and Hawthorne, of Charles Sumner and Prescott and Motley, of Agassiz and Felton, "heartiest of Greek Professors," as Charles Dickens used to call him ; and of the Englishmen who came there to visit one whom England loved not less than America, of Dickens himself, and Thackeray, and Clough. What stories might he not have told of the suppers given in their honor, *noctes canaque decum* ; of the famous dinners of the Saturday Club ; and that earlier society, which called itself "The Five of Clubs," but by some wicked wags who were beyond the pale was called, "The Mutual Admiration Society." Had Mr. Lowell done for Longfellow what Dr. Holmes has done for Emerson, what a book we might have had !

An ideal life, we have said, an ideal temperament, for the man of letters ; but perhaps something less so for the poet.

"Visions of childhood ! stay, oh stay !
Ye were so sweet and wild !
And distant voices seemed to say,
'It cannot be ! They pass away !
Other themes demand thy lay ;
Thou art no more a child !

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs ;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,

* "And I remembered how often we two
had talked the sun to rest."

Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;
Pallid lips say, 'It is past !
We can return no more !'

"Look then into thine own heart, and write !
Yes, into Life's deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

So he wrote in this thirty-second year, by way of prelude to his first volume of poems, "Voices of the Night." And he did look into his own heart, and wrote what he found there. But he found there soft rays of sunshine, and holy thoughts like stars, rather than withered leaves, and heavens black with sin ; the forms that came to him were those of delight rather than sorrow ; the voices he heard had more power to soothe than affright. Such sorrow as his verse expresses is of that kind that softens and refines the heart, not wrings or crushes it. No one, indeed, could better describe the charm of his verse than he himself has.

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

"For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

"Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
As tears from the eyelids start ;

"Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

It is this tender restful charm which gave Longfellow his great, his universal popularity, a popularity which only Lord Tennyson has matched since Byron

died. And it will always insure him a certain vogue among the young, and, with a particular order of minds, not only among the young. In the highest moment of his fame we should doubt if it ever occurred to any one to call him a great poet, even among his own countrymen, anxious as they were for one. That he assuredly was not. It is unnecessary to compare him with Poe, if for no other reason than this, that Poe's volume of verse is so scanty, and much of it such mere verbiage. But assuredly Longfellow at his very best never reached such a height as Poe for one moment stood on when he conceived the lines beginning, "Helen, thy beauty is to me." Sometimes, but rarely, he strikes a note that suggests something beyond the words, as in the close of this stanza from the poem called "My Lost Youth" :—

" I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

And in the shorter piece, " Daylight and Moonlight "—so short that it may be quoted entirely—there is a sense of something behind the veil, which is not common to him :—

" In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

" In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom or a ghost.

" But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

" Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

" And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery."

And again in that passage where Evangeline wanders out into the night from the new home of Basil the blacksmith, on the banks of the Têche, crying on her lover who seemed still to fly from her as she followed :

" Loud and sudden and near the note of a
whippoorwill sounded.

Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through
the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and drop-
ped into silence.

' Patience ! ' whispered the oaks from oracu-
lar caverns of darkness ;
And from the moonlit meadow, a sigh re-
sponded, ' To-morrow ! ' "

And the closing lines of the poem, where the lovers come together at last, will always keep their place among the favorite and familiar passages of English verse for the infinite pity of the scene, and the tender, melancholy grace of the words. And passages touched with those qualities are frequent enough in his work. Pity he could command ; but the other passions he could not touch. His style is generally very level ; he rarely either rises or sinks. He never reaches, nor tries to reach, the grand manner : that was not at all his way : but he never, or hardly ever, falls into mere baldness or verbiage. And he sometimes has singular felicities both of thought and expression : as in this stanza from " The Discoverer of the North Cape " :—

" Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke."

And in this from, " The Wind over the Chimney " :—

" Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a schoolboy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday."

When this has been said, and the almost unvarying easy, fluidity, and sweetness of his lines acknowledged—for there is never any sense of strain or effort in his verse ; so far as it goes it may, indeed, be styled inevitable enough—when all this has been granted, it seems to us that the sum of Longfellow's poetic gifts has been told. His translations, indeed, will always count to his credit, for the dexterity and truth which all who know have allowed to them. And, of course, had it not been for his sense and faculty of poetry he could not have done what he did that way. But they cannot be justly brought into the balance with his creative work.

After all, his real title to fame as an

American poet rests on "Hiawatha." It is a national poem, just as Cooper's Indian novels, "The Last of the Mohicans" and the rest of that series, are national novels. "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish" have both something of the same merit; but in spite of the national setting and color the sentiment of both poems is really, as one might say, universal. The lovers might have been parted, to be "joined at evening of their days again"; John Alden might have played his friend unwittingly false, in any country in the world. And then the slovenliness of so much of the verse, and a certain flatness and triviality of execution make "Evangeline," at any rate, sometimes very hard to read, for all the charm and pity of its design. But in "Hiawatha" Longfellow has really broken new ground; and he moves along it with the bold firm step of a master of the soil. It is a real epic, the Indian Edda, as Emerson called it, adding that it was "sweet and wholesome as maize." It is that, and more than that; it has a strength, a movement and vitality, a breath of open air and broad sunlight about it, which are not general elements of Longfellow's writings. And it has his own charm too, the charm of simplicity, grace, tenderness. He has so admirably described its characteristics in the prelude that we may, perhaps, be pardoned for a rather long quotation:—

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,

For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
"Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone-walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!"

Though we think the plan of Mr. Longfellow's book a mistaken one, yet we may own to have read it with great interest and pleasure. It has been inexpressibly refreshing in these bustling, angry, many-sided times to read the story of this simple, tranquil life, devoted to one aim, one business, one desire; of this good, sincere, gentle soul, who, as he was unstirred by any high imaginings, so was unvexed by any dark distractions, doubts, or fears. And as we have compared him for his personal popularity to Sir Walter Scott, so in another way did he resemble him: he resembled him in his utter freedom from all the little jealousies and meannesses, the ignoble cares and humors which are so sadly apt to taint and hinder the literary life. He envied no man; he disparaged no man; if others spoke ill of him he never answered them. If he was destined to no great mastery in his art, at least none who ever practised it loved it with a more sincere, simple, disinterested love. Once more we may go back to his own verse to find a fit tribute to this fine side of his character. We may go back, as we have gone before, to his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," where the Poet is thus praised:—

"A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze
 The laurels of Miltiades.
 Honor and blessings on his head
 While living, good report when dead,
 Who, not too eager for renown,
 Accepts, but does not clutch the crown !"
 If all the gifts of song this Poet owned

were not Longfellow's, the moral gifts
 were pre-eminently his among all Poets.
 And as they brought him honor and
 blessings while he lived, so shall they
 bring him good report now that he is
 dead.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A REVERIE ON THE RIVIERA.

"WINTER," said Alfred de Musset, "is an illness." Entirely free from it at the present moment, I venture to add, the Riviera is the remedy. But when, in England, does winter begin ; and, a question yet more difficult to answer, when does it end ? On three occasions during the last few years there have been heavy falls of snow in October, even in the southern counties ; Winter making haste to notify his advent and claim his territory long before the elms were bare or the alders had ceased to be green. Winter begins, I should say, with the frosts that make the "bedding-out" plants in the garden as black as your hat ; and I have known this happen within sixty miles of London in the third week of September. Allowance, however, should be made for the conflict that goes on till the end of October between autumn and winter. It is an unequal contest, no doubt ; nevertheless, autumn scores some notable and very beautiful victories. But, by Guy Fawkes Day at the latest, "Marian's nose looks red and raw," as Shakespeare in one of his realistic moods declares, and the "ruler of the inverted year" is master of the position.

So much for that slightly movable feast, the first day of winter. But when do we see the last of him ? When the Derby is run in a snow storm ? When the nests of the nightingale are drenched with sleet ? Who shall say ? May, when in a proper frame of mind, is the most delicious season of the year. But May "with a difference" is the most provoking of all English experiences. May, with the weather-vane registering due east, and with all the color washed out of the landscape by a cold, pale, steel-colored sky, is only a worse and more aggravating sort of March. From March we expect the worst. From May we looked for better things. How often are our expectations disappointed !

As concerning the beginning of winter, so concerning the end of it, we must strike an average. For my part, just as I will cease to complain if autumn holds out, even in a half-hearted fashion, till the day—unhappily only an historical date—when Parliament was to be blown up, so also will I give up grumbling if winter will leave a p.p.c. in the shape of the last visitation of sleet or hail, say about the time when Shakespeare was born, Byron and Lord Beaconsfield died, and the cuckoo and the nightingale have a race for it, and we listen, in obedience to Chaucer, to discover whether during the coming summer our loves are to prosper or to fail.

According to this calculation, the English winter lasts from the 5th of November to about the 19th of April, or pretty nearly half the year. If winter be properly described as an illness, it must be confessed that it is rather a long one.

And the remedy ? Is one to go to the Riviera for close upon six months ? Difficulties at once arise. If a man can dispense with his country for half the year, his country can dispense with him for the other half. Only persons who have no business, no profession, no interests, no ties at home, can leave England, year after year, from the end of October till shortly before May-day ; and only practical cynics or confirmed valetudinarians will find it answer to shape their lives as though they belong to no country, and as though home, and patriotism and duty, were the phantoms of a diseased conscience.

But though the illness of winter cannot by most of us be altogether avoided, its duration may be considerably shortened. I have often wondered what it is that makes ninety-nine people out of a hundred take their annual run abroad about the end of summer and the beginning of autumn, or just when this island

is the most agreeable place in the whole world. I suppose the reason is the same which makes the House of Commons sit sweltering all during July and well into August; the most unreasonable reason in the world—Custom. Possibly, too, people like to take their holiday when other people are taking it: a strange taste, for which truly there is no accounting.

Lying supine upon this granite rock, listening to the music of the swishing, swirling waves, watching them gather and run forward and break into foaming dimples within measurable distance of my feet, gazing at a blue canopy of immaterial sky, scanning the points, and peaks, and infinite downward irregularities of the tranquil mountains, and well aware that at my back, not far off, is an evergreen wood flecked with white heaths six feet high in full flower, and carpeted with the ephemeral rose-like cistus, both pink and white, I flatter myself that I have solved the difficulty, as far as it is open to solution. I am a "capable citizen," one of five million such, am neither an invalid nor a cynic, have my work to do in this world, belong to a Primrose Habitation, now and again figure on the Committee of a Public Dinner, write indignantly sometimes to the morning papers, and almost think I take as much interest in, and know as much about, the Crofters' Bill as the average Member of Parliament. Yet, how far I am from the eye of Mr. Speaker, from the snows which, I hear, are lying deep in the Midland Counties, and from those commonplace, vapid conversations about Mr. Gladstone that in Pall Mall never cease from troubling and are never at rest! I hate Winter with a never-to-be-expressed hatred. I regard it as a personal enemy, perpetually lying in wait to do me an injury. But I have "done" him now. I believe it is the 25th of March, though I am not very exact in the matter of dates out here, since they are, happily, not of the slightest consequence, every day apparently being Bank Holiday without holiday makers, thank the Fates, save myself. I perceive, to my quiet satisfaction, that, March though it be, I have on a pair of white flannel tennis trousers, which harmonize perfectly with the red rock and the blue water. A

white waistcoat, a gray homespun pea-jacket of medium thickness, a straw hat, and a tie not worth speaking of, complete my costume. Delicious, perfectly delicious! Shall I have a cigarette? I will. A little volume of Shakespeare, containing, *inter alia*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is somewhere in my pocket; but, on the whole, I think it may remain there. I wish the Bard of Avon were here, for his own sake. But, if he were, I am quite sure he would write me down an ass if I turned from this panorama of ocean, hill and sky, even to the daintiest of his comedies. He would doubtless give me a gentle nudge, and, without being egotistical, remind me that if I choose to turn to another of his productions I shall find something which will justify me in believing—*mutatus mutandis*—that I ought to find books in the running waves I am watching, sermons in the perforated granite rock on which I am recumbent, and good in everything. He is quite right! Just at present I *do* find good in everything.

Yes, I was right to come here, and peculiarly right in the choice of the time for coming. A man must be a sorely driven beast of burden who cannot snatch five or six weeks from capable citizenship to become, for that interval, an irresponsible idler; and, by making the period begin early in March and end toward the close of April, he gets rid, at any rate, of a fourth of the winter, and reduces his annual illness by that amount of time. Moreover, by so doing he leaves England just when the patience of the sufferer from the stings and arrows of outrageous wind and hail is becoming exhausted, and returns to it when his island home is once more becoming tolerable. In other words, he shortens winter and lengthens spring. That is what I am doing at present, and the reflection fills me with the agreeable glow produced by the consciousness of performing an act of virtue. In a volume of Sonnets, a miracle of cheapness, lately issued, and edited by Mr. William Sharp, I observed that one of his authors professes to own

... a mood akin to scorn
For sensuous slopes that bask 'neath Southern
skies,
Teeming with wine and prodigal of corn;

and being, I presume, at the time on board a Dover steamer, writes quite cheerily of the welcome that is awaiting him from

... Amazonian March, with breast half bare, And sleety arrows whistling through the air.

Well, there is no accounting for tastes. But give me the "sensuous slopes." As for the "sleety arrows," it makes one's teeth chatter to think of them. This rock on which I have been reclining for a couple of hours would not be called a sensuous slope by every one. But the most confirmed sybarite would exchange it, if he had the chance, for the softest couch and the downiest pillow in the British Realm. It is fretted and perforated all over with the action of sea-water, that has leaped on to it, rolled over it, lain on it, eaten into it. It is one of myriads of every shape and size and color, that stretch for miles on miles along this forest-feathered coast, in bay after bay, and reach after reach, of sand, and shingle, and driven seaweed. One of the great merits of the laughing sea that is in front of me is, its waves keep coming on and breaking as on the margin of any other sea, but they never advance, save a few feet, unless the wind be very high, and drives them furiously forward. Thus, on such days as this, and on most days, the tideless Mediterranean *seems* to have a tide; and only custom inspires one with confidence, and makes one loll quietly on the rock or the shingle, while waves are falling into foam close by one, and all around. You can never be cut off by the simple and untreacherous breakers. They gambol before you like a well-mannered dog that never leaps up and covers you with dirt from his paws. A child's kiss is not more soft nor sweet than the silent wind that rides upon their gently curveting backs. I wonder how many miles I have come this morning, scrambling over granite boulders, stepping over soft, deep, dry sea litter, plodding through sand, plunging through pebbles, darting into woods, gathering wild flowers, and thanking Heaven for the luxury of being alive. And I might have been in Piccadilly or on the Surrey Downs! I see a precipitate person has written to the papers to say he has heard the nightingale. Where, I wonder? In Fleet Street, perhaps. Assuredly not in any

English copse. Just before retiring to sleep, and as a timely sort of night-cap, I do glance at the papers from home, and perceive that much wrangling is going on in the Imperial Parliament over an Imperial Divorce Bill. It is not every view to which distance lends enchantment; and, I confess, that august Body, contemplated from afar, seems to me an Imperial Lunatic Asylum, sadly in want of a keeper.

But where am I? I am not at Nice. I am not at Cannes. Neither am I at Monte Carlo. I am miles away from Bordighera or San Remo, and, therefore, certainly not at Mentone. How the Riviera has been transformed since I first knew it, more than a quarter of a century ago! Monaco was, but Monte Carlo was not. Mentone was a fishing village, Bordighera was a garden of palms, and five o'clock tea had not yet settled itself at Californie. The railway came no farther than Nice on the East, and than Spezzia on the West. At this moment I hear a train coming. It will pass at my back, well hidden by the woods, about a quarter of a mile off. There! It has gone, and there is quiet again. How curiously golden the seaweed is, all about here; and the swaying and swirling of the silvery water over it, and under it, and round about it, is indescribably beautiful. Aided by the red rocks, the effect, as a piece of color, is not to be beaten. But it is motion, perpetual motion, that makes the color, and that is why no painter can render it by aid of all his pigments. Where is the use of trying to represent the transparent by the opaque? The task is forever unattainable.

A figure comes stepping nimbly over the rocks, and walks straight into a pool of pellucid water. Yes; but it is not a tourist. It is a bare-headed, bare-legged peasant woman, who carries what looks like a straw-colored fishing-rod, save that there is no line attached to it. She pokes with the end of it into the brine; and ever and anon stoops and picks up something she has brought within reach by aid of her long rocking pole. What is she after? I will go and see. Lying two hours on a rock makes one stiff in the joints for a moment or two. *Frutta di mare*, of course they are, looking for all the world—how often I have seen

them in the markets in Italy!—like chestnuts before they have split their husk ; more especially the yellow ones, for some are yellow and others are a bright carmine color. But though I may have seen them often, my companion is evidently of opinion that I do not know how to eat them. She cuts them deftly in two, prickles notwithstanding, and then slices a small piece off her hunk of bread, and shows me how I must scoop out the toothsome parts with it as some people scoop out the yolk of an egg, and must take care not to touch the remaining portions, because they are — and she uses a primitive nursery word not often addressed to ears polite. She is evidently a child of nature. I declare her flotsam and jetsam of the sea to be the greatest delicacies I ever swallowed ; she is delighted, and chatters at the top of her voice. I give her an orange and a portion of the chicken-leg that was to serve for my luncheon, and she goes on prodding away and plunging up to her knees and elbows in water. She talks Provençal, everybody does about here ; a soft tongue, full of elisions and plaintive endings, bearing, it seems to me, much about the same relation to French that the Venetian dialect bears to Italian. I never can hear it spoken without a thrill of pleasure. It seems to have caught, and to have retained, the indefinable charm of flowers, perfume, and poetry that hangs round the cradle of modern song, and that has been handed down from the lips of lovely ladies and mellifluous troubadours.

No, as I have said, this is not Nice, which is upon the whole—Brighton, of course, excepted—the most disagreeable and objectionable place I know. It has every reprehensible feature a place well can have. It is big. It is formal. It is hot. It is cold also, and it is dusty. The white glare of the place is insufferable. It is Paris at the seaside. It is the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable vulgarity ; combining the showy with the commonplace, the ostentatious air of the *parvenu* with the ambiguous manners of the broken-down blackleg. It is a medley of hotels, adventurers, plutocrats, gamblers, scorching sun, piercing wind, long dreary streets, concerts, casinos, and hackney carriages.

Is Cannes any better? Yes, much

better. It is prettier, it is less dusty and glaring, though glaring and dusty enough, and the view of the Esterel range counts for a good deal. Moreover, the pine-woods at the back of Cannes afford delightful rambles. But people do not go to Cannes for pine-woods. As far as I can make out they go to Cannes to reproduce there the manners and customs they practice at home. I can honestly say :

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country ;

but it would never occur to me to travel nearly a thousand miles in order to find myself hemmed in again by my own countrymen and countrywomen, and bound down by hard and fast lines to a regular recurrence of lawn-tennis, five o'clock tea, and English politics.

As for Mentone, once beautiful Mentone, it is now a cross between a conventicle and a hospital. It swarms with English people, most of whom are ill, and all of whom are respectable. The great army of Anglo-Saxon Philistines sends every year a strong detachment there, who make Mentone their own, and render it intolerable to a healthy citizen of the world. Bordighera and San Remo are rapidly succumbing to the same fate ; and I foresee the time when Sunday School treats will be given on the beautiful stream that flows under the shadow of the ruined castle of *Dolce Acqua*.

No one can say that Monte Carlo is respectable. It is avowedly and unblushingly disreputable, and, oddly enough, this quality it is which renders it habitable to a reasonable being, for a few days at least. The disreputable people, it is unnecessary to say, all of them gamble, and gamble with assiduity ; and as long as the heavily-gilded rooms in the Casino containing the tables are open, there they are glued to the seats. Thus, at most hours, they are invisible, unless you go out of your way to see them. A considerable number of them do not stay at Monte Carlo itself, but sojourn at Nice, or in the smaller hotels and lodging-houses that are to be found in the dip of the ground that lies between Monte Carlo and Monaco. Accordingly, once upon a time, Monte Carlo was practically the quietest place on the Riviera. Not a soul was ever to be seen

on the exquisitely kept terraces ; not a human being was to be met with in the lovely sub-tropical gardens ; not a human voice marred the silence of the divinely beautiful scene, shut in by the towering girdle of its magnificent mountains. The concert-room was sparsely visited ; and the reading-room you generally had all to yourself. There was one hotel in the place, and only one. Now there are at least a dozen ; and all sorts and conditions of English people have reconciled themselves to brushing elbows with the shady-looking cocottes and their patrons, to whom the place is the navel of the universe. It has become " the thing " to " do a little gambling " at Monte Carlo ; and when once any practice has become " the thing," our countrymen, and still more our countrywomen, cannot resist it. But how ugly the people all are, the women more especially ! " How is it ? " I asked one day. " Surely, it is plain enough," some one answered ; " gambling would make any woman ugly." And he was right.

Still, I can understand a person who looks upon the Prince of Monaco, M. Blanc, his myrmidons, and his dupes, with the loathing one ought to have for all things low and dirty, making a considerable stay at Monte Carlo, provided he possess good stout walking legs, and do not mind how much he spends on carriage hire. With dexterity, energy, and expenditure one can manage to enjoy all the beauties and advantages of Monte Carlo, and shield oneself from nearly all of its distasteful drawbacks. The walks and drives in the neighborhood are not numerous, but no words can describe the natural beauties to which they lead. The walk to Turbia, to Eza, to Rocca-bruna, to Cap Saint Martin, near Mentone, may be taken scores of times without producing satiety, and a man must be soon wearied of the same experience, no matter how delightful it is, who could not drive from Monte Carlo toward Nice by the Corniche road, through the mountains, and back by the road that skirts the shore, with intense satisfaction to himself, twice every week or ten days. Then, there is Beaulieu, pretty Beaulieu ! only four miles off, but where, I hear, with selfish regret, the hotel that at first failed is now thriving. It bears the ominous name, *Hôtel des Anglais*.

The fate of Beaulieu is sealed. If anything could tempt me to move from where I now am, it would be the chance of experiencing afresh the delight of living in a villa at Beaulieu, replete with every English comfort, surrounded by an Italian garden, furnished with a lawn-tennis ground, bordered by orange-trees and redolent of violets, and with no suspicion of any one nearer than Monte Carlo to break the quiet of mountain, wood, and sea.

While thus meditating, I have been playing what, to some, will seem a very childish game. But it is not an easy one, though I have seen Italian urchins very expert at it. Sitting on the shingle, close to the water, I put five pebbles on the flat of my hand, throw them gently up, and try to catch all five on the back of my hand without any of them falling off. There ! I have done it, after trying for nearly half an hour. I would have stayed here all day rather than not have succeeded. So any one can judge for himself what an unlimited amount of time I have at my disposal, and how admirably I employ it. How many people in England are employed more profitably ? And is there one employed so pleasantly ? Not in " Amazonian March," I trow.

But one's creature comforts ? Do they consist entirely of cold chicken, oranges, and haphazard *frutta di mare* ? That, some people would think, is a heavy price to pay for getting beyond the reach of threshed-out commonplaces, invitations to dinner, and roulette tables. I will confess to being myself of that opinion, having " a mood akin to scorn " for people who are indifferent to their dinner. A complete man, a man *totus, teres, atque rotundus* must perforce be an epicure. Not to be one is to have a portion of one's faculties, and a very important portion of them, benumbed. An excellent dinner, sandwiched, so to speak, between the delights of a magnificent sunset and the emotions of a tender moonlight, is—well, an excellent thing. I shall dine most satisfactorily to-night, at the civilized hour of a quarter to eight ; my host and his *chef* exhibiting a commendable and unflagging interest in my gastronomic tastes. Yesterday I had salmon from Schaffhausen, and such asparagus

as London knoweth not, even in the height of the season ; and I have no doubt that kindred delicacies await me this evening. For the little place at which I am staying, but which is quite cut off from view at present by the rocky promontory to my right, is dying to become a big one, and is doing all in its power to achieve that cherished end. It already has three hotels, of one of which I know nothing except that a famous European statesman has sojourned there and declared he was bedded and boarded to his satisfaction. A second has a charming garden close to the sea, but is kept, I am assured, by people more amiable and obliging than discriminating in matters of *cuisine*. At the third I am lodged, and have the best it provides, which is good enough for me, at an expenditure of about twenty francs a day, which includes three francs for wine. If rigid economy were the order of the day, I suppose one could arrange to be taken *en pension* for half that amount. Lying on the sofa, or sitting at the writing-table, I have a view from my windows which almost rivals that from my favorite rock perched high above the waves, and whence, with a little dexterous arrangement of one's position, the bay can be made to look like a lake hemmed in by mountains. Yesterday, when I was recumbent on it, the Toulon Fleet, two first-class ironclads and six smaller ones, steamed slowly in, manœuvring mighty carefully as they did so. This morning, as I was taking my tub with the windows wide open, I saw the easily moving monsters turn on themselves and steal silently away again. Their presence created quite a flutter in the little place, and fired it for a few hours with a fresh flame of belief that its days of greatness and fame and touristdom are coming. During the last two years, no fewer than a hundred and twenty-three villas have been built ; but nearly every one of them is "*à vendre*" or "*à louer*," and their mimosa flowers and their aloes disport themselves symmetrically, for my sole delectation. When the authorities of the place took it into their heads that it has a mighty future, they impressed speculators, and private individuals as well with that conviction, and attached to the sale of plots of land the condition that within the

year a house of a certain value should be built on it. Hence, all these empty villas and untenanted gardens. But why do the people who built the houses and laid out the gardens not live in them ? One evening, shortly before sunset, I fell into conversation with a celebrated French man-of-letters, who came and settled here seventeen years ago. He is rather a survival from the past, now, than a living literary force, and has not seen Paris for many a long day, and has no wish to see it. But he is a shrewd observer of human foibles as well as of external nature, and he has assigned the true reason for the villas being to let or to be sold. His countrymen, he said, and Russians, and such-like people, imagine some fine day they would like to live in the country. Accordingly, they buy a plot of land, and build themselves a house. By the time the house is finished, they find the country intolerable. What can they do there ? They have no country pursuits, no country tastes, no country instincts. They are essentially of the town, towny. Only "you others," he said—meaning Englishmen—really care for and find yourselves at home in rural solitude. Even your women, your young girls, walk, drive, ride, boat, and fish. But my people, he added, understand nothing of these things.

He was bare-headed, in his shirt-sleeves, just about as dirty as it is possible to be, smelt appallingly of garlic, and looked like a cross between a gardener and a sailor. Throw in the man-of-letters, and that is precisely what he is. He showed me his boat, which bore the designation—Suzanne-Violette, the names of two of his grandchildren, who were paddling and frisking in the water ; and then we crossed the road, and he led the way through his garden. At first, it looked like a tangled, matted, primitive wilderness. But one soon perceived that there was discipline in its freedom of growth. "I planted every tree myself," he said. "None is more than seventeen years old. They seem to be allowed to do as they like, but they are well looked after. The anemones and ranunculus are nearly over ; and, the season being very backward, the roses are only just beginning to break into flower. You should see

my roses." Then he pointed out some aquatic plants in flower; for there was water in abundance everywhere. "Go to Paris! Never. The sea and a garden, these are enough for a man. I wish I had found that out earlier. Some men do. Yes, two pieces of mine were given at the *Comédie Française*, but the second I never saw, though I believe it had some success. I see you know all about flowers, and are a gardener yourself." And so we parted. A wonderfully unkempt, but very wise old man. "Live in the open air, and take plenty of exercise," he said. "*Il faut suer*." His language, you see, was as plain as his manner of living.

Surely there is still more than one person left in this nineteenth century world of whom, in such a spot, it might be said:—

There found he all for which he long did crave:
Beauty, and solitude, and simple ways;
The quiet-shining hills, the long lithe wave,
Now, white-fringed, fretting into rough-curved
bays,

Now swirling smoothly where the flat sand
gave

A couch whereon to end its stormy days;
Plain folk and primitive, made courteous by
Traditions old, and a cerulean sky.

This quality of primitiveness, when blessed with courteous traditions, has an ineffable charm. There is another gardener in the place, but one who lives by the labor of his hands, with whom and his bright-faced Provençal wife I have had many a chat. I get violets from her every morning and evening. Yesterday evening, when I called to her, she did not come. I heard, instead of hers, a voice that had not been long in the world. Shortly the husband came from the inner room, beaming with happiness and pride. The first-born had arrived, and it was a son. So I feared I should not see the mother again before I left. "Why not?" he said. "You shall see her to-morrow." What would a fashionable doctor in Mayfair have said to that?

There is no fashionable doctor here as yet. But how long will it be before there is? Two or three days ago I

drove over to a place lovelier, if possible, even than this; for the soil is richer and deeper, and the woods, consequently, are yet more luxuriant in their growth. As yet, two villas, one of them unoccupied, are the only houses there. No shops, no inns, no streets. But there are several spacious *Boulevards*, if you please, bearing respectively the names of Alfred de Musset, Corot, Flandrin, and other Parisian immortals whose names I forget. A company, with a capital of 4,000,000 francs, hopes to create another Cannes or Nice there. Till that unhappy consummation arrives, the place is a paradise of rocks, and waves, and pines, and arbutus, and white heath, and cineraria maritima, and Bacchic ivy, and glimpses of hill and sky, with here and there a zig-zag precipitous torrent.

I have no intention of assisting enterprising Companies to debar me from coming to this place again, by printing its name. I watch the building of a pretentious church with alarm; but I comfort myself with observing that the theatre, already completed, is always in that condition which, in Italy, is known as *riposo*, and that the Casino, also finished some months ago, has no patrons. It is merely a local club, where some of the natives, at times of an evening, play Baccarat in a mild and cautious fashion. In five minutes I can be in the woods—deep, silent, uninvaded woods; and an easy drive of twenty minutes will carry me, as it often does, to the arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct, which, with its surroundings of stone-pines, and distant hills, make me sometimes fancy I am on the Latin Way. But the air, though genial and balmy, is brisker than that of the Campagna, and is freighted neither with malaria nor melancholy. There goes a lizard. And what are those, up there, among the tender young corn? Purple irises—thousands of them, tens of thousands of them, and for him to pluck who will. When God had finished making the world, He well might see that it was good.—*National Review*.

WHENCE CAME THE COMETS?

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

ALTHOUGH the astronomer has achieved many successes in studying comets, yet these objects still remain outside the surveyed fields of astronomy—now, as in the old days when men spoke of sun and moon, planet and stars, as including all the members of the heavenly host. The two comets now shining in our skies illustrate the present position of cometic astronomy. They have appeared without warning, we know not whence; they have not until now been known to astronomers as travelling on recognized orbits and in definite periods; and even hereafter, though the astronomer may determine their orbital motions and calculate the time when either should return, he cannot be sure that they will not be dissipated into unrecognizable portions before that time arrives.

I do not propose to remark here upon the probable nature of comets, or upon the possible interpretation of the various phenomena they present. The only circumstance in regard to them which I shall take into account in what follows is that close relationship between comets and meteor-streams which was established in 1866 by the combined labors of Schiaparelli, Adams, and Tempel. I shall treat this kinship between comets and meteors as rendering certain or highly probable the following propositions:—

(1) Every meteoric stream follows in the train of some comet large or small, which either exists now or has been dissipated, as Biela's comet was, leaving only its meteoric trail to show where it once travelled.

(2) Every comet is followed or preceded by a train of meteors (this train has nothing to do with the comet's tail), extending over a greater or less portion of the comet's orbit, according to the length of time during which the comet has existed.

(3) All meteoric bodies, from those which exist as the finest dust to the largest meteorites, hundreds of pounds in weight, may be regarded as bodies of the same kind, differing from each other

indeed in constitution as they obviously do in mass, just as planets and asteroids do, but all to be interpreted—if they can be interpreted at all—in the same general way.

We may in some degree illustrate the nature of the assumptions here made in the three following assumptions which an insect who had observed the phenomena of rain, cloud, mist snow, &c. might be supposed to make: (1) Every shower of rain implies the existence of a cloud; (2) every cloud implies the descent, at some time or other, of rain, greater or less in quantity and heaviness; and (3) all drops of water, from the tiniest water vesicles in a cloud to the heaviest rain drops, are of the same kind, differing only in shape or in size: snowflakes also, as formed of water particles in a changed form, must be put in the same class.

And as the insect by studying the relations which exist between clouds and rain might be led to form an opinion whence clouds come, which would tell him also (as we know) whence rain comes,* so perhaps may we by studying the relations which exist between meteor-streams and comets be led to form an opinion whence comets (which are meteor collections) have originally come.

The very first suggestion ever made respecting the origin of comets came, indeed, from such considerations as I have mentioned above. Schiaparelli, to whom we owe the happy guess, and the beginning of its confirmation as a useful truth, that meteors are bodies following in the tracks of comets, threw out the idea that comets, regarded as flights of

* To us, who know how clouds and rain are really produced, this imagined inquiry of the insect may seem trivial. But man had advanced far in scientific research before he had learned anything about the source and nature of rain, hail, snow, cloud, mist, and fog. The whole subject was as completely mysterious, for example, to all the writers whose works were included by the Jews among their sacred books (in probably *all* their ancient documents), as were the phenomena of comets, which with them were veritable angels or messengers from Yahveh.

meteors, may be travelling in multitudes through the interstellar depths, and be from time to time drawn out thence by the attraction of our sun. He pictured our sun, in his swift rush onward with his train of planetary attendants, as coming into ever-fresh regions of comet-strewn space. A comet or meteor flight drawn toward him by the sun would approach the solar system on a path which may be described as casual. It might cross the general plane near which all the planets travel at any point, the chance that that point would lie near a planetary orbit being very small indeed. Supposing the point where the meteor flight crossed that important plane—the life plane of the solar system—to be on or near a planetary orbit, the chance would still be very small that the meteor flight would cross there at a time when the planet to which that orbit belonged was near that particular point. The chances would, in fact, be millions of millions, or rather of billions, to one that the meteor flight would visit our solar system without coming near any planetary body, in which case it would pass out from our solar system again, never to return to it.* But, if a meteor flight did chance to come very close indeed to a planet of adequate mass, the flight might, said Schiaparelli, be captured. The planet might abstract so much of the comet's velocity as to leave only a balance corresponding to motion in a closed or elliptic path; and on such a path would the meteor flight or comet necessarily travel thereafter—unless, perhaps, after many revolutions of each, the planet at some subsequent encounter undid the work which it had accomplished when first it approached the comet.

So far Schiaparelli reasoned soundly on the basis of his assumption. I say assumption of set purpose; for it is altogether a mistake to regard the idea thus thrown out by Schiaparelli as if it were a theory. His idea that meteors follow in the track of comets developed

into a theory when it had been tested and confirmed by observation. But the case is different with the idea that meteor flights are travelling amid the star depths like fish in the depths of ocean.

But Schiaparelli did not even reason quite correctly. A single meteoric mass, or even a small meteor flight, might be introduced into our solar system in the way suggested by Schiaparelli; for undoubtedly the giant planets possess the power he attributed to them, and if a body from without came near enough to any one of them, could so reduce its velocity as to change its path from the hyperbolic (or unclosed) form to an elliptic or closed orbit. And thenceforth such a body would travel around the sun systematically, on an eccentric path passing very near the orbit of the planet by whose influence it had been originally introduced into the system.

But a giant planet could do no more. It could not generate a meteor-stream in the way suggested by Schiaparelli. So soon as we test the matter by mathematical analysis, we find that very close approach would have to be made to a planet that a single body might be forced into a closed path, and it is certain that a flight of bodies large enough to produce any of the known meteor-streams would have its components very widely scattered by the planet's perturbing action, simply because the different components of the flight would be exposed to very different degrees of disturbing action.

This I have shown mathematically, and my demonstration has not been questioned—though Professor Young, of Princeton, N. J., in admitting the validity of my reasoning, suggests the possibility that some way may hereafter be found for eluding the difficulty. But then Professor Young holds the strange idea that Schiaparelli's speculation as to the origin of comets and meteor-streams is an accepted theory; and laboring under this delusion, imagines that there *must* be some way of meeting objections to it.

But it is worthy of notice that Schiaparelli's fancy, even if accepted, would prove nothing about the origin of comets and meteors. To say that they came

* *Never*; because, by the nature of its supposed indrawing, it possessed relative motion of its own before it began to be drawn in; and the sun could not take from it that relative motion. He would impart motion, and take such imparted motion away again, leaving untouched the original motion.

from out the interstellar depths on hyperbolic paths, is to assert what can be disproved by mathematical demonstration. But if it could be proved, what would it amount to? Merely to this—that comets which now travel on closed paths once travelled on endless paths. We are no whit nearer the explanation of their origin. If the interstellar depths are crowded with meteor flights, we have to ask whence the meteor flights came. To say that fish which have been drawn from the sea were originally swimming about in the sea, is surely not to add much to our knowledge about fish.

It may be urged, however, that comets and meteor-streams are simply the material left unused after the various solar systems in our galaxy had been formed, by processes of meteoric aggregation.

Unfortunately for this explanation, the comets and meteor systems we have to explain are precisely those which, had they existed from the earlier ages, when our solar system and its fellows were forming, would have been the first to be gathered up. For they are those which pass near the orbits of various planets, some near the orbit of Jupiter, some near that of Saturn, or of Uranus, or of Neptune, and about four hundred which pass near the orbit of our earth. These comets, with their associated meteor systems, would have had less chance of escape than any others, during the millions of years belonging to the formative processes of our solar system. Yet those are precisely the comets and meteor systems which we chiefly need to interpret.

Suppose that, instead of making mere guesses, we consider actual facts, and open our eyes to the views suggested by them.

I take first the millions of meteors encountered by the earth each year, and the hundreds of earth-crossing meteor systems already recognized. Taking for our guide proposition (1), we are led to the conclusion that in remote ages there were hundreds, if not thousands, of comets whose tracks crossed the track of the earth, or at any rate approached very near to it. That some of these comets thus crossed the earth's track casually, that is through mere chance coincidence, we may well believe. Nay, this is known, as will presently be seen.

But if *all* did, then must there have been millions of millions of comets in remote times, to account for so many chancing to cross the earth's track;—with this startling circumstance to be considered in addition, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those whose paths did not cross the earth's track have entirely disappeared, while a considerable proportion of those which do cross that track (and which, therefore, have been exposed for millions of years to an extra risk of destruction) remain.

This idea we may safely reject. But if we do, then we have to account for a special earth-crossing family of comets and meteor-streams, without going outside to look for the origin of such bodies; for the moment we go outside we encounter the difficulty which has just driven us from any merely casual interpretation.

In other words, we must look to the earth herself to explain the great majority of these earth-crossing systems.

In this way Meunier and Tschermak were driven to look to the earth herself for the origin of meteorites. Proposition (3) above enables us to extend their reasoning, specially directed to particular classes of aerolites, to all classes of such bodies, to all meteors, down even to the tiniest falling star, only visible perhaps in the field of a powerful telescope. Not all these bodies, but a goodly proportion, must have been generated in some specially *terrene* manner.

We have actually no possible way of explaining the terrestrial origin of any meteors but in volcanic outbursts. Moreover, we are obliged to set the time when such outbursts took place very far back in the past, seeing that at present the volcanic forces of the earth, even as manifested at Krakatoa recently, possess nothing like the power necessary for the ejection of matter beyond the range of the earth's back-drawing power. Looking, however, at the immense extrusive power of the volcanoes of the tertiary era, when basaltic lava covering hundreds of thousands of square miles to a depth of from 1000 to 14,000 feet were poured forth, we can conceive the still mightier energies of volcanoes in the secondary era, their still more tremendous power in the primary era, and so, passing back-

wards to millions of years beyond the first beginnings of life on the earth, we can even picture to ourselves volcanoes ejecting matter with velocities of ten or twelve miles per second. With such velocities flights of ejected particles would pass beyond the earth's attraction, and if she were the only body in the universe, such ejected matter would travel away from her never to return.

But, although such expelled bodies would never return to the earth, they would not escape from the solar system. To drive them forever away from her, the earth would have to impart a much larger velocity—an average of about twenty-six miles per second. The greater number of the expelled bodies would travel thenceforth on an orbit round the sun, crossing the earth's track at or near the place where they were first sent forth from their parent planet.

One may almost say that this origin of many meteorites and meteor systems is forced upon us by the evidence. Still it would be negated if we found that volcanoes do not eject matter at all resembling meteorites in structure. The reverse, however, is the case. Ranging the products of volcanic ejection in order according to the amount of iron they contain, and ranging meteorites in like manner, we find the two series coinciding over the greater portion of the longer—the volcanic series. We might not indeed have known how closely the most ferruginous volcanic products resemble the iron meteorites in structure but for the accident that Nordenskjöld discovered a mass which he mistook for an iron meteorite, but which is found now to be really a volcanic ejection, akin in structure to the field of basaltic lava (at Ovifak on the shores of Greenland), in the midst of which it had fallen while the lava was still plastic to retain this missile as it fell after its flight through many miles of air.

We may, therefore, regard the terrestrial origin of many meteorites as highly probable, if not in effect demonstrated.

Here Tschermak and Meunier pause, as also does Ball, who thus far had followed them. The last named does not even ask, in that singularly interrogative and irresponsible work, the *Story of the Heavens*, whether we may not go further.

For my own part I find in this result

the first step in a most interesting and suggestive path of inquiry.

Regarding a large proportion of the material visitants of the earth as originally earthborn, we may conclude that in the remote time when our earth was a baby world, sunlike in condition, her path was traversed by hundreds of comets, her own progeny. These comets were followed severally by their trains of meteoric attendants. They were exposed to the action of those solar forces by which, within the last half-century, a once promising member of another comet family became dissipated until it finally lost altogether its cometic character. Millions of years ago, probably, every one of them had been thus broken up until nothing remained but the streams of meteoric bodies, travelling round the orbit which had once been that of the earth-ejected comet.

But this being the case with the earth, was the case also no doubt with every planet. Even our little moon, whose scarred face still shows signs of the volcanic energies she once possessed, played her part in giving birth to such comets as she was equal to. If she possessed less volcanic power than the earth (at the same stage of the life of each), she required less power to eject matter forever from her interior. On the other hand, the giant planets required greater power; but then they also possessed it. If Jupiter, for example, require power enough to eject bodies with a velocity of forty or fifty miles per second, yet it must be remembered that he is 310 times as massive, and therefore 310 times as strong as our earth. (For matter, "inert matter" as many choose to call it, measures in reality the strength of the orbs in space, and not only possesses power, but a power acting so swiftly across vast distances that the velocity of light is rest by comparison. Moreover, this power possessed by "inert" matter is the source of every form of energy of which we know, even of life itself.) So with the other giant planets.

Jupiter, then, and each one of his giant brethren, must during its sunlike stage have possessed the comet-ejecting power. Each giant planet must have had its comet family, at that remote time in the history of the solar system. And the comets thus formed by the giant

planets, while no doubt very numerous, must, many of them, have been far more important than those to which our earth gave birth. Those comets would have lasted much longer, before dissipation due to solar disturbances set in. Then, also, the sunlike state of the giant planets must have lasted long after the earth and all the terrestrial plants had passed that stage. For being so much larger, the giant planets must have longer lives—the stages of planetary life being in effect stages of cooling. In fact, there are clear signs that neither Jupiter nor Saturn has cooled down to the earth's condition; each is still too hot for the waters of its future seas to rest on its fiery surface. On this account also, then, we might expect to find that some comets, sprung from giant planets and forming their families, might have remained even to the present time.

Turning to the solar system, we find that this actually is the case. Nay, I myself, long before I had the least thought of attributing comets to planetary eruptive energies, had described the comets which hang about the orbits of the giant planets as "The comet families of the giant planets." Some of the members of these families are among those from which the association between meteors and comets came first to be known. For instance, the meteors of November 13-14 (the *Leonides*) are associated with a comet depending on the orbit of Uranus; and the meteors of November 27-28 are associated with a comet depending on the orbit of Jupiter—Biela's famous comet.

Of course the members of these comet families are exceedingly old. How old they are we cannot tell; but that they are very old indeed is shown by the way in which, while they are unmistakably associated with the paths of the several giant planets, their orbits yet diverge far enough from those of their respective planet parents to indicate hundreds of thousands of years of perturbing action, unless indeed in some cases we may suppose that not the slow perturbing action of bodies at a distance, but the very active influence of some orb coming very close to a comet may have shifted the comet's path. So many of their orbits pass through the widely spread zone of asteroids, that we may very well imagine

occasional very close approach to one or other of these bodies, and consequently a considerable change of orbit. It was thus that Sir John Herschel for a time tried to explain the difference of Biela's comet; "may it not," he said, "have got entangled in the zone of asteroids, and have had its course altered by the influence of one of these bodies?"

Encouraged by the confirmation of the expulsion theory of comets, which we have found at this our first step, may we not boldly proceed yet one step further?

The stars, like the giant planets, should have their part to play—a grander part, of course—in the world of comet expulsion. They differ only from the giant planets, nay from the earth herself, in being in a different part of their orb life. It is probable, indeed, that among the stars there are orbs differing much less from Jupiter or Saturn than either of these still hot and fiery planets differ from the earth. Of course an orb like our sun, the one star we are able to examine, will require much greater energy to expel from his interior a flight of bodies, to become presently a flight of meteors or a comet, than would a planet even of the giant type. Our sun, for example, would have to impart a velocity of 382 miles per second to a body ejected from his interior, that that body should pass away from his control forever. But the sun possesses the required power. His mass, and therefore his might, exceeds that of the earth more than 320,000 times, that even of Jupiter 1048 times.

We have no means of recognizing by its orbital motion a star-expelled comet or meteor flight. But we need not seek for bodies to tell us of expulsion, ages on ages ago. The stars are *now* in their sunlike state. They must therefore be doing such work *now*, if there is any truth in the theory to which we have been led. Now there is one of the stars which is near enough to be asked whether it really possesses and uses such expulsive power—our own sun. His answer is unmistakable. In 1872 and at sundry times since, he has been caught in the act of ejecting bodies, probably liquid or solid, through the hydrogen atmosphere around his globe, with velocities so great that the matter thus expelled

from his interior can never return to him—the velocities ranging to 450 miles per second at the least. What he is doing now he has doubtless done for millions, nay for tens of millions, of years in the past. What he has thus done, his fellow-suns the stars, thousands (if not millions) of millions in number, have doubtless done also. Uncounted billions then of ejected meteor flights or comets must be travelling through interstellar spaces, visiting system after system, flitting from sun to sun, in periods to be measured by millions of years.

The answer then to the question, Whence came the comets? would appear to be:—

(1) Comets which visit our system from without were expelled millions of years ago from the interior of suns.

(2) Comets which belong to our system were mostly expelled from the interior of a giant planet in the sunlike state, but a small proportion may have been captured from without.

(3) The comets of whose past existence meteor-streams tell us were for the most part expelled from our earth herself when she was in the sunlike state, but some of the more important were expelled from the giant planets, and a few may have been expelled from suns. —*Nineteenth Century*.

A CRUISE AFTER HIPPOPOTAMI.

BY V. LOVETT CAMERON.

AT daylight, one morning in January, 1884, a smart schooner yacht was running down to Zanzibar, and excited much attention among the crew of the *London*, the British guard-ship, and also on board the British India mail steamer, which had just arrived from Aden. On the poop of the latter were two young fellows, Stevens and Richardson, who had come from Aden, where they belonged to the garrison, on purpose to join this very yacht, the *Pearl*, which had called there some time before, when Mr. Badenoch, the owner, had made their acquaintance and fired them with a desire to join him in an attack on the river-horses which abound in the Wami, Kin-gani, and other streams. They had agreed to meet him at Zanzibar at this time, and had been much disappointed, on their arrival the previous evening, at not hearing any news of her. They had been questioning the officers of the *London* as to where they could find quarters on shore, and found that, besides the ever-hospitable Consulate, or on board the *London*, the only chance they had of obtaining bed and board was under the roof of an eccentric individual known as French Charley, where the accommodation was likely to be queer, and who was only famous in the cookery line for omelettes, which, however good they might be, would be served up on whatever piece of crockery first came to

hand, sometimes causing rather a shock to European prejudices.

They had decided, nevertheless, on testing the capabilities of his establishment in preference to trespassing on the hospitality of strangers, and had been busy overnight in getting everything ready to land, and were now expecting a boat from the shore to land them and their traps.

"All right, Richardson; that must be the *Pearl*. Badenoch is punctual to his time, though he has run it rather close. How well he is handling her, but he seems to be carrying on rather long; there, he is commencing to shorten sail. I wish that fellow, Bucket, or whatever they call him, would be quick with his boat—I should like to get on board as soon as he anchors." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a clumsy shore-boat came alongside, and Bucket, as he was commonly called by the English, came up on deck and told them he was ready to take them ashore. They asked the chief officer to have their baggage put in the boat, and then went down to find the captain and thank him for his kindness and courtesy during the passage from Aden.

Whilst they are below we may make the acquaintance of Bucket (which was a corruption of his real name), who held the high and responsible post of chief pilot to H. H. the Sultan, and also made

what money he could by acting as bum-boatman, getting washing done, and in various other ways making himself useful to the men and officers of the ships that visited Zanzibar. He had a great idea of his own importance, and it was a favorite amusement of the midshipmen in the men-of-war to get a rise out of him by chaffing him about a flogging he was reported to have received for playing false when acting as interpreter on board the *Lynx* some years before.

By the time Stevens and Richardson returned on deck, their baggage was down in the boat and the *Pearl* was rounding-to preparatory to coming to an anchor. Bucket, on the way to the yacht, wanted very much to know what she was going to do, and, seeing the white ensign flying on board, inquired if she was a man-of-war sent out to assist in the suppression of the slave trade. On learning what Badenoch's real intentions were, he proffered his services as interpreter and pilot, and said no man could show them better places to find viboko (kiboko, plural viboko, is the Suahili for hippopotamus), and that any one else they might employ would be quite useless in assisting them in their search for sport.

They got alongside just as the *Pearl's* anchor was let go, and were heartily welcomed by Badenoch, and congratulated him on his keeping his appointment so punctually; he laughed, and said it was his way, and that he could have been in before, only, having a little time to spare, he had visited Mombasa and Pemba, and would have been in the evening before if the breeze had not fallen after leaving the latter place.

As they were talking, the guard-boat from the *London* came alongside, and the officer of the guard was a lieutenant called Malcolmson, who was a neighbor of Badenoch's in Scotland. "Why, old man, who would have thought of seeing you here? I thought you were on board the *Glasgow*?"

"So I was until a week ago, but one of the fellows in the *London* wished to exchange, and, as he offered me a good consideration to do so, I agreed, and have now belonged to her ten days; the flagship sailed a week ago. I am now, as officer of the guard, to offer you all the assistance, &c., you may require,

and to ask you to fill up the questions in the boarding book."

"All right, my lad; just give the book to my skipper, and then when you get back on board, get leave to come back and have breakfast with us, and put us in the way of getting a shot or two at the hippos."

"Done! Why, you have that old blackguard Bucket on board! What are you doing here, Bucket?"

Bucket explained what had brought him there, and renewed his offers; and Malcolmson told Badenoch he did not think he could do much better than engage him, but said he would ask some of the older hands on board the *London* if he was the best man to take.

The *Pearl's* sails were soon stowed, and at nine o'clock the four friends were at breakfast together. Malcolmson reported that all were agreed that they could not do better than engage Bucket, and that he was told that Dar es Salaam, a port on the mainland, a short distance to the southward, where the last Sultan had built a palace, and intended to make a trading port, would be as good a place as any to go to, and that some of the *Londons* and the Consul had been there lately in the Sultan's yacht, *Star*, and reported having had very good sport. He advised his friends to go on shore, and call at the Consulate, where they would be sure of a warm reception, and where they would get much useful advice, and most likely be introduced to Syud Burghash, who would recommend them to the authorities at any of his ports on the mainland.

This advice was followed, and from the Consul they got many good tips, and he also procured them an interview with the Sultan, who gave them all necessary papers, and placed his palace at Dar es Salaam at their disposal. Malcolmson was also able to get leave from his captain to accompany them; and early the next morning the *Pearl* got away, and, with a fair wind down the lovely Zanzibar channel, was able to be safely moored in Dar es Salaam by four in the afternoon, Bucket having piloted her in through the narrow entrance very successfully.

He now advised them, if they wanted to get a chance that evening, to land and station themselves at the places where

the hippos were in the habit of landing in order to feed, and then they might get a chance ; and if one was killed, they would have no difficulty in getting the carcase ; and that the runs of the animals could be pointed out by some of the men who were now coming off in a boat from the Sultan's palace.

This plan of action was agreed upon, and just before sunset the four sportsmen were landed and took up their posts at different spots where there were tracks which showed that the hippos were in the habit of coming ashore, Bucket having previously gone to the different owners of plantations to arrange with them that they should not use their usual means of frightening the beasts from landing. Each of our sportsmen was accompanied by one of the crew of the yacht to carry a second rifle, and by a couple of natives, and they all agreed about the directions in which they should fire so as to avoid all chance of accidents. Malcolmson, as he said he would have many opportunities during his period of service in the *London*, took up his post on a point near the yacht where there was less chance than those selected for the others of the animals coming, and the other three distributed themselves along the bank at points about four or five hundred yards apart. As Badenoch was the only one of the others who had any success, we will follow his proceedings with most care. On landing he found a regular break in the river bank, where there were evident traces that it had been used the night before, footprints and other traces of the game they were in search of being fresh and numerous. Bucket, who attached himself to him as the *bwana kubwa* (or great master) of the party, pointed out some trees close by and to leeward, where they might conceal themselves so that they should be neither seen nor smelt, and be about twenty yards from the run they were watching. As the sun set and darkness came on, everything became quiet except for the sound of an occasional snort of some old hippo in the centre of the stream, and for over an hour there was no sign of any approaching the shore. When the sounds of their blowing drew closer to the shore, and Bucket, who was watching through Badenoch's

glasses, caught sight of the dim outlines of three or four beasts on a mudbank about forty or fifty yards from their station, he told Badenoch to be ready and keep as quiet as possible, as they would be coming immediately. Badenoch, who thought it damp and cold, took a nip of whiskey and then got himself into position with his rifle, ready to be able to fire as soon as one was fairly on dry land, Bucket impressing on him the necessity of perfect quiet and not firing until he was perfectly sure of his aim. The huge beasts could be heard distinctly splashing and slipping as they drew near, and the dim form of one was just drawing clear of the bank when two shots rang out from the stations of Stevens and Richardson, and then the sound of blowing and rushing as the hippos stampeded back into the river. Badenoch jumped to his feet and would have fired at their retreating forms had not Bucket prevented him.

"Only frightened, master : no go far. You fire now, no come back. Wait little bit, come again."

Evidently the shots had had no effect, as the signal agreed upon in case of success was not made by either of his friends. The hippos which had come to his station, though startled, were evidently not seriously frightened, as in a few minutes they returned to the mudbank where they had been first seen, and, after some apparent consultation, seemed to decide upon landing again. All remained perfectly still, and in half an hour from the time that the shots had been fired Badenoch again saw the creatures landing. Bucket, who remained close by when the first came past, restrained him from firing, and said, "Wait, Bwana ; three small, one big, all same elephant come last." Badenoch, with his heart beating and his rifle ready, followed Bucket's advice, and let three pass by. "Now he come, Sahib : you shoot one, two, quick into him, an if he no kill, take other gun and fire more." Sure enough, a huge monster came up the bank and paused two or three times, as if suspecting danger, and snorted and blew ; once he seemed as if going to turn back, but Badenoch restrained himself until he was well away from the bank, when he turned so as pass inside where Badenoch was kneel-

ing, and came broadside on to him. "Fire, master! shoot! *Piga, piga!*" (shoot, shoot!) yelled Bucket, and the double-barrelled ten gave two reports in quick succession. Badenoch, as he recovered from the heavy recoil, saw his shots had taken effect, but the quarry, though he had fallen, was recovering himself. Snatching his second rifle from the holder, he waited for another chance, when the big beast, though evidently hard hit, and grunting and roaring, came charging at them; Badenoch had enough to do to get clear, whilst his native following, including the redoubtable Bucket, skedaddled in double-quick time. "Here, Smith," to the man from the yacht, "load quick, and we will both fire!" "Ay, ay, sir!" and all four barrels were poured into the animal's side just behind the shoulder at a distance of about six yards. This discharge brought him down again, and, though he groaned and struggled for a few minutes, proved enough to settle him. The other three came rushing down to the river, and were heard splashing away into safety, and Bucket and the natives came back to view the big animal, which proved to be an exceptionally large bull, with very fine tusks. A blue light was fired as a signal of success, and a boat from the yacht and all the party, save Malcolmson, were soon on the spot. Malcolmson's people said he had heard viboko blowing and snorting close to him, and that he would wait for the chance of one coming ashore before the boat passed on the way back to the yacht, and they could put in at the point and pick him up.

A fire was lit, and arrangements made for some of the Dar es Salaam people to watch by the body for the night, and to commence to cut it up in the morning, and the sportsmen and Bucket got into the boat to go on board the *Pearl*; going down the stream the tide was running fast, and they, misjudging the distance, had passed where Malcolmson was stationed, when they were recalled by his firing, and then heard him shouting for them to come to him. On arriving where he was, they found him right down on the muddy foreshore, and half laughing at something; on making inquiries, he told them that, hearing the boat coming down, he had come right

down into the muddy foreshore, so as not to detain them when they came, and as they passed he fired his rifle to attract their attention; as he fired, what he had supposed to be a mass of mud, and on which he was just going to step, moved, and proved to be a hippopotamus, which had been lying there, and which as it got up nearly knocked him over; indeed, it was so close to him that he actually touched it with his hand. Unluckily, his rifle was a single-barrelled muzzle-loading eight, which the Consul had lent him, and he therefore had no chance to fire at the animal, but, luckily for him, the beast seemed as much startled as he was, and blundered into the water without stopping to consider what had disturbed his rest.

They were soon on board, and after changing their clothes and having their supper, baccy and pipes, with some brandies and sodas, were discussed under the awnings, and plans made for the next day's campaign. Whilst they were talking, Malcolmson remarked that the *Pearl* had two whalers, which seemed heavier than the boats usually carried by a yacht of her size, and Stevens and Richardson said they had not noticed them when the *Pearl* was at Aden. "Why, no," said Badenoch; "I had not got them then, but at the Seychelles, where I was for about a fortnight, I met an American whaler who had put in there to get fruit and vegetables before starting for New Bedford, as she was full up, and I bought these two boats, with their harpoons, lines, and all their fittings, on the chance of having some amusement out of them; and as none of my crew understood harpooning, I engaged one of the men of the whaler, Jabez White, of Massachusetts, to come with me; and since then, though we haven't been whaling, he has on all opportunities been drilling my men in the way to manage them, and he says that they are as good as can be expected for men who have never had experience." "By Jove, that's capital!" said Malcolmson; "we might have capital fun tomorrow in harpooning a hippo. What do you say? Let's have Bucket and Jabez aft, and see what they think of it. I'm a good hand with a steer oar, having done a lot of surf work."

Stevens and Richardson thought that

they would prefer shooting the animals from a boat, as being less risky, but Badenoch welcomed the idea cordially. Jabez and Bucket were sent for; and the former, when the idea was proposed, said, "Waal, I never calculated to put the irons into a four-footed critter; but as these niggers tell me the animals has blubber for all the world like a whale, I should like to try if a good Salem harpoon and manilla line can do for them what they have done for many a fish." Bucket said that the hippos were often speared on shore by the natives, but he had never seen it done from a boat or canoe, and thought it would be very dangerous. It was soon settled that Bucket, with Stevens and Richardson, should take one whaler and try their luck at shooting, whilst Badenoch and Malcolmson, with Jabez as harpooner, should try the new plan in the other.

"Well, early to bed and early to rise," said Badenoch. "We will have *chota hazree* (early breakfast) at six to-morrow morning, and at seven we will start. You gunners, go up as far as you can, whilst we stop down here, where we have more room." Good-nights were exchanged, and all were soon asleep.

At six the next morning, after a plunge overboard, our friends were all ready for their coffee and toast, and Jabez White busily engaged in seeing his harpoon and lances sharp and in good order, and the lines properly coiled in the tubs clear for running and free from kinks. When he saw Badenoch's servant putting two rifles in the stern-sheets, he came and said, "Beg your pardon, Captain, but it seems to me kinder unhandsome for you to use lead and steel; the two military gentlemen may like muskets, but to sailors there is nothing like the harpoon and lance; and once we get fast to a bull like yon you shot last night, I can promise you you'll have rare sport, and I sorter guess you may be glad to learn how to use a lance."

When the gunners had started, the others had their boat manned, and a native sent to the masthead to look out for the first sign of a kiboko blowing in the lower part of the stream. Whilst waiting, Jabez White employed the time in teaching Malcolmson how to hold and use a lance, which, as he had been in the habit of using the grains, and once

or twice had harpooned a porpoise, came easy to him. Badenoch had already had lessons in the art. After about half an hour, during which time they heard firing from up the river, showing that the soldiers were having a good time, the welcome hail came from their look-out of "Viboko vyingi, tele, tele!" (Many hippopotami, plenty, plenty!) And sure enough, there was a regular herd coming down stream, blowing often and in rapid motion. "Jump in, Malcolmson! White, get in the bows!" cried Badenoch, who himself took a passenger's berth in the stern sheets. "Now, White, mind; you won't get home with the harpoon if you strike one on the head; get well on his back or flank." "I guess my iron will get home, and I'll strike as sure as ever I struck a right whale. Pull lightly, men, and obey orders smartly."

The boat soon drew near to the hippos, which were coming down stream, evidently in some commotion; right out in the centre was seen occasionally the head of one which promised to be even larger than the bull shot the night before, and for him Malcolmson steered, White in the bows, with his harpoon ready poised, watching him keenly. "Why, the tarnal critter means mischief, and is coming for us right straight! he's like a gallied whale—don't care what he does. Starn all, men! Pull hard round to starboard, Mr. Malcolmson." The men backed, and Malcolmson swung the boat round, and they just avoided a charge which the hippo made straight at them, and were watching for his next rise when they felt themselves lifted nearly out of the water as he bumped up under the boat; luckily he did not capsize them, and the whaler slid down rocking violently into the water without giving White a chance with the harpoon, although Badenoch managed to plant a lance in him which he left sticking up in his stern like an ensign staff. "Never use a lance before you're fast!" shouted White. "Look, men, he's coming at us again!" This time, as he charged, Malcolmson, guided by the staff of the lance, managed to avoid him, and also to pass so close alongside that White got the harpoon well home into his flank. "Guess we're fast! Now water on the line; he's

sunlight, I edged gingerly along upon my back until I found an easier spot, and there I settled myself. I debated for a while upon the virtues of our young Queen and the conduct of Sir Robert, weighed the Vicar's last sermon on the inhabitants of the ark and their types, reprobated the scoffs which Welt the Chartist cobbler aimed at it; wondered why the taxes were so high, and wished the Ministry at perdition, and so arrived at a very composed and benignant frame of mind. But I thought they were very long in ringing the bells at Thoresby.

Whish! whish! whish! clang! clang!! clang!!! clang!!!! clang!!!!!! I thought it was the Day of Judgment or the day after, opened my heavy eyes and was starting up when I sank back and stiffened out like a corpse. There I saw in the gloom, a great cavern of darkness widen and swoop down over me, and Great Bartlemy, our tenor bell, brushed over my prostrate body, his great clapper swinging like the tongue between Behemoth's jaws, and as he reached the end of his swing he clanged out a dizzy and appalling boom at my very ears. A plague on my carelessness! Our bells are so hung that when not in use, they are locked slightly a tilt, and do not depend to the lowest point of their sweep. The stay on which I was resting they clear by but a few inches, and I, my eyes closed against the sun, had edged further and further out, not observing their position, till I lay just where the course of the tenor crossed the beam. There, lulled by the heat and the hum, I had fallen asleep, and while I lay supine, the day had waned, and Thoresby bells had rung, and the Queen had come and gone, and the ringers had left the procession for the belfry, unhitched the bells, and begun their peal.

It was the first swish of the bells sweeping through the air that woke me, their first raucous clang that completed my awakening; and now there I lay, a prisoner, not daring to stir an inch, timing my breath to the beat of the bells lest a fuller inflation of my chest as Bartlemy passed over me should bring me in contact with his lip and I be brushed from my beam like a fly. Peter and Paul, the next two bells, hung on Bartlemy's either hand and shaved my stay even more closely. My retreat was cut off;

advance was impossible; between them and the timber there was clearly no room for passage. Just where I lay the swinging bell cleared me, and there till the ringing was over and the bells once more hitched up askew and wide of the beam, I must needs remain.

By now the sun was off the tower, and through the louveres I could see in glimpses between the swaying bells the glow of the evening sky. Upon the olive green a wreath of golden vapor hung light and feathery; the evening star gleamed jewel-like upon the forehead of the coming night. The swift, hardy and fearless of the uproar, hawked the flies up and down, cutting sharp arcs across the windows, and here and there the devious wayward flight of a bat, blackened the sky. I think there was a night breeze blowing sharply off the moor, for the wind, churned by the bells, dragged into fitful eddies in the damp tower chamber as the sun-heated walls cooled irregularly, blew wet upon me in gusts a perfect gale. Over my head Bartlemy's mouth was perpetually opening and shutting, and he swept aside only to disclose a vista of neighbor giants cutting inexorable curves to right and left, barring all escape and gathering momentum with the minutes, till the tower swayed bodily to right and left with every peal, and my timber beam thrilled, and quivered, and buckled up and down like an unruly race-horse. The tearing turbulent wind snatched me on either side tumultuously, and the jarring and upheaved dance of stone and timber in the fabric threatened each instant to hurl me like a pebble from a sling into the gloomy abyss below. To preserve myself from this my most instant jeopardy, and escape the sick giddiness of terror which the unchanging menace of the swinging bells drove deep into my heart, I gingerly, and with an eye over my shoulder for Bartlemy the pursuing fiend, turned over on my breast and hugged the beam with the grip of my knees and extended arms.

Hitherto in my more imminent trouble I had not so much noticed the uproar of the bells. True that the tenor roared in his great voice not ten feet from my ear, that the treble bells cried shrilly overhead, and Peter and Paul bawled and bellowed a sonorous harmony; the

arched roof and quivering walls reverberated the sound and hurled it out over my body through the *louvre*s into the night. The tower having neither floors nor joists to break the waves, vibrated and redoubled the din like a sounding board. Yet while each spring of my beam was lifting me inches toward the descending bell, and those awful circular orifices were dizzily swooping over me like birds of prey, their mere din was the least of my troubles. But now the ringers began to fire the bells, and the volleys discharged over my head like a million of anvils rattling to the sledge, beat into my brain with a fierce, remorseless tyranny. They began to ring, what at its third bell I noted with a prescient and appalling plunge into the pit of despair, a Triple Grandsire Major set of changes. These things take hours to execute, and our conceited pedants of ringers bate not a jot of them. And how long would my shaken nerves and tortured muscles hold out?

Minute by minute I lay there sicker and sicker and more and more unstrung. In the voices of the bells and the shrill yelling of the wind, I heard all the demons of the pit shrieking in my ear, "Let go! Let go!" Ceaseless, endless, only more monotonous for its measured variety, came that series of metallic explosions, bursting through the whirlpool of ringing resonance, the *débris* of each note as it died, and knocking, knocking upon my skull with veritable and agonizing blows. I felt my reason totter, and to save myself tried by reflection to win at least a few moments of respite from madness. I shouted with all the force of my throat, but for all my effort could hear not a sound of it. "If I cannot hear myself," said I, "how shall they hear me in the belfry? Yet hear me they must," and I strained my eyes through the gloom. Then an expedient occurred to me, and a spark of hope kindled in my darkness and blazed up like a wisp of straw in a wind. Slowly and painfully I got off one of my heavy boots and then the other, and dropped the first on to the belfry ceiling so far below. The bells rang on; my young hope paled and flickered. "Perhaps the boot fell on the upper side; I must make the heel strike first," I said: "they will hear that;" and carefully I

launched my other boot, sole downwards. Still that infernal tumult beat and battered down upon me, "Curse on the oafs," I screamed inaudibly, "they are drunk, drunk, the sots!" and I lay on my belly and left off to clutch the log and wailed like a newborn child.

How long I remained thus spent and unmanned I know not; but the love of life is strong, and presently, when the light was now well nigh faded out of the sky, a new device was born in my brain. "The second boot as the first," I said to myself, "fell on its soft upper side and bounded off. No wonder they did not hear it. This will fall with a more piercing crack; it may even break a way through some rotten spot in the boards," and detaching my watch from its chain, with a beating heart and all my last remnants of strength and nerve mustered and hanging on the cast, I poised it a moment, opened my fingers and it vanished.

There was a moment's suspense and then all was still. The awful racket in which my torn and harassed brain had reeled and crouched as it seemed through such interminable ages, suddenly ceased. Warm tears gushed from my eyes and lay glittering in the gloom in great drops on the beam, and there I lay panting and whispering, so outworn and feeble that even in that great silence I did not hear my own words, "Thank God! Thank God! my prayer is heard."

But still the tower jerked and swayed, and the wind blew gusty and chill. "I will get to the ladders and go down to meet them," thought I, "perhaps they are gone for a rope," and turning over I half rose to my feet. Great God in heaven! I fell flat again, not by a hair's-breadth too soon; the great bells were still beating and bellowing, jangling, swinging and quivering over my head without any pause just as before; and I—I heard not a sound of it, nor shall I ever hear again for evermore till I hear the trumpet of the Judgment Angel.

There then I lay a space longer, whether minutes or hours I knew not, for time was for me no longer; and half in a trance of exhaustion, half in a stupor of despair, I lay all along, and glared hopeless into the vault. But I knew by the pulsing of my perch that the fierce ringing of the bells still was answered by

the quivering and jar of the walls and of my beam. Some hidden law of the construction of the building caused my beam to reach its lowest point of vibration, just as Bartlemy swept over it, and when he was inverted at the limit of his swing, then it was that the stay humped itself to its highest. This motion had saved my life, else I must have been cut off into the void a mere shattered heap with the first descent of the bell. And yet why should I have clung to life? at that moment I had as lieve have died. But still the buckling of the stay raised me up and down, and mechanically my despairing fingers clutched it as a stranger grips his victim.

Suddenly something touched me on the back; then again a finger seemed to be lightly drawn a fraction of an inch across me. I cowered lower and lower at this new terror, and did not feel it a third time. No! there it is again; rhythmically, evenly, inexorably laying itself upon me again and again, as if the angel of death himself were marking me for destruction. At each touch I thought it fell more heavily, nor could I any longer shrink away from that strange, ghostly hand. Then I suddenly felt it hot as well as heavy, hot as a hand of fire. The new horror cast out the old, and all my wits bent themselves in the darkness upon that one weird visitation. Ha! I had it. The hours of ringing had heated Bartlemy, and the clapper of the bell was lengthening. Thousands of strokes of iron on iron had made that tongue so hot that it had expanded by little and little, until now it reached down across my little margin of safety, and his—Bartlemy's—was the finger that touched me so rhythmically, pressing heavier and heavier as it reached further and further down, and in very truth the hand was the hand of death. And death looked me straight in the eyes remorseless and uncompromising. Unless heaven intervened to help me, my life was to be measured by minutes, and I was to die by inches.

Perhaps heaven did help me; for now over the shoulder of one of the higher bells, by which it still suffered momentary eclipses, the moon began to shine in on me through the louvres. And as I gazed about for help in the new light with fevered and fear-stricken eyes, I

caught sight of the nearest of the bell-ropes, running down a quivering silver cord and losing itself in the solid night below. It rose and fell as the brawny ringer's arms pulled it. I looked aloft and saw it was Catherine's, the second bell's rope, and the ringer of Catherine I knew was Roger, my second son. I think that gave me hope, and indeed my peril was now so near, that delay and design would in a moment more be my ruin. My coat was torn to shreds, and a hot furrow was being seared deeper and deeper in my shoulder with every stroke. Slowly, and crouching as close as a lizard, I writhed along the beam. But in this way I could make but little progress, for before my body was clear of the pursuing pendulum of Bartlemy's clapper, the way was cut across by the steady sweep of his neighbor bell, and between that and the beam was no hope of a passage for me. I dropped over the side, and clinging with feet and hands to the underside of the beam, wormed painfully along. I felt the blood buzzing in my head, and my eyeballs swelled almost to bursting; the muscles stood out upon my legs and arms like cordage, but I knew that the time I could thus hang must be counted by moments. I crossed one leg over the stay and gained some rest, though at every swing the bell's edge cut and cut into the thigh; but that was no time to think of such things; and then in the moonlight I saw one, and one only, desperate way of escape. If I could throw myself on to the stay in the very instant when the two bells that crossed it just above me were swinging away in opposite directions, then before they returned I might poise myself, and leaping out into space, clutch my son's bell rope, and sliding down so reach firm footing below. It was a gambler's last throw, and the odds were terrible. From such a feat, requiring the nicest balance of eye and limb, the most instant obedience of the muscle to the will, the fullest force of body and coolest decision of mind, even a gymnast, trained and untired, might shrink. And how was I, deafened and dazed, limp and quivering, nerveless and unstrung, to make that desperate adventure? And what was the penalty of failure? To be nipped and ground between the returning bells and be dropped a

lifeless carcase, or leaping, to miss my hold, and falling endlong, to be dashed against the unseen platform far below.

But in such a match men do not count the odds or stop to haggle about the stakes with Death. I fixed my eyes upon the bells, and counted and re-counted their sweeps till the pulsation was burnt into my brain. Then boldly, yet without haste, I cast myself on to the upper surface of the beam, rose deftly to my feet, poised myself as it switched, and fastened my gaze not on the bells but on the rope. As the rope rose to its topmost limit and paused before its descent, as one bell ended its swing, and the other began its merciless pounce upon its quarry, I crouched and bounded, and my hands closed in death grips upon the cord. My arms strained in their sockets; like a streak of molten iron the rope slid through my palms,

burning and tearing them, and then my feet touched the planks below and I was safe. I stumbled and tottered to the ladder, and almost fell into the belfry below. The Triple Grandsire Major was just at an end, and the singers as they dropped their ropes were clustering round my son Roger. He lifted his hand, and his lips moved, and I saw by their motion that he cried, "God save the Queen." The yokels were not prompt to take him up. I reeled into their midst, and lifting my hand too, croaked like a voice from the tomb, "Ay! God save the Queen." With starting eyes and bristling hair they marked my gaunt blanched cheeks, my clothes ragged and blood-bedabbled, and my snow-white beard and hair, and one and all gibbering and aghast, they fled headlong.—*Temple Bar.*

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THE AMERICAN MONTAIGNE.

IT must be pleasant for a man to make an afternoon call upon a nation, and find himself welcomed as a friend; and that pleasure will certainly fall to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his visit to this country. No literary American—unless it be Mr. Lowell, and we should not except even him—occupies precisely the same place as Dr. Holmes in Englishmen's regard. They have the feeling for him which they had for Charles Lamb, Charles Dickens, and John Leech, in which admiration somehow blends into and is indistinguishable from affectionateness. Of the thousands who have read Dr. Holmes's productions, and the tens of thousands who have heard them read aloud, there is not one who would not be pleased if he heard of his pleasure, or grieved to be told authentically that he was in any suffering or heartache. With the majority, of course, his reputation is only that of a humoristic poet, who has made them laugh with the genuine, childlike enjoyment which nowadays is begotten in grown Englishmen only of what a Scotchman would call "wiselike" fun. It has happened by an odd accident to Dr. Holmes to enjoy in England a kind of popularity—profitless popularity, we fear, and yet not

profitless if the kindly favor of a nation profits any one—such as is given only to the writer of a successful comedy, or the composer of a pleasant tune. Some years ago, all the world started penny-readings for the enjoyment and education of the ignorant, all the world sought for things wisely humorous to read aloud, and all the world leaped with a spring upon "The One-Horse Shay." It was found that all audiences, no matter how refined or how ignorant, without reference to occupation, and with no regard to age, understood that quaintly perfect joke, comprehended its dialect—which is, indeed, like an exaggeration or caricature of the dialect of our own London suburbs, where, also, they pronounce road "reaowd"—and were tickled beyond control by the predicament of that perplexed minister perched on the pulverized relics of his chaise. It was those verses, of which their author probably thought nothing, and which, indeed, but for a certain separateness in their humor, suggesting, as humor so seldom does, that the writer smiles as he writes, are in themselves not much, which made Dr. Holmes's English fortune, and sent the cultivated in thousands to read "The Autocrat of the

Breakfast-Table," and to recognize in a moment, with a delight which, if he could but know it, would be better payment to Dr. Holmes than any niche in the temple of fame, an American Montaigne, a cool, wise speculator on the phenomena of life, in whom a pleasant humor only flavors and makes appetizing keen insight and deep reflection. The humor was remarkable, for, like almost all humor which has permanently charmed Englishmen, it was free from satire, yet bit deep, having in it that universality which is the note of the best humor of Shakespeare; but it was used not for itself, but only as a mordant for thought, or occasionally to make grave thought seem lighter. Take, for instance, perhaps the best-known passage of "The Autocrat :"—

"I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here that there are six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns. {
 1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
 2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
 3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases. {
 1. The real Thomas.
 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
 3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he is, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time. [A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johan-

nes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one a-piece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the mean time he had eaten the peaches.]"

The jest there, which, simple and obvious as it is, yet completes the argument by asserting John's unity after all, is clearly intended to prevent the wisdom of the thought from seeming heavy; and the little book is full of such passages, which we read with involuntary and most pleasurable laughter, yet with a feeling that we have gained either in wisdom or in that knowledge which is the equivalent of long personal experience. Or take, merely because we have opened upon it, this more serious reverie on the cause of suicidal mania, and of the passion for drink when it is, as often happens, especially after great misfortune, developed suddenly :—

"If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the overtired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bedcord, nor drinking-vessel, from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?—From half a dime to a dime, according to the style of the place and the quality of the liquor—said the young fellow whom they call John."

We are writing a mere word of welcome to Dr. Holmes, and not a review of his books, and shall, therefore, say

nothing of the wealth of witty and wise aphorisms which lies scattered through his writings, or of the marvellous skill with which he clothes ordinary characters in flesh and blood, and makes us sympathize with them as friends. We do not care about his super-ordinary characters, rather wearying of Iris and "the little gentleman," regarding Helen, the teacher, as impossible, bracketing Bernard Langdon with Nicholas Nickleby as badly dressed lay-figures, and watching Elsie Venner as we might any other monstrosity; but only Dickens ever surpassed Dr. Holmes in describing subordinate characters, the keeper of the boarding-house and "the old gentleman" in the "Autocrat," the Deacon and the Colonel, the "Principal of the Institoot," and, above all, the Yankee "hired man," Abel Stebbins, in "Elsie Venner." We wish, however, as Dr. Holmes calls himself at once Poet, Professor, and Philosopher, to say a word upon the philosophy which runs in a steady stream through all his writings and the drift of which is frequently mistaken. A vague idea, or beginning of an idea, which we trace, or fancy we trace, in all books of true American flavor, an idea that matter and spirit are more closely related than we habitually believe, becomes in Dr. Holmes's writings a clearly defined system of thought. He is not in the least a Materialist, still less a Determinist, holding, indeed, we should say, the old idea that the watch of itself proves the watchmaker; but he has learned in his profession to recognize the force of tendencies, hereditary or other, and of circumstances, such as early poverty or the like, till he believes that free will, though perfect within its function, is limited in its range, and is even liable, in extreme cases, to be temporarily suspended. Man with Dr. Holmes is free, but he cannot jump upon his own shadow, or get rid of the presence of any other environment. He remains responsible for meanness even if he was born on a "lean streak" of country; but if he was so born, he will have a tendency to meanness to keep down, of which he can no more be wholly rid than of the shadow before mentioned. If, on the other hand, all circumstances predispose him to generosity of temperament, generosity, we

mean, in the broad sense, the grand advantage of that temperament will be his without his own exertion. Dr. Holmes is perpetually dinning this truth into his readers, both when he is most serious and when he is wild with spirits. In the account of Colonel Sprowle's supper-party, for instance, which would be as farcical as any chapter in Albert Smith but for the thoughts imbedded in the jesting, he says:—

" 'A little good wine won't hurt anybody,' said the Deacon. 'Plenty,—plenty,—plenty. There.' He had not withdrawn his glass, while the Colonel was pouring, for fear it should spill; and now it was running over.—It is very odd how all a man's philosophy and theology are at the mercy of a few drops of a fluid which the chemists say consists of nothing but C 4, O 2, H 6. The Deacon's theology fell off several points towards latitudinarianism in the course of the next ten minutes. He had a deep inward sense that everything was as it should be, human nature included. The little accidents of humanity, known collectively to moralists as sin, looked very venial to his growing sense of universal brotherhood and benevolence. 'It will all come right,' the Deacon said to himself,—'I feel a joyful conviction that everything is for the best. I am favored with a blessed peace of mind, and a very precious season of good feelin' toward my fellow-creeturs.' A lusty young fellow happened to make a quick step backward just at that instant, and put his heel, with his weight on top of it, upon the Deacon's toes. 'Aigh! What the d' d' didos are y' about with them great huffs o' yours?' said the Deacon, with an expression upon his features not exactly that of peace and good-will to man. The lusty young fellow apologized; but the Deacon's face did not come right, and his theology backed round several points in the direction of total depravity."

And a few pages further on he gives us this striking sketch:—

"The Doctor's hired man had not the manners of a French valet. He was grave and taciturn for the most part, he never bowed and rarely smiled, but was always at work in the daytime and always reading in the evening. He was hostler, and did all the housework that a man could properly do, would go to the door or 'tend table,' bought the provisions for the family—in short, did almost everything for them but get their clothing. There was no office in a perfectly appointed household, from that of steward down to that of stable-boy, which he did not cheerfully assume. His round of work not consuming all his energies, he must needs cultivate the Doctor's garden, which he kept in one perpetual bloom, from the blowing of the first crocus to the fading of the last dahlia. This garden was Abel's poem. Its half-dozen beds were so many cantos. Nature crowded them for him with imagery such as no Laureate could copy in the cold mosaic of

language. The rhythm of alternating dawn and sunset, the strophe and antistrophe still perceptible through all the sudden shifts of our dithyrambic seasons and echoed in corresponding floral harmonies, made melody in the soul of Abel, the plain serving-man. It softened his whole otherwise rigid aspect. He worshipped God according to the strict way of his fathers; but a florist's Puritanism is always colored by the petals of his flowers,—and Nature never shows him a black corolla."

Dr. Holmes does not mean that theology is an illusion and man the creature of circumstances, but that man is so constituted, that even his theology is affected by circumstances, as every man who ever wrote a sermon in bad weather will sorrowfully acknowledge to be true. It was to develop this idea that he wrote that extraordinary romance, "Elsie Venner," which so many people find to be unpleasant. It had to be unpleasant, for Dr. Holmes wished to use as the most powerful illustration of his theory, the possibility of an influence from outside—the bite of a snake while the mother was pregnant—causing congenital, and for a time irresistible, impulses in the child, modifying and spoiling an entire life, influencing so much stronger than the will, that till released from their bondage by the near approach of death, and the consequent suspension of all material influence, Elsie was never really free. The book was at once de-

nounced as Materialist; but no one who reads it attentively will doubt that Dr. Holmes believed the will, when sane, to be free, the soul to be independent of its surroundings, and the body to contain a spirit which can be imprisoned, but not die. The temptation which besets the artist may have induced him, has induced him, even on his own hypothesis, to exaggerate Elsie's slavery; but the total drift is unmistakable. Dr. Holmes's deductions from his theory are, first, the wisdom of an almost limitless tolerance for human beings as for immortals bound during the short time we see them in cramping fetters; and, secondly, Universalism, the soul regaining with its release from the conditions of earth the character, or the possibility of acquiring the character which the Creator meant it to possess. The theory has its dangerous side, but its result with Dr. Holmes, as we once heard a very young critic say, is to make him the "friendliest of all philosophers," and the most genial of the thinkers who fully admit that, whether original sin is true or not, man sins and must be cleaned. He wants the Devil to be heard at the bar, he says, not that he may plead that sin is sinless, but that the prosecutor may know what the temptation to sin is, and so waste no blow in air.—*Spectator*.

A WELL-READ MAN.

WHAT do we mean when we speak of a well-read man? Well, most of us, I take it, mean a man who has read a great deal. But is this the idea which the expression legitimately conveys? Hardly. By a well-read man we are to understand a man who has read well, *i. e.*, a man who has read that which is most worth reading. The distinction is of very great importance. The point is, that we are not to estimate the value of a man's reading by its quantity but by its quality. That it is no question of how many books he has read but of *what* books. For instance, it is probably safe to assert that he who reads his Milton and his Shakespeare may be forgiven ignorance of any other author. The domains of each of these powers are so vast that a man may

be considered well-travelled who has never set foot outside them. Each is immeasurably removed from all comparison with other writers of his country (with *all* writers, save one or two giants, in other lands); of each of these we may say:

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

To be conversant with the works of Milton and Shakespeare is to be well-read.

No such admission could be made in the case of a man who should be familiar with Milton only, or with Shakespeare only. To make such admission would

be as unreasonable as if we should speak of some one having travelled all over the world, when he had never visited the other hemisphere. For in Milton we have the literature of majesty and of glory, of wonder-moving grandeur, of power so great and so unlike anything we have ever seen before, that it positively sometimes produces in us a sensation of fear—that is his hemisphere; in Shakespeare the literature of the faithful delineation of human nature, of the painting with exquisite tenderness the good, with marvellous truth the evil passions of man, and of the fascinating description of sights and sounds in the physical world as connected with him. In a word, Milton is celestial, Shakespeare terrestrial. When we read the one we are “at a Solemn Music,” when the other, we hear

“Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy’s child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

A loving acquaintanceship, then, with the two is a perfect literary education, but it must be with the two. Let a man be steeped not only in Shakespeare but in literature generally, yet, if he be ignorant of Milton, or, failing Milton, of Homer, Æschylus, or Dante, he is, beyond doubt, an ill-read man.

He therefore, it seems fair to contend, who draws from these two fountains the main supply of his intellectual enjoyments may, so far as other springs are concerned, go where he pleases. He need not trouble himself about what he *ought* to have read, but may read just what he prefers. None has any right to lightly esteem his literary taste because he has not read this or that author. When such monuments of genius as those in which he delights lie before him, it is perfectly excusable if he leave lesser works alone. To the blue-stocking who asks him whether he does not adore Swinburne, he may with no sense of inferiority reply, “Madam, I have never read a line of his poetry—but come and read with me this magnificent passage from ‘Paradise Lost.’” To his cynical friend, who admires the bitterness of Pope’s “Satires,” and is astonished at his ignorance of them, he may make answer: “Keep your Pope to yourself; I am reading Othello—there is bitterness enough there!” While therefore it would, of course, be foolish to claim any

merit for a man who should confine himself exclusively to Shakespeare and Milton (though some not unknown men have been “men of one book,” and that book not always such a great one as the book of Milton, or the book of Shakespeare; as, for example, Sir William Jones, who “invariably read through, every year, the works of Cicero”),* it seems safe to maintain that with them for a foundation, he may build any superstructure he pleases. And with such a foundation he is, in the best sense of the term, a well-read man.

A word now as to certain eminent people with whom all who aspire to be well-read are apt to come in contact, viz., the critics. This is the day of their power, for it is the day of science, and their field is the science of literature. To the young at any rate I would say, as a general rule, fly from them. Let them have as little of your time as possible. And for the following reasons:

Because they tend to prevent our forming a healthy independent judgment. The critic too often hinders the reader from a just appreciation of his author, in much the same way as the “*criò*” or translation hinders the schoolboy from profiting, as he otherwise would, by the passage he has to prepare. There is no room for the exercise of vigorous thought. Instead of grinding at our own mill, we let others do the work for us. Influenced by the knowledge which the critic displays, by the assurance with which he speaks, and perhaps too by the charm of his style, we yield ourselves slavishly to his opinions. The strongest minds are, of course, above the temptation, but we will conclude, reader, for the sake of argument, that you and I do not fall within that category.

Because they fight so. If there is one thing more needful than another for the pure enjoyment of letters, it is that we should be in an atmosphere of peace. And really there can be no doubt that our friends the critics are dreadfully pugnacious. In a recent visit to America, I went one evening out of curiosity to a cockpit. The way in which each man brought forward his bird, and backed it, and made it fight for all it was worth, and threw his angry soul into the suc-

* See D’Israeli’s “Curiosities of Literature.”

cess of its career, reminded me irresistibly of the critic with his favorite author. As for example :

“ The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.”

“ I will back that against any of Mr. ———’s three representative quotations from Homer, from Dante, and from Shakespeare.”

Says the same critic, alluding to a criticism by the same Mr. — : — :

“ If I wanted an instance of provincial and barbarian criticism, of criticism inspired by a spirit of sour unreasonableness, a spirit of bitterness and darkness, I should certainly never dream of seeking farther than this sentence for the illustration required.”

Or take a critic with his favorite view of a favorite author.

“ We must be on our guard against Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things. . . . I am a Wordsworthian.” The disputes of the critics unfit one for enjoyment of the poet.

Because time is short, and the little there is will be more profitably given to a great writer than to those who talk about him. Some may say in answer to this that the range of literature is so vast, as positively to force a busy man to depend in great measure on the critics, both as to choice of authors and as to selection from their works. But there is less in this argument than one might suppose ; for, in the first place, the critics are constantly of opposite opinions ; and, in the second, it does not take long for a man of ordinary intellectual powers to find out by inspection whether a book contains food for his mind or not.

From these considerations it would appear that the less a man has to do with the critics, the better read he is likely to be.

It is an unpleasant, but an undeniable truth, that, though an intimate acquaintance with letters, generally, like the arts,

“ *Emolliit mores nec sinit esse ferus,*”

“ softens the manners, nor suffers them to remain harsh,” it not unfrequently turns out very bearish and disagreeable characters indeed. There is the modest,

well-read man, and there is the self-assertive. There is the one who wears his learning as a flower (to quote De Quincey), and the one who flaunts it rudely in your face. That which ought to foster, and we are happy to know most often does foster, a spirit of gentleness and amiability is found sometimes linked with the most nauseous pride and insolence. Such readers as these are puffed up by their own acquisitions, and are jealous of those of others. In their arrogance and illiberality, their unwillingness to acknowledge merit in another, they repeat the vices of some of their authors. Addison has a quaint reference to these latter in one of his papers. After comparing those who, through ignorance, neglected his works, to moles, he continues :

“ But, besides these, there are others who are moles through envy. As it is said in the Latin proverb, that ‘ One man is a wolf to another,’ so, generally speaking, one author is a mole to another. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another’s works ; they have eyes only for spots and blemishes ; they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their namesakes, but the idea of it is painful to them, they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity.”

It is curious that Pope should have laid to Addison’s charge this very spirit of mole-eyed envy :

“ But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with
ease ;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike ;” etc.

That men who have applied themselves to liberal studies should be found with illiberal dispositions is, of course, explained by the fact that it is not the province of such studies to plant anything absolutely fresh in the mind, but rather to cultivate and improve what is there already. If there are no generous instincts in a man, the cultivation of let-

ters will leave him as it found him, or, to speak more truly, will leave him considerably worse through the pride engendered by his sense of the acquisition of knowledge. But where those instincts are present, reading "educates"* them, brings them out, and intensifies them a hundredfold. Morally or intellectually, literature works upon a capital which it finds in man. To use another figure, literature becomes the handmaid of the soul. Not the mistress—you cannot set the works of man above man himself—but the handmaid.

"What I wanted to say about books, is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

"I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, sir," said the divinity-student, "who should feel himself above Shakespeare at any time." "My young friend," I replied, "the man who is never conscious of a state of feeling, or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words, is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. . . . Think of human passions as compared with all phrases!"—"Autocrat of the Breakfast-table."

To conclude, let us turn to Chaucer's description of the "Clerk of Oxenford." Nowhere can we find a better picture of a well-read man in whom the pursuit of literature has produced a kindly harvest, than in these lines:

"Of studie took he most cure and most heede,
Not oo (one) word spak he more than was
 neede,
And that was said in forme and reverence
And schort and quyk, and ful of high sen-
 tence,
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly
 teche."

In the first line, you have his devotion to his books. Reading was not a duty, but a pleasure to him.

"On bokes for to rede I me delyte."—"Marchaundes Tale."

Then come the gracious fruits. First the knowledge *when* to speak—not one word did he speak more than was needful; then the knowledge *how* to speak—briefly, modestly, and to the point; and finally the knowledge *what* to speak—what he said was full of high sentence, *i. e.*, full of lofty meaning, full of matter which the hearer would do well to ponder. Then we have the object of his speech—moral virtue. All that he said was healthy and elevating in its tendency. And in the last line is shown his cheerful humility, and his cheerful desire to render to others any service that lay in his power:

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

—*Temple Bar.*

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS.

BY A LONDON ARTISAN.

WHEN we speak of the people we generally mean the laboring classes in contradistinction to capitalists; the class that has advanced in the course of ages from slavery and serfdom to liberty and a place in the voting list. From wincing under the lash of masters to dictating terms to employers is a long stride; and the development from an animated piece of portable property to a full-fledged politician with a seat in the House of Commons is a phase of evolution which, while inspiring some of us with enthusiastic hopes of a coming golden age, fills others, no less earnest, no less sincere, with dread and terror. Are the people worthy of the power that

is gradually passing into their hands? Whether they are worthy or not it is their right to have it. If they are unworthy the onus rests with those who have had it in their power to raise the intellectual and moral tone of the people and have failed to do so. The terrified folks who declare that the people are thoughtless, unjust, drunken, immoral, and totally unfitted to wield political power are shamelessly declaring to the world their own guiltiness. The only real joy that wealth can give is the power to do good to others. In the same ratio as a man fails to recognize this truth and act up to it—be he peer or plutocrat—will his wealth bring him nothing but a shoddy form of happiness. His injustice, his neglect of his duty to the people, will bring its own

* See Trench, "Study of Words," pp. 261-262.

punishment—the fear of the people—because in his heart he will know that he has well earned their hatred. The majority of the capitalists in this country have yet to learn that those who receive justice are more likely to deal justly than those who receive it not; the more rights and privileges you give to the laboring classes the more likely will they be to respect the rights and privileges of others. The nearer we approach to social equality—not to be confounded with the idea of an equal distribution of wealth—the nearer we shall all be to a full enjoyment of the glorious results the labor, the patience, and the suffering of humanity has handed down to us. At present we are so very far from this consummation that the people, as a whole, are looked upon, not as having an equal right to enjoy all that nature, art, and science have given to the world, but merely as a sort of social evil that, somehow or other, has obtained a certain amount of power, and must therefore be taken into consideration, with a view to party exigencies—a disorderly, unorthodox mass, to be coaxed, petted, cajoled, patronized, pitied, and otherwise cheated into helping capitalists to increase their gains.

Now that the workman possesses the power to turn the tide at a general election he is to the wealthy and the governing classes an object of intense interest; and from the lordling, who is no longer able to command the votes of his father's tenantry, to the plutocrat who fully appreciates the market value of the letters M.P., all are feverish in their anxiety to assure the workingman that "Codlin's the friend, not Short." The wealthy of all shades of opinion are ready to do anything for the working classes, providing it does not clash with their own interests. "Behold, how the people suffer!" exclaims the philanthropist. "Alas!" says the plutocrat, "it is because the Liberal party is not always in the ascendant. I will raise a statue to the incarnation of Liberal principles with some of the money that I have secured by paying my workpeople starvation wages." "Behold," says the philanthropist to the great landowner, "the poor on your estate are herded together under conditions that cattle would resent." "All through that awful drink,"

says the landowner. "They drink to forget their misery," pleads the philanthropist. "Then give them a brass band in Victoria Park," is the answer of the landowner. To grind £10,000 per annum in rents out of the bones and sinews of working people—that is, to do the thing respectably, through an agent, and not with one's own kid-gloved hands—and dispense £50 in supporting brass bands, soup-kitchens, and free Bibles is as cheap a form of Christian philanthropy as one can well imagine. The brass bands, like the drink, make the people forget their misery for a little while, which is good, for misery breeds moroseness, and moroseness in a people is dangerous to property-holders; the soup-kitchens have a like effect; while the Bibles, with the aid of more or less eloquent city missionaries, may induce a few of the people to believe that the poor are blessed and have a kingdom in store for them, while the rich are only certain as to having the kingdom of this world—which is an exceedingly comfortable doctrine for the rich. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the poor of our dull, smoky cities lack the visionary temperaments of the dreamy fishermen of sunny Galilee, and they cannot help wishing, profane as the wish may be, that they had a little more of the comforts of this world, even if at the expense of not being quite so sure of comforts in the next.

Surrounded by friends on all sides, from Lords Salisbury and Churchill to Messrs. Headlam and Hyndman, all, on every possible occasion, protesting their sincere regard for his welfare, it is surprising that the workman's lot is not a happier one than it is. The effect of all this enthusiasm and fervor on the class most interested is scarcely perceptible. When a Cabinet Minister rises in the House of Commons and begs the newspaper reporters to inform the people that Codlin is still determined to stand by them, is willing to expend his last dying gasp in their service, and hopes they will not allow themselves to be misled by the miserable sophistries of the inexpressibly contemptible Short on the other side of the House—when he so delivers himself he imagines that his words will appreciably influence the class whose support he is so anxious to

obtain. As a fact, they will be read by a mere handful of workmen who take some interest in politics. With the vast majority of the people the struggle to obtain the necessities of life is so keen that they have no thought for anything beside. Their conversation in their leisure hours is not of political economical theories or phases of foreign policy, but of the prospects of next week's work. How can it be otherwise when the labor market is overstocked, and a comparatively huge sum of money is demanded of them every seven days for the privilege of living under cover? Bread is a necessity, politics a luxury! The political workmen are the exceptionally competent craftsmen, the fortunate minority who are in good situations, and in receipt of fair and unfluctuating wages. Their bread is a certainty, their lives are not without comfort; in their leisure hours they are able to turn their thoughts from the narrow sphere of the workshop; and it is to their credit that so many of this more fortunate class recognize that they have duties of citizenship to perform, that they are moved by the sufferings of their fellows to labor for their redemption. The highest testimony to the ability, the zeal, and the mental capacity of this small remnant, this five per cent. of the workmen of the nation, is to be found in the fact that they are able to influence statesmen and capitalists to such a degree that no one outside their own class will believe that their numbers are so few. If this small remnant, scattered thinly over our villages, towns, and cities, can press reforms, and hold in check the greedy and remorseless hands of what are called the upper classes, what good results may we not hope for when the social pressure that crushes all hopes of a higher life from men's hearts shall be removed, and when every workman shall assist in forming that moral influence of the future—a sound public opinion, before which individual selfishness, avarice and lust shall not dare to raise its head? Such an era in the world's history is not so chimerical as many suppose, for there never was a time when public opinion—loose, ignorant, and short-sighted as it is—was so powerful a factor in shaping history as it is in this our day. Men of all classes feel this intuitively; there is something

in the air that tells them that the days of hole-and-corner jobbery, of double-living, of lives of private iniquity and public saintliness are passing away, and we find on all sides a healthy anxiety to justify one's words and conduct in the eyes of the public. One reason for this, of course, is that public opinion never before had so many favorable means of asserting itself. The capitalist class, endowed as they are with education and leisure for reflection, are aware of every resource for moving this mighty lever, and lose no opportunity for taking advantage of it. They are fully aware of the enormous power the working classes might wield, and will wield when they have the advantages of education, and when every man among them is not only a useful machine, but a thinking, loving, aspiring being, seeing the possibility of a better life for his class, and sparing no effort to gain it; when the best of them, instead of wasting life in the miserable struggle to become petty capitalists, shall see clearly that they may achieve more happiness for themselves and their fellows by devoting all their energies to the development of their better selves and the moral elevation of their class. We have worshipped too long the gods who have tramped to London with the proverbial shilling in their pocket and died millionaires. The world has furnished grander heroes, worthier our emulation, than successful drapers and ironmongers. Let us teach our children to follow in the footsteps of those who have devoted their lives, not to scrambling up the heights of success over the suffering bodies of less unscrupulous men and women than themselves, but to alleviating the sorrow and pain they found about them in the obscure places where their lot was cast—the unknown heroes and heroines of the past who have kept alive the spirit of true love and charity that shall live in the hearts of men when the sordid, truculent spirits that are honored to-day shall be remembered only as examples of evil.

The time is coming when the laboring class will realize their power, and they will use it. The possessors of many acres, the revellers in cosy sinecures, the office-seekers, and the thousands of good, well-meaning people who are fearful of the working classes because they

do not know them—all these, seeing the gigantic force that sooner or later will take its stand in the vanguard of human progress, are exceedingly anxious that the people should not be led away by those dreadful Radicals and Socialists—Christian or otherwise. The recent recklessness of the rowdy and rough has occasioned a panic that would be amusing were it not mischievous and contemptible, and otherwise sober, right-minded men and women are beginning to doubt whether property is safe or not. In some quarters it is even proudly maintained that the evil prophecies concerning the advance of what are called Liberal ideas are about to be fulfilled, that the extension of the franchise will lead to a sort of political intoxication, ending in scenes of rapine and plunder. Many, even among those who have always advocated a Liberal policy, are beginning to wonder whether they have not carried their ideas a little too far. They declare that the people have become so elated at the success of Liberal principles that they are beginning to confound liberty with license, and are in danger of destroying all individual liberty by embracing socialism. And all this because the thieves, pick-pockets, and others of the criminal class that unfortunately are to be found in London, in common with other great cities, take advantage of what was either an unpardonable blunder or a carefully prepared effect on the part of the police authorities to plunder and destroy the property of a few West-end tradesmen. The fact of such erroneous impressions gaining ground is a glaring instance of the unnatural and unsocial condition of society. The poor are strangers to the rich; the rich are strangers to the poor. The workman finds his employer a sordid, greedy creature, as unfeeling and as unsympathetic as a piece of his own machinery, and his opinion of all the capitalist class is based upon his experience with this one individual. The capitalist views the workman through the columns of his daily newspaper, and with the aid of the police intelligence he conjures up in his mind a drunken, brutal, wife-kicking, irreclaimable monster to be kept in check by the strong hand of the law, and to be treated with powerful doses of permissive legislation.

As a class, the one does not know that in many a rich mansion there are men and women whose hearts are filled with grief, whose lives are touched with melancholy at the thought of the sufferings of the millions of toilers who do so much to administer to their comfort and necessities—men and women full of sympathy and love, who in their dreams, as in their waking hours, are haunted by the demon of poverty that they know is making life for so many a hell of horrors surpassing all that Dante described or St. Paul conceived. As a class, the other does not know that in many a city garret deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice are daily performed, far more glorious than a thousand Tel-el-Kebirs; that if houses were built on the same scale as the hearts that sorrow and suffer within them, the fetid slums of many a town would be transformed into a city of palaces stretching over the wide world.

The Conservative classes, clinging to the worst traditions of an earlier age, without attempting to preserve all that was good in it, fear and distrust the people, as did their fathers before them. There is nothing new in their lamentations and prophecies of coming woe. The young world looks upon them as the inevitable old man in life's great drama, from whose tremulous lips some good words may occasionally fall, but who has outlived his time, and, feeling his own weakness, cannot understand the vigorous actions of his younger fellows, who still sees the past as he saw it when his eyes were bright and his heart was young, but seeing the present through eyes dimmed with age, it appears blurred, dark, and full of evil shadows. The Liberal classes, on the other hand, however they may have differed among themselves in matters of detail, have always professed to trust in the good sense of the people. How is it, then, that we find even the latter class seriously discussing an assumed probability of the people rushing headlong into a chaos of revolution, plunder, and despair? Three events have occurred which we are invited to believe have converted the people of this country into a mischievous brood of revolutionists, communists, and socialists. Certainly the first event in importance was the circulation of a cheap edition

of Mr. Henry George's famous book, *Progress and Poverty*. The next prominent event, perhaps, in the minds of the fearful ones was the birth of a new political centre. The energetic and somewhat unscrupulous Mr. Hyndman, the impulsive Mr. Headlam, and the great-hearted William Morris, neither of them very terrible individually, put their heads together, called themselves the Democratic Federation, and woke up one fine morning to find themselves the terror of polite society, and credited with an amount of power and influence that must have come upon them as a surprise. The third event came about in the journalists' slack season. Such good old institutions as the big gooseberry and the shower of frogs were allowed to rest in oblivion, and poverty-stricken London was made to go through a series of sensational performances before an hysterical audience. For the thousandth time the people who wear fine clothes and live in great houses and eat good dinners were reminded of the existence of those who suffer in slums and rags, and to whom a morsel of bread is not unfrequently a luxury. For the thousandth time Dives lifted up his hands in pious horror, and wondered whether such things could really be. His mind was troubled, and he reflected—"How tempting must be the views of this Henry George and the Democratic Federation to the people who live in such squalor and misery! What more captivating doctrine could be placed before a man, living with wife and family in one small room, than that which tells him that the people he sees riding in coaches and wearing fine feathers are robbers and thieves, that they have robbed him of the land that is his by right, and that he may get it back from them if only he and his fellows stand shoulder to shoulder? Only one short week of bloodshed, barricades, smoke, fire, and riot, and then a millennium, when every bushel of wheat shall be two bushels, every quartern loaf two quarterns, every pipe of tobacco two pipes, every pint of beer a quart, and every man his own landlord." Such are the thoughts that pass through the mind of Dives, and he thinks it impossible that the working classes can have been otherwise than dazzled by such a

glittering picture of what might be. Alas! he knows them not. He need not tremble for the safety of either his life or his property. The masses of the people have been so long acquainted with poverty and its accompanying misery that they have almost forgotten what happiness and comfort mean, and any real attempt to induce them to make a bold plunge for a something they have but a faint conception of would dishearten even one so sanguine as Mr. Henry George. Have we not recently had a most striking proof of this? At a time when the poor and the unskilled laboring classes were suffering acutely from privation, resulting from a depression in trade of an abnormal character, all the wild harangues of the notoriety-seeking leaders of the Democratic Federation, all their thinly-veiled exhortations to violence and robbery—made, let it not be forgotten, to a huge crowd of men, the majority of whom were hungry, and not a few homeless—fell upon deaf ears so far as the laboring and artisan classes were concerned, and the only converts of revolutionary doctrines were discovered to be the well-fed rowdies and thieves, whose lives are spent in rebellion against the rights of property and labor, and whose hearts are dead to all sense of honor and justice. Such a class did not spring suddenly into existence in London at the time when the events alluded to took place, it has always been with us, and fresh recruits are being added to it daily from our slums. Before we indulge in wild shriekings and ravings against the brutality and lawlessness of such a class, it would be well if we asked ourselves individually what we have done to prevent the growth of such savages in the midst of our highly civilized society. If those who have done their best to rescue the children of our courts and alleys from falling into such depths of degradation were alone to cry out against the wilful and wanton destroyers of property and insulters of women, then the shrieks of indignation that have recently rent the air would have been exchanged for sounds that in comparison would have been but whippers of remonstrance. Let order be preserved and deeds of violence be put down at any cost, but the panic-stricken ravings for revenge on the mob that have

disgraced our journals during the past few weeks come with an ill grace from those who have never moved a hand, who have never committed one act of self-sacrifice in their lives, to prevent the children of the poor from falling into the arms of the criminal classes.

The secret of the fear of Dives is the consciousness of his own guilt. He knows in his heart that he has not done his duty to his poorer fellows. While he has been revelling in the wealth and luxury their labors have made possible, he has not bestowed a thought upon the social welfare of those to whom he owes so much. He cannot help feeling that were he in their position, the shortest cut to a new order of things would be the most acceptable, even at the risk of violence.

As a fact, Mr. Henry George's writings have had more influence among every other class than that to which they are supposed to particularly appeal. Very few workmen have read *Progress and Poverty*, notwithstanding cheap editions; what little they know of the book they have gleaned from newspaper criticisms, which of course have always been levelled against it. The majority of the few who have patiently gone through it from cover to cover have closed the book with hearts full of gratitude to its earnest author for exposing—perhaps more successfully than any one has done before—the iniquities of the present land system. He has proved conclusively to them—if they wanted the proof—that the real wealth of the country is in the land, and that in common justice not an inch of it more than is absolutely necessary should be allowed to remain idle. His captivating style and the charm of his glowing diction have failed to carry them beyond this point. The workman's life is, above all things, practical—far too practical perhaps. He is every day and every hour brought face to face with practical difficulties that he has to overcome by practical means; and when Henry George, with all the enthusiasm of a poet or prophet with a brand-new gospel, advises him to take the land from those who hold it and make it common property, he knows that the gifted student of social problems is talking arrant nonsense. It may be said, "If the working classes have no

sympathy with the views of Mr. Henry George, how is it that they attended his meetings and applauded his utterances?" The answer to this is, that the people who were found willing to listen to Mr. Henry George when he was in London were the few who take an interest in public affairs, and who have made themselves more or less acquainted with his theories. They know him to be one who is heart and soul in sympathy with them in their trials and difficulties, one who would see them living better, purer, and happier lives, and they are grateful to him. They applaud his vigorous denunciations of the land laws, and they feel that it is not unwise to applaud whatever he may say in favor of his own theories of reform—or, rather, revolution. They may be forgiven for not being over-anxious to convince the wealthy classes that the people are not in favor of a policy that means revolution, for they do not forget that land reform in Ireland might have been delayed another century had it not been for the impetus of the assassin's rifle. The spirit of opportunism is not confined to statesmen and diplomatists, and there are workmen who are shrewd enough to see that the wealthy classes will do much for fear, and little for love of their poorer brethren. Among the people, the advocates of a violent and revolutionary policy are difficult to find. A far stronger party, both intellectually and numerically, are those who see clearly that there is no short cut to a better condition of society, but that real progress can only be achieved at the expense of slow, steady, and orderly advancement. As for the masses of toilers and spinners, Conservatism, Liberalism, Radicalism, and Socialism, such words are to them but faint echoes from an unknown world, drowned by the cries of their children for bread.

In attempting to convince the people that it is right, and moreover possible, to take the land from those who now hold it, and make it common property, Henry George has failed. His pity for one class has made him unjust to another. His skilfulness in conjuring up visions of a golden future has made him blind to the hard facts of the present. The miseries of the world have, to use a homely phrase, made his heart bleed,

and he has felt it incumbent on himself to provide a cure for them ; but as there is no golden cure applicable to every disease, so all the world is not to be made happy and prosperous by any one theory. The wrongs of Humanity, alas ! are not to be remedied by the glowing conceptions of prophets and poets, but by the patient, steady, plodding work of practical men, helped by the development of an intelligent and upright public opinion. None the less the prophets and the poets have their work to do ; it is for them to lift us from out the mire of the present, it is for them to keep the ideal future in view, and clothe us with enthusiasm and courage, that we of more prosaic cast may have strength and light in our task of planting stepping-stones through this slough of despond to the brighter, nobler, and more beautiful life we see in the far distance. It is not for us to blame such men as Henry George for their wild dreaming and extravagant theorizing, let us rather be grateful that in this age of greed and luxurious living such men are to be found, scorning to devote their great abilities to the remunerative task of pandering to the selfishness of the moneyed classes, and content to endure the obloquy and abuse of the thoughtless and malignant in striving, however unsuccessfully, to ameliorate the lot of the poor and wretched. Unsuccessful as the author of *Progress and Poverty* has been among the class he hoped to convince, his labors have not been in vain. It is among the upper classes that the influence of his writings has been most keenly felt. He has opened their eyes to the fact that injustice and neglect of social duty is in this age a policy too dangerous to be continued long without results the most disastrous. He has not won their hearts, but he has aroused their fears ; and in doing so he has done something to hasten forward that reform of the land laws which will do so much to lighten the burdens of the people.

The Democratic Federation, with its disorderly programme of socialism and general plunder, has been treated far too seriously. The importance that has been attached to it by the press and society at large must have astonished none so much as its promoters. We are asked to believe that its manifestoes

express the opinion of a large and growing proportion of the working classes, and that its influence is so great that every workman's wife is in danger of becoming a *pétroleuse*, and that the griffin in the Strand, with its accompanying effigies of royalty, are likely to be removed in a summary manner. What are the reasons for these fears ? Are workmen practically supporting the Federation in any degree whatever ? Are there to be found as many as forty workmen who subscribe to its funds ? Again, it is Dives raising up revolutionary ghosts from the inky depths of his own guilty conscience. We have it on the authority of one of our old nobility that the wealthy lead lives of gluttony and extravagance that would have shamed pagan Rome. It is not unusual for ladies to spend £1000 a year on dress alone ; £2000 is spent on flowers for a single ball ; £2000 a year is paid for the privilege of slaughtering grouse ; and men spend as much as £5 a day on cigars. This is the evidence, not of a mischievous demagogue, but a lady of title. No wonder that a handful of socialists have power to make the wealthy tremble for the glory of England and the safety of their gold. As a fact, the mass of British workmen are as unlikely to become converts to socialism as any class of individuals in the world. They are, unfortunately, as much inclined to priggishness, snobbery, and caste as their richer brethren. The workman who is promoted to an overseership loses all social sympathy with his fellows ; he is no longer one of them, and he lets them know it. The workman who greedily stores up his little hoard until he becomes a petty capitalist and an employer of labor, almost invariably turns against the class from which he sprang, and becomes a sordid little autocrat, as unsocial and as unlovable as the worst of aristocrats. Mr. Hyndman and his friends may possibly make some impression on the very poor and the very ignorant by telling them that an equal distribution of wealth would mean for them higher wages, more food, better homes, and a social position on a level with their fellow-men ; but the very poor and the very ignorant are a small minority. The average artisan is so little inclined to socialism, in fact, is so

insensible to all true social feeling, that he would strongly resent the idea of, say, a costermonger being placed on the same level as himself. Among the women the spirit of snobbery is even more rampant; and this, coupled with the fact that women of all classes are ever opposed to revolutionary theories, renders the growth of socialism still more difficult, for the workman's wife is not without her influence.

The facts published in *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* and kindred works have certainly done nothing toward converting the working classes to socialism. Had it been possible for them so to have influenced the people we should have been in the mire of socialism long ago. However novel the facts may have been to the wealthy they were not so to the poor, who were housed far more miserably a quarter of a century ago, bad as their condition is now. The people know that if they were to wait for socialism to remedy the present state of things they would have to wait a very long time indeed; moreover, they see that it is possible to improve their environment without resorting to any such wild schemes. The best among them feel that much depends upon the intelligence and patience of their own class. They recognize the fact that the present evils of town life are not only caused by the greed of capitalists and landowners but also by the faults and failings of the people themselves. Many thousands of the poor and even the artisan class have spent their lives in the midst of squalor and indecency, as their parents did before them, and they have no very strong desire to live differently. All hopes, all longings for a better life have been crushed out of them. What has been, and is, the cause of this? The conduct of landowners only? Nay, it is not so. Landowners have been, and still are, responsible for much of the present misery, but no less guilty are these new friends of the people, the ultra-evangelical tradesmen, merchants, and manufacturers who thus united to raise "the bitter cry of outcast London." They subscribe liberally and plead for more money to distribute tracts and Bibles and erect mission-halls in the squalid byways of our cities. They propose to set matters right by administering free soup and free gospel in

equal doses. It is they themselves who require the gospel. Let them build their mission-halls, not in the narrow courts and alleys, but hard by the doors of their own suburban residences; the steps of the city missionary should be first directed to the counting-houses of his patrons, not to the garrets of the poor. Surely the limits of hypocrisy are reached when tradesmen, merchants, and manufacturers grind and screw as much profit out of the labor of their workpeople as is possible, accumulate fortunes and live in luxury, without giving a thought to their underpaid, underfed, badly-housed laborers, and then when the misery, indecency, and crime which has been caused by their lack of human kindness is held up in the light of day by some enterprising journalist, they, the Christian employers of "slop hands" and "sweaters," have the effrontery to offer the half-starved penniless poor a gospel that teaches that it is more blessed to give than to receive, that the duty of man is to love his neighbor as he loves himself, that the treasures of earth should be considered dross, and that no man can serve God and Mammon. The position of the laboring classes is to be improved, not by the free distribution of Bibles, tracts, and soup-tickets, but by just and human treatment from the hands of employers, great and small. It ill becomes successful traders, who have made fortunes while their workpeople have remained in squalid poverty, to break out into torrents of virtuous indignation at the iniquities of landowners and aristocrats. Many of them are now ready enough to join in the cry of "The land for the people," but will they be as eager in their support of the demand that must ere long be made by the working classes for a more equal distribution of the profits derived from the joint efforts of capital and labor? It is said that "the wheels of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." English traders, merchants, and manufacturers have, through exceptional advantages, often won at the expense of national injustice, enjoyed a long career of success. The exceptional advantages have passed away forever, and we have to compete with foreigners solely on our own merits. There may be an hour of great commercial crisis in store for the

country, which, with all its faults, it is our glory to think of as our fatherland; when that hour comes not only the land-owning class, but all capitalists—ah, and even workmen too—will have to make sacrifices not only of many time-worn ideas and prejudices, but of personal indulgences as well, and the sooner this fact is recognized the lighter will be the sacrifices each man and woman will be called upon to make.

The people can hope for little from either political partisans, socialists, or time-serving, money-worshipping, unlovable, middle-class evangelists, the high-priests of showy ugliness and cheap-and-nastiness. Let them accept from any of these what little good they can get, but they must look for help and guidance, not from the rich and powerful, not from aspirants for parliamentary honors, but the humble few that are to be found, even in this our day, thinking out the great problems this industrial age presents, not with the object of satisfying any desire for political power or

popularity, but simply from a sense of their duty to their fellows. It is for the people to help such men and women in their task with their practical experience and knowledge of details, and to work with them patiently and hopefully to bring about that social reorganization without which Acts of Parliament may be passed in vain, and philanthropists may squander millions fruitlessly. Philosophers, politicians, and theologians may all do something to aid the course of true progress, but the redemption of the people must be wrought by the people themselves with many hours, days, and years of weary self-crucifixion. But the glorious sense of duty done, and a sight of the faint glimmering dawn of a nobler, purer era, which they, however humble their work may have been, have helped to bring about, will be in the last hours of many a sweet solace and a rich reward that all the check-books of all the "self-made" men in the world could not buy.—*Fortnightly Review*.

FAMILY COMMUNISM.

It is notorious that the peasantry of Tuscany are better off than those of any other part of Italy, and the system of tenancy to which this is in great part due has been so often explained that it must be familiar to all who have made a study of the subject. The strange forms of social life to which it has given rise are less widely known and possess a more general interest. Among these what we may call the family colonies are perhaps the most remarkable. They are voluntary associations from which each member may withdraw at any moment. They have received no encouragement from the State, and are not even acknowledged by the law; they are not founded on an abstract theory, but have grown naturally out of the whole condition of the country; yet they realize the principles of communism more perfectly perhaps than any of the elaborate experiments to which theorists and philanthropists have devoted so much time and care.

The greater part of the land of Tuscany is held on the system of *mezzadria*. The proprietor provides the land and

the peasant the labor, while the other expenses and the profits of the farm are both equally divided between the two parties, either of whom can withdraw from the agreement after giving due notice. In some cases, especially where landlord and tenant are both new to the soil, changes are frequent and a great deal of ill feeling exists. The peasant will endeavor to dispose of a part of the produce secretly for his own advantage; the proprietor is apt to suspect him of doing so, even when it is not the case, and to be altogether too exacting in his demands. In the larger estates, however, the relations between the two are generally cordial and lasting. There are farms which are said to have been held by the same family for more than five hundred years. It was probably in such holdings that the custom of which we are speaking took its rise; it is certainly there that it chiefly flourishes.

According to the law and custom of the country, on the death of a father his property is equally divided among all his children. According to usage, it is

true, the youngest has a right to select any articles he may wish to keep, but he has to pay for them—that is, their estimated value is deducted from the rest of his inheritance. Now, if we suppose that a peasant has four sons, all of whom have been used to labor with him, he will most likely leave at least a small sum of ready money if he has been at all prudent, but the greater part of the real capital of the family is invested in the farm. They know the character of the land and the crops for which it is best suited. No one else would be likely to cultivate it to such advantage, nor would they be so successful elsewhere. So they come to an arrangement with each other. The eldest brother takes the farm in his own name, and henceforth becomes the acknowledged head of the family. All its business is managed by him, and, in theory at least, he becomes possessed of all the authority his father once enjoyed. As, however, either of the others can withdraw at will, and in that case his portion must be paid over to him in ready money, it is obviously the interest of the elder brother to act with justice and moderation. Meanwhile the family life continues much as it did before the death of the father. The old home is kept up, the brothers and sisters continue to take their meals together, and all the household expenses are defrayed from the common fund.

Such an arrangement is so simple and obvious that it is doubtless occasionally adopted in other countries, at least during the life of the mother. But elsewhere such associations are generally broken up by marriage. In Tuscany this is not the case. The daughters, it is true, receive their portions as dowries, and leave their home for their husbands'; those who remain furnish out of the common fund the wedding feast, which is often a sumptuous entertainment when compared with their usual way of life. That is all. When one of the sons desires to marry, the first step he takes is to consult the head of the family, who has a right to object on prudential grounds, but who would be exceeding the recognized limits of his authority if he were to endeavor to influence his brother's choice. Female labor is so valuable that, unless there are a large number of single sisters, as-

sent is in most cases readily given, and the wife immediately becomes a member of the association and shares the food and labor of the rest. Her dowry remains the private property of herself and her husband, but it is considered a matter of moral obligation that it should be put aside for the use of her children; and so whenever she requires a new dress or shoes, or anything more than board and lodging, she, like her husband, has to ask the elder brother for the money, and he generally takes care that the sums thus supplied to the various members of the association are nearly equal except in exceptional cases. All the children are brought up at the common expense, and no member of the association has a right to expect any compensation because his brother has six and he has none. The cost is, of course, smaller than it would be in England, as in the vineyards and olive-gardens work can soon be found for the little people which keeps them out of mischief, while it also contributes to the value of the harvest. For the chief crops of Tuscany repay an incessant watchfulness, and much of what has to be done for them is within the mental and bodily capacity of a child.

Thus the colony increases till there are too many hands for the work that has to be done on the original holding, when the landlord is generally glad to let another farm to tenants in whom he has confidence, and the old life continues. If this is not the case, some of the younger members leave to settle elsewhere, and recommence the whole process. It may be added that such a family association rarely outlives the third generation, and that it is seldom successful when it contains more than twenty adult members. The management of a larger colony is beyond the capacity of an average peasant; and, as the ties of family affection are gradually loosened by time and the birth and growth of new associates, conflicts are apt to arise which lead to the secession of many of the members or to the dissolution of the whole company.

It is difficult to imagine English farm laborers living in such a way. Many of their better as well as their worse qualities would render the intimacy and the restrictions of such a life alike intoler-

able. The Tuscans seem to prefer the common home and table to the privacy and isolation of a separate house. At least the men do so during the earlier years of the association. They remain among their old surroundings, and their wives adopt the ways and habits of their mother; there has been no great break in their existence, which has moved quietly on from day to day without bringing any marked change. The old man sees his children and grandchildren seated on the bench he used to occupy in his boyhood. There is a certain charm in this, and it strengthens the sense of stability which is dear to the peasant's heart.

Whether the women who marry into such a family are equally happy is another question. Next to bad times, it is most frequently the force of a woman's will which breaks up such associations or detaches members from them. The young wife finds herself surrounded by unfamiliar ways and customs, which she is powerless to alter or even to modify. A place is left open for her which she has to take; duties are assigned her which she has to fulfil. She enjoys less independence here than in her father's house, and feels herself of smaller importance. Her very children are hardly her own. Then there is the grievance of having to ask not her husband, but his elder brother, for the few personal necessities which she requires, and this is deeply felt; indeed, it is generally the cause, or at least the excuse, for the differences that lead to a final separation. The girl who has been brought up in a colony of this kind may look upon it almost as a matter of course, the one who comes from a private house never ceases to regard it with repugnance.

In order to escape from this humiliation, the women adopt a number of schemes and devices. The greater part of their dowries is invested in clothes, so that the evil day is postponed as long as possible. It is, of course, impossible for them to earn private money in the colony itself; but the practice of hiring themselves out as nurses is so common that it may almost be called a custom. The money thus earned is generally added to the common fund, but this is not always the

case, and at the worst the clothes that are always given to the nurse remain her own property. This is the reason why she will generally prefer a larger present of clothes to a higher salary.

We have spoken of colonies with twenty adult members, but these are comparatively rare; in general they number from eight to fifteen. Many of the younger sons leave the ancestral home; some to emigrate or to take farms on their own account, others to settle in the towns or to go into service. The influence of the new military system is strongly opposed to a form of life so patriarchal as that which has been described. The youth who has once been taken away from the surroundings of his childhood, and who has seen at least a part of the world that lies outside the village, is not likely on his return to settle quietly down into the old way of life. The restrictions which are hardly felt by the others, because they have been accustomed to them from their earliest years, seem intolerable to him. Other ideas have entered his head and other ambitions have been awakened. From a human point of view this can hardly be regarded as a misfortune, as it is only by effort and in freedom that the more manly qualities of mind and character can be developed. When viewed from the outside, these family associations appear to be possessed of many attractive features. The picture of a home that remains firmly established and a family that continues unseparated from generation to generation possesses a fascination for the imagination, and there is rest in the thought of a form of life that in the midst of this rapid age is perfectly still or only moves so slowly that it is difficult to determine the direction it is taking. That such colonies also possess many practical advantages is clear. Each of the members finds his wants supplied more cheaply than they could be if he lived alone; he is freed from the dread of the darkest forms of poverty; he can never be alone in his trouble; in sickness he is sure to be surrounded by helpful hands. When viewed from the inside these communities do not appear to such advantage. Bitterness and heartburning are to be found in cottages as well as in palaces, and they are apt to assume petty and

spiteful forms because the world that contains them is so small. The very quietude seems to have something relaxing in it. The men and women who are happy in these places are often remarkably patient and industrious ; they rarely display any marked spirit, origi-

nality, or enterprise. Family communities are interesting subjects for observation, and might form a pleasant refuge in old age ; but they do not seem to be the school in which strong men are trained.—*Saturday Review*.

HOPEFULNESS AND OPTIMISM.

IN that beautiful sermon on Hope, with which the Dean of St. Paul's closed the Cathedral services of the year 1885, in the midst of so many and such great anxieties, both political and ecclesiastical,—a sermon just republished with his Advent sermons by Messrs. Macmillan,—he remarks that in times of gloom, “to hope seems to us like deluding ourselves : we call it optimism,—an instinctive dislike to pain, a determination not to see the cruel truth.” The Dean is right ; and not only do we in times of gloom call hopefulness optimism, but at all times we call optimism shallow ; though “shallow” is the last adjective which we should be disposed to apply to that spiritual hopefulness which, as the Dean describes it, is the fruit of a serious discipline of the will, founded on faith, and pressing the imagination into the service of faith till we can actually *realize* what faith only refuses to doubt. What, then, is the difference between this kind of hopefulness and optimism,—the former a temperament only possible to men of earnest faith, and even to them difficult ; the latter a temperament usual enough amongst men of no particular faith, and asking for no effort even in them ? We should describe the difference between hopefulness and optimism, thus, that true hopefulness, hopefulness that has its source in faith and its fruit in charity, has no disposition at all to ignore evil auguries,—nay, sees them with even painful vividness ; and this by virtue of the vividness of its apprehension of the light which casts the shadows ; for seeing the light, it necessarily sees the shadows also. The optimistic temperament, on the other hand, sees neither the thick darkness nor the bright light, but only the watery pallor which is a compromise between the two, and which is the optimist's

equivalent for sunlight. Optimism takes hold of the plausible grounds, instead of the true grounds for expecting good,—the plausible grounds being hardly ever identical with the true ones. Hope of the deeper kind discerns its bright visions often through a vista of the most lowering clouds, and could hardly, indeed, fasten its gaze on the light, but for the cloud-vista through which it gazes. Thus it certainly was with that hope of Israel, which, as the Dean of St. Paul's says, makes of the Bible one long exhortation to look forward with rejoicing, in spite of series after series of the most cruel disappointments. The Prophets of Israel did not ignore these disappointments. On the contrary, they were always asking such questions as that which opens the book of the greatest of the Prophets,—“Why will ye be stricken any more ? ye will revolt more and more : the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint.” No one would have accused such a prophet as that of optimism. He saw the evil around him in its darkest colors. He was all but overwhelmed by the volume of it. He treated some of those very signs of the times out of which ordinary men would have drawn the highest comfort, as the most ominous. “Bring no more vain oblations ; incense is an abomination unto me.” “Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth : they are a trouble unto me ; I am weary to bear them.” And yet it is this same prophet who goes on immediately to announce that the victory of the spiritual cause at the shrine of which all this conventional and false worship had been offered, is certain, and that all the nations shall flow together toward the temple of him who is to be exalted above the hills in his perfect holiness. And exactly as it was with the greatest of Jewish Proph-

ets, so was it with the greatest of Christian Apostles. He, too, depicted the groaning and travailing of Creation in the darkest colors, and he too counted the evil which he felt so keenly and described so vividly, as not worthy to be compared with the glory that should be revealed. We take it that this is the great test of the truest and deepest hope,—that it opens its eyes frankly to all from which it is naturally disposed to shrink, and never ignores for a moment that which tells against it; while true optimism only blinks at moral calamity, and endeavors by evading all distinct sight of it, to persuade itself that it is not evil but good.

For example, consider the way in which true hope and mere sanguine optimism would look at the public anxieties of our present time. We are, indeed, often forced to contrast each of them with that prevalent pessimism which some of the most imaginative of our men of genius are trying to teach us,—which Carlyle, especially, was always trying to teach us. Perhaps the commonest subject on which conflicts of judgment arise between these various schools of thought, is the subject of the growing importance of popular opinion,—the growing estimate of popular intelligence and popular sentiment; the steady gravitation of real power toward the multitude, in whom it is hardly possible that there should be large knowledge; the growing deficiency in the reverence for authority, unless that authority can persuade the people that it interprets truly their own wishes. We all know with what unmeasured scorn Carlyle, and those who tread in Carlyle's steps, have treated this superstition as to the power of multitudes—who are "mostly fools,"—to dictate to the men of fiery strength and high intelligence, how the people ought to be guided and governed. We are assured by such teachers that wise men of average capacity would eagerly entreat to be governed by some one wiser than themselves; and we are warned that the taste for adulation which the multitude exhibit is one of the most ominous signs of the down-rushing of society to decay and death. On the other hand, the optimist can see no superstition in this claim of the multitude to judge more

justly and generously in the long-run, than even the ablest man judging out of the best resources of a solitary conscience and a solitary intelligence. The optimist points to the kindlier and milder features of the new age, to the infectious character of generous sentiments, to the ease with which benignant views of human destiny spread among the masses, to the recoil of popular opinion from all hard and forbidding doctrines, to the ready effervescence of genial feelings and mutual confidence among the people. Now, what would the temperament which is hopeful in the deepest sense, in the sense of that hopefulness which springs from faith, say to this constantly widening and constantly deepening controversy? We think that a man of such temperament would say that it is hardly possible to exaggerate the dangers and evils which may not spring out of this growing confidence in the fiat of crowds and multitudes on all the deepest questions of human society, and still more from the disposition to flatter them into a great conceit of their own wisdom, if it were not that behind and beyond this timid gregariousness of popular opinion, there is a Divine power at work which can and does make popular opinion feel its own helplessness, weakness, and vanity as keenly as the humblest individual; and which often works even more effectually on the moral life of great societies in their organic unity, than on the individual consciences of those who make up those societies. The true hopefulness would not ignore one single trace of that helplessness of multitudes which would fain persuade itself that weakness and error, if congregated together in sufficient mass, may be taken for strength and wisdom; but it would take care to recognize that wherever this mass of weakness and error is really found capable of an act of genuine trust in leadership marked by really noble traits, then, even though the trust should be misplaced, even though the nobility which excites it is imperfect, there is something on which the ultimate Divine power will assuredly work to bring out the high qualities of national courage and national humility in a truer and nobler form than any which would have been possible under less developed forms of national life. The optimist's view may be all

wrong. The blunder resulting from democratic trust in a great leader may be one of the very worst of blunders, a blunder leading to national calamity of the gravest type. Yet the pessimist's view of the matter will be still more completely wrong. He will fail to see the light beyond the gloom,—the elevation and purification to which any people capable of a great and generous trust are almost sure to be led, even if that trust leads them through misfortune and confusion. It is quite true that individual weakness often only aggravates its own infirmities by following in the track of other individual weakness as profound, though less hesitating. But it is also true that the humiliation and humility of nations may result in a far greater good than any humility which is not thus wide-spreading in its range, and that great acts of national confidence in leaders believed on good grounds to be noble, are, even when they mislead, more likely to refine and strengthen the character of the nation so misled, than they would be if the consequences of that confidence rewarded the trust reposed, and proved its sagacity. The optimist may easily be put to shame before the pessimist; and yet the ultimate hopefulness of a resolutely imaginative faith may be conspicuously justified.

Dean Church has pointed out in the fine sermon which has led to these remarks, that in various ages of the world, at a time when all was gloom, those who might have had the courage and faith to believe that a light would yet break through the gloom, would have been conspicuously justified by the event. Thus, Christians who saw the invasion of the Northern barbarians directed against the Roman Empire so newly Christianized, might well have despaired when they beheld the new fabric of civilization threatened with destruction at the very moment when it promised the highest fruit; and yet, as we know, they would have been wholly wrong. And so, again, as the Dean points out, in the tenth century, "when open wickedness and ignorance filled the high places of the Church, when all seemed so bad and so hopeless that men disposed of their goods as if the end of the world must

come with the end of the century, if any one had looked forward, in spite of all, to Christians again recognizing their high calling, again preaching peace and charity, and leaving all to follow Christ,—to the return of a great intellectual tide of art and thought when now all was brutality and darkness,—would he not have seemed a dreamer? Yet who would have been wrong and who right, the dreamer or the despairer?" The dreamer certainly would have been right; but not for his own generation, not for his own lifetime. And this is the difficulty of the truest hopefulness,—the hopefulness founded in faith,—that though it is sure to be right in discerning the breaking of the clouds, yet it has absolutely no assurance that that breaking of the clouds is near, or certain to happen within the range of foresight to which individuals and nations naturally look as, for them at least, final. As the individual man may feel sure that God's judgments are altogether righteous, though in this life he may never again emerge from the darkness they leave behind them, so the nation may feel sure that if they have gone wrong when they were striving to go right, they will yet reap the reward of that effort; but they have no right at all to feel sure that they will reap it in prosperity in the immediate future. It is, as the Dean says, a duty to be hopeful; but it is not a duty to be hopeful that any particular enterprise will turn out well, for it may be much better for us that that enterprise, whether individual or national, should fail. And, unfortunately, human minds are so limited, that hopefulness which is not bound up with particular events, is far from easy to us. Doubtless the best things will come to those who know how to wait and to earn; but they may be, and often are, delayed till hope deferred makes the heart sick. That is the true moral of the Dean's beautiful sermon. But this sickness of heart, which to the optimist is sickness unto death, and to the pessimist is sickness mitigated only by exultation in his own accuracy of foresight, is to the eye of Christian hopefulness, sickness which is sure of a final and complete recovery.—*Spectator*.

A WEEK IN L'OISE.

FOUR years ago a few friends spent a brief Easter holiday in France, visiting Amiens, Noyon, Laon, Reims, and, on the way back, Abbeville. The tour was so successful that the same party repeated the experiment this year, with a difference. They determined to stay at one place only, and make excursions thence, rather than pack every day, were it only a handbag; and to confine themselves to one district. This was the departments of L'Oise and L'Aisne, and the centre selected was Compiègne. The whole week, from Wednesday to Wednesday, was so free from any kind of drawback that it deserves to be recorded for the sake of others who may do the same or the like; while even to those who stay at home an account of a district less known than it deserves may be of interest.

The train from Amiens to Compiègne, passing under Clermont, is leisurely, but traverses a country of considerable, if quiet, beauty. The traveller who has started from London after a late breakfast may find himself at dinner in the Hôtel de la Cloche at Compiègne soon after seven in the evening. If he has left London somewhat earlier, he may see Amiens *en route*, with plenty of time for the cathedral.

It would be hard to find a pleasanter town for headquarters than Compiègne. The Hôtel de la Cloche is clean and good, with an excellent cuisine, and it has the great advantage of being cheap. The town itself is airy and well kept, with many traces of old houses which lend a charm to the streets. Two fine churches are worth a visit, and there are enough historical memories lingering about the place to give an interest to the exploration of it. A ruined tower called after Joan of Arc, and a brand new statue in the market-place erected to her memory, bring before us the name most to be remembered among those associated with its history. The statue is not good; a blowed and demonstrative young huzzy, with great physical vigor, and no indication of mind or spirituality, is an inadequate presentment of the maid; but it is not for modern art that we must go to Compiègne: that in the

Château is almost comic in its badness. The Château itself is a long and cumbersome pile built by Louis XV. On the side which gives on to a Place above the town, it is like an inferior Versailles; on the park side it resembles the whole south frontage of Carlton House Terrace, without the basement story, and so without any dignity. Inside it is much like other palaces, in which one always wonders where the people live, if, indeed they have any real life. You are led through one stately room after another, and are assured it is just as always used; but the whole is set out as for one perpetual court pageant, the chairs and sofas are such as none would ever choose for lounging, the beds are such as none would willingly use for sleep. The late emperor's bedroom had a certain interest, from the minute care which had been paid that every bit of furniture down to its smallest details should be that which was, or at least might have been, used by the first Napoleon, and the care in it and elsewhere in the palace to keep alive the Napoleonic tradition. The battles of the emperor in huge, vulgar, but yet mysterious and impressive, pictures hang on the walls—pieces in which all is confusion and fire and dim smoke, the calm and beautified face of the emperor alone clearly distinguishable in the whirl. The statuary and the "Old Masters" on the walls are below contempt, though the inscriptions on the frames almost approach the sublime in their flagrant and contemptuous mendacity. The windows of the suite of rooms all open into the stately garden—a very good specimen of the pleasure with its pleached alleys just in their tender spring green, its spacious walks between turf opening out into the park, the central one being that great ride of three miles long which Disraeli described in *Lothair*. Here a certain number of statues, however bad, are dignified; though one, a Philoctetes, who apparently is scratching his back with a dagger, moves to explosions of uncontrollable laughter the visitor who sees it for the first time.

The great avenue beginning in the

garden, and extending its three miles through the forest, up hill and down dale, to an abrupt rise at the end, is very like the Long Walk at Windsor. It has numerous ways into the forest ; but woe betide the tourist who, finding an open gate into any enclosure, trusts to finding that also open at the other end. The forest is throughout a place in which it is easy to lose the way, and the many signposts with a red mark always on the side toward Compiègne, are not as carefully kept as might be. Red would seem a color more easily obliterated under a republic than under an empire.

Some of the party are members of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings ; and it was with searchings of heart that they started for Pierrefonds, the most conspicuous instance of absolute uncompromising restoration that exists in the world. Even in ruin it was a singularly good specimen of a mediæval inhabited fortress, the approaches and the lower walls telling their own story to the antiquary and architect. M. Viollet le Duc set his heart on translating this story for the vulgar, and on setting before all who might come the exact reproduction of what Pierrefonds once was. Napoleon III. gave the castle to the Empress Eugénie, and after some hesitation and persuasion M. Viollet le Duc had his will. And it must be admitted that the end has justified the means. It is right that all should see in actual fact a great castle as it was. Some small external details remain incomplete, but as a whole the thing was done before the fall of the Empire. Courts, cloisters, guard-rooms, the Salle des Preux, the Salle des Preuses, the chapel and the sleeping-rooms are all there, more fit for habitation even than are Compiègne and Versailles, and far more suitable for it. It is strange to pass through the courts all clean and swept, to stand by the well in order for drawing water by the same kind of wheels and chains wherewith men drew it five hundred years ago, to look up to the bronze statue of the founder before the main entrance, to see the great gargoyle crocodile wriggling down the walls, to pass within the chapel doors, the warm sunlight streaming on us from painted

panes, and find all still but for the echoes of our own footfalls, and the accents of our own English tongues. The whole spirit of *Marmion*, *Quentin Durward*, and Malory's *Arthur* seemed here enshrined in stone. It was difficult to realize that no horns would blow, no steeds trample in the courtyard, no priest come from the sacristy to say his mass, that we should find no jester seated on the great hall steps—and the very spick and span newness of the whole added to the illusion. We were not standing where the Middle Ages had passed and left their traces—we were there, in their very heart ; we, not they, were the anachronisms. While the work of a master can make the past so live before us, we admit there are exceptions to the rule of non-restoration and of mere conservation. Here at Pierrefonds, and once before at the great Schloss of Wernigerode, in the Hartz, still a dwelling-place, the present writer felt most strongly that exceptions exist. Indeed, we could wish that the small sum for completing the little that yet remains to be done to the external walls and approaches might be voted for this magnificent historical monument.

On the topmost turret the wife of the *concierge* told us of the Prussian occupation. She had been sent away to her friends when they came, but her husband had been through the whole time at his post. They had no harm to say of their enemies, who had been courteous, and as anxious as the French themselves to preserve the fair castle. There is not a chip to the delicate sculpture, nor a scratch on the stone to show that a hostile garrison was ever within the walls.

It will be remembered that the empress claimed Pierrefonds as her own private possession, and that a long law suit between herself and the French Government was ended by a compromise. It is now for ever the property of the nation, and, of course, a *monument historique*.

The present party went the few miles to Pierrefonds from Compiègne by train, and walked back through the forest, about seven miles ; but carriages are good and cheap. It is well, as we discovered by sad experience, to avoid taking a meal at Pierrefonds. The best inn is abominable.

Château Coucy is a grand example of a mediæval fortress in ruin, and it is well that M. Viollet le Duc set his heart on another castle rather than on it. For its vast size would have made restoration impossible at one stroke. The whole of the little town of Coucy-le-Château, with about 900 inhabitants, is within the actual walls of the castle, what is now the ruin having been the stronghold. For the four hundred years it stood, it was a menace and a danger to all the country round. All that even a king of France could do for one whom he desired to serve was to ask his good friend the Sire de Coucy to be gentle to him; and Mazarin did wisely when he saw his opportunity to demand its demolition in 1652. From the top of the central tower, the most remarkable of its kind in existence, the view is finer than from Pierrefonds, and far more extensive. Across the dark forest rise the twin towers of Noyon against the background of hills, hills in the distance hide Laon, perched on just such another eminence as that on which we stand. The industrial works of St. Golain and Chauny show themselves in the distance by their smoke, the river flashes clear below the walls, and in the valley, about two miles off, stands a village with a church and spire, which one might expect to find in Oxfordshire or Northamptonshire, and quite unlike anything we have seen elsewhere in this district. The resemblance turns out to be no fancied one. The church of Coucy-la-Ville was, indeed, built by the English while they held the district from the castle in the twelfth century. There is also a very interesting church in Coucy-le-Château, where were groups of people waiting their turn for the confessional, in preparation for the morrow's festival.

We returned by a new railway through forest for much of the way, so new that it has not yet scared the birds away. We heard the nightingale in the bushes hard by while we stopped at the wayside stations; and though we suppose boys are boys in France, birds' nesting would seem unknown. We had diverged in the morning to see Noyon once more; and we had had some misgivings. It had seemed so beautiful four years since that we feared to dispel the illusion;

but it bore revisiting. The east end of the cathedral with its clustered apsidal chapels round a larger lapse is a little spoiled by repointing and restoration; but the west front, its gray porches with the wall flower growing in the crannies, the semicircle of gray canonical houses with red roofs, the old houses on the stream below the walls, the bishop's palace of a former day—these are untouched, and likely so to remain. Hard by the cathedral is an interesting, low, timber and brick library, with some valuable books, and historical relics. On the former occasion we had a difficulty in getting the keys, which after some delay were found in the house of a most courteous old gentleman, who gave up his *siesta* to show us the treasures of his town. What was his rank, and whether he did or did not expect a fee, was one of those dreadful puzzles which come to all tourists at times. Finally, by a happy inspiration, the paymaster of our party made a little speech in honor of Noyon, and gave a donation "for the poor of the town," which was courteously accepted. It was well we did not give it to himself, as he proved to be M. le Maire. Tourists come to Noyon so seldom—though we must not forget that Mr. Louis Stevenson was there on his inland voyage—that the landlord of the hotel, who was also the cook, remembered us well, and gave us an excellent breakfast, at which we were glad this time to give no scandal. Four years since, our visit was on Good Friday, and some of the hungry Englishmen had held it impossible to dispense with meat. "Mais, monsieur," said the *chef*, whose kitchen was invaded, "mais monsieur, il faut toujours respecter les préjugés." "Well, then, respect mine," said, unanswerably, that one of the party whose habit of body most strongly clamored for cutlets. This year we came on Easter Eve, when the rigors of Lent were practically over; but, indeed, the fare at breakfast and dinner the day before at Compiègne must have shown the sturdiest English Protestant that he would take no harm from what the landlady justly called "un bon diner maigre." Noyon is embosomed in orchards, mainly of cherries, a vast number of which are exported to England in each year. The whole hillsides

were white with their blossom and that of pears. The tender pink of the apple blossom was just beginning to show.

In the town itself there is a statue of Sarrazin, an almost unknown painter and sculptor, who figures as its greatest man. Calvin, who was born here, seems wholly forgotten or ignored, and his gloomy Protestantism has left no trace behind.

The high mass on Easter Sunday in the Cathedral of Soissons will not soon be forgotten by those who, of another faith and another land, assisted at it. Not only that the Church is of exceptional beauty, the music good, the congregation devout, the clergy and choir grouped with every attention to effect, but in French services there is constantly something unwonted, unexpected, even to those accustomed to Catholic functions at home. In this case, after the distribution of the *pain bénit*—a custom itself peculiar to France—the bishop and canons came to the first steps of the choir, where a general confession was made by one of the canons in the name of the congregation, and a general absolution given by the bishop, the ceremony being as impressive as it was unusual.

The ruins of the Abbey of St. John of the Vines have a peculiar interest to Englishmen, since St. Thomas of Canterbury passed therein nine years of his exile, from 1161 to 1170; and the lovely towers and west front of the royal Abbey of Notre Dame aid, with the cathedral, to make Soissons a landmark for many miles round. Standing on what had been the organ gallery, between the great towers—all now remaining of Notre Dame—the good woman in charge showed us in how terrible a grip the Prussians had held the town. On that hill, fringed at the top with trees, was a gap in the row, cut away for the purpose; and there the enemy's cannon had been planted. On this, still nearer, had been another fort. Down the road at our feet the conquerors had marched into the town when it yielded. In the Hôtel Dieu several shells had burst, irrespective of the sick. Above us, on a ledge, still lay chips of tracery torn away by one of the same missiles. But the wallflowers had almost overgrown them, flooded them with a double light—their own and that of the hot

spring sun; and, save for the one gap in the wood, it was difficult to detect any trace of the grim struggle, so vivid still in the narrator's memory. But in her talk, as in that of others, there seemed to us no wish for vengeance; that, if it exists, is, we suspect, confined to politicians and the army. The working country-folk appear to wish for peace alone, that they may meddle with no man, and that none again may meddle with them.

Back again to vespers at Compiègne, and to hear a very effective rendering of the fine Easter hymn, "O filii et filiae." It struck us as very singular that here and in other places in our tour the ecclesiastical pronounciation of Latin departed more than at home from the ordinary Roman mode, and approached the English school and university sound of the vowels. It is to be regretted that some of these church hymns are never sung in their original in Anglican churches, for they are untranslatable. In this very "O filii et filiae!" we have heard the following rendering of one of the stanzas, which no doubt was repeated this Eastertide in many churches:

"And Mary, as it came to pass,
With Mary, wife of Cleophas,
And Mary Magdalene it was."

We all know that faith and morals are not necessarily connected, and we know also that the French as a nation are less decorous—some would say less hypocritical—than ourselves in the novels they write and the plays they put on the stage. We recognize also the danger of generalizing from particulars; but, at the same vespers, and in the evening at the theatre, the two friends who assisted at the service noted a contrast, which seemed to their insular minds very French. Kneeling at vespers was a singularly handsome young woman, devout and recollected in her every attitude. The piece given at the theatre, "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," was such that it drove six middle-aged men from the theatre suffused with blushes, and long before the end; while, delighted with everything, and entering into the fun—which, we admit, was considerable—with infinite zest was our young *dévôte*. There was no reason at all to think that she or any of her party were anything

but thoroughly respectable people of the *bourgeois* class. The whole thing was an evidence of the difference in what may be thought tolerable in one country and intolerable in another.

Probably few tourists but ourselves ever stopped at Crépy-en-Valois. We might have done far worse. On one side it rises gently, on another very steeply from the plain ; and on the steep side, the walls of the old castle of the Valois race still mark how stout was the stronghold in a vanished time. But seldom was there a more dead-alive place. The old-world houses seemed to have no one in them, though they were clean-windowed and well swept before their doors, a few ladies with their prayer-books flitted by to mass, and we heard the nightingales sing in the gardens as if unaware that streets were all around. This town also has memories of the Saint of Canterbury and a chapel dedicated to him. To us it will be remembered by a breakfast whose excellence was quite unexpected, and some quince marmalade, the quality of which was indeed a *curiosa felicitas*. A short railway journey after breakfast took us to Senlis, among the most picturesque of towns, though, perhaps, there is not much, even counting the cathedral, of special and independent interest. This church is very late flamboyant, the rose windows might even be called debased ; but the interior effect of the whole is good, and we nowhere heard such interesting and true Gregorian chanting during our tour as here at a very early vesper service. We were almost the only assistants, the population having gone off *en masse* to a village *fête* in the neighborhood. To this possibly one of the choir boys intended to betake himself, who slipped out into the choir aisle when the beadle had gone to the sacristy for the alms bags. But that functionary was on him before he had time to escape, and he was brought back to his post with many resounding smacks, which did not in any degree disturb the elderly canons who were chanting the service.

A walk down the long steep street with ancient houses sloping to the clear Nonnette, an affluent of the Oise, and on the raised path round the old ram-parts overhanging the river, brought us

back to the pleasant garden of an inn near the station, where, over coffee, we discussed the way home to Compiègne, and hit on the happy plan of driving and walking through the forest of Hallate to Pont St. Maxence, seven miles off, and getting home by another line. The forest was ablaze with Lent lilies, and one of our party pulled many by the roots to set in his English garden. It was musical with nightingale and cuckoo, and the walk down into the little town is one of the prettiest things we saw. Not that the actual street was striking, except for the very fine bridge over the Oise at its foot ; but the lights were so fair in their greens and purples, the trees such a rush of leaf and blossom—for the town is embowered in pear, apple, and quince—that all was glorified in the early evening glow.

There would have been time next day to visit Beauvais ; but the forest charm, and the virtue of a day's rest before returning to London work and London worry, asserted themselves. We drove only to St. Jean au Bois, and walked back through the woods. Here are the beautiful remains of an abbey, unhappily being, and to be, too much restored, should funds be forthcoming ; and a wholesome little *cabaret*, frequented by woodcutters. A great load of beech trunks was at the door on its ponderous wagon as we went in to order breakfast, and the little sanded kitchen was full of the woodmen. And here we experienced that civility which never failed us. Nowhere have we found such frank and pleasant manners as in the department of the Oise and the Aisne, such perfect equality in the best sense, without a trace of familiarity or servility. The people were intelligent, frank, well-looking, and well-bred, from the *gamin* at the street corner upward. We turned unwillingly away from the shrine of St. Hubert, and its very realistic altar piece, to saunter back and find, but leave uninjured, blackbirds' nests by the way, and pluck a few last Lent lilies. There was the indefinable sadness which mingles with content when the last day of a holiday comes, even to mature men, the feeling that all this, exactly as it was, would never be again. A late after-dinner start at about nine o'clock

brought us home to London in time for breakfast next morning. The journey we took is an easy and a cheap tour in

a pleasant land, and to be heartily commended to our readers while summer is still young.—*Academy*.

CRITICISM AS AN INDUCTIVE SCIENCE.*

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE word "critic," in general parlance, may almost be called a term of reproach. It is seldom to be found in literature save in the wake of some contumelious epithet. "Carping," "envious," "malignant," "venomous," these are a few of the adjectives which seem to belong to criticism as naturally as "green" to grass or "gracious" to Royalty. Shakespeare speaks of "stub-born critics, apt for depravation," and it is the basest of all his characters who announces himself as "nothing if not critical." We are told, on the one hand, that critics are men who have failed in the arts upon which they vent their spleen; and on the other, that their utterances are inept because they have no practical experience of these very arts. We may try to console ourselves with the reflection that artists are not likely to sing the praises of critics, any more than schoolboys can be expected to glorify the rod, which, nevertheless, plays a salutary and not dishonorable part in their development. Yet we cannot banish from our heart of hearts an occasional tremor and faltering. We ask ourselves whether, after all, the best of criticism be not a futility or an impertinence. Great art it can make no greater; small art and mere bungling may safely be left to the tender mercies of time. Are we not merely adding to the "babblings and brabbings" of a world already full enough of empty noises? Are we not making ourselves a thorn in the flesh to many artists, a stimulus to none? Fine words butter no parsnips, and can vain opinion bring sustenance or refreshment, or aught save unhealthy inflation, to any

human soul? Should we not be better employed in hewing wood and drawing water, than in delivering æsthetic judgments which to-day inflict pain or nourish vanity, and are certain to be reversed with scorn to-morrow?

If such questionings as these have vexed the soul of any one who pursues the "dreadful trade" of criticism, let him turn to Mr. R. G. Moulton's book, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," where he will find them answered, and that with an emphatic affirmative. But along with condemnation comes a way of escape. Against judicial criticism, as he calls it (the phrase is something of a tautology) Mr. Moulton brings a crushing indictment. It is partly a survival from the twilight times of the Renaissance; partly an evil outgrowth upon literature due to the baneful influence of journalism. But, if the critic will repent in time and conform to the laws of inductive science, there is hope for him yet. He is not a "judge" but an "investigator." He must come down from the bench and find his place in the laboratory. He is not to praise or dispraise, to accept or to reject; but to note, register, classify. He has nothing whatever to do with taste; when garbage comes under his notice, he must simply hold his nose and study it as an instance of the laws of putrescence. "Differences of degree" do not come within his ken, but solely "differences of kind." The judicial critic stands to the inductive scientist as the astrologer (do we not talk of "judicial astrology"?) to the astronomer. As yet, Mr. Moulton admits, critical science is in its infancy; but ere long, he predicts, the critic will give up his foolish likes and dislikes, and devote himself with true scientific impartiality to his task of mere investigation. In his moments of relaxation the botanist may prefer the rose to the burdock;

* "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist; a Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism," by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge University. (Extension) Lecturer in Literature. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1885.

but the science of botany is concerned with no such trivial, nay invidious, distinctions.

It is not my intention to travesty, or in any way misrepresent Mr. Moulton's position. He is a writer who deserves respect. His studies of certain of Shakespeare's plays are full of subtlety and suggestion, and render his work a really valuable contribution to Shakespearean criticism, if not to inductive science. But these studies are sandwiched between an initial "plea for an inductive science of literary criticism," and a final "survey of dramatic criticism as an inductive science," which call for very serious investigation. His book has received the academic stamp which belongs, in the eyes of the public, to a work issued by the Clarendon Press. He avows that it is intended partly as an educational manual, and from his position as a University Extension Lecturer it seems likely to find its way, as a work of some authority, into the hands of young persons. Therefore, it seems to me, this process of investigation should be attempted without loss of time.

If Mr. Moulton's contention is false, it is fatally false. Professing to attack arbitrary dogmatism in literary judgments, he is fostering a dogmatism yet more destructive, because its first dogma asserts that it is *not* arbitrary. If this be so, there is danger that the studious youth of this realm may be misled into assuming a mistaken attitude toward literature in general and Shakespeare in particular. Mr. Moulton's principles of criticism, if they fall in fruitful ground, must produce either inductive scientists or intolerable prigs; and the chances, I think, tend in the latter direction.

What, in the first place, does Mr. Moulton understand by inductive criticism? We turn to the second page of his book, and find the following example:—

"Let the question be of Ben Jonson. Judicial criticism starts by holding Ben Jonson responsible for the decay of the English Drama. Inductive criticism takes objection to the word 'decay' as suggesting condemnation, but recognizes Ben Jonson as the beginner of a new tendency in our dramatic history. But, judicial criticism insists, the object of the drama is to portray human nature, whereas

Ben Jonson has painted not men but caricatures. Induction sees that this formula cannot be a sufficient definition of the drama, for the simple reason that it does not take in Ben Jonson; its own mode of putting the matter is that Ben Jonson has founded a school of treatment of which the law is caricature. But Ben Jonson's caricatures are palpably impossible. Induction soon satisfies itself that their point lies in their impossibility; they constitute a new mode of portraying qualities of character, not by resemblance, but by analyzing and intensifying contrasts to make them clearer. Judicial criticism can see how the poet was led astray; the bent of his disposition induced him to sacrifice dramatic propriety to his satiric purpose. Induction has another way of putting the matter; that the poet has utilized dramatic form for satiric purpose; thus by the 'cross-fertilization' of two existing literary species he has added to literature a third including features of both. At all events, judicial criticism will maintain, it must be admitted, that the Shakespearean mode of portraying is infinitely the higher; a sign-painter, as Macaulay points out, can imitate a deformity of feature, while it takes a great artist to bring out delicate shades of expression. Inductive treatment knows nothing about higher or lower, which lie outside the domain of science. Its point is that science is indebted to Ben Jonson for a new species; if the new species be an easier form of art it does not on that account lose its claim to be analyzed."

Already we seem to be on the track of Mr. Moulton's fallacy. The opposition in the above extract is not between "judicial criticism" and "induction," but simply between æsthetic and historical, or analytic, criticism; in other words, between appraisement and classification. It is quite true that before we can profitably appraise a work we must classify it, and try to attain the proper historical point of view from which to regard it; but it is a most inconvenient laxity of language to apply the term "induction" to the process by which we arrive at that point of view. Here is an example of the slough into which Mr. Moulton's principles, logically applied, tend to betray us:—

Let the question be the "Post-Office Directory." Judicial criticism starts by holding that it is not literature at all. Inductive criticism takes objection to any such limitation of "literature." It recognizes in the "Post-Office Directory" a phenomenon differing in kind (not in degree) from "Hamlet," from "Sartor Resartus," from "Box and Cox," and from "Bradshaw's Railway Guide;" but sees no reason to exclude

it from literature. But, judicial criticism insists, the object of literature is to read, not to be turned-up; whereas no one ever read the "Post Office Directory." Induction replies, that no one ever read a great many of the books which no gentleman's library should be without; and that if the "Post-Office Directory" is not read, the "Peerage," which evidently belongs to the same class, is read with pleasure and profit by thousands. But, says judicial criticism, literature implies grammar. Induction sees that this assertion will not hold, for the simple reason that it would exclude the "Post-Office Directory;" its own mode of putting the matter is that the Post-Office has founded a school of treatment of which the law is *facta non verba*, facts without verbs. Besides, the "Post-Office Directory" is not ungrammatical; whereas Shakespeare often is. Judicial criticism complains that the "Post-Office Directory" sets forth no logical sequence of events or train of thought. Induction soon satisfies itself that the point of the "Post-Office Directory" lies in its illogicality; it establishes a new mode of "piercing through the body of the suburbs, city, court," not by description or analysis, but by streets and squares. At all events, judicial criticism will maintain, it must be admitted that the Shakespearean mode of portraying mankind is infinitely the higher. Inductive treatment knows nothing about higher or lower, which lie outside the domain of science. Its point is, that science is indebted to the Post-Office for a new species. It may be remarked in passing that the late Postmaster-General has written poetry, whereas Shakespeare never wrote a "Post-Office Directory;" whence it might be argued that a larger endowment goes to the production of the "Directory" than to the composition of "Hamlet." But such an argument is not strictly scientific, and savors, in fact, of exploded judicialism.

But I would not have Mr. Moulton accuse me of treating with flippancy a theory of such grave import. I would rather attempt, in all seriousness, to show firstly, that critioism cannot be a science in any strict, or even convenient, sense of the word; secondly, that when Mr. Moulton thinks he is proceeding in-

ductively he is in reality doing nothing of the sort.

Mr. Moulton goes to the whole circle of the sciences in his search for analogies—to astronomy, to zoology, to botany, to physiology. But is there the smallest actual analogy between literature, or rather between art in its widest sense which includes literature, and the subject-matter of any one of these sciences? The astronomer, the zoologist, and their fellows, deal with objective facts, or, if this seems to beg a metaphysical question, with phenomena which produce identical impressions on the senses of all normally constituted men. All science proceeds on the assumption of an agreement as to the facts which it classifies and interprets. A Fuegian savage, looking into Darwin's microscope, would see exactly the same objects as Darwin himself. He would notice them less and interpret them differently; but the picture on his retina would be precisely similar to that on Darwin's. Deny this, and you deny the possibility of science. If half mankind questioned the existence of the sun at midday—asserted, that is to say, that they could not perceive any object in the heavens whose appearance was uniformly accompanied by certain sensations which disappeared on its disappearance—astronomy and physics would collapse like soap-bubbles. If any race, or nation, or sect, or party declared that apples, instead of dropping to the ground, appeared to them habitually to fly off into space, the theory of gravitation would be utterly upset. Science is science only in so far as it deals with phenomena beyond the reach of opinion. The inferences drawn from these phenomena may be far as the poles asunder, but the phenomena themselves must be beyond dispute. Carlyle considered the theory of evolution a culminating example of human folly, and if he had spent ten years in Professor Huxley's laboratory that opinion might have remained unchanged; yet as to the visible and tangible facts of each dissection and experiment, the scientist and the anti-scientist would have been absolutely at one. Even in a deductive science like geometry, whether we hold its axioms to be intuitive or empirical, it is certain that no man's senses ever contradicted

the assertion that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Science, in short, bases itself on facts on which all mankind agrees, or, given proper means of observation, would certainly agree. It may not always distinguish between such facts and the inferences it draws from them, and may put forward these inferences as though they were the fundamental facts themselves. Nevertheless, a certain number of fundamental facts must exist, separable by a just analysis from all inferences and assumptions; otherwise we may have a body of doctrine, but no science.

What, now, is the subject-matter of criticism? Art, no doubt, in all its manifestations—statues, pictures, poems, plays, novels, songs, symphonies. But are these things its subjects in the same sense in which stars are the subjects of astronomy or animals of zoology? Surely not. Statue, picture, and play have their whole existence, as works of art, in the perceptions of a certain number of men (relatively few) who agree to call themselves cultured. Apart from the cultured sense, they are so many portions of stone, canvas, or paper. Criticism deals with their relation to certain ideas in the percipient mind; a relation which millions are incapable of estimating at all (the ideas and the perceptive power being absent), and which no two people estimate alike. Even in the seemingly non-imitative arts we deal not with objects but with relations. In this respect, indeed, there is no distinction between imitative and non-imitative; a statue by Phidias, and a song by Schumann, alike appeal to us in virtue of their relation to one or both of two conceptions—our idea of truth, and our idea of beauty. How far these two ideas coincide, or ought to coincide, this is not the place to inquire; what we have here to note is simply that art has no existence save in the variously-perceived relations of certain phenomena to these variously-conceived ideas. "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," and what is true of humor is true of all other forms of artistic attraction. "Was there ever such stuff as Shakespeare?" asked George the Third; and most educated persons are agreed

that his remark shows an undeveloped idea of truth, or beauty, or both. Yet we cannot say that he was wrong in the sense in which we should hold him to be wrong had he declared the earth to be flat. The rotundity of the earth can be demonstrated to any sane man; it is a fact quite independent of any one's conception of truth, beauty, or anything else. But the greatness of Shakespeare cannot possibly be demonstrated to any one. If all Englishmen had the royal frankness of George the Third, nine out of ten of them would be found to hold his opinion, and to be impervious to all argument to the contrary. It is even possible that a time may come when the cultured few, who now sincerely and intelligently hold Shakespeare a demigod, may so far alter their ideas of truth and beauty as to come round to the "drunken savage" of Voltaire. Our great-grandfathers held some such estimate; and difficult as it is to conceive our great-grandsons reverting to it, the difficulty is not an impossibility like that which meets us when we try to conceive any sane man reverting to the theory that the earth is flat. We *know* the earth to be round—it is a matter of science; we *hold* Shakespeare to be great—it is a matter of opinion, or, to use the special term for opinion on questions of art, it is a matter of taste.

An objection may here occur to the reader; are not our ideas of truth and beauty in matters of art capable of scientific analysis? and in such an analysis have we not at least the foundation of a science of criticism? To the first question I answer "Perhaps;" to the second, "No." Even the idea of truth in art is anything but easy of analysis, since we have to deal not with actual, but with more or less conventional, correspondences, and every one forms a different idea of the nature and amount of admissible, or rather of desirable, convention. But when we come to beauty, and ultimately to truth-in-beauty, beauty-in-truth, we find analysis more difficult still. A certain amount of advance has indeed been made, and a much greater advance may confidently be expected, toward tracing the genesis of our idea of beauty, and analyzing the associations, in our ancestors and ourselves, from which it has sprung. This

is an interesting branch of psychological inquiry, but it can at best explain certain race-preferences for certain general types ; whereas criticism is chiefly concerned with individual preferences for the minutest individual variations, whether in the things presented or in the methods and conventions of presentation. If the idea of beauty were identical in all mankind, or even in all the individuals of any race or nation, to analyze and formulate it would doubtless be to lay the foundation of a science of criticism, either for mankind or for that particular race or nation ; though even then differences of perception would leave all results contestable. As it is, the idea of beauty is different in each individual ; the diversity being due to innumerable diversities of hereditary bias, of organism, of education, of chance association, so subtle as to defy any but the rudest analysis while our means of self-knowledge and self-communication remain anything like as imperfect as they are at present. Criticism, then, is and will continue to be, so long as human faculties remain as they are, the utterance of individual judgments resulting from the application of individual standards to works of art, the very perception of which is affected by a "personal equation" by no means to be eliminated. It is to be held good, bad, or indifferent according to the degree in which it commands the assent of men of culture and intelligence in the critic's own time and in subsequent generations. So far from having to do with induction, its methods are mainly deductive. Its very name implies the application of laws, canons, standards, and, as I have tried to show, it is only the vaguest and most general of these laws that can claim anything like scientific necessity. The great body of them are mere conventions, accepted to-day, rejected to-morrow ; axioms to A, absurdities to B ; rude generalizations, in short, of the individual preferences current in certain periods, or places, or castes, or coteries. The critic, like Portia in the Doge's Court, is advocate and judge in one. The cultured opinion of his day, watching the case like the Doge and his senators, may or may not accept and give effect to his judgment. There is always an appeal to the High Court of

Time, but even it has an inconvenient way of reversing its own deliverances. The only absolute and final award which it ever pronounces is the sentence of oblivion.

Far be it from me to deny the importance, nay, the supremacy, of the historic method in criticism. It is only in our own age that men have begun to see the past in something like its true perspective. To the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the bygone ages of the world were projected on a plane, like a willow-pattern landscape. The eighteenth century freed itself but imperfectly from this illusion. If it recognized intellectually a foreground, middle-distance, and horizon, it showed little alacrity in departing from its own fixed point of observation. The complete survey and mapping to scale of the past has been reserved for the workers of this age. We have learned to study things in their environment, to inquire into the conditions which gave them birth, the laws which regulated their growth, the purposes to which they were applied. We strive, however imperfectly, to put ourselves in the places of the men who produced them, and for whom they were produced. It is of course possible, and even allowable, to call such study "scientific ;" but it is surely much more convenient to call it "historical" or "systematic." We may even, if we choose, describe as "inductive" the processes which it involves, though that is by no means a luminous term to apply to them. But, granting all this, two points remain to be observed. Firstly, this is not at all what Mr. Moulton understands by his "inductive science" of criticism ; if it were, why should he announce the dominant method of the day as a new and unrecognized discovery ? Secondly, even if we could identify Mr. Moulton's "inductive science" with the historic method, we should have to assert, what Mr. Moulton explicitly denies, that this and all other methods of study are merely preliminary to the æsthetic verdicts, deductive, personal, judicial, in which criticism, properly so called, consists. To judge we must comprehend, to enjoy we must sympathize ; therefore we make ourselves, so far as in us lies, Athenians, Romans, Florentines, Eliza-

bethan Englishmen, and so multiply, subtilize, and intensify our capacities of enjoyment. But enjoyment,—selective, comparative, judicial enjoyment,—is our one rational aim.* Mr. Moulton (if he were consistent, which he fortunately is not) would have us omnivorously ingulf all literature whatsoever, analyzing, classifying, sub-classifying, and cross-classifying it in a thousand ways, oblivious only of such deductive and unscientific distinctions as merit and interest. We should study Seneca as carefully as Sophocles, Rowley as Shakespeare, Pye as Pope. "The treatment aimed at," says Mr. Moulton, in so many words, "is one independent of praise or blame, one that has nothing to do with merit, relative or absolute." As if there were anything worth a moment's consideration in literature as literature, except its relative or absolute merit!

Mr. Moulton, I have said, is not consistent; and this brings me to the second portion of my design, which was to show that his own criticism of Shakespeare is not a whit more inductive than that of any other commentator. It is interesting, thoughtful, original, valuable,—but it has nothing whatever to do with inductive science.

What is the actual matter of Mr. Moulton's inductive studies? The first is a paper entitled "The Two Stories Shakespeare borrows for his 'Merchant of Venice': a Study in the Raw Material of the Romantic Drama." On the first page of this essay, we are informed that the very fact of the common use of ready-made stories as raw material "serves to illustrate the elevation of the Elizabethan drama in the scale of literary development: just as the weaver uses as his raw material that which is the finished product of the spinner, so Shakespeare and his contemporaries start in their art of dramatizing from story which is already a form of art." What is this but a gratuitous assertion of "relative merit," founded not on an induction, but on a false analogy? By parity of reasoning, Mr. Wills's "Olivia"

should stand higher in "the scale of literary development" than "The Vicar of Wakefield," and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" should be to their originals as velvet to woven silk. The absurdity of the statement, however, does not here concern us; it is sufficient to note its absolutely non-scientific, non-inductive, and, in short, arbitrary and "judicial" nature.

In every second line there is a similar contravention of Mr. Moulton's own fundamental principles. When he assures us that "the story of the Jew exhibits dramatic capability," on what induction is his conception of "dramatic capability" founded? True, he might conceivably collect a number of stories, adduce evidence to show that they have been effective when treated theatrically, and then prove that the story of the Jew resembles them in certain essential particulars. He would thus arrive inductively at a presumption—no more—in favor of the "dramatic capability" of this particular story, but by what a roundabout and toilsome route! As a matter of fact, he takes the ordinary short cut, saying in effect: "This story seems to me capable of interesting and attractive theatrical treatment, and I have found my own feelings in such matters so generally shared by other intelligent men, that I feel justified in stating my opinion with the emphasis of certainty." Thus Mr. Moulton, in the last analysis, simply gives expression to his own taste, hoping either to command the immediate assent, or to conquer the ultimate adhesion, of those whom he believes capable of forming a valid opinion on the matter in hand; and the most Rhadamanthine of "judicial" critics does neither more nor less. We may, if we please, describe as "induction" the experience which leads us to hope that our individual taste will immediately or finally impose itself on those whom we address; but even such pedantry as this will not make an inductive science of criticism.

Turning a single page, we come upon the statement that, "In the artist's armory one of the most effective weapons is idealization." What is this but a postulate as deductive as any of Spinoza's? If Mr. Moulton appeals to experience under the name of "induc-

* As critics or students of literature, that is to say. If our object be the study of political or social history for its own sake, the case is, of course, altered, and the worst writer may be as interesting to us as the best.

tion," I reply that this is merely an assertion of his own taste and that of a certain critical school, to which the taste of another large and steadily increasing school is diametrically opposed. If a critic were to begin an essay on Pope, with the axiom that, "Among all English measures the heroic couplet is the noblest," we might or might not agree with him, but we should certainly not greet him as an inductive scientist. Mr. Moulton's aphorism may command more general assent, but it is neither more nor less arbitrary.

The very title of Mr. Moulton's second essay is, "How Shakespeare *improves* the Stories in the Telling." In what sense are we to take the word I have italicized, if it does not imply a statement of "relative merit"? In the course of the study we are assured, without any attempt at proof, inductive or otherwise, that "an amount of poetic splendor is lavished upon" the casket scene, "which throws it up as a poetic centre" to the play; and again, that Portia's speech on mercy "is one of the noblest in literature, a gem of purest truth in a setting of richest music." Most readers will heartily concur in these judgments—mark the word—and for my part I do not in the least blame Mr. Moulton for not attempting a scientific demonstration of their truth. They are, in the nature of things, incapable of scientific demonstration. They are "judicial" utterances of the writer's individual taste, which happens to jump in this case with the taste of most educated men. Nay, more, what I would beg specially to impress upon Mr. Moulton is that they exemplify the essential and ultimate expression of criticism properly so called. All the processes which Mr. Moulton imagines to be "inductive," and all other processes of literary inquiry whatsoever, have no other use or purpose but to support or impugn, confirm or demolish, such "judicial" assertions as these. Criticism, in short, is not a science of demonstration, but an art of persuasion. All its labors of historical inquiry, æsthetic analysis, emendation, elucidation, classification, and the rest, simply subserve the one great end of enabling us to form such judgments for ourselves and to impress them upon our fellows.

This is Mr. Moulton's object, just as it was Macaulay's, or Johnson's. He is not to be blamed for entering upon considerations of "absolute and relative merit," any more than he is to be blamed for breathing oxygen and preferring sunshine to fog. The remarkable point in his procedure is not that in climbing the mountain he should look at the view, but that he should start with the expressed intention of making the ascent blindfold in the interests of "science." Science is no loser by his slipping the bandage, for it is quite unconcerned in the matter; but æsthetic criticism—for Mr. Moulton's criticism, by the irony of fate, is not even historical, but purely æsthetic—æsthetic criticism, I repeat, is largely the gainer.

"Jessica and Lorenzo are *charmingly* sketched;" we find in the part of Lorenzo "some of the *noblest* passages of Shakespeare;" "the portrait of Richard *satisfies a first condition of ideality*;" "ideal villainy *must be ideal* also in its success;" the wooing scene in "Richard the Third" contains "one of the *greatest* strokes in the play . . . a burst of *startling eloquence*;" when ideal villainy meets with ideal Nemesis, "then *the full demands of art* will be satisfied;" "it is a *law of taste* that force may be dissipated by repetition;" "Richard the Third" is "this *master-piece* of Shakespearean plot," and illustrates the poet's "*grandeur* of conception;"—does not every one of these phrases contain either an arbitrary estimate of merit or a critical aphorism deductively applied? Mr. Moulton actually uses without a blush the very word "taste," which, in his introduction, he has expelled with scorn from the vocabulary of inductive criticism. How sad is the falling away when our inductive scientist sets to postulating "laws of taste" and "demands of art," just as if he cared as little for induction as Horace, or Boileau, or Addison, or Mr. Arnold!

"But," Mr. Moulton may say, "these laws of taste are known to me by induction."

This is partly true; and not otherwise have they been known (so far as they have been known at all) to every critic who ever used the words, good, bad, and indifferent.

The illusion—for such it is—by which Mr. Moulton has been led to hold his critical method inductive, might form the subject of an interesting psychological study. It is an outgrowth of acute Shakespeareolatry. Far from being inductive, Mr. Moulton's criticism is in reality a series of deductions from the pregnant axiom, "Shakespeare can do no wrong." "Judicial" criticism, even the most eulogistic, has seen in Shakespeare occasional flaws, oversights, inconsistencies, errors of taste, and crudities of workmanship. It has admitted, in its saner moments, that he was human after all, and consequently not always at his best. Such admissions are, in Mr. Moulton's eyes, examples of flippant irreverence, as though we should speak slightly of the Atlantic Ocean or any other natural phenomenon! "As whatever is (in Shakespeare) is right," he says, "it follows that what some people profanely call aberrations are, in reality, evidence of the existence of subtle and hitherto unrecognized laws. Be mine the task of formulating these laws, classifying the effects intended (and, of course, produced), fitting every scene, character, and incident into its place in an elaborate pattern constructed expressly so that they may dovetail into it, and, in short, proving inductively that the world of Shakespeare's art is the best of all possible worlds"—the very proposition, I need scarcely say, from which he started on this circular tour. Mr. Moulton, in brief, takes to pieces five of Shakespeare's plays, counts the pieces and makes a learnedly-named pigeon-hole for each; and then, having popped them all safely away, turns in triumph to his fellow-critics, saying, "If you can't make all Shakespeare fit in, it must clearly be the fault of your 'judicial' system; see how my inductive plan provides a place for everything and puts everything in its place!" In the course of this analysis and docketing, Mr. Moulton, who is both painstaking and ingenious, chances on many curious and valuable observations. Some of his pigeon-holes (he calls them "Topics in Dramatic Science") are handy and well-named, while others are cumbrously pedantic. His criticism may even be called scientific in the sense in which

we apply the term to good boxing and good billiard-playing—that is to say, it is neat, workmanlike, and full of knowledge. But the fact remains that it works in a vicious circle, presupposing faultlessness in order to prove perfection.

Mr. Moulton is not the first commentator, nor the fiftieth, who has constructed an æsthetic theory specially to fit every detail of Shakespeare's practice, and then called upon the world to take note how scrupulously Shakespeare obeys its dictates. Had he applied it to Shakespeare alone, one would not wonder that the fallacy of his method should have escaped his notice. But he must needs go further. In a luckless moment slighted Logic took its revenge (a Nemesis quite after Mr. Moulton's own heart) by suggesting to him the question, "Why should Shakespeare, any more than Brown, Jones, and Robinson, be a law unto himself?" The injustice of this distinction was obvious, and Mr. Moulton's way out of the difficulty was not to bring Shakespeare down to the level of mere fallible mortals, but to extend to all other writers his privilege of infallibility. It is astounding that a thinker so acute as Mr. Moulton should not have recognized his error as soon as he tried to imagine the application of his methods even to such a writer as Ben Jonson (the instance he himself chooses), not to mention the smaller fry of literature. In dealing with Shakespeare he was really on the heights. The very fact of supreme merit being presupposed lent some speciousness to the fiction that "merit, absolute and relative," was disregarded. Where all is, by hypothesis, perfect, praise is impertinent and blame impossible; as Mr. Moulton puts it, there can be no differences of degree, but solely differences of kind. If any writer, in short, can with a semblance of reason be made a law unto himself, that writer is Shakespeare. But what purpose is served by pretending that Ben Jonson is a self-luminous body, an autonomous state in the world of letters, one of those existences

"Qui ont
Leur raison en eux-même, et sont parcequ'ils
sont?"

The pretence, as we have seen, broke

down entirely even in the case of Shakespeare; in the case of Jonson it could not maintain itself for an instant. What may be temporarily obscured with reference to Shakespeare is glaringly obvious with reference to Jonson, namely, that no one is in the least degree concerned about anything but his merits and faults, and that an æsthetic system built upon his writings alone, as though they were the whole literature of the universe, would be like the sunbeams drawn from cucumbers, impossible, and, if possible, futile. And if this is clear with regard to Jonson, how much more so with regard to Kyd, Cartwright, Davenant, Wycherley, Cibber, Colman, Moncrieff, Buckstone, and T. W.

Robertson, all of whom (not to go beyond the playwrights) are in the eyes of Mr. Moulton's impartial science quite as worthy of "investigation" as Jonson or Shakespeare. Fancy an "inductive" study of the works of the late Mr. H. J. Byron! The very idea is a nightmare from which the imagination shrinks appalled. Yet, according to Mr. Moulton's doctrine, there is no reason why we should not—or, rather, there is every reason why we should—devote to "Our Boys" the same patient exegesis, the same scrupulously uncritical criticism, which he himself tries to apply to "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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Charles Scribner's Sons.

COURT ROYAL. By S. Baring-Gould. A Story
of Cross Currents. Philadelphia: *J. B.
Lippincott Company*.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. A Novel.
By Thomas Hardy, Author of "Far from
the Madding Crowd," "A Pair of Blue
Eyes," etc. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

ARMY SOCIETY. Life in a Garrison Town.
A Discursive Story. By John Strange
Winter. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

LIVING OR DEAD. By Hugh Conway (F. J.
Fergus). New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

WAR AND PEACE. An Historical Novel. By
Count Léon Tolstoi. Translated into French
by a Russian Lady and from the French by
Clara Bell. Part II. The Invasion. Two
vols. New York: *William S. Gottsberger*.

ANNA KARÉNINA. By Count Lyoff Tolstoi.
In Eight Parts. Translated by Nathan
Haskell Dole. New York: *Thomas Y.
Crowell & Co.*

The activity of publishers will now for several months find principal outlet in the realm of fiction, as it has done in fact for the last two. The provision for the great swarm of summer readers naturally consists of books that do not tax the mind too severely, and will help to wile away the long and lazy summer

hours by seaside and mountain. In the group of freshly-issued novels named at the head of this article, the reader will find several well worth reading from an intellectual point of view, while all of them have at least the good point that they are not stupid, and are at least fairly representative works.

But few of the novels of the king of French fiction, Balzac, are better known by name and criticism than his powerful study of woman's life, "Eugénie Grandet." Perhaps not the most interesting to the genuine reader, superficially undramatic, sombre, and almost repellent in many of its features, it penetrates to the depths of human character in some of its most heroic, as well as some of its most unlovely phases. Balzac's characters are thoroughly realistic in this, that they are living creations, with true human blood palpitating in the words which embody them. But they are ideal also in the sense that they rarely fail to strike the key-note of the great elemental passions, and rise far above the trivial and slight texture of action, which makes up the everyday life of men and women. Great spiritual tragedies may lurk beneath the surface of very simple and undemonstrative lives. It is such a treasure trove that Balzac finds in his heroine, Eugénie Grandet, and he lays it open for us with direct and masterly strokes of his literary scalpel.

Eugénie Grandet, a noble, large, simple creature, at the outset stands before us as a good example of the bourgeois type of woman,

narrow-minded, strong in her sense of duty, devoted to her filial obligations, the slave of her environment as the daughter of a rich, crafty, unscrupulous money-lender, who had acquired the leading place in the provincial society of Saumur by his relentless pursuit of wealth by any and all means. Yet her soul was not shrivelled by her arid home. When the time comes it blossoms like a rose, under the magic touch of love, into everything that is womanly and gentle. When that love is humiliated by the selfish egotism of her lover, her own cousin, the chastisement of fate lifts her into a grand and splendid altitude, in which the fortitude and patience of the martyr are sweetened by a cheerful acceptance of the responsibilities of life, and a wholesome activity in all generous and kindly works. The best lot of women, the love of husband and children, is denied to her, but we cannot but feel that no small meed of happiness must have come to her as a recompense for the austere and perfect beauty of the character into which she develops. The story of Eugénie Grandet has been so often described that it is hardly worth while to follow it here in detail. The pictures of père Grandet, the miser and fierce bloodsucker of society, whose only redeeming feature is his keen, if brutal, affection for Eugénie; of the patient, gentle mother; of the recreant lover, Charles, and of the various typical characters that enter into provincial society, are most graphic and vigorous. Balzac, like George Sand, is at his best when his mind deals with themes alien to the hot-bed, high-pressure, and artificial society of Paris. Many of Balzac's novels are offensive to sensitive tastes on account of their plain-spoken and very bold dealing with the problem of illicit love. In "Eugénie Grandet" the most innocent girl will find nothing which will shock her ignorance.

Mr. Bunner's novel presents a most striking contrast in scope, school, and purpose to its predecessor in our list. We simply say this, not as drawing any comparison between Balzac and a young American *littérateur* who has been and is doing some very clever work in his own line of effort, but as preparing the way for what we shall have to say. "The Midge" (the name given to a young girl, a waif, who is brought up by him who must be called the hero of the tale) is a slight yet charming study of life in the French quarter of New York. It hardly deserves to be called a novel, so limited is the scope of the story, so shallow is the penetration of the treatment into any of the

more subterranean interests, passions, and sufferings of the world. The pathos of the story is the not unnatural suffering and disappointment of the foster-father of the Midge, who, as she grows up into charming womanhood, finds his affection deepening into a more passionate and absorbing tenderness, and whose hopes, which had begun to blossom, are cruelly torn up by the roots in his discovery that her young love, which had seemed ready to twine around his own life, had been given to another younger suitor. This little drama, though it touches no great issue, is told with wide grace and literary dexterity, and the touch of the hand is evident which has given us so many delightful little minor verses abounding in humor, wit, and sentiment. Mr. Bunner is wiser, perhaps, than many of his brother novelists in this, that he works strictly within the lines of his own limitations.

Mr. Baring-Gould's "Court Royal" has in it two very powerful motives which can hardly fail to fasten on and retain the sympathies of the American reader. It delineates the stages by which a grand old English family has its prosperity gradually sapped and undermined till it topples over a great ruin; and on the other hand we have a clear indication of the accelerated pace with which the democratic influences now pushing their way to the front in Great Britain are moving, and a highly satiric picture of the certainty with which the plebeian element, when it comes to the fore, tends to ape the vice, luxury, and extravagance of its betters. The picture of the Kingsbridge family with all their virtues, which become, in part, the levers of their own ruin, is an admirable study, which no doubt is reproduced in real life in many a contemporary instance. Mr. Gould has shown a profound knowledge of English society in his faithful analysis of the steps leading to the disaster which overcomes the family at Court Royal, and a no less profound prophecy in the *dénouement* which sets in their place the parvenu son of a vulgar and pushing old man, with his wife, who had until very recently been the drudge of a wretched Jewish pawnbroker. The glaring social defects of the fortunate couple are, under the skilful treatment of Mr. Baring-Gould, made almost agreeable by the many worthy and sterling qualities with which he invests them. The story of Court Royal is wrought with a keen dramatic interest from the beginning. The picture of the decayed ducal family, and the devotion of the Worthivales, father and son, the stewards of the estates, who strive

with might and main to avert the impending catastrophe, is worked out with marked strength. We are brought into such close relations with these personages that, though we care but little for them as individuals, they interest us strongly as types of certain features of English life. The humbler persons of the drama have far more living value. Charles Cheek and his vulgar but indomitable old father, who is determined that his boy shall don the purple of aristocratic life, are admirably sketched. The strongest character in the book is that of Joanna Rosevere, the servant of the old pawnbroker Emanuel; and though complex in the motives which dominate her action, these are so woven by the author into a consistent web, that the vulgar and uneducated girl, the waif and bond-slave of a Jewish usurer, takes strong possession of our sympathy and admiration. Mr. Baring-Gould has the knack of taking *naïve* and eccentric characters which are at odds with all our conventional notions, and making them work out their possibilities on simple and logical lines. He makes "Court Royal" exceedingly interesting by this mode of treatment.

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" cannot be considered as reaching the high level which Mr. Thomas Hardy attains when at his best. At least three of his novels may be ranked as equal to anything in contemporary fiction for many years back. Such novels as "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Trumpet Major," and "The Return of the Native" will rank among our English classics in years to come. The work now under our notice has all the distinctive qualities of Hardy's work; its strong grip on men and women; its excellent characterization of the lower classes in English life; its power of dramatic construction; its racy and homely flavor, and the deft cunning with which the author makes the actors in his story an absolute part of the surroundings in which they are set. The story itself, in Hardy's hands, seems never to be built or constructed, but to be the necessary outcome of characters in their collisions and war of interests. This is the natural and logical art of story-telling at its best, and no living English writer is more a master of it than Thomas Hardy.

The turbulent and undisciplined character of the Mayor of Casterbridge, who is, in the main, a well-meaning man, and the subtle causes which, partly imbedded in his own past acts, partly in the complications into which he is brought by the inevitable, is made the text of a clever delineation, as is also that of his

friend and final rival, the young Scotchman, Donald Farfrae. Henchard is beaten at last in business, ambition, and love by Farfrae, and the strange relations which still bind them together are drawn with far-seeing acuteness. The wrestle for life and death between the two in the barn is a most striking and vigorous scene, as is that of the death of Farfrae's wife, the woman whom Henchard had loved. Yet, powerful as many scenes are, as trenchantly drawn as are many of the characters, one cannot but feel that the whole book is pitched on a lower key of power than the highest. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is well worth reading, however, not only by the omnivorous novel-reader, but by him who is interested in fiction for other causes than mere amusement.

Mr. Winter's novel of English garrison life is sketchy, dashing, and amusing, and has a smack of genuineness which will impress the reader as inspired by very careful observation, if not by personal experience. One thing characteristic of such books is always observable. One knows just what types of character to expect. Garrison life involves, in provincial English society, certain personalities which are unfailing. The presence of a regiment with its officers, many of them rich and desirable *partis*, all of them gentlemanly and agreeable on the whole, is certain to develop a vast amount of intriguing and social diplomacy among match-making mammas, pretty widows, and such-like feminine man-traps. The gallant officers, on the other hand, accustomed to pass from place to place, and never many months in one, are quite sure to develop a high degree of perfection as male flirts, accustomed to fly from flower to flower with no very serious intention. This pretty game of "diamond cut diamond" furnishes a good field for the story-teller, and Mr. Winter makes good use of his opportunities. Many of the people of the story are cleverly drawn, and the plot, though loosely woven, has enough coherence to be interesting, and enough firmness of texture to make an agreeable background for shrewd sketching of character and plenty of racy satire. How far American readers, aside from the indomitable fiction-devourer who reads everything, will care for the kind of life set forth is a question on which we have serious doubt.

Mr. Hugh Conway's (F. J. Fargus) post-humous novel of "Called Back," originally published in this country in the New York *Star* and other newspapers, is issued in Holt's Leisure Hour Series. The charge has been

made that the skeleton only of "Living or Dead" was the work of the putative author, and that Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr are really responsible for the completed novel as it now stands. Be this as it may, "Living or Dead" retains the characteristic qualities of "Called Back" and the other authentic books of Mr. Fergus. By this we do not mean to assert that it has these qualities in the same degree, but the novel now before us is full of all the author's faults and virtues. It is melodramatic, full of movement, well constructed and interesting to the average reader. We do not expect from this author that his characters shall be much more than puppets to carry on the machinery of the plot. Of course such novels belong to a lower grade, but it is something in this day, when there is a growing tendency to disdain plot and to over-emphasize analysis, to find a writer who can tell a story with vigor, directness, and dash without stopping to lay bare all the secret and subtle springs of human motive. Mr. Fergus tells a story with a distinct purpose in view—that of interesting the average reader. He wrote for a large public, and he obtained it. "Living or Dead" turns on the seclusion of an English gentleman from the life and society of which he had been a brilliant ornament, in the belief that his wife had betrayed him. He disappears from the world, and with his eldest son lives in such obscurity that for years no one knows if he is living or dead. The machinery of the story is developed from experiences of the son, who, on going into the world under another name, the only one he has ever known, becomes the intimate friend of his own brother, the devoted admirer and champion of his own unknown mother. How he, in pure youthful chivalry and friendship, becomes the *deus ex machina* through whose efforts his mother's fair fame is restored, and his father's mind cleared of its horrible belief, we leave the reader to discover. The dramatic climax of the book is the discovery of the young Don Quixote that it is his own mother to whom he has brought a new life of peace, love, and reparation. There is a pleasant little love-story running through it all, and the attention of the reader is preserved to the last. What more does the general novel-reader need for the hours pleasantly beguiled, even if the book is thrown aside never to be remembered again?

The two novels of Count Tolstoi, which close our group of recent publications, are of a very different type, and are books to be read

thoughtfully. Count Tolstoi is a remarkable man—a philosopher, a scholar, an enthusiast, a character representing the highest enthusiasms of Russian life, and a brilliant writer who, now that Tourgueneff is dead, has no rival in Russian literature. The recent course of Count Tolstoi, who gave up his entire fortune for the benefit of the poor, and now earns his own livelihood by daily toil as a shoemaker, sacrificing everything to carry out his own philanthropic ideals, has invested him with a remarkable interest aside from his work as an author. But it is only in the latter capacity that we have now to do with him. "Peace and War," the continuation of the first series of the same name, is a study of the different phases of Russian life, historical and social, from 1807 to 1812, the period of the Napoleonic invasion. The picture is spread on a great canvas, and includes many striking episodes, but the attention of the reader flags at times, because the events and personages are often too local and alien to his own sympathies. But the writer delineates the scenes and characteristics of the times with extraordinary vigor, and the student of Russian life, especially he who would find in the past the roots of the colossal evils of to-day, will be powerfully drawn to Count Tolstoi's revelations.

"Anna Karénina," on the other hand, is the story, told by a genius of extraordinary insight, of a great social tragedy, the elements of which are universal, though the background is thoroughly Russian. It is the greatest of all social tragedies, the fall of a pure and high-minded woman, who is introduced to us as a model of her sex, a good wife and devoted mother, before the power of an illicit passion. The theme in some way or other enters largely into most modern fiction. Count Tolstoi treats the topic with a lofty dignity and splendid purpose which, even for those repelled from the theme, redeems it. The heroine, her husband, and her lover seem from the first to be the victims of some terrible fate, like the personages in an old Greek tragedy. They are borne on to their end in spite of all their struggles. The misery of the guilty woman, happy as she is in her unlawful love, which finally overthrows the whole balance of her originally strong and fine nature, and causes her to commit suicide, is painted with a terrible brush. Retribution for broken social obligations dogs her slowly but surely, till the fateful close, when she throws herself under the wheels of a railway train. The sombre

elements of the story are relieved by some most charming and idyllic scenes, and the contrast between a noble and upright marriage life, full of all joy and sweetness, is very vividly contrasted with the woful picture of Anna Karénina. This great novel could not be adequately treated in less than a special essay, it is so full of suggestiveness. It is not a book, perhaps, for a very young person to read, but those who have already eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil could scarcely find a book more compact with interest and instruction.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE death is announced of the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, son of the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." The deceased gentleman was the author of a life of his father and a life of Theodore Hook. He died at Dawlish at the age of seventy-one.

SEVERAL months ago it was announced that Prince Charles III. of Monaco had authorized the publication of the archives which had accumulated in his palace there for six centuries. M. Gustave Saige, the keeper of the archives, who was intrusted with the duty of classifying and preparing them for publication, has made fresh discoveries of great historical interest and value. A year ago he was commissioned by the Prince to proceed to Italy and search in the archives of Genoa, Turin, Milan, and Florence for documents relating to the history of Monaco, and he found many of great importance. This year he was desired to complete his researches by visiting Naples, Venice, Mantua, and Rome, the result being that he has found no fewer than fourteen hundred documents which throw much light upon the history of Monaco during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. These documents will be copied and included in the volumes containing the archives preserved in the palace at Monaco. The result will be that fresh information will be supplied concerning Italian history. Amongst the noteworthy documents is a series of Papal bulls preserved amongst the archives of the Vatican. One of these, which is very curious, is dated 1349, and was issued by Pope Clement VI., inviting Charles I. of Monaco to join Alfonso XI., King of Castile, in a crusade against the Saracens in Spain. We understand that the Prince of Monaco recently made M. Saige a Councilor of State, in recognition of his special services as keeper of the archives.

MR. W. P. DENTON-CARDEW has lately acquired the originals, or old parchment duplicates, of the depositions and documents in the Cenci trial from the son of an old collector of curiosities. They are now under examination by the officers of the MS. department of the British Museum.

AT the invitation of the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Henry Irving will deliver four lectures on English actors at Oxford during the week before Commemoration. The subjects are (1) The Age of Shakspeare; (2) The Restoration and Betterton; (3) Garrick and his Contemporaries; and (4) Kean and the Kembles.

THE English Goethe Society recently held its inaugural meeting at the Westminster Town Hall, London, when Prof. Max-Müller delivered his presidential address on "Word Literature, illustrated by newly discovered letters from Goethe to Carlyle." The originals of these letters, written in the last years of Goethe's life, could not be found at Carlyle's death, and are, it is to be feared, hopelessly lost: but Prof. Max-Müller had received the permission of the Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar to make use of the drafts kept by Goethe and now forming part of the *Goethe Archiv* at Weimar. In these letters, which will ultimately be published in the great critical edition that the Goethe Society has in preparation, Goethe is found dwelling, to the last, upon the services which literature renders to mankind in breaking down the barriers that separate nation from nation.

THE house in Dumfries in which Robert Burns died has recently been repaired, in consequence of its dilapidated condition. Among other alterations, the woodwork of the bedroom in which the poet breathed his last had to be removed. This has been secured by Mr. Elliot Stock, who proposes to bind in it the facsimiles of the first edition of *Burns's Poems*, which he is about to publish, and of the surplus to make cabinets in which to issue the large paper copies of the reprint.

IT has been discovered that the poems in the two Burns commonplace books which were recently sold under the hammer in Edinburgh, one for 270 guineas and the other for 310 guineas, did not contain, as was presumed to be the case, unpublished compositions by Burns. For the most part they were mere extracts copied by the poet from old numbers of the *Scots Magazine* and the *London Magazine*. The purchasers of the volumes were, it seems, Lord Rosebery and Sir R. Jardine, with whom,

it is said, satisfactory arrangements are being made by the vendors.

THE Seventh International Congress of Orientalists is to be held at Vienna from September 27th to October 2d, 1886. The subscription will be seven Austrian florins, and those desirous of becoming members are requested to send in their names and addresses, and Orientalists intending to read papers at the Congress are requested to signify their intention to the committee by August 1st at the latest.

FOLLOWING a suggestion made some months ago by Lord Rosebery, it has been decided to found a Scottish History Society, for the printing of unpublished documents illustrating the civil, religious, and social history of Scotland. Among the MSS. which it is proposed to publish may be mentioned letters of all dates for the last three centuries, diaries and commonplace books of biographical and literary interest, household books, farm and estate accounts, genealogical memoranda, as well as presbytery and kirk session records, parochial registers, and other ecclesiastic documents. The president of the society is Lord Rosebery; the secretary is Mr. T. G. Law, of the Signet Library; while the council includes the names of Prof. Mason, as chairman, Dr. Skene, the historiographer royal, the Rev. Dr. Dowden, Mr. Æneas Mackay, &c. The annual subscription will be one guinea, for which each member will receive two volumes of about 320 pages.

THE sum of £1150 has been subscribed at Calcutta for a memorial to the late Keshab Chandra Sen. It is proposed to place a portrait of him in the town hall, and to appropriate the balance to founding two prizes, one confined to women, in the university.

DR. L. W. E. RAUWENHOFF, professor of divinity at Leiden, appeals to all interested in the history of Protestantism to assist him in printing a MS. history of the Reformed Church of Hungary and Transylvania, which was written in the middle of the eighteenth century by Peter Bod. It was only two years ago that the first three volumes of this MS. were found in the university library at Leiden, whither they had been sent in the lifetime of the author with a view to publication; the fourth volume is in the university library of Nagy-Enyed, in Transylvania. The importance of the work consists in the fact that Peter Bod spared no pains in consulting all sources of information available to him, some of which have now disappeared. The work will be published in two

quarto volumes, of about 800 pages each, at the price of 30s. The publishers will be the well-known firm of Brill, of Leiden.

MR. FORTESCUE, the superintendent of the reading-rooms at the British Museum, has just completed a subject catalogue of the new books which have been received at the Museum during the last five years. The contents of this work, which will shortly be published by order of the trustees, are classified under subject headings, which are arranged in alphabetical order. One result of this arrangement is to bring to light some hitherto unexpected curiosities of literature which are both interesting and important.

THE International Literary and Artistic Association will not hold its next congress at Stockholm this year, as had been arranged, but at Geneva, on the 18th of September. The subjects to be discussed will comprise the right of property in "lettres missives;" the agreements as to publication and the relations between authors and publishers; the right of property in the titles of literary and scientific productions; and the assimilation of the right of translation with that of production.

THE Swedish novelist Carl Ekström, known under the pseudonym "Gubben Noach" (Old Noah), died at Stockholm on the 25th of April. He was born in 1836.

PROF. IGNAZIO GUIDI, of Rome, has in the press a letter of Philoxenus in Syriac, according to the unique MS. of the Vatican Library. There are quotations of the New Testament, differing from the text of the Peshito, and agreeing with the so-called Philoxenian version, an edition of which is in preparation by the Rev. H. Deane, Fellow of St. John's, Oxford.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is writing his memoirs, so he recently told a French interviewer, to whom he said, "Yes yes; it is true that I am writing the story of my life, and it is also true that I am writing it for a limited circle only. I have grandchildren, boys and girls, and I think of those when I write down my experiences. I have no intention of posing as a hero, but certain actions in my life may serve them as examples. It is these actions of which I write. I tell them, describe them just as they happened, and I hope that they will make a favorable impression on the minds of my young readers. There are so many stories about myself. You gentlemen of the press have helped to circulate them. Against pleasant stories I have nothing to say. That which

above all I wish to point out is that my conduct has always been regulated by my conscience ; and I wish to show to my little ones that in cases where I have been blamed I had to act as I did, and when they read it again after years I have no doubt that they will approve of my action." "At what period do your memoirs begin?" "At my entrance into public life, when I was in Africa. I note the battles, the most salient features of my life, and the sieges at which I have been present. I give a full account of the taking of Malakoff, and I indicate the manner in which I acted at Reichshofen. Nor do I wish my political life to remain obscure, and I note the principal events in it as well." "Have you finished your memoirs already?" "Not yet ; I have so much to tell. But you see the manuscript looks already quite respectable." With this MacMahon pointed to a bundle of manuscript. "And you will not let me 'review' it for you?" "No, no, as I said before, the book is not for the public." "But at some future time perhaps one may hope——" "No, not even after my death. These are family papers ; historical witnesses which I hope will not fall into the hands of outsiders."

THE Folk-lore Society of London recently held its annual meeting at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries. The annual report lays stress upon the fact that the study and collection of folk-lore are now engaging the attention of most countries in Europe, and that it is, therefore, necessary that this society, being the first to introduce a systematic study of folk-lore, should as far as possible work in unison and confederation with similar organizations abroad, and should draw within its membership foreign scholars and students. During the year the Council were asked by the Council of the Palestine Exploration Fund to assist them in drawing up a set of questions on folk-lore for the use of collectors in Palestine. That society had secured the services of some native workers, under the direction of Dr. Post, and they wished to be informed of the best means of employing this valuable help. The Council at once assented to the proposition, and the result is that the committee appointed to draw up the code of questions reported that a "Handbook of the Science of Folk-lore" should be issued by the Society. Other important points are alluded to in the report.

It is said that an Austrian scholar has found in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, in a

palimpsest, some fragments of the lost "Histories" of Sallust.

LORD FARNBROUGH, best known as Sir T. Erskine May, merits a brief tribute for his services to learning. He was distinguished as an author among those public servants who confer distinction on the Civil Service by devoting eminent literary gifts to the welfare of the State, in accordance with their official duties. His "Constitutional History" has acquired complete success by clearness of style, and by his just perception of the result he sought to attain. Yet the work is not the most remarkable proof of his mental powers. As an intellectual effort his treatise on the laws and usage of Parliament may take a distinguished place in the legal literature of this century. That treatise includes every class of subject, from the philosophy and history of constitutional law down to the complexities of a "division," and it is based on every species of authority, Coke or Elsyng, Mr. Speaker's note-book, or a report of a gas and water bill. To fuse into an acceptable whole such a varied collection of principles and technicalities, based on such an unusual variety of sources, was an achievement marked 'by artistic skill of a very high order ; and the universal acceptance accorded to "May's Parliamentary Practice" and the acknowledgment its merits have received, not throughout Europe only, but throughout the world, from Canada to Australasia, arise from an unconscious recognition of something more than the mere dexterity the author exhibited in overcoming the difficulties that attended the task to which he devoted himself, and which he accomplished so successfully.

THE Duke of Northumberland, the president of the Royal Institution, has appointed the following gentlemen as vice-presidents for the ensuing year : Sir Frederick Abel, Sir William Bowman, Lord Halsbury, Mr. William Huggins, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Henry Pollock (treasurer), and Sir Frederick Bramwell (hon. secretary).

MISCELLANY.

AN INTERESTING INDIAN RACE.—In a communication from Ootacamund, in the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Edwin Arnold describes the Tuda people, the aborigines of the hills of Ootacamund. He became very friendly with them ; he was "even invited to crawl on hands and knees into the small square opening which is the front door of their hut, and partook of buffalo milk from a bamboo pot in the bosom

of a Tuda household." "The *Tudas*, or, as they are more commonly called, *Toruvars* (a Tamil term for 'herdsmen'), number 1000, including women and children, and divide themselves into two classes—*Paikis*, or *Terallis*, who can hold all sacred offices; and *Katas*, or *Tardas*, who are the laymen. The *Tudas* are a singularly handsome race, tall and athletic, with Roman noses, beautiful teeth, and large, full, expressive eyes. They never wear any covering on the head; but their jet-black hair is allowed to grow to the length of six or seven inches, and forms a thick, bushy mass of curls all round. Their women retain their good looks longer than the females of the low country, and many of the girls are exquisitely beautiful. Their dress consists of a short undergarment, folded round the waist, and fastened by a girdle. Over this is thrown a sort of mantle, or toga, which covers every part except the head, legs, and right arm. The tresses of the women are allowed to fall in natural profusion over the neck and shoulders. Their villages, which they call *Munis* or *Mortts*, are generally situated on some lovely verdant slope, near the borders of a wood. They breed no animals save the buffalo, nor do they engage in agricultural or any other pursuit, but wander over the hills, of which it is said they are the aborigines, free and unshackled. In their *Mortts* their dairies form a separate building of superior size, which is viewed by them as sacred, and into which no female is allowed to enter. They have a temple dedicated to Truth; but there is no visible representation within; in fact, nothing but three or four bells in a niche, to which libations of milk are poured out. They salute the sun on its rising, and believe that, after death, the soul goes to *Omi-norr*, 'the great country,' respecting which they do not attempt to furnish any description. They have sacred groves, called *Teriris*, and to these herds of buffaloes are attached, whose milk is allotted entirely to the calves; and the priests of these groves are called *Pd-dl*, from Tamil words signifying 'milkmen.' They are honest, brave, inoffensive, and contented; but, on the other hand, they are indolent, and do not esteem chastity a virtue. Their dwellings more resemble the dens of beasts than the abodes of men. A door about two feet high, and so narrow as almost to forbid ingress, lead to a dark, dirty chamber, where a whole family may be found huddled together. Yet, even here, in spite of their rude dress and not over-cleanly habits, the beauty of their maidens cannot be over-

looked. Their symmetry of form, and the tender and delicate expression of their features, enable them to stand a comparison with the paler beauties of the West." Among the more singular of their customs is the sacrifice of buffaloes at funerals, attended with a strange sort of game. "These animals, which are of a prodigious size, and far larger and wilder than the buffaloes of the plain, are driven into an enclosed area by a party of young men armed with huge clubs, who join hands and dance a sort of circular dance among them. They then, with shouts and blows, excite the fury of the herd, and at a given signal two athletic youths throw themselves upon a buffalo, and, grasping the cartilage of the nostrils with one hand, hang on to the neck with the other. Two or three more rush to their aid, while others strike the animal with their clubs, and goad him on to fury. After a time, when the buffalo is nearly exhausted, they fasten a bell to its neck and let it go. In this way they overpower the herd in succession, and then resume their dance, which is concluded by a feast. The next day a similar scene takes place; but on this occasion the buffaloes are dragged by the sheer force of six or eight men up to a mantle containing the relics of the deceased, and there slain with a single blow from a small axe. In the desperate struggles of the infuriated animals to escape, the *Tudas* are often severely wounded; but the courage and strength they display is very remarkable, and it is a point of honor for those who have first attacked an animal not to receive assistance. Many conjectures have been made as to the origin of the *Tudas*; but as yet no certain traces of their past history have been discovered. Their language is quite isolated, the sounds of it are deeply pectoral, and it seems to have no affinity either with Sanskrit or with any other language of the East. They live the wildest life imaginable, in the loveliest recesses of the Kunda and Doda-betta peaks; enjoying an air without parallel for purity, and almost unbroken sunshine and solitude. They are destined, however, to disappear before the civilization which has invaded their breezy summits, and curtailed the grazing grounds of the buffaloes."

CURIOUS EFFECT OF ARCTIC COLD.—A person who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travellers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that pre-

vails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as, at least, 60 deg. above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to 35 deg. below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was 35 deg. below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that the spirit of adventure is so strong in some men that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.

SHY POVERTY.—We paint pictures of "Chatterton, the marvellous boy;" but instead of dreaming over his untimely end, we should sublimate it by striving to avert similar calamities. On all sides round about us, men, women, youths, and maidens—children even—are passing away for lack of friends and means to make existence possible. "Alone in London," "Lost in London," have been the titles of books, the writers of which have sought to show the realities of solitude in a city; yet how few really know that tens of thousands may be found in lonely chambers, in the streets, in the parks, under the railway arches, on the doorstep, in the cold corners of the bridges, sometimes, alas! in the impassive water, who are too proud or too shy to beg, or who have been tempted to sin by poverty! The numbers of such are appalling; still they are outnumbered by the prosperous and well-

to-do. Instead of sentimentalising, waiting for poor-law reform, or talking of improvidence, it behooves us all to bestir ourselves in the sphere in which we live. However magnificent the palace in which we may chance to dwell, we may be sure to find the crowded poor-house at no great distance. Missions and house-to-house visitations bring much distress to light; but the continuous efforts of individuals are needed. We thank God that they are being made, and that Christian charity is increasing in the land; but so is poverty. None know so well as the clergy, ministers, and city missionaries, how impossible it is to reach it all, or even to discover much that lies at our very doors. While one high-born dame is going forth to her social duties or her pleasures, another, as well-born as she, hides from view, or paces the streets in a hopeless search for occupation in her immediate neighborhood; for how to find work is a problem the reduced gentlewoman—or, indeed, gentleman—cannot solve. We have known them walk about till they are faint with hunger and weariness in the vain quest, ending the day in the bitter conviction that monopolies, competition, and an ever-increasing population render it impossible for the timid seeker to find a livelihood. An indomitable will and mental courage will, perhaps, succeed, but the irresolute and weak must fail.—*Quiver*.

A HORRIFIED CAT.—A correspondent writes to *Nature*.—"Last week, in connection with the study of Carnivora, I obtained a cat from an acquaintance at a distance, and carefully dissected it in a room above our stable. When I had finished, the cat was, as may be supposed, hardly to be recognized. I cleaned the scalpels, placed them in the case, and took them to the house. No sooner had I put them down than I observed our own cat go and sniff all around the case with a peculiar look of intense wonder. I took the instruments away, and thought no more about it; but a short time after I returned to the remains of the dissected cat in order to prepare the skeleton, when I saw our cat standing at a distance of about a foot from the dissection, and presenting an appearance of most helpless terror. She was trembling from head to foot, and in such a condition of evident horror that my presence had no effect upon her. After some moments she noticed me, and then darted away with a scared look such as I have never before seen. She did not return to the house that day—a thing quite unusual; but on the next day she returned

and entered the house with a fearful caution, as though realizing the probability that she herself might become a victim to science, and her whole conduct has changed. This suggests that the country custom of using dead birds, weasels, etc., as a scare to the like is not entirely unreasonable, and it would be interesting to know whether others have noticed similar effects."

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF W. E. FORSTER.—It was at Fryston Hall, in Yorkshire, the seat of the late Lord Houghton, that I first met the eminent statesman who is the subject of this slight personal sketch. He was staying there with his wife, when, one wild and windy night, I arrived to join a pleasant party of guests. Through some mistake, I had gone to the wrong railway station, thus missing the carriage which had been sent elsewhere to meet me; and on alighting from the train I found myself, late in the evening, on a forlorn and desolate roadside, with neither inn nor hostelry near, and no kind of conveyance procurable for love or money. So I had to shoulder my portmanteau, and walk on in the darkness toward the hall, some miles distant. After divers adventures, with which I need not weary the reader, I at last gained the gates of the park, and, still laden with my portmanteau, struggled in to the hall door—much to the astonishment of my host, who had given me up for the night. I dined alone, and after dinner went into the drawing-room, where one of the first persons to greet me was Mr. Forster, who had already been made acquainted with my adventures, and was ready with many a rough, good-humored joke at my expense. A tall, unwieldy form, a craggy face and brow, deep-set, piercing eyes, and a deep, not too musical, voice, were the peculiarities which first struck me in the man who stood squaring his shoulders on the hearthrug, and talking to me like an old friend. Had I not known him well by reputation, I should have taken him for some yeoman farmer or stalwart herdsman of the dales. I found, somewhat to my astonishment, that he knew me in connection with certain journalistic work which I had done, of no importance in itself, but which had attracted his attention as a politician. Before the night was out we talked on many themes—or perhaps I should rather say that he talked and I listened, eager to catch the living utterance of a man whom I had long revered for his simplicity of life, his independence, and his noble Christian charity. What struck me at once was his utter freedom from affectation, his bluff, un-

compromising honesty, and his grim sense of humor. Although I was so many years his junior, and a mere cipher in a world where he was a leading figure, he spoke to me as some simple and unknown farmer, with strong opinions of his own but with becoming modesty, might speak to a chance visitor who was in every respect his equal. A man so eminent, and yet so modest, was a novelty to one who had lived his life among pretentious reputations. My wonder grew greater when I discovered that he was perfectly well acquainted with my own early literary life, and particularly with the pathetic episode of the life and early death of the young Scottish poet, David Gray. A new pleasure awaited me when he introduced me to Mrs. Forster, a lady who had a double title to respect in my eyes, as the daughter of Arnold of Rugby, and as the sister of Arnold the poet. The next day Mr. Forster and I, accompanied by Lord Houghton and other gentlemen, rambled through the park and over the home farm. I wish I could more clearly remember our conversation that day, which confirmed me in my admiration for my new acquaintance. One point, however, recurs to me with extreme vividness. We had talked a great deal about Auguste Comte and Positivism, and Mr. Forster, while informing me that he knew Comte only through Harriet Martineau's translation, expressed his regret that he had little or no facility in reading modern languages. "I would give half I know," he said emphatically, "if I could read French and German without difficulty, and converse in them fluently," adding his opinion that these two tongues should form a leading part of every man's education. In this, as in everything else, he was completely without false pretence—never assuming a knowledge which he did not possess, and curiously categorical in criticising the knowledge of other persons. All that he did know, and it was much, he knew thoroughly and completely; where his knowledge was the least vague, he eagerly confessed it and sought information. From Comte and Positivism, we naturally passed to religion in general; when I found, as I had expected, that this rough-hewn and simple-minded man, a dalesman in appearance and in speech, had a dalesman's simple faith in the eternal verities which sham philosophy has sought in vain to destroy. I was not the least astonished, afterward, to find his statesmanship leaning sympathetically, much to the horror of extreme Radicals, in the direction of religious education; and I remembered in this connection

that strangely pathetic exclamation of his chronicled by Harriet Martineau—"I would rather be damned than annihilated!" For my own part, I believe he did not err, in differing with Mr. Gladstone; but let it always be remembered that the man who saw no cure for Irish discontent, but sharp, swift, and unshrinking justice, was the man who, more than most, was capable of sympathy with the Irish temperament, and who had proved, by practical self-sacrifice, his deep interest in the Irish nation. Mr. Forster, though he was the very soul of human kindness, though he would have parted with his last shilling to assist the suffering, was not a sentimentalist. He had the keen, penetrating vision of a man of the world, of a man of the people. In Lincoln's place he would have played Lincoln's part; firm and unyielding to the end in the cause of duty, though tender throughout the cause of sorrow. His heroic nature rebelled at the infamies done in the name of Irish nationality. He was taken from his post at the very moment when he was most needed; and all the world knows what followed. The keynote to Mr. Forster's character was, as I have already suggested, its deep and constitutional natural piety. In every conversation we had together this note ever sounded uppermost; and whether the subject of discussion was politics, or philosophy, or general literature, he always spoke as one with a yeoman's faith in practical religion. In all the great questions which modern scientific speculation has opened up for us he took a constant interest. Books attracted him chiefly where they touched on the great mysterious issues of human life and death. Thus, though he was the most practical of politicians, he remained until the last one who breathed an atmosphere far removed from that of "angry politics never at rest." Gentle, sane, and wise, he looked to a Light higher than the light of human intellect to guide all his thoughts, and to sanction all his acts; and we may be sure that Light shone upon him when, a few days ago, he was gathered to his rest, honored by men of all parties save one only, and leaving behind him, in the world he brightened, troops of known and unknown friends.—*Robert Buchanan, in Pall Mall Gazette.*

A VISIT TO M. PASTEUR'S LABORATORY.—I arrived at M. Pasteur's laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm some twenty minutes before the hour at which Dr. Grancher, the surgeon who actually performs the inoculations, was expected to attend, and my friend availed himself of the

interval to obtain the most recent information from M. Pasteur, who also kindly sanctioned our visiting the rabbits which had been inoculated, and were in the various stages of the disease. These were in a well-lighted cellar. Those which had just been inoculated appeared quite lively and well, while others were in more advanced stages, and two were actually dead from rabies or *la rage*, as it is called in France. M. Pasteur has now done away with all the complications which attended his former methods. All the rabbits are inoculated with the strongest virus, and the variations in the strength of the virus used for inoculating the patients are obtained in the following way: The spinal cords are extracted from the dead animals, and suspended in glass bottles, in the bottom of which a chemical preparation is put to prevent the gathering of damp. It is found that the longer the spinal marrow is exposed to the air the weaker the virus becomes. It is, I believe, kept for periods varying from one to ten days, and is used as follows: The vaccine matter which has been kept ten days and is weakest is used to inoculate the patients on the first occasion. That which has been kept nine days is used on the second occasion of vaccinating, and so on, so that the patient who is inoculated for the tenth time has been inoculated with the strongest possible virus—viz., that which has been kept but one day. On Dr. Grancher's arrival I was introduced to him, and he very courteously invited me to be present during the inoculation of the patients. These had by this time gathered in the ante-room and courtyard to the number of over seventy. They represented many nationalities—Arabs, Germans, English, Swiss, Russians, etc. M. Pasteur took his position at the door of the surgery, and called in the patients, speaking to them and giving them such directions as he deemed necessary. The vaccine virus (which as actually administered is largely diluted with *bouillon* or soup) stood in a glass on the table. Two syringes were used, these being alternately filled by an assistant, while Dr. Grancher actually injected the virus. The patients who had never been inoculated before were taken first. Amongst them was an old woman who could not have been less than eighty-five or ninety, and two or three children. The injection was made by an ordinary hypodermic syringe on the abdomen, five injections being made on five successive days on one side, and then five others on the five following days on the other side. With the exception of the smallest child, who said "Oh "

when the operation was performed, no one of the patients seemed to suffer any inconvenience or pain from the operation, and, indeed, so little does the injection injure the skin that the marks of former injections were hardly perceptible in any case. The business was quickly got through, and beyond the fact that most of the patients seemed very grateful to M. Pasteur, there was nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary hypodermic injection as used in this country. I cannot close this article without expressing my sense of the debt of gratitude which humanity owes to M. Pasteur for his persevering study of this dire disease and its treatment. I hardly think that justice has been done to him in this country, and I hope to see a large accession to the list of subscribers to the Pasteur Institutes from amongst my fellow-countrymen. The fund has already reached half a million of francs, or £20,000, but to that sum this country has contributed but little. I have no hesitation in saying that the contribution of England alone to the development of so great a discovery should equal the entire amount already raised. There can be no doubt that so far as England is concerned, the best method of availing ourselves of M. Pasteur's discovery is by sending our patients to be treated by him, and with that object in view I would suggest that a Pasteur Fund should be opened in this country on the basis of one half of each subscription being given to the Pasteur Institute, and the other half being administered here by a committee or trustees appointed to arrange for the transit of poor patients from this country to Paris.—*Mr. Alex. Comyns, B.A., LL.B.*

THACKERAY'S CAREER.—Thackeray was the son of an Indian Civil servant, and his grandfathers were Indian Civil servants, both on the father's and the mother's side. He was born at Calcutta, in July, 1811, and was thus but one year older than Charles Dickens. When he was five years old he lost his father, and his mother married again while he was a boy. From India, William Makepeace Thackeray was brought to London as a child, and sent for education to the Charterhouse. He was gentle and sensitive, with a quick sense of fun, then as in after years. He carried into manhood—as part of the strength of manhood—more of the charm of a child's nature than men usually keep unspoilt by the experience of life. Pains of life only added to his kindness. Much of his lighter comic writing has its charm in a rare union of mature wit with a

childlike playfulness. At the age of eighteen Thackeray kept a few terms at Trinity College, Cambridge. He did not stay to graduate. Then he went to Paris to study art. When he came of age there was a little fortune for him of five hundred a year. It was soon lost, chiefly by newspaper speculation. He felt that he was not born to succeed as a painter, and was drawn, as he had been even when a school-boy, to the use of the pen. His nose had been broken in a school fight at the Charterhouse. Michael Angelo, too, had his nose broken. But Thackeray was not to be a Michael Angelo; he dubbed himself playfully "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." In 1837 and 1838 he was writing in *Fraser's Magazine* "The Great Hogarty Diamond," and in the year 1837 he married. After the birth of three daughters, of whom one died in childhood, there came into Thackeray's life an abiding sorrow. His wife's mind failed. He worked on, all sensitive tenderness within, and half afraid of the unchildlike people against whom he asserted himself by making them the victims of his frolicsome burlesque or satire. Not long after the establishment of *Punch*, in 1841, Thackeray found in that paper a playground for his wit. But there was no full recognition of his genius until the appearance of "Vanity Fair," when he was thirty-six years old. In the next, and last, volume of this "Library" I hope to give "Vanity Fair" its place among the larger works of English Literature, which will be there described, with quoted illustrations of their worth. "Pendennis," another novel, followed, and while this was being written, Thackeray had an illness which left him subject to painful spasmodic attacks. There was suffering enough in mind and body to bring the gray hairs before their time, but there remained the childlike heart, with the sympathetic insight of the man of genius, the ready play of humor, and the sociable yet sensitive nature more itself with three or four friends than with thirty. By his lectures on "The English Humorists" and "The Four Georges," in England and America, Thackeray secured lasting provision for his family. He had added to his first novels, "The Newcomes," "Esmond," and "The Virginians," before the *Cornhill Magazine* was established under his editorship. That was in 1859. He withdrew from the editorship in April, 1862, but continued to contribute. In 1863 all English Christmas Days were saddened by the news that, on the day before, Thackeray had died suddenly.—*Library of English Literature.*



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GENIUS AND INSANITY.

BY JAMES SULLY.

THE problems which have so long perplexed the thoughtful mind in presence of that dark yet fascinating mystery, the nature and origin of genius, have recently propounded themselves with new stress and insistence. Whatever may be said against Mr. Froude's neglect of the pruning knife in publishing Carlyle's *Journals and Letters*, the psychologist at least will be grateful to him for what is certainly an unusually full and direct presentment of the temperament and life of genius. Here we may study the strange lineaments which stamp a family likeness on the selected few in whose souls has burnt the genuine fire of inspiration. These memoirs disclose with a startling distinctness the pathetic as well as the heroic side of the great man. In Carlyle we see the human spirit in its supreme strength jarred and put out of tune by the suffering in-

cident to preternaturally keen sensibilities and an unalterably gloomy temperament.

In this strange record, too, we find ourselves once more face to face with what is perhaps the most fascinating of the fascinating problems surrounding the subject of intellectual greatness, that of its relation to mental health. Carlyle compels the attentive reader to propound to himself anew the long-standing puzzle, "Is genius something wholly normal and sane?" For there is surely a suggestion of temporary mental unsoundness in the idea of that lonely wanderer through the crowded streets of London suddenly seeing in the figures he met so many spectres, and feeling himself to be but another "ghastly phantom haunted by demons." And if all anger is a sort of madness, it is but natural that one should see some-

thing of a momentary mania in those terrible outbursts of a spirit of revolt against all things which now and again made desolate the Chelsea home, and wrung from the sage's wife the humiliating confession that she felt as if she were "keeper in a madhouse."

The idea that there is an affinity between genius and mental disease seems at first foreign to our modern habits of thought. In the one, we have human intellect rejoicing in titanic strength; in the other, that same intellect disordered and pitifully enfeebled. Yet, as has been hinted, the belief in the connection of the two is an old and persistent one. In truth, the common opinion has always gravitated towards this belief. A word or two may make this clear.

To the multitude of men genius wears a double aspect. Superlative intellectual endowment is plainly something very unlike the ordinary type of intelligence. The relation of lofty superiority includes that of distance, and mediocrity in viewing the advent of some new spiritual star may adopt either the one or the other *manière de voir*. Which aspect it will select for special contemplation depends on circumstances. In general, it may be said that, since the recognition of greatness presupposes a power of comprehension not always granted to mediocrity, the fact of distance is more likely to impress than the fact of altitude. It is only when supreme wisdom has justified itself, as in the predictions of the true prophet, that its essential rightness is seen by the crowd. Otherwise the great man has had to look for recognition mainly from his peers and the slightly more numerous company of those whose heads rise above the mists of contemporary prejudice.

It is easy to see that this vulgar way of envisaging genius as marked divergence from common-sense views of things may lead on to a condemnation of it as a thing unnatural and misshapen. For, evidently, such divergence bears a superficial likeness to eccentricity. Indeed, as has been well said, the original teacher has this much in common with the man mentally deranged, that he "is in a minority of one;" and, when pains are not taken to note the direction of the divergence, originality may readily be confounded

with the most stupid singularity. And further, a cursory glance at the constitution of genius will suffice to show that the originator of new and startling ideas is very apt to shock the sense of common men by eccentricities in his manner of life. A man whose soul is being consumed by the desire to discover some new truth, or to give shape to some new artistic idea, is exceedingly liable to fall below the exactions of conventional society in the matter of toilette and other small businesses of life. Among the many humorously pathetic incidents in the records of great men, there is perhaps none more touching than the futile attempt of Beethoven to dress himself with scrupulous conformity to the Viennese pattern of his day.

In contradistinction to this disparaging view, the admiring contemplation of the great man as towering above minds of ordinary stature seems directly opposed to any approximation of the ideas of genius and mental disorder. And this has undoubtedly been in the main the tendency of the more intelligent kind of reverence. At the same time, by a strange eddy-like movement in the current of human thought, the very feeling for the marvellousness of genius has given birth to a theory of its nature which in another way has associated it with mental aberration. I refer to the ancient doctrine of inspiration as developed more particularly in Greece.

It may be worth while to review for a moment the general course of thought on this dark subject.

In the classic world, preternatural intellectual endowments were, on the whole, greeted with admiration. In Greece more particularly, the fine æsthetic sense for what is noble and the quenchless thirst for new ideas led to a revering appreciation of great original powers.* The whole manner of viewing such gifts was charged with supernaturalism. As the very words employed clearly indicate, such fine native endowment was attributed to the superior quality of the protective spirit (*δαίμων*, genius) which attended each individual from his birth. We see this supernat-

* Sokrates is perhaps only an apparent exception, for the odium he excited seems to have been due to the essentially critical and destructive character of his mission.

uralism still more plainly in the Greek notion of the process of intellectual generation. The profound mystery of the process, hardly less deep than that of physical generation, led to the grand supposition of a direct action of the Deity on the productive mind. To the Greeks, the conception of new artistic ideas implied a possession (κατοχή) of the individual spirit by the god.

Now it might naturally occur to one that such an inundation of the narrow confines of the human mind by the divine fulness would produce a violent disturbance of its customary processes. It was a shock which agitated the whole being to its foundation, exciting it to a pitch of frenzy or mania. The poet was conceived of as infuriated or driven mad by the god. And a somewhat analogous effect of divine intoxication was recognized by Plato as constituting the essence of philosophic intuition.* Hence Greek and Roman literature abounds with statements and expressions which tend to assimilate the man of genius to a madman. The "furor poeticus" of Cicero and the "amabilis insania" of Horace answer to the *θεῖα μανία* of Plato. And to the more scientific mind of Aristotle it appeared certain (according to Seneca) that there was no great intellect (*magnum ingenium*) without some mixture of madness (*dementia*).

It must be remembered, however, that in the eyes of the ancients genius was hardly degraded by this companionship with madness. Men had not yet begun to look on insanity as one of the most pitiable of maladies. So far from this, it was a common idea that the insane were themselves inspired by the action of deity. We have a striking illustration of the absence even among the educated Greeks of the modern feeling towards madness in the fact that Plato was able to argue, with no discoverable trace of his playful irony, that certain sorts of madness are to be esteemed a good rather than an evil.†

* See the memorable passage in the *Phædrus*, p. 244 A, &c. Plato went so far as to suggest that the name *μάντις*, seer, was derived from *μανθάνειν*, to rage or be mad.

† *Phædrus*, loc. cit. Mr. Lecky points out that the Greeks had no asylums for the insane (*History of European Morals*, vol. ii. p. 90). On the other hand, Dr. Maudsley tells us that Greek scientific opinion on the subject was an

The influence of Christianity and of the Church served at first to brand mental derangement with the mark of degradation. The doctrine of possession now assumed a distinctly repellent form by the introduction of the Oriental idea of an evil spirit taking captive the human frame, and using it as an instrument of its foul purposes. The full development of this idea of demoniacal possession in the Middle Ages led, as we know, to many cruelties. And though Christianity showed its humane side in making provision for the insane by asylums, the treatment of mental disease during this period was, on the whole, marked by much harshness.*

This debasement of the idea of madness had, however, no appreciable effect in dissolving the companionship of the two ideas in popular thought. For the attitude of the Church was, for the most part, hostile to new ideas, and so to men of original power. In sooth we know that they were again and again branded as heretics, and as wicked men possessed by the devil. And thus genius was attached to insanity by a new bond of kinship.

The transition to the modern period introduces us to a new conception both of genius and of insanity. The impulse of inquisitiveness, the delight in new ideas, aided by the historical spirit with its deep sense of indebtedness to the past, have led the later world to extol intellectual greatness. We have learned to see in it the highest product of Nature's organic energy, the last and greatest miracle of evolution. On the other hand, the modern mind has ceased to see in insanity a supernatural agency, and in assimilating it to other forms of disease has taken up a humane and helpful attitude toward it.

Such a change of view might seem at first to necessitate a sharp severance of the new ideas. For while it places genius at the apex of evolution, it reduces madness to a form of disintegration and dissolution. Nevertheless, we meet in modern literature with an unmistakable tendency to maintain the old association of ideas. Genius is now rec-

anticipation of modern ideas (*Responsibility in Mental Disease*, p. 6).

* See Lecky, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 92, &c.; cf. Maudsley, *op. cit.* p. 10.

ognized as having a pathological side, or a side related to mental disease. Among our own writers we have so healthy and serene a spirit as Shakespeare asserting a degree of affinity between poetic creation and madness :—

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact, &c.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act. v. sc. 1.

A more serious affirmation of a propinquity is to be found in the well-known lines of Dryden :—

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

As might be expected, French writers, with their relish for pungent paradox, have dwelt with special fulness on this theme. "Infinis esprits," writes Montaigne on a visit to Tasso in his asylum, "se trouvent ruinez par leur propre force et souplesse." Pascal observes that "l'extrême esprit est voisin de l'extrême folie." In a similar strain Diderot writes, "Oh ! que le génie et la folie se touchent de bien près !" The French writer who most distinctly emphasises the proposition is Lamartine. "Le génie," he observes in one place, "porte en lui un principe de destruction, de mort, de folie, comme le fruit porte le ver ;" and again he speaks of that "maladie mentale" which is called genius.

In German literature it is Goethe, the perfect ideal, as it would seem, of healthy genius, who dwells most impressively on this idea. His drama, *Tasso*, is an elaborate attempt to uncover and expose the morbid growths which are apt to cling parasitically about the tender plant of genius. With this must be mentioned, as another striking literary presentment of the same subject, the two eloquent passages on the nature of genius in Schopenhauer's *opus magnum*.

Against this compact consensus of opinion on the one side we have only a rare protest like that of Charles Lamb on behalf of the radical sanity of genius.† Such a mass of opinion cannot lightly be dismissed as valueless. It is impossible to set down utterances of men like Diderot or Goethe to the envy of mediocrity. Nor can we readily sup-

pose that so many penetrating intellects have been misled by a passion for startling paradox. We are to remember, moreover, that this is not a view of the great man *ab extra*, like that of the vulgar already referred to ; it is the opinion of members of the distinguished fraternity themselves who are able to observe and study genius from the inside.

Still, it may be said, this is after all only unscientific opinion. Has science, with her more careful method of investigating and proving, anything to say on this interesting theme ? It is hardly to be supposed that she would have overlooked so fascinating a subject. And, as a matter of fact, it has received a considerable amount of attention from pathologists and psychologists. And here for once science appears to support the popular opinion. The writers who have made the subject their special study agree as to the central fact that there is a relation between high intellectual endowment and mental derangement, though they differ in their way of defining this relation. This conclusion is reached both inductively by a survey of facts, and deductively by reasoning from the known nature and conditions of great intellectual achievement on the one hand, and of mental disease on the other.*

What we require first of all is clearly as many instances as can be found of men of genius who have exhibited intellectual or moral peculiarities which are distinctly symptomatic of mental disease. Such a collection of facts, if sufficient, will supply us with a basis for induction. In making this collection we need not adopt any theory respecting the nature either of genius or of mental disease. It is sufficient to say that we include under the former term all varieties of originative power, whether in art, science, or practical affairs. And as to the latter term, it is enough to start with the assumption that fully developed

* The principal authoritative utterances on the subject are Moreau, *La Psychologie morbide*, &c. ; Hagen, "Ueber die Verwandtschaft des Genies mit dem Irresein" (*Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie*, Band 33) ; and Radestock, *Genie und Wahnsinn* (Breslau, 1884). This last contains the latest review of the whole question, and is written in a thoroughly cautious scientific spirit. I have derived much aid from it in preparing this essay.

* *Absalom and Achitophel*, part i. line 163.

† See his essay, "Sanity of True Genius," in the *Last Essays of Elia*.

insanity is recognizable by certain well-known marks; and that there are degrees of mental deterioration, and a gradual transition from mental health to mental disease, the stages of which also can, roughly at least, be marked off and identified.

In surveying the facts which have been relied on by writers, we shall lay most stress on mental as distinguished from bodily or nervous symptoms. And of these we may conveniently begin with the less serious manifestations.

I. The lowest grade of mental disturbance is seen in that temporary appearance of irrationality which comes from an extreme state of "abstraction" or absence of mind. To the vulgar, as already hinted, all intense preoccupation with ideas, by calling off the attention from outer things and giving a dream-like appearance to the mental state, is apt to appear symptomatic of "queerness" in the head. But in order that it may find a place among distinctly abnormal features this absence of mind must attain a certain depth and persistence. The ancient story of Archimedes, and the amusing anecdotes of Newton's fits, if authentic, might be said perhaps to illustrate the border-line between a normal and an abnormal condition of mind. A more distinctly pathological case is that of Beethoven, who could not be made to understand why his standing in his night attire at an open window should attract the irreverent notice of the street boys. For in this case we have a temporary incapacity to perceive exterior objects and their relations; and a deeper incapacity of a like nature clearly shows itself in poor Johnson's standing before the town clock vainly trying to make out the hour.

This same aloofness of mind from the external world betrays itself in many of the eccentric habits attributed to men and women of genius. Here again Johnson serves as a good instance. His inconvenient habit of suddenly breaking out with scraps of the Lord's Prayer in a fashionable assembly marks a distinctly dangerous drifting away of the inner life from the firm anchorage of external fact.

In the cases just considered we have to do with a kind of mental blindness

to outer circumstances. A further advance along the line of intellectual degeneration is seen in the persistence of vivid ideas, commonly anticipations of evil of some kind, which have no basis in external reality. Johnson's dislike to particular alleys in his London walks, and Madame de Staël's bizarre idea that she would suffer from cold when buried, may be taken as examples of these painful delusions or *idées fixes*. A more serious stage of such delusions is seen in the case of Pascal, who is said to have been haunted by the fear of a gulf yawning just in front of him, which sometimes became so overmastering that he had to be fastened by a chain to keep him from leaping forward.

It is plain that in this last case we touch on the confines of sense-illusion. It is probable that hallucinations may occur as very rare experiences in the case of normal and healthy minds. Yet though not confined to states of insanity, illusions of the senses are commonly if not always indicative of at least a temporary disturbance of the psycho-physical organism. And we have on record a considerable number of instances of eminent men who were subject to these deceptions. It is not only the religious recluse, with his ill-nourished body, and his persistent withdrawal from the corrective touch of outer things, who experiences them. Luther was their victim as well as Loyola. Auditory hallucinations—that is, the hearing of imaginary voices—appear to have occurred to Malebranche and Descartes, as they certainly did to Johnson. The instances of visual hallucinations are perhaps more numerous still. Pope, Johnson, Byron, Shelley, are said to have had their visions. Even so strong and well-balanced a mind as Goethe was not exempted. Nor has the active life of the soldier always proved a safeguard. The stories of the prognostic visions of Brutus and other generals of the old world are well known. Among modern ones, Napoleon is said to have had recurring visits from his guardian spirit or genius.

In the abnormalities just touched on, disturbance of intellectual function is the chief circumstance, though an element of emotional disturbance is commonly observable as well. In another class of cases this last ingredient be-

comes the conspicuous feature. By this is meant such an accession of general emotional excitability, and along with this such a hypertrophy and absolute ascendancy of certain feelings, as to constitute a distinct approximation to the disorganized psychical state which has been called moral insanity.

And here reference may first be made to that violence of temper and that extravagant projection of self and its concerns to the displacement of others' claims and interests which might be termed a kind of moral hallucination. How many names in the roll of English writers at once occur to the mind in this connection! Pope, Johnson, Swift, Byron, to which list must now be added Carlyle, may be taken as typical instances of the *genus irritabile vatum*. And among foreign deities, we have Voltaire and Rousseau, Handel and Beethoven, and even philosophers like Herder and Schopenhauer.

Other emotional disorders take on more distinctly the aspect of moral obliquities. And here we have specially to do with poetic genius. Without adopting the slightly contemptuous opinion that poets are, as a rule, a "sensuous, erotic race," one must admit that an untamed wildness of amatory passion has been a not infrequent accompaniment of fine poetic imagination.*

For a clear illustration, however, of the morbid tendency of such irregularities, we must go not to the comparatively regular life of a Goethe or a Shelley, but to the wild and lawless career of a Rousseau, of whom it was well said by a clever woman, "Quand la Nature forma Rousseau, la sagesse pétrit la pâte, mais la folie y jeta son levain."

To a tempestuous violence of sexual passion there has too commonly joined itself a feverish craving for physical stimulants; † and so the pure heavenly flame of genius has again and again had to contend with the foul, murky vapors

* Even the spiritual Dante has been found wanting in this matter by no more strait-laced an authority than Boccaccio.

† These include not only alcoholic drinks, but opium, to the use of which Voltaire, Madame de Staël, Coleridge, and De Quincey, and probably others were addicted. The excitement of gambling seemed in Lessing's case to fill the place of physical stimulants.

which exhale from the lower animal nature. No need to tell again the gloomy story of splendid power eaten into and finally destroyed by the cancer of rampant appetite. In our own literature the names of Ben Jonson, Nat Lee, Burns, and others at once occur to the student. Edgar Allan Poe represents the same tragic fatefulness of genius in American letters. Among Frenchmen we have as conspicuous examples Villon and De Musset. Among Germans, Günther, Bürger, and numbers of those about Herder and Goethe in the turbulent times of the *Sturm und Drang*, and Hoffmann, the novelist, suffered the same moral shipwreck.

II. We may now pass to another class of cases in which the pathological character is still more plainly discernible. Outbursts of fierce passionateness may perhaps be thought by some to be after all only marks of a certain kind of robust vitality. But no one will say this of the gloomy depression, the melancholy brooding on personal ills, ending sometimes in distinctly hypochondriac despondency, which have not unfrequently been the accompaniment of great intellectual power. It was remarked by Aristotle, who was a long way the shrewdest and most scientific observer of antiquity, that all men of genius have been melancholic or atrabilious.* He instances Empedocles, Socrates, and Plato, and the larger number of the poets. And the page of modern biographic literature would supply many a striking illustration of the same temperament. The pessimism of Johnson, Swift, Byron, and Carlyle, of Schopenhauer and Lenau, of Leopardi and of Lamartine, may perhaps be taken as a signal manifestation of the gloom which is apt to encompass great and elevated spirits, like the mists which drift toward and encircle the highest mountain peaks.

In some cases this melancholy assumes a more acute form, giving rise to the thought, and even the act of suicide. Among those who have confessed

* "Cur homines qui ingenio claruerunt vel in studiis philosophiæ, vel in republicâ administrandâ, vel in carmine pangendo, vel in artibus exercendis, melancolicos omnes fuisse videamus?" *Prob. xxx.* Aristotle's authority on the point is quoted by Cicero, *Tuscul. disp. i. 33; de divin. i. 38.*

to have experienced the impulse may be mentioned Goethe in the Werther days, Beethoven during the depression brought on by his deafness, Chateaubriand in his youth, and George Sand also in her early days. The last, writing of her experience, says: "Cette sensation (at the sight of water, a precipice, &c.) fut quelquefois si vive, si subite, si bizarre, que je pus bien constater que c'était une espèce de folie dont j'étais atteinte." Johnson's weariness of life was, it seems certain, only prevented from developing into the idea of suicide by his strong religious feeling and his extraordinary dread of death, which was itself, perhaps, a morbid symptom.

In some cases this idea prompted to actual attempts to take away life. The story of Cowper's trying to hang himself and afterward experiencing intense religious remorse is well known. Another instance is that of Saint-Simon, whose enormous vanity itself looks like a form of monomania, and who, in a fit of despondency, fired a pistol at his head, happily with no graver result than the loss of an eye. Alfieri, who was the victim of the "most horrid melancholy," tried on one occasion, after being bled by a surgeon, to tear off the bandage in order to bleed to death. Among those who succeeded in taking away their life are Chatterton, whose mind had been haunted by the idea from early life, Kleist the poet, and Beneke the philosopher.

III. We may now pass to the most important group of facts—namely, instances of men of genius who have suffered from fully developed mental disease.

In certain cases this disruption of the organs of mind shows itself in old age, and here, it is evident, we have to distinguish what is known as senile dementia from the impairment of faculty incident to old age. A clear instance of cerebral disease is afforded by the botanist Linnæus, whose faculties gave way after a stroke. The mental stupor into which the poet Southey finally sank was a similar phenomenon. Swift's fatal disease, the nature of which has only recently been cleared up by science, was cerebral disorganization brought on by peripheral disease in the organ of hear-

ing. Zimmermann, the author of the work on Solitude, who had been a hypochondriac from the age of twenty, ended his life in a state of melancholy indistinguishable from insanity. The final collapse, under the pressure of pecuniary anxieties, of Scott's cerebral powers is too well known to need more than a bare mention.

Besides these instances of senile collapse, there are several cases of insanity showing itself in the vigorous period of life. Sometimes, as in the instance of Richelieu, who had shown himself an erratic being from his childhood, the madness appeared as a sudden and transient fit of delirium. In other cases the disorder took a firmer hold on the patient. Charles Lamb, Handel, and Auguste Comte suffered from insanity for a time, and had to be put under restraint. Tasso, whose whole nature was distinctly tinged with the "insane temperament," had again and again to be confined as a madman. Donizetti was also for a time insane and confined in an asylum. Among those who became hopelessly insane were the poets Lenau and Hölderlin and the composer Schumann, the latter of whom had long been the victim of melancholy and hallucinations, and had before his confinement attempted to drown himself in the Rhine.

I have preferred to dwell on the psychical aspect of the relation between genius and disease. But no adequate investigation of the subject is possible which does not consider the physical aspect as well. No one now perhaps really doubts that to every degree of mental disturbance and mental disorganization there corresponds some degree of deterioration and disorganization of the nerve-centres. Physical disturbance and disruption proceed *pari passu* with physical.

This being so, it is pertinent to our study to remark that men of genius have in a surprising number of cases been affected by forms of nervous disease which, though not having such well-marked psychical accompaniments as occur in states of insanity, are known to be allied to these.

IV. To begin with, it seems certain that a number of great men have died from disease of the nerve-centres.

Among other names may be mentioned Pascal, who had all his life been the victim of nervous disorders, and who succumbed, at the early age of thirty-nine, to paralysis accompanied by convulsions. Two of the greatest scientific men, Kepler and Cuvier, died, according to Moreau, from disease of the brain. Rousseau was carried off by an attack of apoplexy. Mozart's early death was due to brain disease, showing itself in other ways by morbid delusions, fainting fits, and convulsions. Another musician, Mendelssohn, succumbed to an attack of apoplexy. Heine's fatal malady, which kept him for seven years a prisoner in his "mattress-grave," was disease of the lower nerve-centres in the spinal cord.

Other men of genius have suffered from nervous disorders from time to time. Molière was the subject of recurring convulsions, an attack of which would prevent his working for fifteen days. Alfieri, to whose morbid mental symptoms reference has already been made, suffered when young from a disease of the lymphatic system, and was afterward liable to convulsions. Paganini, the musician, suffered from an attack of catalepsy when four years old, and later on was the victim of recurring convulsions; and Schiller, who was very delicate from youth, was also the subject of recurring fainting fits and convulsions.

The lesser forms of nervous disorder—headache, malaise, and recurring periods of nervous prostration—are too common among all brain-workers to call for special notice here. The latest biography of a woman of genius strikingly illustrates this milder form of the penalty which mortals have to pay for daring to aspire to the ranks of the immortals. In George Eliot we have one more name added to the list of great ones to whom, to use the words of a French writer, has been granted "*le funeste privilège d'entendre crier à toute heure les ressorts de leur machine.*"

V. One other significant group of facts remains to be touched on. In a considerable number of cases it has been ascertained that insanity or other form of nervous disorder has shown itself in the same family as genius, whether as its forerunner, companion, or suc-

cessor. Chateaubriand's father is said to have died of apoplexy. Schopenhauer's grandmother and uncle were imbecile. Several distinguished men had insane sisters, among others Richelieu, Diderot, Hegel,* and Charles Lamb. One of Mendelssohn's sons became insane.†

I have endeavored in this brief review of the alleged facts to give an adequate impression of their variety and range. It now remains to inquire into their precise evidential value.

The first question that naturally arises here is whether the facts are well authenticated and accurately presented. A cautious mind will readily reflect that if genius as such is apt to assume an abnormal aspect to average common-sense, biographers may easily have invented, or at least exaggerated, some of the alleged morbid characteristics of the great; and as a matter of fact there is good reason to suppose that this falsifying of the record of greatness has taken place. I may refer to the story of the madness and suicide of Lucretius, which is extremely doubtful, and may have grown out of a religious horror at the supposed tendency of his writings. The story of Newton's madness, again, which is given by a French biographer, and which is ably refuted by Sir David Brewster, may owe much of its piquancy to what may be called the unconscious inventiveness of prejudice. Very possibly the stories of the visions of Brutus, Cromwell, and others have had a like origin.

Again, it will be said that even medical men—wishing like others to magnify their office—may have been too ready in spying out the symptoms of insanity. If they are fallible in dealing with the living subject, all of whose physical and mental characteristics are accessible to observation, how much more likely are they to err in diagnosing the minds of the dead by help of a few fragmentary indications only? I think the force of this objection, too, must be allowed.

* That Hegel's sister was insane and drowned herself is asserted by Moreau, on the authority of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and quoted by Radestock.

† Symptoms of insanity are said by Moreau to have shown themselves in the families of several eminent rulers, including Peter the Great. (See Radestock, p. 4 seq.).

When, for example, a French alienist thinks it worth while to write a book in order to prove that the belief of Sokrates in a controlling divinity (τὸ δαιμόνιον) was a symptom of mental disease, a layman may be pardoned for demanding a mode of investigation more in accordance with the proud claims of science to our absolute and unstinted confidence. A well-informed and critical reader of M. Moreau's tables of biographical facts will not fail to challenge more than one statement of his respecting the morbid characteristics of great men, ancient and modern.*

Allowing, however, for a margin of error, I do not think any candid mind will fail to see that such a body of facts as remains is sufficient to justify us in drawing a conclusion. If men of the highest intellectual calibre were not more liable to mental and nervous disorders than others, no such list out of the short roll of great names could have been obtained. No elaborate calculations are needed, I think, to show that mental malady occurs too often in the history of genius.†

One might perhaps try to evade the unpalatable conclusion by saying that there is genius and genius; that it is weakly, one-sided, and bizarre originality which exhibits these unhealthinesses, whereas the larger and more vigorous productiveness of an Aristotle, a Shakespeare, or a Goethe, is free from such blemishes.‡ I think, however, that our facts will compel us to reject this saving clause. There is no question among competent critics of the splendid quality of genius of Swift, of Carlyle, or of Beethoven. Nor in cases of so-called

healthy genius can it be said that nothing abnormal ever shows itself. The above references to Goethe may serve to indicate the liability to abnormal deviation even in the strongest and seemingly most stable type of genius. As for Shakespeare, the instance commonly referred to by Lamb and others who have come to the defence of genius, it is enough to say that our knowledge of his personality and life is far too meagre to justify any conclusion on the point.*

And this brings us to another very important consideration. If too much has been made of the alleged positive instances, too much has been made also of the apparent contradictions or exceptions. The record of past greatness is far too scanty for the most plodding student to find all cases of morbid symptoms which have presented themselves. We who live in an age when a fierce light beats on the throne of intellect, when the public which genius serves is greedy of every trivial detail of information respecting its behavior in the curtailed recess of private life, can hardly understand how our ancestors could have neglected to chronicle and to preserve the words and deeds of the greatest of men. Yet such is the case, and the further we go back the scantier the biographic page. Inasmuch, too, as many of the symptoms of nervous disease in the intellectual heroes themselves or their families would possess no significance to the ordinary lay mind, we may feel confident that in many cases where we have a fairly full record important data are omitted.

Another thought naturally occurs to one in this connection. Without endorsing the ancient proverb that the best men die in their youth, we may find good grounds for conjecturing that many endowed with the gift of genius have passed away before their powers culminated in the production of a great monumental work. The early collapse of so many who did attain fame suggests this conclusion. And among such short-lived and unknown recipients of the Divine afflatus it seems reasonable to infer that there were a considerable

* As when he sees in Swift's witty pamphlet on Ireland a distinct presage of oncoming insanity. In some cases he is inexact in stating his facts, as when he says that Saint-Simon committed suicide.

† The proportion is the more striking, because it is not known that insanity is particularly frequent among the more highly educated class of the community.

‡ This seems to be the idea of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes when he distinguishes between poets of "great sun-kindled constructive imagination" and those who have "a certain kind of moonlight genius given them to compensate them for their imperfection of nature," and who are invariably "tinged with melancholy" (*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, chap. viii.).

* Even the little that we know does not all point one way. Against the fine business capacity and so forth we have to set the youthful excesses of which rumor speaks.

number who succumbed to some of those forms of psycho-physical disease which have so often attacked their survivors.

It seems then to be an irresistible conclusion that the foremost among human intellects have had more than their share of the ills that flesh is heir to. The possession of genius appears in some way to be unfavorable to the maintenance of a robust mental health. And here arises the question how we are to view this connection. Is the presence of the creative faculty to be regarded as itself an abnormal excrescence in the human mind? Or is it that the possession and fruition of the faculty are apt to be attended with circumstances which are injurious to perfect mental well-being?

In order to understand the precise relation between two things, we ought to know all about the nature and causes of each. But this we are very far from knowing in the present case. Science has, no doubt, done much to clear up the ancient mystery of madness. We now know that it has a perfectly natural origin, and we understand a good deal respecting the more conspicuous agencies, psychical and physical, predisposing and exciting, which bring about the malady. Yet so intricate is the subject, so complex and subtle the influences which may conspire to just disturb the mental balance, that in many cases, even with a full knowledge of an individual and his antecedents, the most skilful expert finds himself unable to give a complete and exhaustive explanation of the phenomenon.

With respect to genius the case is much worse. We may have a clearer intuition of its organic composition than the ancients; we may be able better than they to describe in psychological terms the essential qualities of the original and creative mind. But we have hardly advanced a step with respect to a knowledge of its genesis and antecedents. We do, no doubt, know some little about its family history. Mr. Galton, with his characteristic skill in striking out new paths of experimental research, has brought to light a number of interesting facts with respect to the hereditary transmission of high intellectual endowments. But these re-

searches supply no answer to the supremely interesting question, How does the light of genius happen to flash out in this particular family at this precise moment? A preparation there may be, as Goethe somewhere hints, in the patient building up by the family of sterling intellectual and moral virtues. But this is hardly the beginning of an explanation. How much the better are we able to comprehend Carlyle's wondrous gift of spiritual clairvoyance for knowing that he came of a thoroughly sound stock, having more than the average, it may be, of Northern shrewdness? To trace the family characteristics in a great man is one thing, to explain the genius which ennobles and immortalizes these is another.*

In the present state of our knowledge, then, genius must be looked upon as the most signal and impressive manifestation of that tendency of Nature to variation and individuation in her organic formations which modern science is compelled to retain among its unexplained facts. Why we have a Shakespeare, a Michael Angelo, a Goethe here and now, is a question that cannot be answered. Our ignorance of the many hidden threads that make up the inextricable skein of causation forces us to regard each new appearance of the lamp of genius with much of the wonder, if with something less of the superstition, with which the ancients viewed it.

This being so, we must be content with a very tentative and provisional theory of the relations between genius and mental disease. We cannot, for example, follow M. Moreau in his hardy paradox that genius has as its material substratum a semi-morbid state of the brain, a neuropathic constitution which is substantially identical with the "insane temperament" or "insane neurosis."† For first of all the facts do not support such a generalization. If the "genial temperament" involved a dis-

* Much the same applies to what M. Taine and others have said about the larger preparation of the original teacher and the artist by the traditions of the community and the spirit of the age. See, for a careful treatment of the whole question of the antecedents of genius, an article by M. H. Joly, "Psychologie des Grands Hommes" (III.) in the *Revue Philosophique*, August, 1882.

† *Op. cit.* p. 463 seq.

tinct constitutional disposition to insanity, the number of great men who had actually become insane would certainly be much greater than it is. And, in the second place, this proposition reposes on far too unsubstantial a basis of hypothetical neurology. We know too little of the variations of nerve structure and function to pronounce confidently on the essential identity of the nervous organization in the case of the man of genius and of the insane.*

A more modest and possibly more hopeful way of approaching the question appears to offer itself in the consideration of the psychical characteristics of genius. We may inquire into those peculiarities of sensibility and emotion, as well as of intellect, which are discoverable in the typical psychical organization of the great man, and may trace out some of the more important reflex influences of the life of intellectual production on his mind and character. What we all recognize as genius displays itself in some large original conception, whether artistic, scientific, or practical. And it seems not improbable that by a closer investigation of the conditions and the results of this large constructive activity of mind we may find a clue to the apparent anomaly that grand intellectual powers are so frequently beset with mental and moral infirmity. These lurking-places of abnormal tendencies will, we may expect, betray themselves more readily in the case of artistic and especially poetic genius, which has, indeed, always been viewed as the most pronounced form, and as the typical representative of creative power.

No careful student of genius can fail to see that it has its roots in a nervous organization of exceptional delicacy. Keeness of sensibility, both to physical and mental stimuli, is one of the fundamental attributes of the original mind. This preternatural sensitiveness of nerve has been illustrated in the two latest records of poetic genius. Carlyle's

lively impressibility to sounds and other sensuous agents is familiar to all.* And of George Eliot it has been well said that "her nerves were servile to every skyey influence." And what a range and intensity of emotion are at once suggested by names like Milton, Dante, Shelley, Heine!

This fineness of the sentient fibre stands in the closest relation to the intellectual side of genius. It is not so much an accompaniment of the creative imagination as its vitalizing principle. The wide and penetrating vision of the poet is the correlative of his quick, delicate, and many-sided sensibility. And the stimulus which ever urges him toward the ideal region, which makes him devote his days to the pursuit of some ravishing idea, has its origin in his rare, almost superhuman, capacity of feeling. The modest limits of the real world fail to slake his thirst for the delight of beauty, for the raptures of the sublime. Hence the impulse to fashion new worlds of his own. And by such ideal activities the emotional sensibilities which prompted them are deepened and intensified.

It is easy to see, from this glance at the fundamental conditions of imaginative creation, that it has one of its main impulses in uncommon experiences of suffering. The fine nervous organization, tremulously responsive to every touch, constitutes in itself, in this all too imperfect world of ours, a special dispensation of sorrow. Exquisite sensibility seems to be connected with a delicate poise of nervous structure eminently favorable to the experience of jarring and dislocating shock. And it is this preponderance of rude shock over smooth, agreeable stimulation—of a sense of dissonance in things over the joyous consciousness of harmony—which seems to supply one of the most powerful incitants to the life of imagination. Hence the dark streak of melancholy which one so often detects in the early years of the great man.

Such an attitude of mind must entail suffering in other ways. As the biography of the man of genius often tells us, he is apt to become aware, at a pain-

* Dr. Maudsley is more guarded, contenting himself with saying: "It is truly remarkable how much mankind has been indebted for special displays of talent, if not of genius, to individuals who themselves, or whose parents, have sprung from families in which there has been some predisposition to insanity" (*Responsibility in Mental Disease*, p. 47).

* Goethe, Schopenhauer, and other great men were particularly sensitive to sounds.

fully early date, that his exceptional endowments and the ardent consuming impulses which belong to them collide with the utilities and purposes of ordinary life. The soul intent on dreaming its secret dream of beauty is unfit for the business which makes up the common working life of plain, prosaic men. The youth to whom the embodiment of a noble artistic idea or the discovery of a large, fructifying, moral truth is the one absorbing interest, will be apt to take a shockingly low view of banking, school-mastering, and the other respectable occupations of ordinary citizens.

It follows that the man of genius is, by his very constitution and vocation, to a considerable extent a Solitary. He is apt to offend the world into which he is born by refusing to bow the knee to its conventional deities. His mood of discontent with things presents itself as a reflection on their contented view. On the other hand, his peculiar leanings and aspirations are incomprehensible to them, and stamp him as an alien. "Il y a peu de vices," says Chamfort, with a grim irony, "que empêchent un homme d'avoir beaucoup d'amis, autant que peuvent le faire de trop grandes qualités." Hence the profound solitude of so many of the earth's great ones, which even the companionships of the home have not sufficed to fill up. And it must be remembered that the ardent emotions of the man of genius bring their extra need of sympathy. Even the consciousness of intellectual dissent from others may become to a deeply sympathetic nature an anguish. "I believe you know" (writes Leopardi to a friend), "but I hope you have not experienced how thought can crucify and martyrize anyone who thinks somewhat differently from others."

Such isolation is distinctly unfavorable to mental health. It deprives a man of wholesome contact with others' experience and ideas, and disposes to abnormal eccentricities of thought. It profoundly affects the emotional nature, breeding melancholy, suspicion of others, misanthropy, and other unwholesome progeny. The "strange interior *tomb* life" of which Carlyle speaks is a striking example of the influence of this isolation in fostering the minute germs of morbid delusion.

If now we turn to the process of intellectual origination, we shall find new elements of danger, new forces adverse to the perfect serenity of mental health. If the rich biographical literature of modern times teaches us anything, it is that original production is the severest strain of human faculty, the most violent and exhausting form of cerebral action. The pleasing fiction that the perfectly-shaped artistic product occurs to the creative mind as a kind of happy thought is at once dispelled by a little study of great men's recorded experience. All fine original work, it may be safely said, represents severe intellectual labor on the part of the producer, not necessarily at the moment of achievement, but at least in a preparatory collection and partial elaboration of material. The rapidity with which Scott threw off his masterpieces of fiction is only understood by remembering how he had steeped his imagination for years in the life, the scenery, and the history of his country.

It is to be remembered, too, that this swift and seemingly facile mode of creation is by no means an easy play of faculty, akin to the spontaneous sportiveness of witty talk. It involves the full tension of the mental powers, the driving of the cerebral machine at full speed. According to the testimony of more than one man of genius, this fierce activity is fed and sustained by violent emotional excitement.* The notion of producing a work of high imaginative power in a state of perfect cold blood is, as Plato long ago pointed out, absurd. Spiritual generation only takes place when the soul burns and throbs as with a fever. At the moment of productive inspiration the whole being is agitated to its depths, and the latent deposits of years of experience come to the surface. This full springtide of imagination, this cerebral turmoil and clash of currents, makes the severest demands on the controlling and guiding forces of volition. And it is only when the mind is capable of the highest effort of sustained concentration that the process of selecting and organizing can keep

* Byron, Goethe, Dickens, and others attest to this. Compare what George Eliot says about the way in which the third volume of *Adam Bede* was produced (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 155.)

pace with the rapid inflow of material. Hence, though the excitement may in certain cases be intensely pleasurable, it is nearly always fatiguing and wearing.

But great artistic works are not always flashed into the world by this swift electric process. Some books that men will not let die have been the result of lengthened toil troubled by many a miserable check and delay. The record of Carlyle's experience sufficiently illustrates the truth that there is no necessary relation between rapidity of invention and execution and artistic value of result.* Much depends on the passing mood, more still on the temperament of the individual artist. There are others besides Carlyle to whom spiritual parturition has been largely an experience of suffering, the pangs being but rarely submerged in the large, joyous consciousness that a new idea is born into the world. And when this is so there is another kind of strain on the mental machine. The struggle with intellectual obstacle, the fierce passionate resolve to come *in's Reine* which every student experiences in a humble way, becomes something for the spectator to tremble at.


Is it surprising that such states of mental stress and storm should afterward leave the subject exhausted and prostrate? The wild excitement of production is apt to dull the sense still further to the prosaic enjoyments with which ordinary mortals have to content themselves. More than this, the long and intense preoccupation with the things of the imagination is apt to induce a certain lethargy and stupor of the senses, in which the sharp outlines of reality are effaced in a misty dream-like phantasmagoria. The reader of Carlyle's *Memoirs* need not be reminded how plainly all this appears in his experience. Even the warm and gladdening ray of dawning prosperity failed to cheer him in these hours of spiritual collapse. And he exclaims in one place that there is no other pleasure and possession for him but that of feeling himself working and alive.†

* M. Joly illustrates the same fact by the experience of Voltaire, *Revue Philosophique*, November, 1882, pp. 496, 497.

† *Thomas Carlyle*, vol. ii. p. 129. Probably one reason why painters so rarely show morbid

In addition to these adverse forces, which have their origin in the common conditions of the life of genius, there are others which, though less constant, present themselves very frequently in co-operation with the first. It has often been remarked that the man of decided originality of thought, being as it were one born out of due time, has to bear the strain of production for a while uncheered by the smile of recognition. And when there is great originality, not only in the ideas, but in the form of expression, such recognition may come too slowly to be of any remunerative value. Neglect or ridicule is the form of greeting which the world has often given to the propounder of a new truth; and where, as frequently happens, the want of instant recognition means the pressure of poverty, which chafes with unusual severity the delicate fibres of sensitive men, we have a new and considerable force added to the agencies which threaten to undermine the not too stable edifice of the great man's mental and moral constitution. Johnson, Lessing, Burns, Leopardi, and many another name, will here occur to those familiar with the lives of modern men of letters. In view of this combination of threatening agencies, one begins to understand the many eloquent things which have been said about the fatality of great gifts. Thus one finds a meaning in the definition of poetic genius given by Lamartine when speaking of Byron—"a vibration of the human fibre as strong as the heart of man can bear without breaking."

It is not meant here that even when all these destructive elements are present a distinctly pathological condition of mind must necessarily ensue. Their effect may be fully counteracted by other and resisting agencies. Of these the two most important are bodily energy and health on the one hand, and strength of will or character on the other. Where these are both found in a high degree of perfection, as in Goethe, we have a splendid example of healthy genius. On the other hand, if either, and still more if both, of these are wanting, we have a state of things which is exceedingly likely

mental traits is that in their case the function of the senses can never be so completely overborne by the weight of imagination. 

to develop a distinctly pathological state of mind.*

How, it may be asked, does it commonly fare with the world's intellectual heroes with respect to these means of defence? As to the physical defence, it is known that a number of great men have had a physique fairly adequate to the severe demands made on the nervous organization. They were men of powerful frame, strong muscles, and good digestion. But such robustness of bodily health seems by no means the common rule. The number of puny and ill-formed men who have achieved marvellous things in intellectual production is a fact which has often been remarked on. So common an accompaniment of great intellectual exertion is defective digestion, that an ingenious writer has tried to show that the maladies of genius have their main source in dyspepsia.† No Englishman in thinking of this question can fail to recollect that the three of his countrywomen who have given most distinct proof of creative power—Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot—were hampered with a physical frame pitifully unequal to support the cerebral superstructure.‡

Coming now to the moral defence, the thought at once suggests itself that, according to the testimony of more than one writer, genius consists in preternatural force of will more than in anything else. It is, we are told, only the man with an infinite capacity to take pains who is truly great. The prolonged intense concentration of mind which precedes the final achievement is a severe exertion and striking manifestation of will.

* That is, quite apart from any inherited physical predisposition to nervous disease.

† R. R. Madden, *On the Infirmities of Genius*.

‡ Schopenhauer, in the passages of his work already referred to, discusses in a curious and characteristic way the physical basis of genius. Moreau quotes approvingly the remark of Lecanus that men of the finest genius were "of a feeble constitution and often infirm." On the other hand, Mr. Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius*, contends that the heroes of history are at least up to the average of men in physical strength. It is to be remarked, however, that the reference to University statistics is apt to mislead here. Senior wranglers can hardly be taken as representative of creative power.

At the same time, a moment's thought will show us that this patient mental incubation is no proof of the higher qualities of will and moral character.* The appropriateness of the old way of speaking of creative inspiration as a possession is seen in the fact that the will has little to do with bringing on the condition. "The author," said Lord Beaconsfield on one occasion, "is a being with a predisposition which with him is irresistible, a bent which he cannot in any way avoid, whether it drags him to the abstruse researches of erudition, or induces him to mount into the feverish and turbulent atmosphere of imagination." This sense of a quasi-exterior pressure and compulsion is attested by more than one child of genius. In some cases, more particularly, perhaps, among "tone-pets," we find this mastery of the individual mind by the creative impulse assuming the striking form of a sudden abstraction of the thoughts from the surroundings of the moment. And throughout the whole of the creative process, the will, though as we have seen exercised in a peculiarly severe effort, is not exercised fully and in its highest form. There is no deliberate choice of activity here. The man does not feel free to stop or to go on. On the contrary, the will is in this case pressed into the service of the particular emotion that strives for utterance, the particular artistic impulse that is irresistibly bent on self-realization. There is nothing here of the higher moral effort of will, in choosing what we are not at the moment inclined to, and resisting the seductive force of extraneous excitants.†

These fragmentary remarks may help

* It is evident that only speculative, as distinguished from practical genius, is here referred to. The man of great constructive powers in affairs—the statesman, general, and so forth—requires will in the higher and fuller sense. And it has been remarked that these organizing intellects rarely exhibit pathological symptoms.

† This fact of the absence of choice, and the ordinary co-operation of the personal will in artistic production, is illustrated further in the rapidity with which the mind casts off and ignores its offspring. "Est-ce bien moi qui ai fait cela?" asked Voltaire once, on seeing one of his dramas acted. George Eliot attests to this strange unmaternal feeling toward her literary children.

us to understand the facts of the case. A certain proportion of great thinkers and artists have shown moral as well as intellectual heroism. Men who were able to take the destruction of a MS. representing long and wearisome research as Newton and Carlyle took it must have had something of the stuff of which the stoutest character is woven. The patient upbearing against hardship of men like Johnson and Lessing is what gives the moral relish to the biography of men of letters. More than one intellectual leader, too, has shown the rare quality of practical wisdom. Goethe's calm strength of will displaying itself in a careful ordering of the daily life is matter of common knowledge. Beethoven managed just to keep himself right by resolute bodily exercise. In George Eliot an exceptional feeling of moral responsibility sufficed for a nice economizing of the fitful supply of physical energy.

At the same time, our slight study of the ways of genius has familiarized us with illustrations of striking moral weaknesses. We have seen a meaning in Rochefoucauld's paradox that "*il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts.*" The large draught of mental energy into the channels of imaginative production is apt to leave the will ill-provided in working out the multifarious tasks of a temperate and virtuous life.

Our conclusion is that the possession of genius carries with it special liabilities to the action of the disintegrating forces which environ us all. It involves a state of delicate equipoise, of unstable equilibrium, in the psycho-physical organization. Paradoxical as it may seem, one may venture to affirm that great original power of mind is incompatible with nice adjustment to surroundings, and so with perfect well-being. And here it is that we see the real qualitative difference between genius and talent. This last means superior endowment in respect of the common practical intelligence which all men understand and appraise. The man of talent follows the current modes of thought, keeps his eye steadily fixed on the popular eye, produces the kind of thing which hits the taste of the moment, and is never guilty of the folly of aban-

doning himself to the intoxicating excitement of production. To the original inventor of ideas and moulder of new forms of art this intoxication is, as we have seen, everything. He is under a kind of divine behest to make and fashion something new and great, and at the moment of compliance reckes little of the practical outcome to himself. And such recklessness is clearly only one form of imprudence, and so of maladaptation.

But if improvident, he is improvident in a high cause. Emerson and others have taught us the uses of the great man. The teacher of a new truth, the discoverer of a higher and worthier form of artistic expression, is one in advance of his age, who by his giant exertions enables the community, and even the whole race, to reach forward to a further point in the line of intellectual evolution. He is a scout who rides out well in advance of the intellectual army, and who by this very advance and isolation from the main body is exposed to special perils. Thus genius, like philanthropy or conscious self-sacrifice for others, is a mode of variation of human nature which, though unfavorable to the conservation of the individual, aids in the evolution of the species.

If this be a sound view of the nature and social function of the man of genius, it may teach more than one practical lesson. Does it not, for example, suggest that there is room just now for more consideration in dealing with the infirmities of great men? There is no need of exonerating intellectual giants from the graver human responsibilities. We do well to remember that genius has its own special responsibilities, that *noblesse oblige* here too. At the same time we shall do well also to keep in mind that the life of intellectual creation has its own peculiar besetments, and that in the very task of fulfilling his high and eminently humane mission, and giving the world of his mind's best, the great man may become unequal to the smaller fortitudes of everyday life. To judge of the degree of blameworthiness of faults of temper is a nice operation which may even transcend the ability of a clever and practised critic. Perhaps the temper most appropriate to the contemplation of genius, and most

conducive to fairness of moral judgment, is one in which reverence is softened by personal gratitude, and this last made more completely human by a touch of regretful pity. — *Nineteenth Century*.

IS MEDICINE A PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE?

BY MORELL MACKENZIE.

THE art of killing has made vast strides since primeval men fought with the thigh bones of their deceased relations, and in these days of torpedoes and Gatling guns no one will deny that it continues to develop with a rapidity which must be highly comforting to Malthusian economists. The art of healing, on the other hand, has certainly not progressed to a proportionate extent, and scoffers may even be found who maintain that it has not advanced a single step since the time of Hippocrates. Pessimistic views of this kind are not uncommon among clever people who are enlightened enough to see the shortcomings of medical science without having sufficient knowledge to appreciate either the difficulties in the way or the manner in which they are met. The opposite tendency is, however, more fashionable at present, and the ever-widening area of conquest achieved by science in the dark realm of disease is the theme of constant jubilation in the lecture-room and the press. Without any wish to damp honest enthusiasm it may be hinted that such rejoicings are often somewhat premature. *Te Deums* are sung for victories which prove to be altogether hollow or even of the Pyrrhic sort, and the enemy supposed for an instant to be crushed is found carrying on the war as fiercely as ever. Remedies vaunted as of sovereign virtue against a particular ailment have on further trial to be discarded as useless; modes of treatment which yield the most brilliant results in the hands of Dr. Diagnosticus fail utterly with the patients of Professor Agnosticus. Systems and theories follow each other like the waves of the sea, and leave but little trace on the rock-bound coast of the unknown against which human intelligence has shattered itself in vain for thousands of years. The question, therefore, Is Medicine a progressive science? is not

so idle as might at first sight appear. At any rate a sober discussion of the matter may be refreshing to some minds in the midst of the shouts of triumph which rend the air at every half-discovery that is announced.

A point which meets us at the outset is whether Medicine is, strictly speaking, a science at all. Although the elementary principles of physiology are as certain as any other scientific truths, the practical application of them in the investigation and treatment of disease can hardly ever possess more than a higher or lower degree of probability. The diagnosis of a case of organic disease of the heart, for example, cannot during the patient's life be treated as a verity of the same order as the circulation of the blood. The final test of a science is the possibility of *predicting* the phenomena belonging to its domain. The astronomer foretells the time of an eclipse to the fraction of a second. The physiologist prophesies with certainty that if the spinal cord be severed about its middle, the lower part of the body will be paralyzed. But the physician can never know beforehand the precise effect which a drug will produce in a given case, or whether a particular complication will occur in the course of a familiar fever. It is no doubt perfectly true that, as the candidate in the *Malade Imaginaire* puts it, *opium facit dormire*, but in a small percentage of cases it has precisely the opposite effect. We know that arsenic and belladonna are poisons, but deadly doses of both have often been taken with impunity, and the most experienced toxicologist could not say with certainty how little would suffice to destroy life in an individual case. The science of medicine may almost be said to be limited to the class of truths which adorned the mind of the "natural philosopher" commended by Touchstone. We know that "the

property of rain is to wet, and of fire to burn," and we are sure that if a man's heart stops, or if he ceases to breathe, he dies; outside the narrow circle of such fundamental truths, we are in a region of mere probability. It can hardly therefore be wondered at that Laplace should have demurred to the admission of physicians among the scientific members of the Institute, or that our own Royal Society should so seldom open its doors to medical practitioners as such. Nor is there much likelihood that medicine will ever take rank among the exact sciences. The problems of life are too complex to be solved by physical methods, and all other means of investigation from their very nature offer only a more or less close approximation to accuracy of result.

With all its inevitable limitations, however, medicine has progressed, and will continue to progress, slowly perhaps, and too often wandering from the right path, occasionally even losing ground. By far the greater part of such progress as has been made, has been achieved within comparatively recent times. A hundred years ago the question, *Is Medicine a progressive science?* might have been answered in the negative without much absurdity. Such advances as had then been made had been mostly of an isolated and fortuitous nature; a few brilliant discoveries had been stumbled on, but the science was pretty much where Harvey had left it more than a century before, whilst the practice was little better than that of Celsus or Galen. Let us take a glance at the state of things which then prevailed. The recognition of diseases of the heart and lungs was to the last degree conjectural, whilst as regards other internal organs it was the merest guess-work. Fevers and other disorders, which are as distinct in their character and course as a horse from a cow, were classed together and treated in an indiscriminately drastic manner, just as at the same period the law hanged with Draconian impartiality for murder and for sheep-stealing. Tumors were arranged in a few haphazard groups, as motley in their composition as the various sections of the "great Liberal party." If a man was unlucky enough

to fall into the hands of the surgeons, he had to bear cold steel and hot iron with what fortitude he could; death under the knife from sheer pain was not unfrequent, and operations that might have saved life were refused from dread of the agony with which they were accompanied. Compound fracture of a limb entailed the loss of it almost as a necessary consequence, and sufferers from calculus could only obtain relief by one of the most dreadful cutting operations in surgery. Doctors saw no harm in ministering to ladies "in the straw," as it was elegantly termed, immediately after leaving the dissecting room or the dead-house, and thousands of women must have perished from this cause alone. Ignorance of the laws of hygiene made hospitals and jails little better than pest-houses. The mortality from preventible diseases, such as small-pox, typhus, enteric fever, and all the ghastly progeny of dirt and foul air, defies all computation. Lunatics were chained and beaten like wild beasts, and their affliction was exposed to the jeers of unfeeling men and the leers of shameless women.

There is still, no doubt, a vast amount of suffering and disease amongst us, but it would be folly to deny that the difference between the past and the present is immense. The stethoscope has made it as easy to detect a damaged heart or an inefficient lung as a broken leg. The ophthalmoscope enables us to explore the innermost recesses of the eye, whilst with the laryngoscope we can have ocular proof of the condition of the wind-pipe. The microscope enlightens us as to the true nature of growths, and such timely information often makes it possible to check their development. Anæsthetics have robbed surgery of all its cruelty and half its danger; they have moreover extended its sphere of action, for operations are now frequently performed which formerly could not have been attempted. The introduction of the anti-septic method has largely increased the proportion of recoveries after severe wounds and mutilations, and has also done much to insure the safety of the lying-in chamber. The necessity of cutting for stone is now obviated by measures which involve neither pain nor serious risk, and there can be little

doubt that the operation will in the course of the next fifty years become obsolete in civilized countries. Small-pox is no longer the standing menace to beauty that it once was, whilst it is scarcely taken into account as a possible danger to life by ordinary people. Typhoid fever still claims many victims, though it is being gradually driven off the field by an enlightened hygiene; typhus is almost unknown except in the lowest and most squalid haunts of poverty. Madness is now treated as a bodily disease, not as a curse of God or spite of the devil, the result being a large proportion of recoveries, and infinitely less suffering among the incurable. A like improvement is seen in other branches of the medical art. The loathsome compounds—invented, one might suppose, by a council of ghouls and scavengers—which used to be ordered, no longer vex the palates or upheave the stomachs of unfortunate patients; the active principle of the most important remedies has been separated, so that the agent can be administered in a purer and more efficient form, whilst the physiological action of the drug is determined by experiment and is taken as the index of its therapeutic value. Less physic is given, but it is prescribed with a clearer purpose. Better still, more attention is paid to diet and the hygienic surroundings of the patient, and, above all, nature is less encumbered with the officious help of a blindly who insists on aiding her with a zeal that is not according to knowledge. The truth has at last been borne in on the medical mind that many diseases run a certain definite course on which no medicine has any effect for good, though it may have for evil, and that accordingly a policy of masterly inactivity is the wisest in such cases. The physical changes wrought by disease and the morbid processes which give rise to them are now to a certain extent accurately known, and this field of inquiry promises to be increasingly fruitful of solid result. Some scattered rays of light, too, are beginning to pierce the shroud of darkness which formerly made the origin of disease a more impenetrable mystery than the source of the Nile. This marks one of the greatest advances in the history of medicine,

and its practical importance is obviously incalculable. The cause clearly known the effect can often be removed, or, better still, prevented. Specific fevers may possibly be banished from among men, and even those fell scourges, consumption and cancer, may in course of time be stamped out. One disease after another is traced to the action of organisms infinitesimal in size, but having an almost inconceivable power of self-multiplication. From leprosy to a cold in the head, the "conqueror worm" is credited with the generation of almost every form of disorder; where it has not yet been found, it is suspected. In a word, the sign Bacillus is in the ascendant in the medical firmament.

Fascinating, however, as the theory of the parasitic origin of disease undoubtedly is, it is clear that it does not altogether solve the problem. Granting the existence, *e.g.*, of a distinct species of bacillus in the lungs of consumptive patients, and granting that the bacillus is the cause of the disease, the question still remains, What is the *causa causans* of the invading organism itself? Whence does it come, and how did it get there? This may recall to profane minds the famous riddle which once baffled a royal intellect, How the apple got into the dumpling? but it is a question which must be answered, for the presence of the bacillus may obviously be the consequence of the disease instead of its cause. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that inquiries into etiology must not stop at the discovery of a minute organism in the affected tissues.

Hygiene is in great measure of modern growth, and one has only to compare our condition as regards wholesomeness of dwellings, drainage, water supply and personal cleanliness, with that of our great-grandfathers, to recognize a vast and wonderful change for the better. It was not so much indifference perhaps as sheer ignorance which made people formerly such Gallios respecting these things. The sounder views which begin to prevail at the present day are the most striking proof that medicine has made real progress. It may, however, be hoped that we are as yet only in the twilight that pervades the dawn. Already the death-rate has been sensibly lowered in England and

some other countries, and insurance statistics show that the average span of human life has been materially lengthened. It may be said that this is the result of better means of prevention rather than of improved methods of cure; but surely medicine may claim as her own the triumphs of hygiene which is her offspring? As the science of medicine perfects itself it tends necessarily towards its own annihilation. When everything can be prevented there will be nothing left to cure. Medicine will then, like Alexander, have to sheathe its sword for want of fresh worlds to conquer; it will cease to exist, or become transformed into a religion of the body preached by properly qualified ministers, or into a code of health promulgated and enforced by the State. Death or suffering from disease will then be unknown; life will be cut short only by violence, or will quietly collapse with "a general flavor of mild decay" when its natural lease is out.

When this Utopian state of things has been arrived at one cannot help wondering (though the matter hardly concerns us) what is to follow. The mere struggle for food must lead to wholesale slaughter compared with which even Biblical massacres will seem paltry, or ultra-Spartan modes of repressing exuberance of population will have to be adopted.

In the mean time medicine still lives, and may I be allowed to say, flourishes. Nor does there seem to be any immediate prospect of its becoming obsolete or superfluous in the world. Doctors have still to do battle with disease, and the Priesthood of Health is as yet embodied only in the persons of Inspectors of Nuisances. It has been shown that the art of healing has made very decided progress, but the more interesting question remains, Will it continue to advance? Blessed as our state undoubtedly is compared with that in which our forerunners had their being, the most fervid optimist must allow that there is yet much room for improvement. The Sphinx of disease still propounds many riddles fraught with destruction to such as cannot solve them, and no *Cedipus* comes to the rescue. Many ills are still our heritage which have been handed down from one generation to another as

long as there is any record of man in the world, whilst new ailments are developed in the feverish atmosphere of our modern life. Nevertheless it is impossible for any competent observer to deny that medicine moves onward almost from day to day. The path of progress lies in the continual expansion of surgery at the expense of pure physic, in other words the domain of what the French more correctly call *pathologie externe* is by degrees annexing and absorbing that of *pathologie interne*, and to a proportionate extent substituting proof for conjecture. Not much more than ten years ago a surgeon of the highest eminence gave public expression to his belief that operative surgery had then reached its greatest possible degree of perfection, and yet even within that short time a considerable tract of the waste land of medicine has been reclaimed and brought under surgical cultivation. The lung, the stomach, the kidney, and even the brain have been successfully invaded by the knife, and some portions of the body can now be *seen* which not very long ago were as invisible during life as the *divina particula aerdi* itself. A word of caution, however, may not be out of place respecting these signs of progress. It is questionable whether the mere demonstration of the fact that the human frame can be wounded or mutilated in a particular way without causing the death of the patient is anything more than a barren triumph. Again, increased facility in detecting disease which we are powerless to relieve may not seem to ordinary minds a very solid gain. On the other hand, it must be remembered that when a malady is *sure* to kill its victim if allowed to run its course unchecked, an operation which saves even one life in a million cannot justly be condemned as useless. Furthermore, as an absolutely essential condition of successful treatment is the accurate identification of the mischief, any help towards this is to be welcomed as a step in advance, however far removed it may seem to be from the sphere of practical usefulness.

It is impossible to deny that there are great difficulties in the way of medical progress, probably more than in that of any other branch of human inquiry. The question, Is engineering a progres-

sive science? for instance, would strike every one as palpably absurd. Yet it will hardly be contended that the amount and quality of intellect brought to bear on the problems of medicine are in any way inferior to that which so successfully copes with those of mechanical science. The truth is, that medicine does not progress so much as other sciences, simply because it has to do with matters infinitely more complex and abstruse than any of them. The properties of living matter cannot be thoroughly investigated without destroying the very principle, the secret of whose working it is that we wish to discover; vital energy cannot be weighed or analyzed. Dissection of the dead body shows nothing more than the structure of the machine, and that imperfectly; experiments on one kind of living animal cannot be taken as conclusive in the case of another.

The inherent difficulties of the subject are increased by popular prejudice and ignorance, which throw obstacles in the way of even such slight means of investigation as we have. Furthermore, there is room for improvement in the inquirer himself. Medicine is by the vast majority of its professors taken up solely as a means of livelihood, and the pursuit of truth for its own sake in the present arrangement of things requires first of all the possession of independent means. Virtue is its own reward in the practice of medicine, more, perhaps, than in any other sphere of labor. Hence those who are most fitted to do work that would make all mankind their debtors have too often no material on which to exercise their powers, whilst those who have the largest opportunities for observation have not time to make full use of them. Moreover, original work does not *pay*, and the reputation of being a discoverer is often disadvantageous to the practitioner. The publication of Harvey's immortal *Exercitatio de Motu Cordis* was immediately followed by the loss of most of his patients. For this incompatibility between research and practice I can see no remedy, unless a way can be found of freeing the physician from his dependence on patients without lessening the salutary stimulus to exertion. If the State were to undertake the med-

ical guardianship of its subjects, and doctors were to be Government officials, paid not by individuals but out of the public purse, on a scale strictly commensurate with their activity and success, the sick would probably be just as well cared for as at present, and their attendants would have a position of greater freedom, and at the same time of greater dignity. Promotion in the service would be strictly according to merit as estimated by the medical body itself, and special encouragement would be given to original investigation. It appears to me that this plan would have all the advantages claimed for the endowment of research without its drawbacks. Abstract science would thus be at once self-supporting and less apt to lose touch of the immediate needs of suffering humanity. At the same time the great work of progress could be powerfully assisted by the State in other ways. It might be enacted that a careful and complete autopsy of all dead bodies without distinction should be made by thoroughly qualified officers expressly appointed for the purpose, and full records of such examinations should be kept, and should be issued to members of the medical profession at frequent intervals. This plan would, there can be little doubt, make medicine advance more in a few years than it has done since the days when it was the custom for those who had recovered from any illness to hang a record of the means of cure in the temple of *Æsculapius* for the benefit of fellow-sufferers. I scarcely dare do more than hint at another source of knowledge, which the flabby sentimentalism of this humanitarian age would probably recoil from with a shudder. Yet as long as capital punishment continues to be enforced, society might surely be allowed to get some benefit from the criminal who has outraged its laws beyond merely purging itself of his presence. Of course it would be a cardinal principle that not the slightest bodily pain should be inflicted, and things might easily be managed so that even mental suffering should be spared to the condemned man. In fact, the dread penalty of the law might be exacted in a way at once less unpleasant to the victim than at present, and infinitely more advantage-

ous to mankind. Gabriel Fallopius, who was professor of anatomy at Padua in the sixteenth century, tells us that the Grand Duke of Tuscany from time to time gave orders that a criminal should be handed over to him "*quem nostro modo interficimus et eum anatomisamus*," and even as I write the experiment of inoculating a man with leprosy as an alternative to the gallows has been tried in the Hawaiian Islands. It may be said that this would degrade medicine and make its professors more hateful than common hangmen. If carried out, however, by State functionaries, and with all due safeguards against abuse, the execution would be transfigured into the likeness of a solemn sacrifice on the altar of science.

Even with such limited means as we have at command, however, there is every reason to believe that medicine will continue to make progress. A more philosophical spirit governs the mind and directs the efforts of its practitioners. There is less bigotry and scientific sectarianism than in days not long gone by; the art of healing is now eclectic in the best sense, and does not scruple to borrow useful hints from any source, however heretical. Like Molière, the medicine of to-day "*prend son bien où il le trouve*." Its aim, too, is more definite and individual than it used to be. We think less of framing systems which are, as it were, the algebraical formulæ of disease, and more of working out to a correct solution the particular problem before us. Hence the tendency to specialization, both in research and in practice, which is one of the most powerful elements in the progress which medicine is making.

The enlightened humility of intellect which prefers patient interrogation of nature to the formation of brilliant theories; the careful assay of all facts in the crucible of experiment, and the use of the comparative method whereby the diseases of other animals, and even of plants, are made to throw light on those of man, combine to make up a tone of thought in the medical world which is full of promise for the future. Another feature of scientific research in the present day is what may be called the *band-work* which modern facilities for rapid communication have made possi-

ble. Results of inquiry thus easily become known through the whole civilized world, and can at once be tested by a number of independent investigators. In this way error is strangled at its birth, or at any rate before it has had time to do much harm, whilst truth is likely to be more quickly accepted. Pregnant hints run less risk of being left slumbering in the Limbo of neglect till they are forgotten. The numerous organs, also, which exist for the purpose of collecting and systematizing the records of what has been attempted and accomplished, and presenting a summary of results month by month, and year by year, assist community of effort by showing each individual what his fellow-workers in the same field are doing. This prevents much waste of time and intellectual energy, which can be more profitably applied in other directions. Much is justly expected from the Collective Investigation which has within the last few years been set on foot. The scheme is still in its infancy, and is only directed to one or two common disorders, but it is so clearly a step in the right direction that it cannot fail to expand itself so as to embrace the whole field of diseases.

It does not seem rash, therefore, to anticipate that medicine will in the future progress at once more rapidly and more surely than it has done in the past. The present condition of the science, the precision of our diagnosis, the abundance and efficacy of the therapeutical resources at our disposal, our knowledge of the cause, and power of forecasting the issue in many diseases, would appear miraculous to Hippocrates or Galen, and wonderful to Harvey, or even Edward Jenner. How far the art of healing will progress is a question which lies beyond my scope. There are certain limits which it can never hope to overpass, but within these bounds it will continue to advance indefinitely. Much of the traditional obloquy with which medicine is still sometimes assailed is founded on a misconception of its true aim and function. More is asked of it than of any other art or science. Prolongation of life beyond the patriarchal term; the extirpation of all disease; the immediate cure of all injuries; and the abolition of pain

are among the modest demands made on medicine ; and all this is to be done by the wave of a magician's wand, so to speak, without any regard for the inexorable laws of nature. People have long ceased to sneer at chemists for their inability to transmute base metal into gold, and engineers would not be expected to move Ireland, say, to the North Pole ; but doctors are still reviled because they cannot enable a glutton to outrage all the laws of digestion with impunity, or *create* anew an organ destroyed by disease. Medicine has the threefold function of curing, preventing, and alleviating human suffering. As regards the first, we have made comparatively little headway ; but if we do not cure more, we, at any rate, kill less, and that of itself is a good deal. I confess I do not share Professor Huxley's expectation, that a remedy for nearly all forms of disease will sooner or later be found in drugs. This hope seems to me not only baseless in itself, but likely to prove a will-o'-the-wisp to investigators. Means of prevention should be sought for rather than specific antidotes, which have seldom been discovered except by accident, and which often fail in the time of need. Much progress has already been made in the prevention of disease, and it cannot be doubted that in this direction lies the way for medicine to follow if it is to be truly progressive. Apart, however, from either cure or prevention, there is a vast field for the power of medicine to display itself.

The art must not be judged solely, or perhaps chiefly, by crude statistics of recoveries and deaths. Even if it be conceded that the former are largely the work of nature, the veriest sceptic who has ever been ill himself or witnessed sickness in others, must confess that the physician can allay pain, ward off danger, soothe apprehension and infuse hope. Even when the issue is fatal, is it to be counted as nothing that death, although victorious, has been disarmed of its sting of physical anguish ? It may be boldly asserted that if medicine never wrested a single life from an untimely grave, it would still deserve supremely well of humanity for its power of relieving pain. In nothing is the progressive character of the healing art more conspicuous than in the constant additions which are made to our means of dealing with troublesome symptoms, which even if they do not threaten life, make it miserable and perhaps useless. If it be the destiny of mankind to have disease always going about among them, seeking whom it may devour, it is still much that more and better safeguards should be found against it, that its ravages should be lessened, and that our life into which, brief as it is, such an amount of suffering may be compressed, should be rendered less and less subject to pain, and freer from bodily discomfort. On this ground alone medicine may well take its stand as a progressive science.—*Fortnightly Review*.

INDIAN ARMS.

INDIA is gradually ceasing to be a word of vague meaning in England, and the general British public is beginning partially to realize what our vast dependency really is. We have lately had Indian draperies in fashion in English drawing-rooms ; Indian villages have been established for exhibition in London ; and even Indian candidates have appeared before English constituencies. Last of all, the great and marvellously interesting central Imperial exhibition, which is now introducing to each other the various inhabitants of Britain's empire, and opening the eyes of men of the parent stock to the extent of that em-

pire, and their responsibilities to so many rich, and, above all things, loyal offshoots, has its most striking portion devoted to India, and has gathered in its embrace not only the products of the Peninsula, but has collected representatives, living or in effigy, of most of its peoples, trades, and professions.

All this has produced a certain familiarity with the names, customs, and differences of the conglomerate of Eastern races, whose destinies are disposed of in the English Parliament, and who look for sympathy and intelligent guidance to the English people.

Still, the knowledge that most people

have is very indistinct. Even in India itself, the officials are necessarily much localized, and comprehensive views of Indian subjects are uncommon. Every point, therefore, from which an illuminating ray is thrown on the vast whole, is worth careful examination, and no apology is needed for directing attention to one very clear side-light, and trying to show how far it bears on a great and important study.

Since the primeval days, when the great Peninsula was peopled by the descendants of the survivors of the Flood, spreading slowly down from the cradle of the race in its extreme northwest frontier, India has been overswept by tide after tide of civil and religious invasion and conquest, and each tide, as it flowed and ebbcd, has left scattered and sometimes broken traces of its presence ; while every local eddy and whirlpool has mixed these traces, in some places so as to be almost undistinguishable, besides forming new and strange features of its own.

Historians, ethnologists, geographers have groped among these traces, and studied them carefully and critically. Buildings, coins, codes of laws, customs, have all yielded their store of records of the past, and have each corrected or corroborated the story told by the others.

But there is one class of record which marks the spread of races, the establishment of empires, the struggles of man with his fellow-man and with the powers of nature, which has not received all the attention it merits, and which is among those which are least distinct and most reliable. The arms, offensive and defensive, which have been carried by warlike populations, surging over vast countries, and overwhelming old kingdoms and communities, are full of individuality and character, as are those of more primitive peoples, which had to combine the necessities of war with those of the chase, and whose sword was as often required to clear a path through a primeval forest as to encounter a human foe.

Weapons of some sort are the first necessity of man ; and no other articles demand such a variety of materials for their construction, none give greater facilities for the exercise of art in their decoration. As civilization and art develop, there is a gradual change from

the rude type to the more artistic ; and the influence of the contact of various nations, with their religions, sciences, and customs, is distinguished in forms of ornament and employment of material.

The scale of gradual development of arms marked by Lucretius, is still to be found nearly complete in India—

“ *Arma antiqua manus, ungues dentesque fuere
Et lapides et item sylvarum fragmina, rami
Et flammæ, atque ignes postquam sunt cognita primum,
Posterius ferri vis est, ærisque reperta ;
Et prior æris erat quam ferri cognitus usus.*”

From the plain club, sole weapon of the primitive Toda herdsman of the Nilgiris, to the elaborately ornamented and highly tempered *tulwar* of the great Rajah, we may still trace every step of progress, and mark every characteristic of tribes and nations, from primeval man to advanced civilization.

It is much to be regretted that no complete study of Indian arms and armor has ever been made on the same lines as Meyrick's well-known work on the arms of Europe. A classified account of all the various weapons of the Peninsula would open the eyes of many to the peculiarities of the vast number of distinct races which are still comprised in our Indian empire—races with histories and folk-lore of their own, much of which is gradually fading away, and will soon be lost, before advancing European education and influence. India has, more than any part of the world, had every stage of its history marked by war and conquest. From the mythic wars of the Maha Bharata, the struggles between the Kauravas and Pandavas, down to the historical struggles of our own time, every movement has been chronicled in blood. It is only since the strong hand of English administration has been laid on the land that the husbandman no longer follows the plough with his targe on his back and his blade by his side ; is no longer constantly liable to have his peaceful labor interrupted by the cry to arms to repulse raiding freebooters or hostile armies, and that the natives are beginning, with disuse, to forget the use of shield, sword, and spear.

There is a vast field of inquiry open, which we believe has been untouched by

any one but Mr. Egerton, to whom we are indebted for a small but most valuable work on the subject, published in 1880. As he says—

“The present time is favorable for the examination of the national and private collections of Indian arms in this country, as they are not likely to receive many new additions. The use of many of the weapons has become obsolete within the present generation; the great military despotisms of India have crumbled to pieces; those that remain are gradually adopting European arms, and with the pacification of the country, the necessity for carrying weapons is gradually disappearing or has altogether passed away. After the Sikh wars, and again after the Mutiny of 1857, a general disarmament took place, many of the old armories were broken up, and many curious old weapons destroyed and sold as old metal.”

No one can have been present at a representative native gathering of any kind without being struck by the numberless types of arms which even now are to be seen. The imperial assemblage at Delhi probably brought as many together as are ever likely to be again collected, but this was an exceptional occasion. The yearly festivals at the capitals of Mohammedan and Hindu States are, however, as sufficiently stimulating to inquiry; and the European visitor who has watched the motley and picturesque processions during the Mohurram and the Dussera, at, say, Hyderabad and Mysore, with the warlike games and exercises which form part of the festival, has been able to see the past histories of the countries unrolled before him, and has seen weapons and instruments which are wreathed about with old legend and wild religious superstition.

After all, we must remember that the arms, which we may see in the possession of the natives of India to-day, or in the collections in England and the Continent, are all comparatively modern, and that very few date back more than two or three hundred years. What records have we of the arms which were used in prehistoric days, in the early days of the Christian era, and in that period which we call the middle ages?

The Maha Bharata, the earliest Hindu epic poem, written in Sanscrit, tells of a great war between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, as the “Iliad” tells of a war between Greece and Troy. Its events, which are referred by General Cunningham to the fifteenth century be-

fore the Christian era, were probably, in the first instance, recorded in the lays of a number of bards; but the whole work is said to have been arranged by one Brahman sage, known by the name of Vyasa. In it we have numberless allusions to the arms and equipment of its heroes. Rajahs in golden mail, masses of war elephants and chariots, horsemen and footmen in vast numbers, take part in its contests. The prowess of individuals with particular weapons is recorded; and the narrative of life and customs, though told with all the exaggeration of Eastern romance, is so circumstantial in many ways, that we may know that we have a reasonable picture of the old-world warrior and his armament. The bow, common to all nations, plays a large part in the story, and we have the familiar tale of the bow, which only the heaven-gifted prince can bend, and the impossible mark, which he alone can hit. Clubs, swords, javelins, spears, and bucklers, are also common to the heroes of the Maha Bharata, with those of the epics of other peoples. But there is one distinctive weapon, the *chakra* or quoit, which we do not recognize as an old acquaintance, except, may be, as the thunderbolt of Jove. Arjuna, the Pandava prince, is exhibited as whirling his sharp-edged quoit or *chakra* at whatever object he would, and never missing his mark; and this weapon has descended unchanged to our own day, when the Alkali Sikhs still wear the *chakra* in their turbans, and still pride themselves on their skill in throwing it.

The second great Sanscrit epic, the Ramayana, belongs to a later date, and its action is laid about 1000 B.C. Again much of the interest of the story hinges on marvellous weapons. It commences with the festival of the Swayamvara (or marriage festival) of Sita, the lovely daughter of a great Rajah who reigned eastward of Ayodhya, the modern Oude. He possessed a huge bow, which Siva had used, and which was retained as a mark of sovereignty. Sita was to be given in marriage to the princely suitor who could bend it.

“For . . . it was law
 . . . when any asked a maid,
 Of noble house, fair and desirable,
 He must make good his skill in martial arts

Against all sultors who should challenge it ;
Nor must the custom break itself for kings."

Not a Rajah of the many who made the essay could even lift it from the ground till Rama came, the son of the Maharajah of Ayodhya, who not only took up and bent the bow, but seized it in such a powerful grasp, that he broke it, and of course became the husband of the fair princess. The long story proceeds through all the adventures of Rama and Sita in exile in the jungles ; in the abduction of Sita by Ravana, the monarch of Lanka (the modern Ceylon) ; the wars with Ravana, in which Hanuman, the monkey-god, plays a distinguished part ; and the final united reign at Ayodhya of Rama and Sita. The incidents of the Ramayana are constantly repeated in the bas-reliefs on Hindu architecture, and every variety of weapon, in the actual forms which exist to-day, are portrayed as being commonly used by the heroes of the tale. Particularly in the conventional representation of the giant monarch Ravana, he is shown with twenty arms, and in each hand a different weapon. The Hindus have found that Rama was not only the great and beneficent monarch of Ayodhya, but also recognize in him an incarnation of Vishnu, Rama Chandra, and add to the marvels of the story of the broken bow of Siva. The meeting is described between Rama Chandra and Parasurama, who was himself an avatar of the deity in which the latter says that he has heard that Rama Chandra has broken Siva's bow, and challenges him to bend another bow ; "the bow which I now offer to you is Vishnu's." Rama Chandra is victor in this trial also, and bends and strings the bow, thus proving that he also is divine.

As we pass the name Parasurama, we note again the connection of a weapon. Parasurama, Rama with the axe (*parasu*) is an avatar of Vishnu, in which the incarnate deity is represented armed with an axe. This incarnation of Vishnu was undertaken by the deity to exterminate the Kshattriya, or warrior caste, which had tried to assert its supremacy over the Brahmanical or priestly caste. This myth has been taken by some to refer to the legendary invasion of India from Egypt, under the leadership of Sesostris or Parusram, the leader with the battle-axe.

The representations of Parasurama show him with an axe in his hand, of the pattern common on the Malabar coast—a small crescent-shaped blade, with a plain wooden haft. In the south-west of India this deity is known as the power that raised Travancore from the waters, and is specially worshipped accordingly.

We have said that the scenes of the Ramayana, with the weapons of the combatants, are found often portrayed in Hindu sculpture. But we find in the still more ancient remains of the first centuries of our era, at Sanchi and elsewhere, most careful representations of armed men, and the operations of a siege are depicted, undertaken probably, as General Cunningham thinks, to recover possession of some holy relic ; and we are called upon to remark how closely the tale told by these sculptures coincides with the descriptions by Greek historians of the armies of Hindostan. In the later, but still ancient sculptures, ranging in antiquity from the Amravati Tope, the hill-caves of Orissa, the caves of Ajunta, down to the Jain sculptures of the twelfth century, and the still more recent Marwari rock-carvings, we have very clear representations of arms, many of which are familiar to us at the present day.

Curious and interesting particulars of the actual construction of legendary weapons are found in some of the Vedas and the commentaries on the ancient writings. The bows varied in length from the length of a man's arm to 4 cubits or 6 feet, of which the latter dimension was considered the best. They were made of metal, horn, or wood ; but the best bows were constructed from the bamboo, cut at the end of the autumn. The arrows also varied in length from 3 feet to 5 or 6. They were tipped with steel points variously shaped, needle or lance pointed, semicircular, dentiform, double-edged or jagged like a saw ; and these forms of points are to-day to be found on the arrows of many of the aboriginal tribes of India. The shafts were greased or anointed to facilitate their flight ; but they never appear to have been poisoned. Some were altogether made of iron, and it is perhaps those to which Curtius alludes when he says that some of the

Indian archers shot with arrows which were too heavy to be very manageable. One characteristic of the archery of the ancient Hindus seems to have been peculiar to them alone, which consisted in shooting a number of arrows at once, from four to nine at a time.

The swords were, as in later days, of various shapes and sizes, and many localities were credited with producing the best blades. Those of Bengal and Behar were praised as tough and capable of taking a fine edge. The sword considered in the Veda of the best size must have been a two-handed weapon, as it was fifty fingers long, with a hilt guarded by an iron netting, probably resembling the modern *pata*, or the long *kanda* of the Rajput. There does not appear to have been any special distribution of weapons to combatants of different ranks, though bows and arrows, maces, javelins, swords, and shields seem to have been the principal arms of the chiefs, who went to battle mounted on chariots, whilst their followers carried in addition spears and axes of various forms, and other missiles of different kinds.

Nor must it be considered that because they were unsuccessful in their contests with foreign invaders, the inferiority of the ancient Hindus arose from a want of careful cultivation of the theory of the art of war. The composition of the army is carefully laid down, from the small primary unit, consisting of one elephant, one chariot, three horse and five foot soldiers, to the successive combinations of the same into larger bodies, increasing in size. Tactics were not omitted. The formation of an army into centre and wings, with a reserve, was known and taught. The use of advanced and rear guards, scouts, and flanking parties, the employment of the different arms in the ground best suited to the action of each, and the best formations for camp and battle array, were laid down in the ancient writings as clearly and emphatically as in the soundest modern treatises on the military art. Stores of food and fuel were to be collected, and last, not least, skilled medical attendance was to be provided for the sick and wounded; and the host of armed men was ordered to be guided in all its actions by the

“strict rules of self-denial, liberality, and religion.”

Before leaving the prehistoric times, it is interesting to trace the relationship between the hordes which spread east and west from the common cradle of the race, in their warlike customs, and particularly in their common reverence for the sword. The Christian heroes, Charlemagne and Arthur, who personified their swords Joyeuse and Excalibur, and the Christian knights, who bowed before their cross-handled blades, inherited the idea from a common ancestry with the noble Rajput, who carried out in solemn festival the *Karga S'hapna*, the worship of the sword. The banks of the Oxus sent colonizers equally to the shores of the Baltic and to the plains of Hindostan; and their descendants in the gloomy North, and under the blazing sun of the East, both maintained the same thirst for glory, the same desire to please the fair, and the same sentiment of romantic honor and chivalry.

One of the oaths most binding on the Rajput was when he swore on his sword, and this form of oath was equally binding and equally practised among chivalrous European peoples of the middle ages. When Bernardo del Carpio marched against Charlemagne—

“As through the glen his spears did gleam,
these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain stream
receives the roaring rills;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of
haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the
faithful sons of Spain.”

The *Karga S'hapna* was one of the most imposing rites among the festivals of the Rajput, and was carried out on the departure of the monsoon, when he was again able to indulge his warlike propensities, which had perforce been in abeyance during the rains.

The particular sword which was worshipped was the double-edged *khanda*. This, after fasting, ablution, and prayer on the part of the prince and his household, was removed from the hall of arms, and having received the homage of the Court, was carried in procession to the temple of Devi, goddess of battle, and placed by the priests, as an emblem of Heri, the god of battle, on the altar before the image of his divine consort.

Buffaloes were sacrificed, offerings of sugar and garlands of flowers were made, arms were given, worship was paid to the sword, and other ceremonies performed during nine days, after which the sword was borne home in state, the warlike religious festival for the year was over, and the martial Rajput was again able to sally from his stronghold for raid and foray.

The sword is recognized, even in our own day, as an offering showing the profoundest homage, and the strictest fidelity, by the Indian custom of offering the hilt to a superior, which he touches in appreciation of the implied loyalty.

With the Mohammedan invasions of India, the first important one of which was made in A.D. 1001, by Mahmoud of Ghazni, a new period of history begins, which includes all the centuries up to the final collapse of the Mogul empire and the establishment of British power. The early part of this period seems to be marked by the introduction of artillery into India, some knowledge of which, in its crudest and earliest forms, had probably already been learned in the minor invasions by the Arabs into Sind, who came provided with catapults and other engines, and were successful in sieges to an extent unknown before to an age which had considered that 100 bowmen in a fort were a match for 10,000 enemies. Fiery or explosive projectiles were discharged from instruments like catapults or mangonels, in addition to the use of battering-rams and balistas, in the armies of the Caliphs; and the knowledge of their effects, and experience in their use, were carried into India by the conquering Mohammedan forces, which were led against the monarchs of the States east of the Indus. The use of these new and formidable engines must have carried despair into the hearts of the defenders of the old fortresses, which had been so impregnable against the vast hosts formerly arrayed against them.

"His fierce beleaguers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new;—javelins that fly,
Enwreathed with smoky flames, through the
dark sky;
And red-hot globes, that, opening as they
mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha-fount,

Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illumined night they go,
Like those wild birds that by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing fagots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion
wide.

All night the groans of wretches who expire
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city.*

The prominent part which artillery should take in war, was early understood by the Mogul emperors, who collected and organized masses of guns of different calibres, from the heaviest ordnance to the light camel-piece; and even the latest developments of the modern science of artillery, on which we so much pride ourselves in the nineteenth century, seem to have been anticipated in these distant days. The breech-loading gun, the gun which is conveyed from place to place in various portions and can be fitted together for action, were known to and used by Akbar; and he must also have realized the value of the concentrated fire of artillery, if it is true, as we are told, that he united together a large number of pieces and arranged that they could be discharged by one match.

Some enormous pieces of artillery are chronicled as having been constructed in various States of India, rivalling the monster guns of the same period which remain as relics in the old fortresses of the United Kingdom. Mons Meg, which peers grimly over the castled rock of Edinburgh, is only about thirteen feet long, with a calibre of twenty inches; while, beside many other, no doubt well-known, guns in India, the great gun long preserved at Bijapur, which had been used by Aurungzebe at the capture of the place, had a calibre of twenty-eight inches; and there is an old gun lying on a cavalier in a ruined and forgotten fort at Sacripatna in Mysore, whose length is nearly eighteen feet, with a calibre of ten inches.*

* Since the above has been in type, a letter has been received from Mandalay, noting that, out of about 2000 pieces of artillery lately taken in that town, some are very curious and valuable bronze and brass guns. Many of them are long guns of great weight of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are of Portuguese or Spanish manufacture. Some are quaint pieces, shaped like dragons, and must have been allotted to particular regiments or to distinguished people.

How the science of artillery and the power of using masses of that arm grew and flourished in purely native States down to the most recent times is known to all who remember how stanchly the Sikhs fought their guns at Moodkee, Ferozeshahar, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and Guzerat, when our best sepoy battalions reeled back discomfited, and even the British regiments were staggered by the well-directed and sustained discharge.

With the possession of formidable artillery, came to the military States a knowledge how to employ that arm to the best effect, and, both in attack and defence, the science of fortification was practised on the European method. High walls and towers, perched upon rocky heights, were no longer considered the *ne plus ultra* of security; nor was a direct attack by assault prudent, or indeed possible. Fortresses were placed in good strategical positions, surrounded by ditch, ravelin, and all the best elements of defence; while sieges were carried out in a series of approaches, by which the fire of the place was gradually overpowered, and a breach regularly formed, before the assault was given.

It is difficult to leave the subject of purely native artillery in India without a thought of the marvellously effective means of transporting guns employed by some at least of the great States. Our great antagonists Hyder Ali and Tippoo were exceptionally fortunate in this respect, in being able to use the bullocks of Mysore, the famous Amrit Mahal cattle. These cattle, whose breeding was most carefully supervised, furnished the draught animals for the Mysore artillery; and in the days when roads were not, and the great routes of traffic were at best rough tracks, nothing could have been more efficient. The unexpected celerity of Hyder's movement on Bednore, and his good fortune, on another occasion, in saving his artillery, after his disastrous defeat by Sir Eyre Coote at Porto Novo, were entirely due to the stanchness and activity of his gun-bullocks, which moved his batteries at a quicker pace even than the march of his infantry.

The European, who only knows the slow and heavy cattle of the West, can hardly realize the value for draught of

these light, fawn-colored, deer-like cattle. Alas that the great breeding establishment at Hunsur, which mainly produced them, and which had been maintained with every care through the vicissitudes of the Mysore State, and under the British tutelage of the country for so long, was abolished as an unnecessary expense by a well-known Liberal statesman! Too late it was recognized how great was the loss, even in our own day, for military purposes, of the Amrit Mahal bullocks; and the greatest efforts are now being made, under the able superintendence of Colonel Hay of the Madras army, to re-establish the breed in some of its original purity and value.

The arrival of the Portuguese on the western coasts of the Peninsula in the end of the fifteenth century had a very material influence on the weapons of India. The firearms and swords of Spain and Portugal had then a European celebrity, and the natives eagerly sought for them for personal use, and also as patterns for their own manufacture. The gun with which Akbar, at the siege of Chitor, shot the commander of the enemy's garrison, is said to have been a European piece; and the sword of Sivaji, the Mahratta chief, was a very good Genoese blade. The long straight blades of the gauntlet-handled swords called *pata* were frequently of Spanish manufacture, and the product of the forges of Toledo found its way to the armory of the Indian Rajah. Many Spanish barrels are found mounted on old matchlocks, and were much valued for their fine workmanship and accurate shooting. The description in "The Pirate" of the "beautiful Spanish barrel gun, inlaid with gold, small in the bore, and of immense length," which was given to Mordaunt Mertoun by Cleveland, and with which the latter boasts that "he can put a hundred swan-shot through a Dutchman's cap at eighty paces," and that "he has hit a wild bull at a hundred and fifty yards," is true even now of some of the most cherished guns which are to be seen in India.

The settlements of the Dutch in the Indian islands did not leave any special traces on the weapons of the country; and it was not until the French and English began to establish their trading stations in the Peninsula, maintained

their commercial rights by force of arms, and asserted a strong influence wherever they set their feet, that a radical change in all warlike methods was commenced, and European arms and tactics were systematically introduced. The French set the example of arming and drilling natives of the country after the European model.

Dupleix was the first to see that native armies could not stand before European troops ; and he also saw that the natives of India were quite capable of receiving European discipline and learning to fight with European efficiency. This example was quickly followed by the English ; and in all the great struggles for nearly a century and a half, sepoy battalions, led by European officers, and taught to use their arms in the European manner, have formed the major part of the forces which have shattered in succession every native power from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. As Professor Seely has most truly pointed out, "England did not, in the strict sense of the word, conquer India"—India "has rather conquered herself."

But the use of European arms and methods of organization was not confined alone to European powers. Many native States saw their value, and warlike sovereigns strove to utilize the same methods ; but they never had complete success unless they employed some European soldier of fortune to lead their levies. The drilled bodies of men were incomparably superior to the old armies ; but the European leadership was the point of steel upon the spear, which doubled its value and efficiency. Raymond, De Boigne, Avitabile, and many others formed important forces, which, when the skilled leadership was withdrawn, remained still formidable, but were unable to give security to the States they served. To-day almost all the States of India which remain under native rule maintain armed forces, differing widely in strength and efficiency ; but the military value of each one is gauged entirely by the nearness of its approximation to the European model, which all strive to follow.

The natural result of this Europeanizing the art of war in India, and also of the general disarming the population, has been that the demand for the old

weapons has almost ceased, and the manufacture of swords, matchlocks, daggers, &c., for which many localities were celebrated in times past, is gradually dying out, and soon nothing will be produced but articles required for state or ornamental purposes. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new ;" and the picturesqueness of Indian war, the pride of jewelled sword and dagger, damascened shield and inlaid matchlock, will soon have disappeared before the more sombre and uniform requirements of modern battle array.

In all the many contests, great and small, in which England has been engaged through the length and breadth of India, her troops have been brought in contact with the most variously armed tribes and nations, both as allies and enemies ; and in many galleries, public and private, in Windsor Castle, in the great museums, and in private collections, the interesting relics of this contact are now to be seen. Hardly one of the many officials, civil and military, whom England has sent forth to conquer and to administer her great dependency, returns to his native island without hanging up in his quiet home some quaint and characteristic weapons, as reminiscences of the distant land of his exile, where he worked or fought.

Every one of these weapons tells its own tale to the instructed eye ; and as in the gorgeous collection of the ex-viceroy or the great general we can recall his personal intercourse with descendants of powerful dynasties or chiefs of great armies, so, in the few simple arms which are treasured by the humbler official, we have a silent memento of years of work in lonely district stations, among wild and primitive tribes.

The arms of India may be roughly classified by their style of ornamentation. As Mr. Egerton says, "There is as great a variety of art in Indian weapons as there is in architecture ; and there is as strongly marked a line between Aryan and Turanian art, or, speaking roughly, between the arms of the north and south of India, as between the architecture of the Taj and the temple of Chillumbrum." It is impossible, however, to separate Aryan and Turanian arms with undeviating accuracy. Both have borrowed much of their art from

other sources, and in the many campaigns which have had their course from north to south, or from south to north, types of construction and ornamentation have been greatly mingled. The delicate tracery and floral patterns of the north of India are frequently found in weapons in the south, as are the more massive, stiffer, and sometimes grotesque outlines of the south encountered in the north.

Naturally the hilts of swords and daggers, in their variety of shape, have lent themselves to ornamental purposes to a very great extent. The swords worn by monarchs, or sent by them as gifts to other potentates, have frequently merited the description of Excalibur, which was worthy to be "stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings"—

"For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks :

Myriads of topaz lights and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewellery."

Plate-mail, and shields also, and, in a minor degree, spears, *chakras* (quoits), and the numberless quaint varieties of the articles in the Indian warrior's equipment, have been the field for ornamentation of every kind.

The methods of applying decoration have been many and various. The famous enamel of Jaipur, Koftgari work, Bidri work, Niello work, have all been employed. Silver and gold have been engraved, chiselled in relief or *repoussé*, beside being used in brocade for the linings of shields and the interior of sword-hilts. Brass, copper, bronze, carved wood have all been utilized ; while the most precious jewels, with jade, jasper, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell, have all found their place. Painting and lacquer-work figure on wood and hide, and leather sword-belts and scabbards have been richly embossed and embroidered.

In naming these materials and processes, it is impossible to pass without notice a most interesting and little known piece of etymology connected with one of them, which is mentioned by Mr. Egerton.* The shagreen, which is much

prized for scabbards in Persia, is made from the artificially roughened skin of a donkey's back, and derives its name from the Persian word *saghri*, which means *back*. We in England know of shagreen as rough skin, and the idea of roughness has been probably carried into the common word *chagrin*, which has travelled through French to our daily use.

Though, no doubt, most of the best swords worn in India were Persian, there are many localities in the Peninsula which have been famous in their day for the production of the blades which fitted into these gorgeous mountings, and of the matchlocks and fine mail, which received such careful ornament. Many famous armorers have forged sword and spear, and some few still remain, who show, principally nowadays by the fine quality of their boar-spears and *shikar*-knives, how well they must have worked when their skill was given to more war-like weapons. Among those, whose names have long been well and honorably known, Bodraj of Aurungabad and Arnachellam of Salem know no superiors, and still can show how the blades of the old *tulwars* were of such fine quality and temper.

Many of the weapons of strange shape and character to be found in India deserve special notice on account of their appropriateness to the district in which they have originated, their historical associations, or their individual peculiarity of shape and quality. The *kukri*, the national weapon of Nepal, is about nineteen inches in total length, with an unguarded hilt. Its blade, generally of bright steel, is incurved, heavy and widening toward the point. It has more the qualities of a good billhook than anything else ; and this, indeed, was its original function, for the Gorkha required it not only for fighting purposes, but also to clear his way through the jungles of the Terai. In his practised hands, the *kukri* is the handiest of tools and the most formidable of weapons,—how formidable, those who have been in action with the Gorkha battalions in our service can well testify.

Like the *kukri* of the Gorkha, the big knife of the Coorg mountaineer derived its shape from the daily necessities of life in dense jungles. The tremendous monsoon rains, which break on the

* It has been pointed out to the writer that in Stormonth's very valuable dictionary (library edition), this piece of etymology—which we failed to find in many dictionaries in common use—is correctly given.

mountains of the west coast of India, develop an extraordinarily luxuriant vegetation in the district, and the inhabitants found the constant want of an implement to open their way through the thick underwood and clumps of bamboo. The Coorg knife, the *ayda katti*, is about the same length as the *kukri*, also with blade incurved, but still wider and heavier. One of its most remarkable characteristics is that it has no sheath ; but is carried, slung naked, across the hips, through a slit in a metal belt. The belt is called a *todunga*, and is made generally in either brass or silver, of a solid plate behind, fastening in front with massive and handsome chains. A spike projects to the rear from the centre of this plate at the back. This spike has no apparent definite use ; but it was remarked, at the imperial assemblage at Delhi, that the Coorg chiefs, who were there in the costume and wearing the arms of their native country, were not incommoded by any crowd pressing on them from behind.

The quoits still worn by the Alkali Sikhs have been mentioned above. They are flat steel rings, sharpened at the outer edge, and sometimes handsomely damascened in gold. They are worn encircling a conical cap or wrapped in the folds of the turban, or sometimes slung upon the left arm. They are thrown with great accuracy, and, though not now used for war purposes, the Sikh soldier, in his *kusrut* or display with his weapons—a kind of assault at arms—will cut in two a gourd elevated on a stick to the height of a man's head, at a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The quoit or *chakra* is one of the typical weapons of Vishnu, and it is also the weapon with which Siva, in a fit of jealousy, struck off the head of the child of Parvati, which he replaced with the head of an elephant, thus forming the elephant-headed god Ganesa, the Hindu Janus, and the god of policy and prudence.

The Alkali Sikhs also wear on the cap the *baghnak* or *waghnak*, the tiger-claw. This is an arrangement of four small and sharp curved blades or claws, which fit inside the fingers, fixed to a plate of steel in the palm of the hand, to which it is fastened by rings at the wrist and fingers. It was with the *baghnak* that the

Mahratta chief Sivaji treacherously slew Afzul Khan, the general of the Mohammedan monarch of Bijapur, as is so vividly narrated by Colonel Meadows Taylor in "Tara," perhaps the most charming of his very charming Indian novels. Sivaji had invited Afzul Khan to a personal conference, in which both were to be unarmed. At the place of meeting—

"Afzul Khan went forward a few paces as Sivaji came up. 'You are welcome, Rajah Sahib ; embrace me,' he said to Sivaji. 'Let there be no doubt between us ;' and he stretched forth his arms in the usual manner. Sivaji stooped to the embrace, and, as the Khan's arms were laid upon his shoulders, and he was thus unprotected, struck the sharp, deadly, tiger's-claw dagger deeply into his bowels, seconding the blow with one from the other dagger, which he had concealed in his left hand. Afzul Khan reeled and staggered under the deadly wounds."

The *maru* or *madu*, a parrying shield, is very quaint. It consists of two antelope-horns, armed at the tips with small dagger-like points, and united at their butt-ends, where they are held by the left hand ; a small steel shield is fastened at the same point, which serves for defence, as the armed horns are ready for a blow.

The straight, thick, short dagger, with side-guards for the hilt, and strengthened at the point for piercing chain-armor, called *katar*, is probably one of the oldest and most characteristic weapons of India. They are often found profusely ornamented and damascened in gold ; but the best and finest are those of plain steel, which, when hung up and struck with a piece of metal, ring with a fine full tone like a powerful gong.

The great gauntlet-handled sword, *pata*, with which the professional sword-player performs the most marvellous feats of dexterity and skill, and which was the arm of the cavalry of the Great Mogul ; the *bich'hwa*, or scorpion dagger, which was worn in the sleeve ; the *peshkabz*, a mail-piercing dagger, which sometimes had a groove in the blade filled with small pearls, running backward and forward when it was used, and said to represent the tears of the wounded—sometimes a groove filled in like manner with small rubies, which represented drops of blood ; the *gargaz*, or mace ; the *gupti*, or sword-stick—all are full of

interest : but to mention in detail all the offensive weapons, with their histories and peculiarities, which may be found in India, would be nearly endless.

The varieties of defensive armor are almost equally numerous and peculiar. The defensive qualities of plate and chain mail in all its forms, which were known and used in Western countries, were supplemented in the East by defences of many kinds and in many materials ; but the most useful was the heavy turban, swathing the head in voluminous folds, impervious to a sword-cut. The Mahratta horsemen used to defend their heads with a turban bound under the chin with a scarf. This, during the Mahratta war, was a complete puzzle to the English dragoons, who strove in vain to make any impression on it with their sabres, till some cunning old trooper hit upon the plan of dexterously pushing the turban aside with the point of the sword, and immediately bringing the edge to bear on the then undefended skull. The quilted cotton armor also was an almost sure defence against lance or sword ; but it was often fatal to its wearer by accidentally taking fire from the flash of a pistol or the burning match of a matchlock. It was no uncommon thing to see on an Indian battle-field a wounded and disabled man writhing in agony, while his cotton armor was slowly consuming him in a smouldering fire. We have met the tale, told by an English officer of irregular cavalry, who was pursuing some Pindarris, and discharged his pistol at the nearest fugitive. The ball had dropped out of the barrel in his holster during the gallop ; but either the flash of the pistol or the burning wadding ignited the quilted armor of the flying Pindarri, which the rapid movement of his horse quickly fanned into a flame. He could be tracked across the plain by the line of smoke which rose from his burning body, until he dropped insensible from his horse.

Colonel Wilks, in his history of Mysore, describes the cavalry of the Nizam, which joined Lord Cornwallis in 1791 :—

“ Their first appearance was novel and interesting. It is probable that no national or private collection of ancient armor in Europe contains any weapon or article of personal

equipment which might not be traced in that motley crowd,—the Parthian bow and arrow, the iron club of Scythia, sabres of every age and nation, lances of every length and description and matchlocks of every form ; metallic helmets of every pattern, simple defences of the head, a steel bar descending diagonally as a protection to the face, defences of bars, scales, or chain-work descending behind or on the shoulders ; cuirasses, suits of armor, or detached pieces [for the arm, complete [coats of mail in chain-work, shields, bucklers, and quilted jackets, sabre-proof.”

These were the retainers of the Nizam alone ; and an equally motley and variously armed array might probably have been gathered in any native State. Many of these weapons have disappeared, but many still remain to reward the search of a collector. In Hyderabad especially, where the Disarming Act does not apply, and where representatives of warlike nations—Arabs, Rohillas, Pathans, and many others—are gathered in the retinues of the present Nizam and his nobles, the variety of armament still to be seen will strike every eye. At every corner the stately oriental soldier of the last century is still to be met, with shield slung over his back, matchlock in hand, and *cum-berbund* bristling with sword and daggers of every shape and form. At the repetitions of the old festivals the old war-cries are still heard ; and the professional swordsmen and athletes still show how deftly the most cumbersome and awkward-looking weapons can be wielded by the small hands and sinewy arms of the Eastern warrior.

The favorite sword for performing feats is the gauntlet-handled *pata*. The swordsman will first show the keenness of his weapon, and his command of its weight, by cutting in two a leaf laid flat on the outstretched palm of a friend, or by cutting a cloth hanging loose in the air. He will put one sword on each hand, and, so armed, springing from his feet on the bare ground, will throw somersaults backward and forward, following each movement with a wondrously complicated and simultaneous gyration of both swords round his head and body. He will have the naked sword, more than five feet long, double-edged, sharp-pointed, and keen as a razor, lashed from the back of his neck down his back, and will again, from his naked feet, repeat the somersaults. Again,

with sword and shield in his hands, he will leap headforemost through the stretched-out loop of a rope held by two men at the height of their heads, as a circus-rider leaps through a paper hoop, and light safely on his feet.

Small wonder if the gaping crowd of spectators applauds vociferously; that the carpet of the plucky athlete is soon covered with a harvest of small change; and that the recurring festivals, with these profitable opportunities, prevent the knowledge of the old sword-play from dying out.

When the Disarming Act was first put in force in the dominions under the direct sway of England, vast numbers of most interesting and valuable arms were collected in the armories of several of the great towns in India. It is very much to be regretted that, in many instances at least, these armories were broken up, and the contents sold almost

without notice and without any care to remove the choicest specimens for the study and admiration of a succeeding age. In some places, priceless daggers and *tulwars* were bought at the price of old iron by native merchants, who broke them up for the sake of the small quantity of gold to be found in the damascening.

We still require a full and systematic treatise on a subject fraught with exceptional interest to all who realize the vast scope of the history of England's connection with India; and when that is written, the arms of the aboriginal tribes, which are scattered over the Peninsula in such numbers and showing such distinct characteristics, will be found also to be full of meaning, and to be scarcely inferior in interest to the more elaborate weapons worn by the surrounding peoples of a more advanced type.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

BY C. E. MEETKERKE.

It was a gala day at Strasburg in the year 1840. A statue of Guttenberg was to be erected in the old Herb Market, and a grand cortège representing the industrial corporation of the city was to parade the streets with every demonstration of public rejoicing.

Foremost among the guilds came that of the printers, in honor of their illustrious master; and next, that of the glass-stainers, Strasburg enjoying the reputation of being pre-eminent in the art of glass-staining; then followed the coopers, and the gardeners, and fourteen or fifteen chariots filled with important personages and holiday-makers. Gustave Doré, then eight years old (having been born on Twelfth Day, 1832), was the most rapt spectator of the fête. The streets decorated with triumphal arches, the balconies with their flowers and gay-colored draperies, the flags flying, the bands playing, impressed him vividly and deeply. He was everywhere, and saw everything. It was remarked that as soon as the day's pleasure was over, it appeared to have become to him a thing of the past, he never spoke of it,

and the memory of the whole affair seemed to have been swept out of his mind.

Not very long after, however, it was proposed, in the school where he and his brother had been placed, to keep the fête day of the Master, Professor Vergnette, in some special manner. The boys held council together, and Gustave quietly suggested that they should reproduce the fête of Guttenberg. This was declared to be a wild and impossible scheme, but Gustave offered to take charge of the whole affair and be responsible for everything. On the appointed day everything was in readiness. Four chariots drawn by some of the school boys were filled with the representatives of the four corporations. Gustave himself was at the head of the glass-stainers, got up as a mediæval artist, in a Rubens hat and paper ornaments. His brother Ernest commanded the 'painters' association, and Arthur Kratz (afterward a distinguished man, and Doré's life-long friend and companion), personified the chief cooper.

While marching round the Cathedral

Square they would stop now and then to work at their different trades : the gardeners made bouquets and flung them to the crowd ; papers were issued from the printing press, and Doré made sketches of the people, and when some one recognized a striking likeness, it was realized that he was making real drawings.

They finally drew up before the Professor's house, and presented him with their four banners. These were perhaps the most marvellous of Doré's achievements, for all the insignia upon them had been drawn from memory. The printers' banner displayed presses and papers, the coopers' all their old craft symbols, and on his own he had painted the ancient lantern of the "*Peintres verriers*" in the form of a star with colored glass points, and at its base a well-known stained-glass window of the cathedral. In giving these details M. Kratz observes that this was the starting-point of his career, and that, of all the precocious feats performed by youths whose talents raised them above the common level, never was known such a prodigy as Gustave Doré proved himself to be when quite a little child, planning and successfully carrying out such a marvellous imitation of the fête of Gutenberg as he then executed from memory.

After this memorable day, the constant assertion of Gustave's mother that her son was a genius began to be believed, and in the evening, when the Doré family assembled in the common drawing-room, his father, a civil engineer, with his plans, the grandmother with her favorite copy of "*Racine*," Ernest and Emile playing at soldiering, Gustave would sit at his little table drawing quaint figures in his copy-book. Nothing, it would be thought, could be less likely to produce the wild flights of fancy which afterward distinguished his "*crayon vertigineux*," than this peaceful monotonous home life. Whence could have come the extravagant dreams, the lurid lights, the strange lugubrious forms with which he loved to people scenes of every imaginable horror ? Nor did there ever come a time when this mild domesticity was exchanged for experiences more likely to foster fantastic imaginings. His life was wholly uneventful ; his own family were his chosen compan-

ions, and no place was so full of enjoyment to him as his own studio and his own fireside. At nine years old, Doré was sent to the Strasburg College, and from thence to the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris, where his reputation for drawing had already preceded him. Long before his school days were over he had begun to illustrate Balzac, Rabelais, and Eugène Sue ; he paid for his own tuition by illustrating comic journals, but it never entered into his head to take lessons in drawing, and, although at one time he half lived in the galleries of the Louvre, he was never seen to copy the smallest work. He would constantly be remarked making notes in a little memorandum-book, but never copied faces or figures. In the year 1848 M. Doré died, leaving only a small property, which was found barely sufficient to keep his widow and three boys in tolerable comfort. Gustave then set to work to help his mother with his earnings. She joined him in Paris, and a residence was chosen in the Rue St. Dominique. The house was already famous, having belonged to the Duc de St. Simon. It was spacious and comfortable, but for many years Gustave only occupied a very small chamber leading out of his mother's bedroom, which he often used as a studio, as it was large and well lighted, and he had a particular fancy for working in "mother's room." His own little chamber is still said to bear the aspect of a school-boy's sanctum ; strewn with photographs, books, and engravings, a bust here and there, and on the wall a small bas-relief of his own profile.

At the age of seventeen Doré took his rank as one of the best designers of the day, and there became no question as to his amazing talent. He was extravagantly delighted with success, and was very ambitious. He felt in his heart that he was an artist, but Paris only regarded him as a draughtsman, a word he deprecated and deeply resented. Unfortunately he was fed, at this time, with an immense amount of injudicious flattery, which led him to discontent and disappointment with more reasonable criticism and truer friends, and to disregard advice that would have placed him ultimately on a higher level. He believed that his exceptional genius emancipated him from treading the uphill

road of preliminary study. He could not bear the idea of working upon fixed principles. All that he could be got to do was to hunt up old engravings from masterly originals, learning them as it were by heart, and copying them from memory.

These feats of minute and perfect reproduction were indeed marvels in themselves. Many instances have been given of this faculty, and a notable one from the pen of M. Daubrée, who was his travelling companion one summer in Switzerland, and was surprised to observe that while passing through the most exquisite scenery he never made so much as a single sketch. He would sit for hours gazing before him, so quiet that he almost seemed stupefied ; so that Daubrée at last could not help asking if he did not think enough of the scenery to try and reproduce it.

"Think enough of it, my friend?" said Doré. "Wait, and you shall see." One day they are kept indoors by bad weather, and Gustave did not appear at all. The next morning he invited the party into his room, where he displayed no less than twenty completed studies, —some in oil and some in water-colors —faithful and exquisite sketches of the scenes through which they had passed ! He had painted them all from memory ; working straight away for more than four and twenty hours.

"His way of getting hold of an idea," adds M. Daubrée, "sitting down to delineate it, and never stopping till his task was accomplished, was the most extraordinary thing in the world. The way he worked was quite insensate."

At all times an indefatigable worker, his rapidity of execution was so great that he was often reluctant to mention the actual time he had spent upon a drawing. "People would immediately think my pictures were worth nothing," he would say, "if they knew how long I had taken to paint them."

It was in the summer of 1854 that Doré made his first public appearance as a painter. He exhibited two pictures in the Paris Salon, but no notice whatever was taken of them. It was not realized that the illustrator was turning seriously into a painter, nor, in fact, could he afford to abandon the work which meant ready money, for a mere

chimera of future greatness. The home in the Rue St. Dominique depended to a great extent upon Doré ; it was an expensive one, and lavish in hospitality. He gave himself no rest ; and it was said by one of the family that for a whole year he did not sleep on an average more than three hours out of the twenty-four. His life was one continual come and go of publishers, authors, journalists, and the like, and of excitement that never abated ; yet he never owned even to a headache, but only worked and worked, and worked.

Arthur Kratz said of him, "It would have killed me to work on like that. I don't know how he managed it ; and please observe that this was not an occasional practice, but his daily habit for years ! I have often thought about him as I saw him there, and confess that I have never known any other human being who slaved so persistently as he. He never seemed out of temper, was never ill, and rarely ailing ; during those first years in Paris he performed miracles, that is all one can say."

In the winter of 1854 and spring of 1855, he completed four large pictures, but they went back to his studio, and connoisseurs said, "He has it all in him, but he lacks school." He clung persistently to his own conviction that genius is in itself all-sufficient. He did not believe in the apprenticeship of art. He did not, or would not, believe in the hard fact that no profession can be a legitimate success which has not been learnt through legitimate means.

In 1868 Doré came to London, and found the fame as a painter which his countrymen had so resolutely denied him. In France he was acknowledged to be the greatest illustrator of his time. His genius was admitted, and his intuition as a translator, but it was asserted and reasserted that he had no school in painting, no practical knowledge of fundamental rules. The mechanical training upon which the art of painting absolutely insists was absent from his work. A few years ago it was said to a distinguished French amateur then in England, "Come to Bond Street and see the pictures of your greatest living painter." And this was the reply, "What? Doré our greatest painter? You mean *your* greatest painter. He is

our great illustrator ; but a painter—never ! He is neither greatest nor great ; indeed we never knew he was a painter at all until you told us so."

In England there was no doubt as to Doré's popularity. His grand illustrated classics had won for him an enthusiastic appreciation before the Doré Gallery had begun to draw its crowds ; and when the "Neophyte," the "Christian Martyrs," and the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" appeared, they were at once accepted as among the noblest works of art.

Well received as he was everywhere, the hero of dinners, balls, and fêtes, he was always longing for the old home life in the Rue St. Dominique. His love for his mother was absorbing ; and at the age of forty he lived with her just as if he had been a child. After her death he described himself as most unhappy and heart-broken. In a pathetic letter to his friend, Canon Harford, he writes, "Work does not console me—nothing consoles me ; for I am alone, alone, alone, without family and almost without friends. Existence has no longer

any charm for me, for I have had the improvidence not to know how to build up a home for myself, and some one to lean upon. Without that, life is but a cursed and absurd thing."

The solitude of the great artist, who was a man with a boy's heart, a woman's tenderness, and a poet's fancy, did not last very long. Only a year later another funeral took place from the Rue St. Dominique, and some of the most distinguished men in France followed the cortège. The address spoken over the grave was by Alexandre Dumas, and amidst the last expressions of reverence and regret were these remarkable words, "In France, in France alone people have often passed ironically, or what is worse still, indifferently before those grand canvases of which the composition and the idea were always majestic." Doré suffered horribly from not having been understood. Who was wrong ? He who suffered, or he who did not understand ? The painter who aspired to the applause of the world, or the passer-by who refused it to him ?—*Temple Bar*.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

If it were not hazardous to predict the speedy accomplishment of any work in which the co-operation of the British Legislature is necessary, one would be inclined to say that the long-vexed question of International Copyright is at last within view of a settlement. Thanks to the labors of the two diplomatic Conferences held at Berne in September, 1884, and in the same month of the year following, a reasonable basis of joint action in this matter has been submitted to the governments of ten European nations, including five out of the six Great Powers, and there seems no reason to doubt that the revised proposals of the second of these Conferences will in the main be accepted. The only obstacle to the immediate adhesion of the British government to the proposed arrangement is, that such a step involves as a condition precedent the more or less extensive (according to the plan adopted

it will be but a slight) amendment of our existing municipal law. This duty the Board of Trade, which had been singularly slow to move during the earlier stages of the negotiation, has now definitively undertaken. Its authorities promised some time ago, in a communication addressed to the Foreign Office, that the department "would be prepared to submit a Bill to Parliament embodying the necessary changes in the present law." But between the greater and lesser projects of legislation proposed to them, their original choice was somewhat calculated to dash the hopes of the less ambitious advocates of copyright legislation. They were "strongly of opinion," they said, "that the present opportunity should not be lost for putting the copyright question on a more satisfactory footing ;" and they further considered "that it is of such importance that foreign countries should be

enabled clearly to understand what the law of copyright is in this country, that they think it will be most desirable, if the circumstances of the session admit of it, to take the opportunity of codifying the present copyright law in the Bill which they hope to introduce into Parliament at an early date." But "if the circumstances of the session admit of it"! There is too often vice as well as virtue in an "if," and from the first it appeared tolerably obvious that the promise of the Board of Trade in the present instance was vitiated by its proviso. In connection with the extensive plan of legislation to which the department was at first disposed to commit itself, the "if" was unfortunately a very large one indeed. It is satisfactory to find from the Bill which has in fact been prepared on the subject, that more moderate counsels have prevailed.

The history of the proceedings which have brought the international copyright question, so far at least as Europe alone is concerned, to its present stage, may here be briefly summarized. In December, 1883, the Swiss Federal Council addressed a circular note "to the governments of all civilized countries, inviting them to take part in a diplomatic Conference, with a view to protecting literary and artistic property." Consulted thereupon by Lord Granville as to the expediency or otherwise of accepting the invitation, the Board of Trade replied with a curt expression of the opinion that "in the present state of the copyright question it would not be advisable for her Majesty's government to be represented at the proposed Conference." To the unofficial mind it might have appeared that "the present state of copyright question" constituted one of the best of reasons why a representative of her Majesty's government *should* attend a diplomatic Conference on the subject proposed, if only for the sake of obtaining fresh light thereon. Even the official mind (in another office) appears to have deemed further explanations necessary, and they were accordingly solicited; but, whether forthcoming or not, they do not appear in the correspondence laid before Parliament. A few weeks afterward, however, the Foreign Office wrote again to the Board of Trade, sug-

gesting that Mr. Adams, her Majesty's minister at Berne, should be instructed to attend the Conference "in a consultative capacity, and with no power to vote or to bind her Majesty's government;" in which course the Board of Trade not only concurred, but concurred with a readiness which, as contrasted with their previous reluctance, opens a wide field of interesting speculation as to what the department could have originally supposed that the British representative at the Conference was to be empowered to do. On the ninth of September, 1884, the Conference met, and after sitting for ten days agreed upon a draft Convention, to be submitted to the various governments represented at the Conference for their approval—Mr. Adams receiving permission by telegraph to sign the *procès-verbal* or protocol recommending the adoption of the convention, but "on the express understanding that her Majesty's government would not be bound by any conclusion arrived at." The proposals contained in this document, having undergone material alterations in the Conference of the following year, it is unnecessary to discuss them at any length. Suffice it to say that they were based on the prudent, because essentially uncontentious, principle of allowing each country, in the proposed International Copyright Union, to settle for itself the conditions and length of time under and for which the exclusive right of the author of a literary or artistic work shall be enjoyed. The German delegates had brought forward a characteristic proposal to the effect that, instead of concluding a convention "based on the principle of national treatment," the Conference should "aim at once at a codification regulating in a uniform manner for the whole of the proposed union, and, in the frame of a convention, the whole of the stipulations relating to copyright." Considering, however, that the periods for which copyright at present exists in different countries vary from as much as eighty years from the author's death (the term in Spain), to as little as twenty years from the same event (the term in Belgium), it is pretty evident that there would be considerable, if not insuperable, difficulty in inducing all countries to agree

upon the common term which the German delegates desired to establish. Their too ambitious project was wisely discouraged by the other members, who were content to embody it in a supplemental statement of "principles recommended for an ulterior unification," in which they observe that an "international codification is in the nature of things, and will be effected sooner or later;" and, with a view of paving the way for it "by indicating at the present moment upon some essential points the way in which it is desirable that the codification should be made," they go on to throw out the suggestion that the protection accorded to authors of literary or artistic works should last for their life, and after their death "for a period of years which should not be less than thirty." Personally one may or may not hold that this is a reasonable and satisfactory term, neither too long nor too short, but to attempt to impose it as a uniform copyright period upon all civilized nations in the name of "the nature of things," is an enterprise which the Conference may be congratulated on declining. Without resorting to the extreme controversial measure (adopted by an indignant disputant on a certain famous occasion) of "damning the nature of things," one may certainly express a doubt whether it is really in their nature to insist on a common international measure of the privilege to be extended to literary property, any more than on a common international standard of the punishment to be apportioned to criminal offences. The day, of course, may conceivably come when all nations will agree on an identical estimate of the mischief of every possible crime; but it would be somewhat rash to affirm that such an agreement is "in the nature of things." For the purposes of extradition treaties it is sufficient that nations should agree to regard certain acts as meriting criminal punishment on grounds of public policy; and, in the same way, it suffices for the purposes of international copyright conventions that certain forms of property shall be regarded as meriting legal protection on the same grounds. The amount of punishment and the period of protection which public policy in each case demands, is a question to which the answer will vary

with the endless varieties of national opinion and sentiment; and it is therefore a question on which difference of view will probably strike many of us as rather more "in the nature of things" than agreement.

The question, anyhow, is one which relates to a very remote future, and the Conference, judiciously acting on Sydney Smith's advice to Lady Grey, took "short views" on the point, and gave their preference to the "national principle," above referred to. Their draft Convention was duly laid before the English Foreign Office, from which it was transmitted in November last to the Board of Trade, with an intimation that it would probably be signed during the present year by the representatives of the most important European states, and a request that the Board of Trade would favor the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with any observations which they might have to offer "on the recommendations [of the necessary changes in our own law] made by the British delegates." To this the Board of Trade replied in the terms which have been stated above—signifying, that is to say, their opinion that "the present opportunity should not be lost for putting the copyright question on a more satisfactory footing," but at the same time expressing that doubtfully wise desire for an immediate codification of the existing copyright law which they afterward had the not doubtful wisdom to resist. In the last week of March leave was given to Mr. Mundella to introduce a Bill "to amend the law respecting International and Colonial Copyright," the draft of which is now before the public. Framed in pursuance of the reconsidered and more modest resolutions of the Board of Trade, it is a compact measure, containing only twelve sections of its own, though it repeals no fewer than a dozen previous Acts of Parliament. Its preamble begins, of course, by reciting the authorization of her Majesty under the existing International Copyright Acts to direct, by Order in Council, that, as regards literary and artistic works first published in a foreign country, the authors shall have copyright therein during the period specified in the order, such period not to exceed that during which authors of

the like works first published in the United Kingdom have copyright. Having next recited the fact of the draft Convention having been agreed to at the Berne Conference; and that without the authority of Parliament such convention cannot be carried into effect in her Majesty's dominions, and consequently her Majesty cannot become a party thereto; and that it is expedient to enable her Majesty to accede to the convention; it thereupon proceeds to confer the requisite powers. The first section indicates the existing International Copyright Acts, with which the new Act (after our usual fashion) is "to be read" and construed; and the second extends the operation of Orders in Council, formerly applicable each to a single foreign country, to "all the several foreign countries named or described therein," which will of course be the countries which are parties to the Berne Convention. Section three enacts that an Order in Council may provide for determining the country in which a literary or artistic work produced simultaneously in two or more countries is to be deemed, for the purposes of copyright, to have been first produced; and directs that in cases where the foreign country shall be deemed to be the place of production of a work, the copyright granted to such work in the United Kingdom shall be limited to the time allowed by law in the country of production. Section four is to the very sensible and valuable effect that the provisions (often needless and always vexatious) of the International Copyright Act, "with respect to the registry and delivery of copies of works" seeking copyright, shall not apply to works produced in one of the convention countries, except so far as future Orders in Council may provide. To this, however, is added the necessary stipulation that before making an Order in Council in respect to any foreign country, her Majesty in Council shall be satisfied that that foreign country has made such provisions (if any) as it appears expedient to require for the protection of authors of works first produced in the United Kingdom. The next section deals with a question much debated at the Conference—that of translations, and incorporates the decision of that

body in the Bill. That is to say, it provides that the author or publisher of a copyrighted work first produced in a foreign country to which an Order in Council applies, shall have the same right of preventing the production in or importation into the United Kingdom of any unauthorized translation of the said work as he has of preventing the production and importation of the original work. This, however, is subject to the proviso that if, after the expiration of ten years, or any other time prescribed by the Order, from the end of the year when the book was first produced, an authorized translation in the English language of such work has not been produced, the right to prevent the production and importation of unauthorized translations shall lapse. The only other section which, perhaps, calls for notice is that regulating the mode by which the existence and proprietorship of the foreign copyright in any work seeking copyright in this country is to be ascertained. On this point it is proposed to enact that "an extract from a register, or a certificate, or other document stating the existence of the copyright or the person who is the proprietor of such copyright . . . if authenticated by the official seal or the signature of a British diplomatic or consular officer acting in such country, shall be admissible as evidence of the facts named therein, and all courts shall take judicial notice of every such official seal and signature as in the section mentioned, and shall admit in evidence without proof the document authenticated by it." Such is the International and Colonial Copyright Bill; and if any measure whatever, big or little, could be said to have a good chance of passing through Parliament during the present session, so much might be certainly said of this simple but extremely useful project of legislation. On its own merits it clearly deserves to find its way to the Statute Book, but whether it will succeed in doing so between now and whenever it may be (for nobody knows when), the session or the Parliament (for nobody knows *that*) may come to an end, is much more than any reasonable man not paid, as "sporting prophets" are, for prophesying, would care to predict.

But enough of the question of inter-

national copyright as between the European States ; it is, of course, in respect to our relations with America that the settlement of the question possesses its chief concern for English men of letters. It can hardly be an exaggeration to say that for one English author who is interested in the recognition of his rights of authorship in continental countries, there are twenty who stand in the same position with respect to the United States. Notice has already been taken of the terms in which the American representative expressed his personal sympathy with the objects of the Berne Conference, and during the present year substantial effect has been given to these sentiments by the introduction of Senator Hawley's Bill. This is a short measure of five sections, simply proposing to enact that from and after its passing, "the citizens of foreign states and countries of which the laws, treaties, or conventions confer, or shall hereafter confer, upon citizens of the United States right of copyright equal to those accorded to their citizens, shall have in the United States rights of copyright equal to those enjoyed by citizens of the United States." Other sections provide for the application of existing copyright laws, except as thereafter amended or repealed, to the copyright to be created by the new Act, and direct that the proclamation of the President of the United States, declaring the existence of the aforesaid "equality of rights" in any country, shall be conclusive proof of such equality.

On the consideration of this Bill by the Senate Committee on Patents a number of persons interested in the question, principally of course authors and publishers, were admitted to submit their respective views upon the subject to the committee ; and it is certainly gratifying to find how much the controversy—or what remains of it—has advanced since the days when the late Mr. Charles Reade published a whole series of characteristically clever but also characteristically eccentric letters on the subject in the columns of the (original) "Pall Mall Gazette," without ever coming to blows, if one may say so, with his adversaries. A certain duel, if I recollect rightly, is fought in one of Mr. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads,"

between Francis Winterbottom Hance (I think was his name) and a French rival, which strongly reminds one of the bloodless controversy to which I have referred. When one of two disputants insists on the proposition that every sound ethical rule of conduct not merely ought to be invested with the authority of positive law, but possesses, antecedently to such investment, the same claim to civil obedience as positive law ; and when the other disputant contends not merely that man considered as a *citizen* is entitled, if he pleases, to deal with his fellows upon strict legal rather than ethical rules of conduct, but that the legislator need admit no presumption in favor of assimilating the lower to the higher obligation—when this is the character of the contention we need not wonder that the blades of the two dialectical duellists never meet at all. "You are bound to act thus or thus, because the law ought to compel you," is in itself, no doubt, an untenable proposition ; but a man who puts it forward may sooner or later be argued into substantial agreement with another who replies, "No, I am not bound to act thus or thus merely because the law ought to, though it does not, compel me ; but I own that I think the law ought to compel me, because it is the way in which I ought to act." With an opponent, however, who replies doggedly, "I am not now bound in law, and the fact that (as you choose to say) I am bound in ethics is no reason for binding me in law," the prospect of a compromise is hopeless. Much the same sort of thing happened when the copyright controversy was carried on in terms of the philosophy of property, instead of in those of ethics. To men like Mr. Charles Reade there is such a sanctity in the products of the human brain, that, not content with claiming for them recognition as "property" by the law, they insisted on ascribing that name and its incidents to them before such recognition, and even regardless of its being expressly withheld. The extreme school of "legality," on the other side, were not content with insisting rightly that "property" is solely the creation of law, but went on to contend in effect that the objects in which property is created may be chosen by the

pure caprice of the legislator, and that there is no *primâ facie* presumption in favor of selecting "ideas" as the recipients of the privilege.

Both these extravagances of opinion have now practically disappeared, and the latest survival of the opposition to the protection of "ideas" appears to be founded not so much on the theory that ideas are not legitimate subjects of property as that their producers must be assumed to have parted with their property in them by the act of publication. This singularly perverse doctrine has found its latest exponent in the person of Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard, one of the deponents before the Committee on Patents, who is reported to have said that "the property right of an author in his work is different from that of any other property right. While he holds the manuscripts or his thoughts in his own possession they are his own, but when he gives them to the world they become the property of the world." Mr. Lowell, who attended as President of the International Copyright League, and followed this gentleman, had, of course, no difficulty in dealing with so muddle-headed a distinction. "Nobody supposed," he said, "that there could be property in an idea, but there was a property in the fashion given to the idea. The Constitution had already recognized that in conferring the power to grant patents, which were nothing but ideas fashioned in a certain way." One would have thought that to insist in season and out of season on this exact analogy could not fail of its effect on commercial communities like England and America. Yet it is astonishing to observe the difficulty which the commercial mind appears to experience in grasping the relation between the two cases. In especial is it perplexed by the claim of literary property in the "fashioning" of ideas which in themselves have no pretension to novelty. "Why," asks one of the worthy owners of a mind of this class, "why should you ask to have this work of yours protected when the idea it embodies has been treated by other writers a hundred times before?" Of course you might just as well ask Mr. Edison how he can have the face to require protection for his electrical appliances when he knows

perfectly well that electricity was discovered long before his appearance as an inventor; but it would be vain to expect Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard to perceive the exactitude of the parallel. He would still remain of opinion that that is not ours which in fact is ours, though in return he is good enough to add that something is ours to which we feel that we cannot possibly lay any claim. Mr. Lowell declared, as we have seen, that "nobody supposed" that there could be property in an idea as such, but it seems clear that Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard does suppose so. He says that "while a man holds his thoughts in his own possession they are his own." But in what sense are they "his own?" or with what meaning can those words be attached to anything about the thought except the mere molecular changes of cerebral tissue which accompany it. For instance, while Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard was speaking, Mr. Lowell was evidently thinking "the thought" that Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard was talking something very like nonsense. Yet how can we say the thought was Mr. Lowell's "own," when the same thought was probably passing through the mind of Mr. Dana Estes, the publisher, and Mr. R. R. Bowker, of New York, who presented to the committee a memorial signed by some two hundred of the leading authors of the country in support of the Hawley Bill? The truth is, that the only way Mr. Lowell could acquire property in it was by doing exactly that which Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard would regard as parting with the property in it, namely, by giving it to the world. If Mr. Lowell, instead of orally delivering his destructive reply to what he justly described as Mr. G. G. Hubbard's "extraordinary speech," had chosen to reserve it for publication in a book or a pamphlet on the copyright question, he would, of course, have secured property in the very original and characteristic form or "fashion" which, as the newspaper report of his speech shows, he gave to the very obvious and commonly shared thought that Mr. Hubbard was all wrong in his law, his morality, and his economics.

It is unnecessary, however, to spend any more time over the survival of a period when books, as Mr. Lowell hu-

morously put it, were regarded "like umbrellas, as *feræ naturæ*"—a *mot* to which I have no other objection to take than that in its form it is calculated to confirm the popular error that *feræ* is a nominative plural instead of a genitive singular. The real force of opposition to international copyright has for some time past transferred itself from the field of theoretical right to that of practical expediency. It has been argued that the American people get their books cheapened for them by a system which permits American publishers to appropriate, if they choose to do so, the works of English authors; and, with comical inconsistency in a Protectionist nation, that it is not for the Legislature to enhance the price of books by "taxing them for the benefit of foreign authors." It is amusing to turn from an argument of this kind to a copy of the United States tariff, and to count the number of articles for which the American public is taxed, not, indeed, for the benefit of a foreign producer, but for the benefit of a producer, to whose support the American consumer can, it would seem, be legitimately made to contribute in every case. A citizen of the United States is compelled to pay about thrice the sum for a suit of clothes that he would have to pay in this country; and he is assumed to be willing to do so cheerfully in order that the clothing and other cognate and connected industries may live and thrive. But when it is pointed out that the introduction into the country of what corresponds to a contraband merchandise, namely pirated English books, has had the effect of seriously reducing the demand for the products of another very important American industry, that of book-writing, to the great loss and discouragement of those that practice it, the economical conscience of American politicians has in some mysterious way become converted, *pro hac vice*, to the doctrines of free trade, and they have sternly closed their ears against the "bitter cry" of the native author. Yet with a singular and even cynical elasticity of principle they no sooner turn from the author's industry to any one of the other industries connected with the production of literature—to the paper-makers', the printers', or the book-binders'—and the

Free Trade "stop" is straightway pushed in and the Protectionist "stop" pulled out. The American publisher may import the English author's books in the sense of bringing over his written words for reprint and republication in America, but he must not think of honestly buying, paying for, and importing the book itself free of fiscal charge. That would be to attack the sacred interests of the mechanical trades connected with literature; and here accordingly America reverts to her normal economic policy and protects the printers, stereotypers, binders, and others by an import duty.

Let us now see how Senator Hawley's Bill affects the various classes of persons directly or immediately interested in the question. These classes are six in number, and consist of—(1) English authors; (2) English publishers; (3) American authors; (4) American publishers, with whom, of course, should be grouped printers, stereotypers, paper-makers, and other persons engaged in the auxiliary industries aforesaid; (5) the importers of foreign books, and (6) the American book-buying and book-reading public.

1. The interest of the first of these classes, of course, is, that its members should be able to stipulate, just as they can do in England, for a royalty on the sale of their books in the United States, as a condition of allowing them to enter the book-market at all.

2. The interest of the second class, the English publishers, is, of course, identical with, or rather substituted for, that of the author, in the case in which the former has acquired the copyright. In the case in which it still remains in the author's hands, the interest of the English publisher will only be affected by the Bill so far as it operates to diminish, or, as was suggested to the Committee on Patents, to prohibit, the importation of English books for those customers who prefer to do their reading from volumes more pleasing, and type less trying to the eyes, than those of the cheap American editions. The number of these persons is relatively, it is to be supposed, inconsiderable, and we may therefore practically neglect this detail in the operation of the Bill.

3. The American author's interest in

the enactment of an international copyright law is twofold. In the first place he wishes to secure a reciprocal protection for his works abroad ; and secondly he desires, as is natural to a producer in any country, and especially so in America, to be protected against the underselling of his own works by the publishers of cheap reprints of English books. These cheap reprints, or at any rate reprints so cheap as these, will, of course, be unproducible by American publishers when they have to pay—not spasmodically as some of them now do ; or, if regularly, only voluntarily and from a sense of honorable obligation—a royalty to the authors. The “home-grown” book at a dollar or a dollar and a half will no longer have to compete with the products of the American “libraries” at ten or fifteen cents apiece.

4. The American publishers. These, of course, have, *as a body*, nothing to gain directly, but on the contrary something to lose, by international copyright. For them, of course, the conclusion of such an arrangement would be equivalent to compelling the thrifty broom-seller in the well-known anecdote to buy the handles, twigs, and twine which he requires for the purposes of his industry, instead of obtaining them as he had been wont to do by *stea*—well, in a cheaper way. Some of them are therefore violently opposed to it. Mr. Sherman, for instance, the “pirate,” as he proudly avows himself, of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” whose evidence before the Committee on Patents is instructive as showing the almost ludicrous state of moral insensibility to which “thrifty broom-dealing” pursued on system may bring an—I presume in other matters—“indifferent honest” man. At the same time the Bill is desired by all, I believe, of the higher class of American publishers, in virtue of the ulterior results to be expected from it in promoting a healthier, and, what is more, a less hazardous, form of business than the existing system produces. Moreover, it is perceived by American publishers of this class, that if they have to forego some of the profits which they obtain at present by the sale of unprotected English Books, they will on the other hand be compensated in the form of a stimulated production of American

works. Mr. Dana Estes, of the firm of Estes & Laureat, gave striking testimony to this effect before the Committee. He has been forced, he said, to “return many scores, even hundreds, of manuscripts of American authors unopened, simply from the fact that it was impossible to make the books of most American authors pay, unless they were first published and acquired recognition through the columns of the magazines.”

Mr. Dana Estes then went on to show how the absence of an international copyright affected the position of the American publisher. “He was to-day,” he said, “producing an English book, the original outlay upon which was more than a hundred thousand dollars for the plant, which expense he was able to share with the English publisher. The English publisher, however, had protection, while he (the speaker) might at any moment find a pirated edition of the work in the market.” It is difficult, of course, to say how far the sentiments to which Mr. Dana Estes has here given expression are shared by the great mass of American publishers. Many more of them probably are interested in a system which enables them to issue cheap reprints of English books, on what I will again call—by way of a neutral description which begs no question either of law or morality—the “thrifty broom-seller’s system,” than are concerned to improve their security in the production of expensive editions of English works, or still more to encourage on purely patriotic grounds the development of their native literature. Whatever, therefore, and however powerful, may be the support which the advocates of international copyright receive from a select class of American publishers, it is impossible, I fear, to resist the conclusion that this interest must, as a whole, be reckoned among the more or less passive opponents of change. Still there is at least a division of opinion and desire among them, and they must be to a certain extent influenced by the pervading sentiments of the American literary class.

5. It is when we come to the trades auxiliary to the publishing business that we reach the real centre of opposition to international copyright. For it is mainly through its probable operation

upon these industries that the question of Protection, that great difficulty in the way of all international dealings between England and America, arises. Perhaps a brief extract from the report of the proceedings before the Committee of Patents on the twenty-eighth of January of this year may serve more aptly to illustrate the curious intertexture of protectionist interests involved in this question than many pages of comment :—

“Dr. Crosby argued that an international copyright would benefit American publishers as well as authors, and added that the regular tariff on imported books would continue to give all the protection needed by American book manufacturers. Senator Hankey read some of the tariff rates, and said some printers, stereotypers, binders, and others thought the Bill should expressly provide for the continuance of the tariff, and that all foreign books copyrighted here should be printed here. Mr. Hankey had no objection to having this put in the Bill. Mr. A. G. Sedgwick thought that if the Bill was to be made a protectionist measure it should also protect those who have been encouraged by the Americans to become pirates of foreign books.”

It is not quite easy to determine, in default of any knowledge of the speaker's economical opinions, whether this last remark was ironically meant or not ; but, whatever its spirit, it constitutes the most perfect *reductio ad absurdum* of a protectionist system. The American author's appeal for an international copyright is, of course, at bottom, as he must himself admit, a protectionist appeal ; and in this counter-claim, therefore, we have one of two associated industries clamoring in the name of vested interests for the continuance of a protection which depends upon leaving the other industry unprotected. “Do not let me,” cries the American author to his Legislature, “be undersold in the production of ideas by men whom you allow to import ideas for nothing.” “What !” on the other hand, exclaims the pirate, “compel me to pay for what I have always been in the habit of getting for nothing, and so extinguish an industry which has just as much right to be protected as another !” Looked at from the purely protectionist point of view, the dead-lock is complete.

The printers, paper-makers, etc., have of course a more reputable case. They are simply actuated by the fear lest English books acquiring copyright in

America should be “manufactured” largely in England to the injury of their trade. This fear I believe to be groundless, because books that are to enjoy any large circulation can be printed cheaper in the United States than they can be imported. If there were any doubt on this point, the proper plan would be to increase the duty on books from twenty-five per cent to such a point as might be considered necessary to protect the American printers. The objection to this “manufacturing clause” is that it places the English author at the mercy of the American publisher, as he must accept whatever terms are offered him in the brief interval between the original publication of his book and the date by which he must publish in America in order to secure his copyright. It has the further disadvantage of creating two classes of books, the protected and the unprotected, as it is obvious that there are many books which would not pay for republication, and these would be liable to be abridged, garbled, or otherwise maltreated by pirates, and finally reprinted without advantage to the author, should circumstances arise which chanced to make them commercially valuable. The first works of unknown authors would in most cases fail to obtain protection. It is unnecessary to repeat the list of books, now valuable properties, which were long regarded as dismal failures. I repeat that the danger which the American printers dread is an imaginary one ; and that, even if it exists, the proper way to meet it is by raising the tariff on books, and not by the introduction into the Bill of a “manufacturing clause.”

Still it is at this point that the real obstacle to copyright legislation in the United States is for the present to be sought. Until the protected interests which are threatened by the change can be sufficiently—or, what is not always the same thing, in their own opinion sufficiently—guarded from loss by the change, the works of English authors, and indirectly the industry of American authors, will remain unprotected within the dominions of the Union. It was not, of course, to be expected that American opinion would in all quarters acknowledge this to be the sole impediment to legislation. A New York news-

paper, for instance, and one of considerable circulation, remarks with reference to the American book-buying and book-reading public, that "nobody seems to have thought much about the interests of this numerous, and in matters of legislation somewhat influential, class;" and asks, a little cynically perhaps, "Will American book-buyers recognize the just right of the foreign author to a royalty on his books sold here when that recognition will perhaps force them to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half for books which now cost them ten or fifteen cents?" The answer, one would think, must be, that if the American public recognize these rights as "just"

(as by the hypothesis they do), they can scarcely come before the world and say, that though they have the highest respect for justice in the abstract they consider it, from the business point of view, as too dear at a dollar or a dollar and a half, and on the whole prefer injustice at ten or fifteen cents. It is not at any rate for an Englishman to suggest that the cost of honesty will operate as a serious obstacle to the practical recognition of its dictates in America; and this objection out of the question, one is justified in saying that nothing now but the protectionist difficulty stops the way.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

IN OSMAN DIGNA'S GARDEN.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

ACCORDING to telegrams "from Egyptian sources," Osman Digna has been accurately well killed in battle at least twice, has been buried pompously amidst the ululations of militant dervishes and emirs and, so the British public cheerfully supposed, had long ago rejoined his master the Mahdi on the other side of the great green gates of Paradise. But, on the contrary, he has been back again on his old fighting grounds before Suakin, as pugnacious as ever, as brawny and black and broad-shouldered, leading his frizzled-headed Hadendawas up to within their old impudent distances of the city walls, and, just as of yore, promising the "Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral," when he catches him, to scrape his skin off with oyster shells and peg him down on an ant's nest. Perhaps—who knows?—this cordial barbarian, now that General Hudson has gone, revisits by stealth his poor trampled-out "garden," and under "the pale glimpses" dreams of sweet revenge and thereafter sweet rest, when the creaking water-wheels shall turn again in the evening, and his roses bloom once more and his peaches ripen where now the bones of cattle and empty meat-tins mark at once the ruin of three years of war and the hateful traces of the Infidel.

Nor to be worse thought of if he does.

He has tasted the pleasure of social importance, this garden-builder of Suakin, and hopes that the spear may still thrust the wheel of fortune round in his favor again. Once a slave himself, then a wharf porter, and by-and-by a trader, opulent, too, as measured by Suakin standards of wealth, and looked up to by his fellow-citizens and the tribes living out among the hills beyond the town, as a man of strong purpose and great courage, with a loud voice in council and a cruel hand in action, just the leader for such men as flung themselves against the level bayonets of our squares in the Soudan. He was then a man of property, and outwardly, therefore, for the time a man of peace. Yet that even then conspiracies were hatched and fostered in his house we all know now. There, in the cool, dark ground-floor chamber, opening, with massive old carved doors embossed with iron studs, upon the public street, he would sit with his friends in the evening, after the muezzin on the minaret that overlooks the square had chanted out his musical call to sunset prayer. The long-tubed pipes were lit and the coffee poured out in the tiny grey cups of Jeddaware, and the murmur of voices in the idle bazaars hummed in the air, and the drumming of many tom-toms in El Kaf came muffled and slumberous across the water.

Late into the night do these malcontents in council sit. In such climates the evening is all too pleasant to be wasted. Any one passing is free to step in and make his compliments, to take a whiff at the pipe, to exchange gossip. And by and-by when night is falling, and the watchman goes his rounds striking the ground with his heavy club, and the yelping of prowling pariah-dogs, and the challenge of the Egyptian sentries on the walls and by the Custom-house are the only sounds that are heard, the great man's reception breaks up. Those were the days of peace for Osman Digna—even though his turbulent mind already forecasted strife and the part which he would play therein—and outside the walls he had a large garden, zerebaed in with aloes and henna, wherein his gardeners grew fruit and flowers, herbs, vegetables, and tobacco—a pleasant place enough, so old residents told me, in the days when the wells used to be at work, and a broad belt of market gardens lay round the town. Here Osman Digna used sometimes to meet his accomplices, and only a gun-shot off stands the historical old fig-tree under which the final council of war was held and he carried the vote of the malcontents for the Mahdi and for armed rebellion.

Looking at the charts of Suakin before I went out, this spot somehow had a curious attraction for me. "Garden" is always a fascinating word. So on board-ship I made up my mind that I would pitch my tent in it if I could, and two or three hours after arriving I made my way straight to "Osman Digna's garden." The twilight was already beginning to fall, but there was light enough to show what a wreck the place was, and I rode back into the town not quite so sure as I had been that it would make a pleasant bivouac. The very next morning this impression was confirmed on hearing that the "fuzzies," as the frizzled-haired Hadendowas were called, had "scuppered"—that is, had pounced upon in the dark and done to death—one of our "friendlies." These were some of the vaunted, but cordially suspected, native auxiliaries in fantastic war-paint whom the "Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral" placed at British disposal, apparently for the purpose

of bamboozling the Intelligence Department and as a pretext for interfering in military matters. If he and his wretched Egyptians had only been bundled across the water to Jedda as soon as a British admiral appeared in Suakin harbor, things might have gone differently and much better. However, one of the friendlies was scuppered in the "garden," and next day, when riding round to take a first look at the camp, I again visited the rebel leader's pleasure, and noted what an excellent rendezvous it made for midnight prowlers. Though immediately under the walls of the town and a bow-shot from an Egyptian guard, the enemy used to creep up here at night and amuse themselves by getting up a scare by firing random shots into space. As they were themselves between two fires, which if indulged in by our troops would have only damaged friends, they were as safe as they could be, and this diversion proved so much to their taste, that the enclosure—which in fancy I had imagined myself tenting upon—became a regular trysting-place for the audacious Hadendowas, and a fearsome spot to pass after nightfall.

In the daytime I had many a time rested there. For there at any rate was the semblance of verdure and the suggestion of tranquillity. Beautiful little doves, "the Mecca birds," flitted in and out of the bushes with an indifference to human beings that centuries of pious kindness had made natural to them, and butterflies tipped with orange fluttered about the faint, sweet henna blossom. It was a relief from the sun-smitten sand of the camp, perpetually blown about from under the feet of tramping soldiers and the wheels of bullock carts, a relief from the groanings and stench of camels and the incessant stir of the tented field, a relief from routine and red-tape. The camp-followers of some Indian regiment, with that instinct for tranquil corners which is so characteristic of the Asiatic, had made a corner of the garden their kitchen, and here in their little fireplaces and ovens of neatly-tamped clay they cooked their meals. The pat-a-cake-pat-a-cake of the chupatty-maker was heard from every patch of shade, and the heavy perfume of the hubble-bubble and the gurlings thereof reached the ear

with a pleasant suggestion of comfortable peace. The Oriental has somehow very restful ways of his own. He cares as little for the passage of time as for the politics of Spain, and for all he knows the Ancient Fugitive might be a night-capped sluggard snoring in an armchair, with cobwebs on the dial of his clock. So these men used to squat about under the Arabs' trees, cooking their little messes of savory-smelling condiments—chilli and turmeric and mustard-oil—and chattering as they turned their chupatties upon the metal plates and watched the pile growing higher and higher, with a queer, loquacious heedlessness of time that was delightfully in contrast with the tumult of passing transport-trains, the hideous outcries of exasperated mule-drivers, the ceaseless complainings of driven beasts and the creaking of carts whose hearts and bones seemed breaking under their burdens. Here, indeed, just as insects and birds will foregather from a surrounding waste upon some pleasant flower-bank, all the wandering sounds of the neighborhood concentrated, and sitting under one of the dwarf palms in "Osman Digna's garden," there passed in review before the ear all the bustle of the camp and the city, the multitudinous voices of life in the outlying waste of "Mafeesh."

And a word here about this comprehensive dissyllable, surely one of the most remarkable products of Arabia. Conversationally, it is to the evasive and procrastinating Arab all that, materially, the cocoanut palm is to the South Sea Islander, or the plantain to the Equatorial African. It is the "traveller's hold-all" of dialogue; the "concentrated luncheon lozenge" of conversation. It carries all before it like a circular letter of credit. You knock down every troublesome inquiry with it as with a constable's staff. It is your true universal negative. If it were not for the magical "Mafeesh," that other ogre "Backsheesh" would desolate the continent and, as Sindbad adds, "the islands adjacent thereto." But it is the recognized solvent of every mendicant difficulty. The "go with God" of Portugal is good; the "by-and-by" of Spain is better still; but "mafeesh" is best of all. The Hindoo disposes of

solicitors with "as it will be, so it must be," and the Moslem of the East shuts down the lid upon all inconvenient importunity with "as Allah pleases." But the Arab combines all four finalities in one word, and adds moreover the further signification of the British "go to Bath." What the real meaning of "mafeesh" is, theoretically, I do not know; but practically it is the formula of non-existence. If you ask for a melon and there is not one left, if you inquire for the master of the house and he is not at home, if the coolie will not carry your baggage, nor the boatman row you, nor the sentry let you pass, each says "mafeesh." So I think it may be accepted as one of the most compendious, comprehensive, and convenient words known to human speech. But when the British army, the outer barbarians of Europe, came to Suakin, it was discovered by the natives that the insular mind did not readily respond to such catholic completeness of negation, nor grasp so prodigious a *non possumus*. So, by way of explanation, they prefixed the Hindustani "bus," and to make assurance trebly sure, added the English "finish." "*Bus mafeesh finish!*" Was there ever tagged together before a phrase so definitively, conclusively, and catastrophically negative?

But here comes the gardener's cat, a lean weasel of a cat, as all its species in Suakin are. I remember when I was in Alexandria after the bombardment, being astonished at the congregations of cats that one surprised among the ruined houses. For the Egyptians, though they may not worship the little animal nowadays, have an inordinate liking for them, a relic, perhaps, of an old-world sanctity. They are to be seen everywhere, not one at a time, but in half-dozens, and in the less frequented parts of the town as many as twenty may be seen in a waste corner holding an afternoon conversazione. When, therefore, the British shells knocked down the houses of Alexandria and the inmates fled, the cats found themselves homeless and friendless, and they gathered together in pathetic assemblies upon the débris of the shattered walls. How gaunt and dreadful they were! Charitable folk used to collect scraps for them, but the sufferings of the creatures

must have been very great, and doubtless, if the truth were known, very few of the Alexandrian cats lived through the momentous crisis of British occupation without sharp apprehensions of cannibalism. All day long they prowled among the rubbish heaps of fallen masonry or sate about in groups pathetically mute and most unnaturally regardless of passers-by. In Suakin also they are utterly callous to their surroundings, but there the similarity ceases. For in their case indifference is begotten of a preposterous prosperity. So consequential are they that they do not move out of the road, and the Arab when he stumbles over them swears at them but never molests them. The bazaars are full of them, and they fight and make love in the thoroughfares in broad daylight as if it were the most natural thing in the world for cats to do so. Till then I had thought grimalkin was a nocturnal beast. For in Europe we are accustomed to see them sleepy and lazy all day, and to hear them noisy and active at night. But this is only, apparently, a geographical accident. In the Soudan, at any rate, cats are diurnal and go to bed at sunset, while in Suakin in particular, where the people live so largely upon fish, and the refuse of their meals lies in heaps at every corner, the feline tribe have assumed much of the importance and something of the demeanor of dogs. They lie under the stalls or sit upon the bedsteads—which, after Oriental fashion, stand in the open air—as if in charge of the premises and property. For one thing there are very few dogs. It is true they are unclean beasts to the Moslem, but perhaps the cats have made it impossible for any dog of spirit to exist. Indeed, such an endless multitude of them is enough to break the heart of even an English terrier. But physically they have deteriorated into the merest travesty of their race. They are absurdly small and proportionately meagre, with sharp noses, flat thin heads, and very short fur, while the shoulder-blades stick up above the level of their backs in the queerest fashion. So when I came back to England I was at first surprised at the very large size of all the cats I saw, their extraordinary plumpness, and the thickness of their fur. So, by-the-way, too, with the flies,

which in Suakin, as everywhere else in the Red Sea, are in infinite myriads, but they are only half the size of the British insect. One more peculiarity of the Soudan cat and I have done with it. It does not care for wagtails. Such, at any rate, seemed the case, for I have seen these birds, which are curiously numerous, running about on the roofs after insects without paying the least attention to grimalkin, while she, though opportunities perpetually offered for pouncing upon them, never even looked at the wagtails.

And close behind his cat comes the gardener. "Oh! you old traitor to Islam! How will you make answer to the Mahdi when hereafter he taxes you with begging from an infidel? You who pray without ceasing that we may be condemned to drink hot water to all eternity in the hottest parts of Jehunnum, to come asking alms from me, in the name of Allah! Well, your posy is worth a piastre if only because it is picked in Osman Digna's garden. The pretext for the gratuity is a flimsy one—two cotton flowers, a sprig of henna and a little white weed—but it is the best the poor battered garden offers. So there is another piastre for you, old Mahomedan, and pray for the infidel as kindly as your creed will let you. Abate for him when you can an occasional imprecation. And what will you take for your gazelle? You will not sell it? So be it. There is but one Allah and Mahomed in his prophet—and peace be with you, if only for the sake of your pretty beast." They are dainty little antelopes, these gazelles and ariels of the Soudan, and look charming in the streets where they wander about or snooze in the shady corners as unconcerned as the goats. Unfortunately they are exactly the color of the sand, and more than once coming home at night from the telegraph office, I have narrowly missed falling over the sleeping animals. Still worse in the dark is the camel kneeling in the road. When the Arab turns in for the night he tethers his brute to the corner pole of his shanty, and the great thing kneels down, often blocking up the narrow alley. More than once turning a corner in dark shadow I have suddenly found myself brought up against a camel's ribs. The

brute, abruptly rising, nearly shakes its master's frail shanty of cane and matting to pieces, and the Arab comes forth, savage at his disturbed sleep, nebút in hand, ready to smite the man who he thinks is trying to steal his beast of a camel. There is not much civility in the barbarized Arab of Suakin—thanks to the policy of making Englishmen play the part of myrmidons to the Khedive. He loaths the Egyptian, and with some contempt added, as being Infidels, carries on his detestation to the white-skinned strangers. Every Englishman, though but few knew it, was grossly insulted every time he went through the bazaars, for even the children imitated their elders in spitting on the ground as he passed. Nor, to those who had the ears to hear, was the language of the fanatical people such as to conciliate. But the vile Egyptian flag that was permitted, during a British occupation, to flaunt above the Union Jack, was answerable for so much more than these public affronts—for the needless expenditure of national treasure, for the loss of brave English lives—that the malignity of these poor half-breeds need not be remembered. Our native contingent called them "yagee," which may be translated "ready for mischief;" and so perhaps they may have been, but a favorable opportunity for turbulence never arrived. Moreover, Osman Digna, from his camp at the foot of the hills, kept close espionage upon the city, and in his own pleasant fashion used, from time to time, to notify to various lists of citizens that their names were down in his black-book for his favorite course of oyster-shells and ants' nests.

What a contrast between these scowling Suakinese, who have come into the garden with their baskets to pick up the scattered bolls of cotton lying about between the rows of stunted, tangled plants, and the light-hearted groups of Indians, busy with their chupatties and yellow messes of food. I have a great liking for the Hindoos when they are not Anglicized. Their nature is to be sympathetic; their sensibility is wonderfully delicate. As a race, they possess the supreme gift of good taste. How engaging, too, is the natural behavior of them. Perhaps it may seem to some to be childish, but, after all, that is only

because it is so natural. Look for instance at this man coming along with a great fish he has bought. It weighs perhaps nine pounds, is a lovely rosy red with scarlet gills and fins, and has a broad carmine band along the back. His fellows, and he too, have never before seen a fish like it—and so cheap! How they talk their prize over, these simple folk. And while they dress it, passers-by stop and lean against the tree and talk too, and they are all amused together over this big painted fish that only cost them a penny a pound. Well, and is not a fish of such colors worth being natural over? What child of ours would not wonder at the painted thing, or what man or woman either that had not been tutored and governessed out of all the pleasantness of being natural?

If I had to be a fish I should like, I think, to live near Suakin. It is the paradise of the finned people. I went out one day to some coral islands some dozen miles down the coast—where was to be seen the exasperating sight of three-and-twenty steamers laden with stores and materials of war riding idly at anchor all together, waiting for orders to go home again with their freight, and meanwhile costing the nation our Government knows what per day—and we went into the shallows for shells and coral. What a strange phase of natural history it was, this island that we visited. An acre or so of surface overgrown with tall harsh grass, among which I found no fewer than seven different plants. Who sowed the seeds of them? Its one inhabitant was a lark, which the captains of the idle fleet thought was a quail, and daily bombarded with their guns. But though they harassed it they never brought it to bag, and it was there, alive and cheerful, when I visited it at home. The water nowhere shoaled gradually up to the island, which was a solid coral block, for its edge was fringed with boulders of madreporo-work in every stage of growth, so that we guided our boat into a narrow water-way between the upstanding pillars, and then we splashed ashore. All round the island the insects were hard at work building up their beautiful fabrics, and at all distances from the surface we could see them, the corals of our museums, and such specimens too as no

museum contains. Here and there, rooted to the sea-floor, some of the great mushroom-headed columns had grown up above the tranquil sea, and on one of them sate a pair of grand white-headed fish-hawks, with one eye each for us and one for the fish that thronged below. Close by, branching out over a space of many feet, were glorious plants of tree-coral, and each of them was swarming with strangest creatures. With hand nets we might have filled a boat in an hour with little crab-like things, queer fishlets and marine miscellanies, to which I have no intention of venturing a name. But I made one notable capture, a sea-lamprey, a snake-like thing a yard long, exquisitely white with handsome maroon blotches and bars. I brought it home for the British Museum, and they told me they had "a large series" of them. So they had. I saw them in their bottles in a dungeon underground in Cromwell Road. And I left my bottle with the rest, half regretting that I had carried the creature in my own hand all the way from Suakin to South Kensington. But it contents me to surmise that perhaps the other bottles that I brought home filled with quaintest nondescripts picked up among the corals may have contained some things which even the experts of the British Museum could not name off-hand. But in the life, the amazing swarm of happy existences in the beautiful reef in the Red Sea was a sight never to be forgotten. I sate down on a lump of violet coral, and in the water below, as still and clear as a block of crystal, saw such visions of beauty that I was perpetually exploding in ejaculations. Now I have been to the Seychelles, and that was very wonderful, but not more so than Suakin. The water was in places literally alive with fishes of incredible brilliancy of color and grotesqueness of form. I had between my feet at one time, engaged in what seemed a mortal combat, a creature about six inches long, that looked like a shaving off a bar of silver, and what appeared to be a walnut with fins. And all the time other things were popping in and out of the crevices of the corals, and dodging round my ankles and heels—pale blue fish with azure bars, yellow ones with black spots, red ones, green ones, white ones. Sometimes by

suddenly pulling up a spray of the dead bleached coral, one of these lovely creatures would be found entangled in it, but in a minute the heat had frizzled the dainty transparent fish into an ugly little brown rag. The coral, too, was of all colors from bluish pink to damask red, from lavender to deep purple, with every kind of queer intermediate tint. But what was the use of pulling them up? Exposure to the sun killed the insects, whose bodies and the gelatine-like substance they work under gave the surface their charm of apparent color, and the pieces we prized most as they came up out of the water for their pre-eminence of tint soon assumed a hideous uniformity of decaying brown, like smashed toadstools, and smelt abominably. Here, too, I saw alive that wonder of the deep, the giant clam, the shell of which is sometimes used as a font. The colossal mollusk was closed, and it would have taken a corps of sappers to uproot it, a Nasmyth hammer to smash it. Once get a hand inside those huge valves, and nothing but amputation or dynamite would set you free again. So that, after all, bewildered by potentialities and embarrassed by the multitude of possible prizes, I carried away nothing except my lamprey, a few bottles filled with nameless odds and ends, and a pocketful of little shells of strange beauty. Yes I did, though, or I should not be writing all this; for I carried away straight from the coral island itself such a lesson in the ways of Nature—her appalling deliberation, her inevitable achievement—as I shall never forget. What does a continent matter, more or less, to a Worker so patient and so pitiless? Yet one more word about coral. I have read somewhere, as an explanation of the name of the Red Sea, that "it abounded in red coral," and there is no doubt of it that a red coral-line material, of very rich tint and resembling in substance a number of little tubes disposed regularly side by side, exists in prodigious quantities. Moreover, for several miles from the present beach—indeed right away to the foot of the hills—the "sand" is chiefly composed of pulverized coral and shells. Close under the surface, for miles together, lie beds of these materials, fossilized, and the soldiers digging their

ditches round the camps turned up immense quantities of huge clam shells and coral-lumps, with which they decorated their earthworks and fortifications generally. I remember counting on a sand-back, upon which the men had written the name of the "H Redoubt" in large fossils, no fewer than twenty-five varieties. Coral is the building material of the Red Sea towns, and though it is bleached white, it is worth noting—for the sake of those who cherish the remembrance of the Hebrews' miraculous passage—that if the waters of the Red Sea *were* to recede, the prevailing tints of the fresh-growing coral would probably be *red*. On the Jedda side a very curious black coral is found at the depth of fourteen fathoms, and the long sticks of it that I brought home with me have a polish on them as fine as that on jet.

But I have wandered far from the Garden—this queer scrap of the old peace-time left in the middle of war. Its zereba-hedge has not altogether defended it, for camels and cattle and goats have browsed off the outer twigs of every bush, trodden most of the cotton flat, and crushed under their hoofs the struggling melon-plants. But even such ragged fragments of vegetation are pleasant after the interminable sand of the camp and the clamor of the stifling, strong-smelling town. The din of the bazaars still reaches me as I sit with my back against the palm and shaded by a large mimosa bush, but it is confluent by distance, and only here and there an individual sound survives. From a corner of the town reaches me a monotonous throbbing—the dull tom-toming of some social festival. Some one is droning out a melancholy chant, no doubt, as the manner is ; but though the solo is inaudible at this distance, the regular refrain is plainly heard. For a company of women are shrilly "keening" with a harsh wild cry that, like the kite's sultry scream, harmonizes with the hot dazzling city walls, the arid waste surrounding it, the barren barbarism of the land and the landscape. It is the Arab equivalent of the noise made at an Irish wake, only given in a higher key and with more rapid vibrations. One woman starts it with a sharp piercing scream, and the rest join in with ear-splitting sounds, quavering their voices with ex-

traordinary rapidity, and, as their breath fails, combining for one grand final unanimous yell. Even more striking, and unearthly beyond anything I have ever heard, is the *barking* chorus. At a distance, both from its volume and its regularity, it sounds like some powerful pumping machinery at work ; but as heard when close, it is possibly the most appalling, the most weird sound ever emitted from lungs. Have you ever heard the Zulus' war-song when the ground fairly shudders under the rhythmic stamping of the feet and the deep ventral grunting rolls along the air ? Or heard the emu drumming ? These two sounds, until I heard the Arabs barking, were respectively the most awful and the most ghostly I knew of. The lion's roar, the tiger's hungry sneering whine, were not within many stadia of them. But in Suakin I heard the Moslems at this pious exercise, and the horror of it was unforgettable. On several occasions, when the sound reached me from afar, I thought it came from one of the condensing steamers, and so, probably to the last, did the great majority of strangers. But one midnight I was making my way back from a friend's quarters to my own, when I heard the spectral sound coming from a direction opposite to the ships. I stood and listened, and then determined to follow it up. So in and out, up and down the narrow dark alleys of the native town, I wandered in chase of this ventriloquial uproar. Passing along between two high mud walls, I stumbled over a man who was crouching on the ground, and at the same moment a door opened, and the whole volume of a prodigious bark issued therefrom. Out of the door came a negro, reeling as if drunk, and fell in a heap by the side of the man I had stumbled over. And then I saw there were several others sitting huddled up along the bottom of the wall, groaning from time to time, and gasping in a most frightful manner. As the door remained ajar I peeped in, and the spectacle presented was so extraordinary that I ventured to push it wider, and step inside into the large courtyard upon which it opened. No one noticed me, for every one was engrossed, as if bewitched, in the religious function that was proceeding. In the centre stood a

dervish, with a book from which he was chanting. On either side, with torches in their hands, that flickered and spluttered as surely torches never did before, stood two acolyte-like youths, who yelled a sort of accompaniment to the dervish's chant. Arranged in a great semicircle before these officiating personages was a ring of forty men, negroes and Arabs, some bare-headed and nearly naked, others in the complete costume of the well-to-do. They were holding each other's hands, and whenever the dervish came to a pause the whole company suddenly raised their joined hands, and as suddenly brought them down again. As they descended every man bowed his head as low as he could, and gave a deep ventral "*hough*." The time they kept was so exact that the forty barked like one. On a sudden the dervish stopped, the acolytes yelled afresh, and then the company of devotees, pumping with their arms and doubling up their bodies, proceeded to a fearful competition of lungs. Still keeping in perfect unison, the barking grew faster and faster, and faster still, until one by one the huge, brawny, great-boned Africans reeled and staggered out of the ring, leant against the walls, or fell exhausted, gasping and groaning, like heaps of rags, upon the ground. The contagious delirium of this amazing orgie was something dreadful to behold. A few still held out, but faint and muffled in voice, and the torches flashed and spluttered, showing the fainting men lying all round the court, tossing their arms about, and raving, until it seemed as if the devils had been let loose on the earth. My own sensations were extraordinary, for I, who had only been looking on, felt actually faint and out of breath, and I was glad to get out of the court, with its reek of men and stench of guttering torches. As I went the voices grew weaker and weaker, and so died out altogether; the man who gave the last grunt of all being the winner for the night of the prize for piety. Next morning I was told that my adventure had really been one of considerable risk, as many of the men in these barking exercises are mad-drunk with hashish, and the whole company fanatically Mahomedan. But I am glad I was not wise in time, or I should never have seen one

of the most wonderful sights of my life.

In strange antiphony to the savage clamor, the fierce heathen screeching of these paid mourners, and the dull brainless thud-thud of the tom-tom, I hear a locomotive, far away on the other side of the town, blow its whistle—the impatient, imperious mandate of civilization. I know what is the matter. A string of Arabs and Soudanese, rocking on the backs of their camels, are lounging along, a mile in the hour, between the rails of the line, and the train comes fuming up and overtakes the crawling camelcade. But the camel is a beast that will not be hurried even by steam-engines, and so, let the driver shriek with all the power of his steam lungs, the dawdling creatures must have their time to get off the metals.

Is that a cock crowing? Yes, and the cocks of Suakin, so they say, are condemned to crow every hour. And the reason thereof is this:—Once upon a time there was a dervish of exceeding sanctity, and he came to Jedda. He was weary with his journey, and went to sleep under the wall of the mosque; and in the morning, a full whole hour before sunrise, an impertinent cock, that must needs set all his neighbors an example in early rising, got up on the wall, just over the dervish's head, and crowed. The holy man had no help for it but to awake, and, thinking it was daybreak, bethought him of his orisons. But while he sat wearily waiting for the sun to rise, it occurred to him that the cock was before its time, and as the hour dragged on he lost his temper, did this holy man, and cursed the cock. And not only that cock, but all the cocks of Jedda—condemning them to perpetual sleeplessness. "You shall crow," said he, "every hour in the twenty-four, and never enjoy a night of unbroken sleep." And his curse was so thorough that it holds good to this day, and, more than that, was of such a powerful sort that it reached all across the Red Sea, and smote the cocks of Suakin too, for they were all hatched from Jedda eggs, and inherited the original curse. So once in every sixty minutes the cocks of Suakin have to crow, to assure the old dervish's ghost that they are keeping awake.

How suddenly that camel, though moving so slowly, seemed to lounge round the mimosa bush ! Its soft pads upon the soft sand make no sound, and the brute grows into sight with spectral suddenness. But this is the country of stealth and treachery. Every feature of it—the plain, hollowed by Nature into multitudinous pits and hiding-places, the great round thorn-bushes draped in creepers that look so solid and are hollow inside, the ravines that run along so deep and are often overhung with plants, the hills with their unexpected rifts and paths—speaks of ambush and conspiracy.

Even the birds, insects, and flowers seem adepts in surprise. The sand-larks sit unperceived upon the ground, and suddenly flutter up from between your feet. They skim away low along the plain, so as never to be seen against the sky line. They drop unexpectedly upon the ground again and vanish from sight. Both in appearance and disappearance they are unforeseen and perplexing. Another bird, a pipit, is the guiltiest-mannered little thing in feathers one can imagine. Even its plumage is a prevarication, for it is black beneath and sandy above, so that it looks as if it were lying on its back. Moreover, the tip of its tail is checkered exactly like its head, so that it is even betting which end of the bird will go first when it flies. Every attitude of it is suspicious, evasive, culpable. The wagtails, too, are perpetually running away as fast as their little legs can carry them, exactly as if they were conscious of having given cause for pursuit.

Or, again, take the flowers : they seem to be peering out along the plain on the look-out for Bedouin insects. It is not difficult to imagine them ducking their heads under the sand at the approach of a plundering moth, or slipping away quietly into their plants like linnets into the furze when the shadow of the hawk overhead passes along. The plants they grow upon crouch very low in the sand, and some of them conceal, like the Arabs, keen-pointed weapons under their raiment of leaves. They seem, too, to be lying almost loose on the surface of the wind-shifted sand, homeless, without any ties to the soil, nomadic, at the mercy of harmattan

and simoom. But try to pull one up. You will find their roots are struck deep and strong. They cling to their native soil with all the fierce tenacity of the Bedouins themselves. Like them, too, they have an instinct for hidden water, and treasure up the secret of concealed springs with all the jealousy of "the children of the desert." With the butterflies it is the same. They have none of the frivolity, the innocent light-heartedness of our English ones ; cannot loiter time away in flower-visiting ; do not become familiar. They flicker into sight and out of it, going straight ahead all the time, but dodging as they go, just as street boys do when a policeman is after them. They make off with the honey which they have quite lawfully eaten with the air of pick-pockets trying to shake off pursuit. Coloring, too, is so sketchy that their shadows on the sand are much easier to follow with the eye than the insects in the air.

Here and there, too, there are unexpected touches of beauty which the aridity of the soil, the fierce dryness of the hot winds, make all the daintier. Thus the dingy-billed sandlark, groundling though it is, has a note of peculiar sweetness, which in the "Spring" of the Soudan may easily be supposed to lengthen into a carol. The tiny hot-weather flowers are found to be of such pure blues, yellows, pinks, that the rainy season can well be imagined brightened with blossoms of rare color. The butterflies—there are very few in the "Summer"—have been very carefully and curiously pencilled and patterned, as if Nature thought the Soudan worth her best workmanship. Such indeed is the case. For here, as everywhere else where the sun tyrannizes over creation for half the year, the rainy season works miracles of beauty. The Suakin country is by no means a wilderness. The ravines, which now are nothing more than dangerous cover for the stealthy, murderous Hadendowas, are then the cool haunts of the ariel and gazelle. These patches and streaks of bush become populous with hares, and under the camel-thorn families of ruddy foxes may be found at home. Even the bare spaces of sand and gravel have their happy inhabitants, for the holes

drilled obliquely in all directions house the dainty jerboa and pretty jerbeel, and the others pierced straight down are the abodes of several kinds of ground rats and large lizards with queer, viperine, arrow-shaped heads. During the hot weather these tribes flit beyond the frontiers into the hills or the better-watered south, but as soon as the rains shall bring back the flowers they will all be here again on the level bush-dotted

plains which for the last two years have been the fighting ground of the Arab and the English soldier. And by-and-by, too, the vexed country may find peace again, and, under the strong, just government of a European Power, forget the miseries it suffered under the Pasha-plagued and corrupt administration of Egypt—and perhaps Osman Digna find himself back in his garden again.—*Contemporary Review*.

WHO WROTE DICKENS?

THE labors of the great minds which have long been engaged in establishing the Baconian authorship of the plays vulgarly attributed to Shakespeare are now drawing to a close, and a gentleman is shortly to arrive from America with a history of the whole transaction, deciphered from the printer's errors in the First Folio.* It is a happy time, therefore, to inform the British public of a new sect which has arisen in America under the name of "Spencerians," whose cardinal doctrine it is that the novels of Dickens were in fact written by Mr. Herbert Spencer. What we owe to that ingenious people! Having identified the two English writers who were the glory of the Elizabethan age, they proceed to identify the two English writers who are not only the glory of ours, but who have attained the widest popularity in that hemisphere of plausible hypotheses. About *a priori* objections, we shall follow the later "Baconians" in saying as little as possible. But the strong *primæ facie* evidence in both cases can now be re-stated with advantage.

Does anything, we would ask objectors, that is actually known of the late Mr. Dickens lead us to suppose him capable of the great intellectual achievements that range from "Sketches by Boz" to "Edwin Drood"? It is true that when Landor addressed him as the purest and loftiest spirit that, since Milton,

"Hath Heavenly Genius from her throne
Deputed on the banks of Thames
To speak his voice and urge his claims,"

* See the "Nineteenth Century" Magazine for May, 1886.

he knew the man as well as his books. But then Ben Jonson was blinded in precisely the same way about Shakespeare. He addressed to him a lofty panegyric, though from daily intercourse he must have begun to suspect that the bluff, genial, popular manager could not really be the author of such high imaginings as we find in Hamlet or Prospero. What we look at are facts and probabilities. We have nothing to do with the casual impressions produced on such people as the authors of the "Underwoods" and the "Hellenica." Dickens had only the scantiest education. He was kept during two years of his childhood to menial work. He began in the humblest ante-chambers of journalism, as a reporter in the House of Commons. Does the reporters' gallery, we would ask, usually turn out these "marvellous boys" who are able at their first start to run close upon the heels of Cervantes, to outdo Le Sage and Smollett? The truth is that there was at that time in Derby a truly "marvellous boy," who at the ages of twelve and thirteen regularly supplied the young reporter with those "Sketches by Boz" which he forwarded under his own name to the "Monthly Magazine."

Several childish explanations have been offered by Mr. Forster and others of the name of "Boz." It was really a conventional sign agreed on by the two conspirators, and is arrived at by pronouncing "Herbert Spencer" very fast. The "B" and "S" (most inspiring combination!) are the prominent letters, and a sort of "buz" or "boz" is the result. When the name was retained for the "Pickwick Papers" there

was, no doubt, also a side glance at the biographer of Johnson.

It is now time that we gave our readers some hints of the esoteric meaning of that famous book, which has hitherto but served to while away the idlest hours of the idlest minds. Our explanation will be so simple that every one who reads it will wonder that he never thought of it himself. The hero of the book, then, represents the ingenuous, undisciplined Spirit of Inquiry. He begins, as we see, with founding a club of the dilettante antiquarian order. After various adventures, he finds in Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell the very impersonation of our ancient English life. But the peace of that solid and stately home is broken in upon by the irresponsible adventurer. Tracking the spoiler to a London inn, Mr. Pickwick makes his first acquaintance with Sam Weller, who is nothing but a lively representation of the Doctrine of Evolution. The very act in which Sam is first discovered is typical. It is intended that henceforward the Pickwick Club shall walk, not by the faint gleams of passing fancy or inscriptional learning, but by the light of a high polish which the faithful attendant can bestow upon their boots. It has been often remarked that the plan of the club disappears. *It was intended to do so.* Dilettantism gives place to practical observation. A single mental jotting of Sam's, as for instance the account of the "twopenny rope," is worth all the previous entries in his master's note-book. It will be observed also that his action on the plot exactly corresponds to the famous definition of Evolution as "a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity." It is Sam that gradually distinguishes the true friends of Mr. Pickwick from the indeterminate homogeneous mass of humanity which was molten together by the rays of his benevolence. It is he that detects Mr. Winkle both as sportsman and lover. He demonstrates in that luckless pretender the want of that experiential basis which was supplied in his own case by the ready use of his fists and his easy access to the confidence of maid-servants. It has been cited as an astounding feat of superabundant power

that by the side of Sam should be put another character so similar and yet so distinguishable as the elder Mr. Weller. Neither Strap nor Corporal Trim was provided with a father. But in fact it was only by keeping in view the *inner meaning* that the feat was possible. Mr. Weller, senior, represents the older and rougher empiricism. His overturning of the Eatanswill coach typifies the retrograde nature of experiment without hypothesis. For undoubtedly he must have reduced his coach and his fares for an "indefinite, incoherent homogeneity." Any other explanation is unworthy of so humane a humorist as the author of "David Copperfield" and "Data of Psychology." In the last age, when carriage accidents were of daily occurrence, they were much too tiresome to laugh at.

The ready alliance of rude empiricism with pietistic sensibility is typified by the marriage of old Mr. Weller to his "widder." Scheming fanaticism creeps in, and only by the help of the younger and brisker evolutionism can be got under the pump. Some, indeed, have seen in Stiggins a superannuated embodiment of alchemistic imposture, adducing in proof his conscience-scaring artifices and his "particular wanity" in the form of muddy and saccharine distillations. They have gone so far as to imagine the whole group an allegoric representation of Dr. Priestley. But this is to overstep the just limits of interpretation. Can the Doctrine of Evolution be traced to the influence of Priestley? Unless it can, we would humbly ask these theorists how they would explain the relationship of Sam and the elder Weller? We will return rather to the central catastrophe. Nothing can be more certain than that the condemnation of the hero in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick represents the ill fate of the social philosopher who dallies in weak complacency with a plausible financial statement. Mrs. Bardell, the widow of a custom-house officer, the letter of lodgings to single gentlemen, is merely an impersonation of that rash and early speculation, "immersed in matter," as Bacon has it, which bases itself on the revenue returns of a former age and pays an exclusive attention to individual cases. The Spirit of Inquiry with antiquated gaiters and a kindly but

frosty face cannot, however, break faith with this mode of speculation without heavy damages, which it will of course refuse to pay, and in consequence be imprisoned temporarily in the gloomy company of insolvent debtors, or rather insoluble problems. Here, however, it will be again visited by the faithful Doctrine of Evolution, its gloom lightened, and its horizon cleared. But we shall never make an end of these details. A correspondent of our own will arrive before many years from Manitoba, and we shall then have the assistance of a complete cipher. It may, however, be worth remarking that the footmen's "swarry" is nothing but a contest between Evolutionism and the gorgeous but servile retinue of traditional metaphysics. The young gentleman in the blue livery of idealism, who boasts of the partiality shown him by his "young lady," the bright goddess of truth to whom he is a mere menial, ends naturally like all the rest in the intoxication of mysticism. Evolutionism is the only method of inquiry that can go to bed sober.

Before touching farther on the many close parallelisms between the treatises and the tales, we wish to answer two or three absurd objections, which will, we trust, never again endeavor to obstruct the rational and illuminating hypothesis which would trace the poetic creations of the world to their true source in abstract philosophy. It has been said that Bacon and Spencer show little or no humor in their treatises; and in their fictions few traces of a fondness for particular phrases and illustrations, which in their other writings they seem powerless to resist. But we would submit that these two great men have always been fully aware that a philosophic essay is not the fitting place for jests, and that a humorous or pathetic fiction is not the fitting place for indulgence in an irresistible fondness for particular phrases and illustrations. It has been said also that since the death of Mr. Dickens Mr. Spencer has not thought fit to give us any more novels. Can it be necessary to repeat that by 1616 and 1870 respectively both Francis Bacon and Herbert Spencer had established their position as philosophers and publicists, and had no further occasion to pour out the wild

and bitter humor of their hearts in such creations as *Dogberry* or *Micawber*?

Is not the tendency of all the earlier novels, from "*Nicholas Nickleby*" to "*David Copperfield*," the exposure of official interference and tyranny, the passionate defence of individual rights? And is not this precisely the teaching of "*Social Statics*" (1851)? Is there not again, beginning from "*Bleak House*," a distinct modification in aim, an endeavor to rouse officialism to a greater activity? And is not this the precise modification to be found in Mr. Spencer's social essays between 1850 and 1860? When "*Little Dorrit*" (1857) gave us the satire on the Circumlocution Office, it gave us also the character of Merdle, the fraudulent speculator. And two years later, in 1859, Mr. Spencer published an article on "*The Morals of Trade*," which protests in almost the same language against that adulation of mere success, which had been pilloried in the Bar, Bishop, &c., of "*Little Dorrit*." It might be said, indeed, that the same events may produce on two different minds an almost identical impression. We consider such cavils too frivolous for serious notice. And what would the cavillers say to the close similarity of thought in the following passages?—

"Doubtless very often, as Mr. Bain says, 'it is the coerced form of seriousness and solemnity without the reality that gives us that stiff position from which a contact with triviality or vulgarity relieves us, to our uproarious delight.'"

Our uproarious delight! Compare with this the following:—

"Here," that is to say, at the reference to himself in Mr. Tupples's speech, "Mr. Dobbie, junior, who has been previously distending his mouth to a considerable width by thrusting a particularly fine orange into that feature, suspends operations, and assumes a proper appearance of intense melancholy."

The former passage is from an article on the "*Physiology of Laughter*," published by Mr. Spencer in this magazine for March, 1860. The latter is from "*New Year*," one of the "*Boz*" sketches. Thus truly is the child the father of the man. That the actual ob-

servation was Professor Bain's is nothing. For several of the observations common to the essays and plays of Bacon were originally Montaigne's, or some other's. But, as Jack Bunsby remarks, "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

We consider that we have established our case. If any one thinks otherwise let him ask himself if he considers that the important truths in psychology and sociology, which we have briefly indicated, were likely to have been discovered by the man who was told by a scene-shifter that it was a loss to the

"profession" when he took to writing books? The man of jovial good-fellowship and pedestrian powers! None of the products of Nature are, according to Aristotle, like the Delphian knife, that serves all purposes equally. And we may be sure that stage-management, pedestrianism, and good-fellowship are not likely to be accompanied by the gift of original creation. Why, these are the very qualities and accomplishments that have been more than suspected in that illiterate *impresario* Master William Shakespeare, of New Place, Stratford-on-Avon!—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NORTHWEST CANADA BY THE HUDSON'S BAY TRADE-ROUTE.

BY W. SHELFORD, C.E.

WHILE many minds are directed to the solution of the problems affecting the great population of these islands and arising out of its rapid increase, those enterprises which provide immediate work and offer fresh inducements to permanent settlement in a new country are worthy of serious consideration.

The writer of the following pages claims for the development of the Hudson's Bay Route that it will comply with these conditions; and surely the time is opportune when on this side the population is increasing at the rate of nearly 1000 per day, without any corresponding increase in the trade of the country, and on the other side of the Atlantic there is a territory within the Queen's dominions, and full of home friends and associations, which has been well described by Sir George Stephen, the Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as "another Russian Empire waiting for population."

It is to bring our surplus population in contact with that great territory that the route is to be opened. The fact of starting it will lead to cargoes of steel rails and other British manufactures being conveyed by sea direct to Port Nelson, and to the employment of English laborers in the formation of the line. These men will find work and supplies waiting for them, and it will be contrary to past experience if they do not per-

manently settle in the country and induce their friends at home to follow them. Hitherto the vested interests of the Hudson's Bay Company have barred the way. So long since as 1749 that Company had acquired an unenviable reputation as monopolists, for in that year petitions were presented to Parliament from the leading cities and towns of England complaining of the undue exercise of their rights by keeping out traders and shutting up the country—rights derived from a charter which had been granted to the Company, and which practically gave them a monopoly of the trade of the larger part of the North American Continent.

The Marquis of Lorne, the late Governor-General of Canada, has said in effect* of the Great North West, that to within the last few years,

Courteous as were the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, not one of them could be found who would not deprecate the idea of "opening the country for settlement." They could not foresee that a favorable bargain for the Company would be made in reference to their lands, and they only looked upon an immigrant invasion as the expulsion of the fur-bearing animals which alone afforded a good trade.

Had they been able to prophesy they would have welcomed the tide of the white races whose advent would enhance a thousandfold the value of the as yet useless grass ocean around

* *Good Words*, February, 1886.

them. But the Hudson's Bay Company's people had had enough trouble in years long past with their competitors, and, having procured a monopoly, they did not desire neighbors. So it was said that grain would not grow; that even roots were difficult to raise. Who knew if the virgin soil was worth the plough? Such was the language industriously employed. But Lord Selkirk had persuaded some of the Highlanders who at the beginning of the century thronged so eagerly to the emigrant vessels to sail into Hudson's Bay and to ascend the Nelson River and to settle to the south of Lake Winnipeg, where they formed a most flourishing colony. Then, again, the Americans higher up the Red River had found the valley most fertile, with a soil marvellously black and rich, and it became evident that vast wheatfields had been hidden away in that dim green north land.

To-day all this is changed. The great Prairie of the North-Western States of America has become a vast farm, and in Canada the province of Manitoba, and the whole country beyond to British Columbia, has been opened up by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the pioneer city of Winnipeg is now reached in Pullman cars in fewer hours than it occupied weeks in 1870 for Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley's Red River Expedition to march along the same route to Fort Garry.

The fertile territory may be taken to extend over an area of at least 270,000 square miles, and of this great domain the Canadian Government have appointed one twentieth of each township to the Hudson's Bay Company in satisfaction of their monopoly.

The Hudson's Bay Company has thus an aggregate quantity of about eight million acres, which is spread over the whole area and has a direct and substantial interest in its rapid development by the construction of railways for its colonization and settlement.

There remains another great Corporation, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Their line crosses the fertile territory from East to West, a length of 900 miles, at an average distance of seventy miles from the southern frontier, and has attached to it a strip of land twenty-four miles wide on each side called "the railway belt," with an area of 32,000,000 acres. If this land were but half under cultivation the traffic would require the service of a greater number of trains per day than the existing single line could accommodate, and

would be a very severe strain upon a double one.

Such is the prairie character of the country, the extraordinary rapidity with which the land is taken up and can be developed, and the facility with which it lends itself to settlement, that it may be reasonably expected to become the home of numbers of our surplus population, and, in a very short time, the backbone of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

From Winnipeg (fifteen years old), the largest town in the North West, to Calgary, lying under the lee of the Rocky Mountains, where it has had yet scarcely a three-years' existence, there are villages and towns springing up all along the line of 900 miles—Brandon, for example, which had no existence in 1881, has now a population of 3000, and is a most important centre.

Winnipeg, the *point d'appui* of Lord Wolseley's Red River Expedition, contained, in 1871, but 350 inhabitants, and has now above 25,000. It is well laid out, with regular streets, in no case less than 66 feet wide. The main street is 132 feet in width, over two miles in length, paved with wood, and is fitted up with tramway and electric light. The town has the telephone, gas, water, sewers, handsome public and private buildings, a good club, university, churches, and last, but not least, enjoyable society. It is prepared for, and expects, a large increase as a centre on which will converge the traffic from British Columbia, on the West, from the United States on the South, and from the lines made, and to be made, for the more complete accommodation of the great North-West.

Winnipeg is, therefore, and is likely to remain, the capital and mart of the country comprised in the "railway-belt," and beyond; and the only outlet from it to the east is the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is thus secured a heavy traffic.

One of the lines authorized is the Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway, which runs north from Winnipeg to Port Nelson, on Hudson's Bay, and excites the keenest interest, not only in Manitoba, but throughout the North-West Territory, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and even southward, in the States of Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana.

It will serve the double purpose of assisting in the settlement of those regions, which are not yet within the influence of railways, and of providing a new outlet and a shorter route for the exchange of produce between Great Britain and North-West Canada. This is the old Hudson's Bay Trade route, which alone gives access to the north, while the Canadian Pacific Railway provides for the south of the fertile territory. This route it is now the earnest desire of the Manitobans to improve, by constructing the Hudson's Bay Railway to connect with the existing railways, and the great waterways of the country, and by substituting ocean steamships for sailing vessels.

The line, which has a total length of about 950 miles, has been authorized by the Canadian Parliament, and includes a branch of 300 miles to the westward, in the direction of the Pacific Ocean, which will be reached by running over the Canadian Pacific Railway (see Map). Moreover, the Government has reserved a magnificent area of 8,400,000 acres from the Crown lands adjoining the railway, as a subsidy or free gift; and, further, as evidence of the keen interest with which the undertaking is regarded in the North-West, the Provincial Parliament of Manitoba has granted a bonus of £200,000 to assist in its execution.

And here it may be well to consider why such facilities should be offered by the Canadian authorities to bring about the rapid completion of this important work. Fortunately, the cause is not far to seek. The fertile North-West, with all its advantages, has one disadvantage in being more remote than the rest of Canada from the Atlantic seaboard. Many intending settlers are thus detained and induced to settle in the eastern provinces. The communication with the mother country is less direct, and the cost of transport is greatly enhanced by a continuous railway journey of some 1800 miles after reaching the Port of Montreal. Although travelling is made comfortable and cheap, the first-class fare being only about one penny per mile, it is sufficiently tedious and expensive to deter a new arrival from going farther west, especially when the more favored inhabitants of the east are offering him their best inducements to

settle with them; and for goods traffic, however good the road and economical the working of it, the cost of carriage by land must always greatly exceed that by sea, to say nothing of the fatigue and consequent shrinkage and loss of cattle in long railway journeys.

The effect of the Hudson's Bay Route when opened up by the improved internal communication afforded by this railway, will be to add little to the sea voyage, and to reduce the railway carriage enormously. Here, then, we have the reason why the Canadian and Provincial Governments have offered the facilities already described, and why every farmer, stock-breeder, and inhabitant of the North-West looks forward with eagerness to the realization of his hopes in the direction of Hudson's Bay.

The distances by sea are :—

	Geographical miles.
From New York to Liverpool,	3,100
" Montreal " <i>via</i> Belle Isle,	2,787
" " <i>via</i> Cape Race,	2,990
" Port Nelson (Hudson's Bay) to Liverpool,	2,996

And the distances by rail are :—

	Miles.
From Winnipeg to New York,	1,779
" " Montreal,	1,425
From Winnipeg to Port Nelson (Hudson's Bay),	650
" Regina to New York,	2,135
" " Montreal,	1,781
" " Port Nelson (Hudson's Bay),	700

Whilst the difference in the sea voyage is evidently unimportant, the saving in railway carriage by the Hudson's Bay route is very marked, and is—

	Saving in miles.
From Winnipeg <i>via</i> New York,	1,129
" " Montreal,	775
" Regina " New York,	1,435
" " Montreal,	1,081

Regina is the capital of the North-West Territory and the centre of the great wheat-growing belt of land, and it is estimated that the saving in the cost of transport of wheat thence to Liverpool, which will be effected by the Hudson's Bay route, will amount to 5s. per quarter. Similarly for cattle, it is estimated that the saving will be from £3 to £4 per head.

These figures should serve to draw the traffic from whatever sources may be available, and when it is considered what these are the importance of the proposed railway will be evident. Not only Manitoba and the North-West Territories of Canada, but the adjoining States of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana,

and Washington Territory will find by it the cheapest and shortest outlet to Europe for the produce from their wheat lands and cattle ranches.

Moreover, the saving in distance from Regina applies to British Columbia, China, and Japan.

The quantity of wheat produced by the States of Minnesota and Dakota is about ten million quarters per annum, and the surplus crop of wheat in Manitoba available for export is about 400,000 quarters, and is rapidly increasing. As to cattle, it is estimated from last year's "round up" that in Alberta alone there are at least 80,000 head. In 1885 the number of cattle exported from Canada to Britain was 144,000, and as the cattle ranches of the North West are developed the trade will undoubtedly acquire much greater importance.*

There are also sources of traffic of a less ambitious character, such as the produce of the rich agricultural and timber regions through which the line runs, and the communication which it will establish between Hudson's Bay and the Canadian and American markets.

The Americans have, for a quarter of a century, carried on a very profitable whale fishery in Hudson's Bay, and there are porpoise, walrus, salmon, and trout fisheries in existence, besides coal, iron, and other minerals, capable of speedy development as soon as the present inefficient means of internal communication are superseded by a railway which will connect with the railway system of the United States, *via* Winnipeg, and with the artery of Canada—the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is conceded by all who know the district, and has been ascertained by actual survey, that the country is well adapted to the construction of a cheap line, and that Port Nelson, on Hudson's Bay, will admit ocean steamships.

The same unanimity of opinion among disinterested persons may be said to prevail as to the navigation of Hudson's Bay and Strait. For 276 years they have been traversed by sailing vessels of various classes, from the boat of the whaler to the ship of war, and for al-

most every year during the past century and a half they have been visited by the vessels of the Hudson's Bay Company, without any but the most trifling loss.

Had not the Hudson's Bay route been feasible, the Company's traders would have fared badly, for they depended upon it for their home supplies, and generally as the only established means of communication with Great Britain until the recent introduction of railways. Nor was this a small matter, for the Company had formerly numerous centres of trade, which were planted over most of the northern part of the Continent, and extended for several hundred miles south of the Canadian boundary, and of these there is still a goodly residue in the 175 trading posts now existing in the Dominion of Canada.

Their system of communication comprised an interior and an ocean navigation; and York Factory, within a few miles of Port Nelson, was the point of exchange between the two.

To and from this point the trade with the interior was carried on chiefly by the waterways of the country, near to one of which part of the proposed line of railway runs till they both reach Lake Winnipeg, distant some 300 miles from Hudson's Bay.

Lake Winnipeg is the reservoir which receives the waters from one of the largest water-sheds in the world, embracing several important rivers, *e.g.* the great Saskatchewan river, with a drainage area of some 300,000 square miles of fertile territory, which, stretching to the Rocky Mountains, is navigated by large steamers for 1000 miles, and many of its branches are navigable.

The Red river, which runs northward to Lake Winnipeg from as far south as Fargo in the United States, is also navigable. Its valley is now well settled, and possesses, for a length of 600 miles, probably the richest soil in the world.

The Assiniboine river, which is tributary to the Red river, is also navigable for 300 miles.

Over this immense area the "York boats" of the Company (so called from York Factory) were well known, and were recognized as the best means of internal communication until they were supplanted by steamers and large cargo-boats, and York Factory itself, after the

* See article in the *National Review*, March 1886, on the "Newer North-West for Englishmen."

introduction of railways, came to be no longer the base of supply.

It cannot be denied that these waterways constitute a network which will act as a feeder to the proposed railway, and will not compete with it.

On the landward side of York Factory, therefore, the whole of the old communications of the Hudson's Bay Company will be utilized where suitable, and, where not suitable to modern progress, they will be superseded by better routes and later methods.

Seaward of York Factory the conditions affecting the navigation of Hudson's Bay and Strait resolve themselves into the period during which the Strait is open for navigation, for the temperature of the waters of Hudson's Bay in summer compares favorably with that of the water of Lake Superior, and the latter is a fresh-water lake, while the former is salt water and tidal.

A Select Committee of the House of Commons of Canada, appointed to inquire into the navigation of Hudson's Bay, reported in April, 1884, that the above difference in temperature was 14° , and Lieutenant A. R. Gordon, R.N., who commanded the expedition sent out by the Canadian Government in 1884, in the steamship *Neptune*, reported, as the result of his observations on the surface temperatures in the bay, that "Hudson's Bay may, therefore, be regarded as a vast basin of comparatively warm water, the effect of which must be to considerably ameliorate the winter climate to the south and east of it."

From the tables given to the Government by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1880 it appears that at York Factory, for a period of fifty-three years, the breaking up of the ice in the river occurred early enough to give an average of five months or thereabouts of navigation; and the evidence goes to show that Port Nelson opens even earlier, that Hudson's Bay itself is never frozen except for a fringe of several miles from the shore, and that the period of open navigation at Port Nelson approximates to that at Montreal, where the value of the exports and imports exceed £16,000,000 sterling. In short, there is a consensus of opinion in favor of the perfect feasibility of the navigation of Hudson's Bay.

Of Hudson's Strait the Committee of

the House of Commons before referred to reported :—

Were it not for the presence of the polar ice which comes down from the great Arctic seas by way of Fox Strait during the months of April, June, and July, Hudson's Strait would, it is admitted by all, be exceptionally safe, owing to the uniform great depth of water, and the entire absence of reefs or dangerous islands.

And again :—

We find that the great majority of those who have been there, and consequently who know, reckon the duration of navigation in these waters at three and four months.

For more than two hundred and fifty years sailors have counted upon having an uninterrupted navigation of from two and a half months to three months, and this without marine charts, without an accurate knowledge of these waters, without lighthouses, without a system of telegraphic communication, and without the aid of steam. It is not, then, an unwarranted belief, that with all the appliances now at the disposal of nautical science, this navigation will be prolonged for some weeks.

The Report goes on to contrast the St. Lawrence in 1716, when its navigation was described as the most difficult and treacherous of all known countries, with its now magnificent harbors and powerful and numerous fleet, and concludes by remarking upon the absolutely impartial character of the labors of the Committee.

Following upon this Report the Canadian Government sent out an expedition in the same year (1884) in the steamship *Neptune*, a Newfoundland sealing vessel of 684 tons, which was the first steamer that ever entered the Bay. She conveyed scientific observers to various points in the Strait, where they passed the winter until relieved by the expedition of 1885 which proceeded there on board H.M.S. *Alert*, of 700 gross tons, and fifty horse-power.

The Reports of Lieutenant Gordon, R.N., commanding the two expeditions, show a period of navigation of four months each season. The officers in charge of the observing stations were instructed to note the movements of the ice, and of these Mr. Laperriere, who was stationed at the western end of the Strait, reports that the local ice formed on the 23d October, 1884, but that low fogs were seen throughout the winter, "sure sign of open water."

On the 11th February, 1885, the drift

ice wholly disappeared, and there was open water for two days, "and the same thing occurred again from the 2d to 4th March."

For a month from May 15th to June 13th, 1884, no ice was visible. On the 13th June it returned, but was so slack as to be easily navigable by steamships, and it finally disappeared early in July. Mr. Ashe, Superintendent of the Quebec Observatory, who was in charge of a station on the North Coast about midway through the Strait, reports :—

All winter through, whenever the wind prevailed from the north-east to the north-west, it would open a channel along my shore, varying from a mile to four miles in width, showing thus the extent of open water that had been previously distributed among the floes.

Speaking of channels thus formed by the winds, he says :—

I would instance how the *Alert* this season struggled with the ice on the north shore, whilst I could see from my station perfectly open water twenty miles or less off shore, and I concluded that for six weeks previously, at least, there was a perfectly feasible channel, free of ice, on the south shore, for any class of vessel.

An ocean steamship with ordinary steam-power would have no difficulty in penetrating ice slack enough to form these channels, besides which the width of the strait, from forty-five to eighty miles, would permit a ship crossing from one side to the other to take advantage of such open water.

Mr. Ashe concludes by expressing his firm belief that the Strait is navigable for from four and a half to six and a half months at least.

Much further evidence on this subject could be easily adduced ; suffice it to say here that Lieutenant Gordon, in his Report of 1884, says : "The ice has been supposed hitherto to be the most formidable barrier to the navigation of the Straits, but its terror disappears to a great extent under investigation" ; and he further says that, had he been making the passage direct instead of coasting and working across the Strait, as he had to do in order to establish the observing stations at various points on each side of the Strait, he does not consider that he would have been delayed by ice more than forty-eight hours.

Moreover, he found as the result of comparative meteorological observations that in the character of the weather for

the two months (August and September), so far as it affects navigation, Hudson's Straits compare favorably with the Straits of Belle Isle, there being eleven heavy gales at Belle Isle against three in Hudson's Straits, and more than double the amount of fog.

The Report of Lieutenant Gordon for 1885 says, in effect, that the reports of the observers stationed by him in Hudson's Straits in 1884, go to show that the navigation would probably have been closed for eight months in 1884 and 1885, and that the movements of the ice in the spring of the latter year were much later than those of the former.

He concludes by saying, on the information of a captain who had made a number of "voyages through Hudson's Straits, and had seen them clear of ice in June, that the fact that the Straits have been clear at this time shows that there is great variability in the dates of the opening of navigation" ; the inference being that, as he had himself encountered an exceptionally unfavorable condition of the ice, the effect of variability would be to increase the period of open water beyond what he had met with, rather than to reduce it.

That the mere circumstance of variability in the season does not constitute a bar to navigation or to the development of trade, can be shown by a reference to the Baltic ports, which are very uncertain. Riga, especially, is often closed from October to April ; but, on the other hand, has been known to be open all the year round ; and the value of its trade may be appreciated by the fact that in 1883 the exports and imports amounted to £3,679,000 sterling.

Other important ports in Europe could be mentioned to prove that an annual close season is not confined to places on the seaboard of Canada, and is not inconsistent with good trade where the communications with the interior of the country are favorable. Even in the south there are ports on the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, among which may be instanced Odessa, where, under local influences, a severity of climate occurs in the winter, which is remarkable at such a latitude. Odessa is frequently frozen up during the winter, yet in 1883 the value of its exports and imports amounted to £12,447,000 sterling.

The most northerly point of Europe—that of Archangel—is closed for eight months of the year, and is subject during the navigable season to many disadvantages, among which are the nature of the channel by which the port is approached for the safe navigation of which trained pilots, aided by a system of signalling, are required; the capricious weather; and the prevalence of fogs. Yet, in spite of such hindrances, an extensive and regular traffic, consisting largely of grain, is carried on in quantities regulated, not by the consideration of hindrances to navigation, but by questions of internal communications, the improvement of which would probably at once develop the traffic of the port in the face of a class of difficulties which are formidable only in the eyes of the inexperienced. The average annual total of shipping cleared from Archangel in the five years ending 1878 was 156,000 tons, in 500 vessels, the value of the exports being estimated at £1,000,000 sterling.

The history of Hudson's Bay in relation to the subject of this paper is instructive, and may be easily told. After the period of discoveries which commenced in 1610, came the first establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670.

From that date until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the Bay became the theatre of sanguinary conflicts; many a hero there won fame for deeds renowned in story; the navies of England and France made it the field of many a fight, and the forts on its shores were time and again taken and retaken, so that Iberville, writing to the King, said to him, "Sire, je suis las de conquérir la Baie." The treaty of Utrecht confirmed England in possession of Hudson's Bay and the adjoining countries, and a gloomy silence fell once more upon those lands.*

Thus the Hudson's Bay Company acquired their monopoly, and obtained quiet enjoyment of their trade-route to York Factory *via* Hudson's Bay and Strait, which, as has been already shown, formed their line of communication. A century and a half ago, "the navigation of these unknown seas was characterized as safe and comparatively easy," "and if the number of vessels sent out by the Company is less in our time, it is because since the establishment of railways to the south of Manitoba it costs them less to export by this route a great portion of the goods that they formerly despatched by way of Moose or York Factory,* *via* Hudson's Bay."

The writer has ventured to quote much from the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, because he believes it to have been undertaken without reference to preconceived opinions, and at a time when the subject was even less trammelled by vested interests than it now is.

Convinced that the navigation of Hudson's Bay and Strait has been proved to be feasible, and may be found easy when worked by modern methods and supplemented by improved internal communications; satisfied, also, from a personal knowledge of the country, that the rapid settlement of the Great North-West of Canada is earnestly to be desired in the interests alike of that colony and the mother country, he advocates the development of the old Hudson's Bay trade-route as a work "which will assure to Canada a fresh pledge of prosperity and grandeur."—*National Review*.

GOETHE AND CARLYLE.†

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE English Goethe Society which we inaugurate to-day has been founded to promote and extend the study of Goethe's works and thoughts. We do not meet here simply to worship the

poetical genius of Goethe, and to call every line he wrote great and beautiful and divine. That kind of slavish idolatry is unworthy of Goethe, and it would be equally unworthy of our Society. The time has passed when Goethe was

* Report of Select Committee of House of Commons, 1884.

† Address delivered at the inauguration of the English Goethe Society in London.

* Report of Select Committee of House of Commons, 1884.

preached as a new Gospel, the time also when he was sneered at and cursed seems to have come to an end. We think the time has come to study him, and to study him seriously, critically, historically. If worship there must be, we cannot offer better and truer worship to the departed spirits of men of true genius than by trying to understand thoroughly the thoughts which they have bequeathed to us. Such study bestows on them their true immortality, nay, it proves that their spirit never will and never can die.

And never was there a time when it seemed more necessary that Goethe's spirit should be kept alive among us, whether in Germany or in England, than now when the international relations between the leading countries of Europe have become worse than among savages in Africa; when national partisanship threatens to darken all wise counsel and to extinguish all human sympathies; when men are no longer valued by their intrinsic worth, but by their accidental wealth; when philosophy, in its true sense, as a passionate love of wisdom and truth is well-nigh forgotten; when religion has become a dry bone of theological contention, and nothing can be called true, honest, pure, lovely, or sublime without evoking the smiles and sneers of those who profess to be wisest in their generation. The general view of life has become so distorted with us that we can hardly trust our eyes when we turn them on the life which, not more than a hundred years ago, satisfied the desires of such men as Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. Life in Germany was at that time what Goethe himself called *idyllisch*,* the same word, no doubt, as the English *idyllic*, but endowed with a flavor peculiarly its own. The valley in which those poets lived was narrow, their houses small, their diet simple, but their hearts were large, their minds soared high, their sympathies embraced the whole world. They knew the blessings of a *lata paupertas*, of cheerful poverty, and high aims. As Goethe writes in one of his letters to Carlyle, "We then thought of nothing

but striving, no one thought of asking for rewards, but was only anxious to deserve them."* The idea of making money for money's sake seems never to have troubled them. Politics, too, occupied a very small place indeed in their daily interests, and even those who were statesmen by profession did not obtrude their opinions on the world at large, any more than an attorney would always talk about the squabbles and lawsuits of his clients, or a medical man of the imprudences and ailments of his patients. To many people the life at Weimar in Goethe's time may seem provincial, narrow, pedantic, mean, and yet I doubt whether at any time in the world's history society, in the best sense of the word, reached a more Olympian height and revelled in more fabulous wealth than at the beginning of our century in the small valley of the Ilm. If you want to measure the gigantic stature of Goethe, go to Weimar and look at the small town, the small street, the small house, the small rooms in which he lived. Weimar had then about 10,000 inhabitants, London has now nearly 4,000,000. But as 4,000,000 is to 10,000, so was the intellectual wealth of Goethe's Weimar compared to what we could find at present if we ransacked all our clubs and all our palaces. To me, whenever I can afford the time, to plunge once more into Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Lessing—not to forget Jean Paul—is like taking a header into the sea at the end of a sultry day—it is a washing, a refreshing, a complete rejuvenescence all in one. And what it is to me, it will be to others who are wearied with the gaze of fools and pag-eants of the day. To pass an hour with Goethe now and then will reinvigorate our belief in the much-derided ideals of life, it will make us remember our common humanity, it will lift up our eyes beyond clouds and planets and comets

* Speaking of the correspondence between himself and Schiller, Goethe writes to Carlyle (26 July 1829): "Mögen sie Ihnen als Zaubergarten zu Diensten stehen, um sich in die damalige Zeit in unsere Mitte zu versetzen, wo es eine unbedingte Strebsamkeit galt, wo niemand zu fordern dachte und nur zu verdienen bemüht war. Ich habe mir die vielen Jahre her den Sinn, das Gefühl jener Tage zu erhalten gesucht, und ich glaube, es soll mir fernerhin gelingen."

* *Idyllisch*, see Goethe's Works (1833), vol. xlix. p. 132.

to those fixed stars which, though they may be useless to lighten our streets, light up our minds with visions of heavens above heavens, and in the fierce tempests of life remain after all our only true guides to steer our vessel bravely through winds and waves to a safe harbor.

What, then, were Goethe's ideals? I am not so reckless as to try to raise that spirit before you in all his fulness—the old man covered with his mantle, whom no witch of Endor could conjure up. *Many-sided* (*vielseitig*), it has been often said, is an adjective that belongs to Goethe by the same right as *venerable* belongs to Bede, *judicious* to Hooker. I shall confine my remarks to-day to one of his ideals only, one which he cherished with intense devotion, particularly during the closing years of his life, and for which his own countrymen have often rather blamed than praised him. I mean his *cosmopolitan sympathies*, and, more particularly, his constant endeavors after what he called *eine Welt-literatur*, a *World-literature*. You know how much this idea, this dream, as wise people will call it, occupied Goethe's thoughts. When he wrote his preface to the German translation of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, about two years before his death, he begins by giving his own thoughts on what he means by World-literature.

"Many people," he says,* "have been talking of a World-literature for some time, and not without some reason, for all nations, after having been shaken together by the most dreadful wars, and then being left again each to itself, could not but see that they had observed and absorbed many strange things, and had felt here and there certain intellectual wants, heretofore unknown to them. Hence arose a sense of neighborly relations, and while formerly they had lived secluded, people now felt in their mind a growing desire to be received into the more or less free intellectual commerce of the whole world. This movement has lasted for a short time only, yet long enough to deserve consideration, so that we may derive from it as soon as possible, as in material commerce, profit and delight."

To see a man like Goethe watching the growth of every literature—not only English, French, Italian, Spanish, but Serbian, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Modern Greek, Swedish, nay, Persian, Arabic, Sanskrit, and Chinese—and try-

ing to find out what is true and beautiful in every one of them, is a real treat in an age when most critics imagine that their chief duty is to discover in every work of art not what is good, but what is bad. It sounds quite strange when reading Goethe, to hear in German the warmest praises of French and English literature, while at present no German newspaper, which looks for light from above, would dare to say a kind word of Victor Hugo or of Tennyson. The lesson which Goethe wished to teach was that the true poet, the true philosopher, the true historian belongs not to one country only, but to the world at large. He belongs, not to the present only, but likewise to the past and to the future. We owe much of what we are and what we have to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us. It is under the sense of this universal responsibility, and in that world-embracing spirit, that Goethe thinks the highest intellectual work ought to be done. It was in communion with the past and with the future, and in sympathy with the whole world, that he himself achieved his greatest triumphs.

And why should this ideal of a universal republic of letters be called a dream? Anyhow, it is a dream that has been dreamt long before Goethe. It is we in the last four centuries of the world who have grown so very narrow-minded, so intensely national. Till about four hundred years ago all really great writers wrote for the world, and not for their own small country only. Nay, I make bold to say that some of the ideas to which Goethe gave such powerful expression, and which have often been called Utopian, stirred more or less consciously in the minds of the earliest writers when they, for the first time, took their chisel to engrave on the walls of temples and pyramids what they had thought and what they had done during their short sojourn here on earth. With us writing has become a habit. But why did people first begin to write and erect monuments which they hoped would last for ever?

I believe it was the same awakening spirit of human sympathy which Goethe preached, the same reverence for a past

* Goethe's Works, xlv. p. 233.

that was no more, the same faith in a future that was not yet, which led the great historical nations of the world to lay the first foundations of what we now call literature, and what to them was world-literature, so far as they could realize it. When we look at the Egyptian monuments, ornamented with their beautiful hieroglyphic inscriptions, when we examine the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, as it were embroidered with cuneiform writing, we may recognize even there the rudiments of a world-literature. Those ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes were thinking, not of their own time and their own country only, when busily engraving their primitive archives : they were thinking of us. They believed in a future of the human race, and, call it weakness or strength, they wished to be remembered by those who should come after them.

Such a belief in posterity marks indeed a new period in the growth of the human mind, it heralds the dawn of a new life. At first man lives for the present only, from day to day, from year to year. The first real step in advance is a regard for the past, so far as he knows it, a worship of his ancestors, a belief in their continued existence, nay, even in their power to reward and to punish him. After that belief in a distant past follows a belief in a distant future, and from these two combined beliefs springs the first feeling of humanity in our hearts, the conviction that we are by indissoluble bonds connected with those that came before us and those who will come after us, that we form one universal family on earth. As these feelings grow up slowly and gradually in our own heart, so they required long periods of growth in the history of the world, but among the most favored races they asserted their powerful influence at a very early time.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, an almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived ; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in

times to come. The biographical inscription of Aahmes, a captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, as Champollion says, "to the whole human race" (*l'et-a-en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominibus omnibus*). A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says : "I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death."

These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sishak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsilis : "My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thousands of years."

The great Harris Papyrus, which records the donations of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt together with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations (*hamemet*), the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great King of Egypt." *

Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscriptions, one of them was certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on for ever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world-literature.

And as in Egypt so it was in Babylon, Nineveh, and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learned that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding-places these

* I have to thank Mr. le Page Renouf, the worthy successor of Dr. Birch at the British Museum, for these and a large number of similar inscriptions found among Egyptian antiquities.

cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldæa wished that we, their distant descendants, should receive.

Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them.

At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which enclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead, and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous king, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation! "Whoever alters the works of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised—may Asshur, Ninib, Ramân, and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe." *

The famous inscription of Behistun, a lasting monument of the victories of Darius and of the still more glorious victory of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was placed high on a mountain wall, where no one could touch and but few could read it. It was written not in Persian only, not for the Persians only, but in three dialects—an Aryan, a Semitic, and a Turanian, so that the three peoples, nations and languages might all read and remember the mighty deeds of Darius, the Achaemenian, the King of Kings. And when all is finished and all is said, Darius, the king, adds: "Be it known to thee what has been done by me, thus publicly, on that account that thou conceal not. If thou publish this tablet to the world, Ormazd shall be a friend to thee, and may thy offspring be numerous, and mayest thou live long. But if thou shalt conceal this record, thou shalt not be thyself recorded. May Ormazd be thy enemy and mayest thou be childless." †

* "Chaldea," by Z. Ragozin, p. 116.

† Rawlinson, "Inscription of Behistun," p. 36.

It seems to me that such words were written in the prophetic spirit of a world-literature. And the same spirit may be traced in Greece, in Rome, and elsewhere.

When Thucydides writes his history of the Peloponnesian war, he looks back to the past and forward to the future, and then pronounces with complete assurance his conviction that this book of his is to last for ever, that it is to teach future generations not only what has happened, but what may happen again; that it is to be a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνός*, a possession for ever.

Few historians now would venture to speak like this, even those who write their works here in London, the central city of the whole world, and with all the recollections of two thousand years behind them. But the Romans had inherited the same spirit. We all admire Horace, but there have been many poets like him, both before and after his time, and it required a considerable amount of self-consciousness and a strong belief in the future destinies of Rome and Roman literature to end his odes with the words: "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*"—

"I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,

Soaring more high than royal pyramids,
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drops,

Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy;
Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered
Series of ages and the flight of time—

I shall not wholly die." *

Even when we proceed to the literature of the Middle Ages, we seldom find any trace of national exclusiveness. The only literary language was Latin—the language of the Church, the language of law, the language of diplomacy—and what was written in that language was meant to be understood by the whole civilized world. A world-literature, therefore, so far from being a modern dream, was one of the most ancient historical realities. It was not till the eleventh and twelfth centuries that national literatures arose, and that, as before in the land of Shinar, the language of men was confounded so that they did not understand one another's speech. This dispersion of literatures has had its

* Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

advantages ; it has increased the wealth and variety of European thought. But it had its dangers also. It divided the greatest thinkers of the world, and thus retarded the victory of many a truth which cannot triumph except by the united efforts of the whole human race. It also produced a certain small self-sufficiency among poets who thought that they might accept the applause of their own country as the final judgment of the world. Many writers before Goethe had protested against this provincialism or nationalism in literature. Schiller declared that the poet ought to be a citizen not only of his country, but of his time. But Goethe was the first to give powerful expression to these longings after a universal literature. Goethe was not such a dreamer as to believe in the near approach of a universal language, though even that dream has been dreamt by men of far more powerful intellect than their deriding critics seem to be aware of. Goethe accepted the world as it was, but he endeavored to make the best of it. What he aimed at was a kind of intellectual free-trade. Each country should produce what it could produce best, and the ports of every country should welcome intellectual merchandise from whatever part of the world it might be sent. Some articles, no doubt, particularly in poetry, would always be reserved for home-consumption only ; but the great poets and great thinkers ought never to forget that they belong to the whole human race, and that the higher the aim the stronger the effort, and the greater the triumph.

When you look at the numerous passages, more particularly in his posthumous writings, you will easily perceive that though Goethe's sympathies were very universal, yet his strongest leaning was toward England. Had he not been nursed in his youth and reinvigorated by Shakespeare ? Was not Sir Walter Scott his favorite food in later life, and did not Lord Byron's poetry excite him even in his old age to a kind of dithyrambic enthusiasm ? And England at that time responded with equal warmth to Goethe's advances. "Line upon line," as an eminent writer said in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1850—"line upon line, precept upon precept, Goethe's writings have found their way into Eng-

lish literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth."

No episode, however, during the closing years of Goethe's life is more instructive as to his endeavors after a world-literature than his friendship with Carlyle. Carlyle, as you may remember from reading Mr. Froude's eloquent volumes, learned German with nothing but a grammar and dictionary to help him, because he wanted to see with his own eyes what those men, Schiller and Goethe, really were—names which, as he tells us, excited at that time ideas as vague and monstrous as the words Gorgon and Chimæra. The first tasks which he set himself to do was to write a "Life of Schiller," and to translate Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Carlyle at that time would have seemed the very last person to feel any real sympathy for Goethe. He was still a raw, narrow-minded, scrappily educated Scotchman, with strong moral sentiments and a vague feeling that he was meant to do some great work in the world. But otherwise his ideals were very different from Goethe's ideals of life. Nor does he make any secret to himself or to his friends of what his true feelings toward Schiller and Goethe were at that time. Schiller, who, we might suppose, would have attracted him far more strongly than Goethe, repelled him by what he calls his *aesthetics*.

"Schiller," * he writes, "was a very worthy character, possessed of great talents, and fortunate in always finding means to employ them in the attainment of worthy ends. The pursuit of the beautiful, the representing it in suitable forms, and the diffusion of feelings arising from it, operated as a kind of religion in his soul. He talks in some of his essays about the æsthetic being a necessary means of improvement among political societies. His efforts in this cause accordingly not only satisfied the restless activity, the desire of creating and working upon others, which form the great want of an educated mind, but yielded a sort of balance to his conscience. He viewed himself as an apostle of the sublime. Pity that he had no better way of satisfying it. One is tired to death with his and Goethe's *palabra* about the nature of the fine arts. They pretend that Nature gives people true intimations of true, hearty, and just principles in art ; that the *bildende Künstler* and the *richtende* (the creative and the critical artist) ought to investi-

* Froude, "Thomas Carlyle," vol. i. p. 196.

gate the true foundation of these obscure intimations, and set them fast on the basis of reason. Stuff and nonsense, I fear it is! Poor silly sons of Adam! you have been prating on these things for two or three thousand years, and you have not advanced a hair's breadth toward the conclusion. Poor fellows, and poorer me, that take the trouble to repeat such insipidities and truisms."

Here we see a Saul, not likely yet to be turned into a Paul. Miss Welsh, too, whom Carlyle at that time was worshipping as a distant star far beyond his reach, could not bear Goethe and poor little Mignon. Carlyle tries to reprove her. "O, the hardness of man's and still more of woman's heart!" he exclaimed. And yet he gives in. "Do what you like," he adds; "seriously, you are right about the book. It is worth next to nothing as a novel."

Still, the book told slowly and surely on the rugged, hard-hearted critic; but perhaps more even than the book the personal kindness of Goethe. Goethe was in a good mood when he received Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." He was thinking of his world-literature, and here, quite unexpectedly, came the first fruits of it. We must remember that at that time a translation of a German book was an event. At present an English translation is generally a mere bookseller's speculation. People do not ask whether the book is good, original, classical, but whether it is possible to sell a thousand copies of it with the help of a few telling reviews. With Carlyle the translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was a labor of love, and he was probably surprised when an English publisher offered him £180 for the first edition, and afterward £200 for every new edition of a thousand copies. "Any way," he says, "I am paid sufficiently for my labors."

This was in 1824. Goethe was then seventy-five, Carlyle twenty-nine. The correspondence was carried on till the year 1831, Goethe's last letter being dated the 2nd of June of that year, while he died on the 22nd of March, 1832. It may be imagined how Carlyle valued Goethe's letters, how he treasured them as the most precious jewels of his household. I was told that he gave them to Mrs. Carlyle to keep in a safe place. But, alas! after her death they could nowhere be found. It was a painful

subject with the old man, and a grievous loss to his biographer. Mr. Froude tells us in his "Life of Carlyle" that copies of one or two of Goethe's letters, which Carlyle had sent to his brother, were recovered, and these have been translated and published by Mr. Froude.

As soon as I heard that the archives of the Goethe family had become accessible, having been bequeathed by the last of his grandsons, Walther Wolfgang, to Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, I made inquiries whether possibly Goethe, as he was wont to do in his later years, had preserved copies of his letters to Carlyle. I was informed by Professor Erich Schmidt that copies of most of Goethe's letters to Carlyle existed; and on making application for them in the name of my old friend, Mr. Froude, Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess gave permission that copies should be made of them, which Mr. Froude might publish in his new edition of the "Life of Carlyle," and which I might use for my opening address as President of the English Goethe Society.

It was really the unexpected possession of this literary treasure* which emboldened me to accept your kind invitation to become the first President of the English Goethe Society, and which induced me to select as the subject of my inaugural address Goethe's ideal of a *World Literature*, a subject which I might thus venture to treat with the hope of bringing something new even to such experienced students of Goethe as I see to-day assembled around me. For it is in his letters to Carlyle that this idea finds its fullest expression. Carlyle was the very man that Goethe wanted, for, however different their characters might be, they had one object in common, Carlyle to preach German literature in England, Goethe to spread a taste for English literature in Germany. And how powerful personal influence can be, we see in the very relation which soon sprang up between the mature and stately German and the impetuous Scot.

* There is a rumor that the originals have lately been found in an old box and forwarded to America, to be published by Mr. Charles Norton. See Dr. Eugen Oswald's article in the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, April 24, 1886.

Carlyle, as we saw, was as yet but a half-hearted admirer of Schiller and Goethe, but the nearer he was brought to Goethe and the more he came to know the man and his ideals in life, the stronger grew his admiration and his love of the old prophet, whose name, he says, had floated through his fancy like a sort of spell over his boyhood, and whose thoughts had come to him in his maturer years almost with the impressiveness of revelations. Goethe seems from the first to have trusted Carlyle's honesty, and to have formed a right opinion of his literary powers. Of course, Carlyle was hardly known in England at that time, much less in Germany, and there is a curious entry in Goethe's Diary, or, as he calls them, *Concept-hefte*, from which it appears that he made private inquiries about him and his character. In a note addressed to Mr. Skinner who spent some time at Weimar, and died there in 1829,* Goethe writes on the 20th May, 1827:—

"Thomas Carlyle, domiciled at Edinburgh, translator of 'Wilhelm Meister,' author of a 'Life of Schiller,' has published lately in four volumes octavo a work entitled 'German Romance,' containing all tales in prose of any name. I should like much to learn what is known of his circumstances and his studies, and what English and German journals may have said of him. He is in every respect a highly interesting man. If you like sometimes to spend an hour with me in the evening, you are always welcome. There are always many things to discuss and to communicate. Written in my garden, the 20th May, 1827."

At that time, however, the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle was already progressing. Carlyle tells us himself, in a letter to his brother, with what delight he received Goethe's first letter which was written the 26th of October, 1824.† He was then lodging in Southampton Street, in very bad humor with the world at large, and particularly with the literary world of London, which he calls the poorest part of its population at present. On the 18th of December, he writes to his brother, John Carlyle:—

"The other afternoon, as I was lying dozing in a brown study after dinner, a lord's lackey knocked at the door and presented me with a little blue parcel, requiring for it a note of delivery. I opened it, and found two pretty

stitched little books and a letter from Goethe. I copy it and send it for your edification. The patriarchal style of it pleases me much."*

"Weimar, October 26, 1824.

"MY DEAREST SIR,—If I did not acknowledge on the spot the safe arrival of your welcome present, it was because I was unwilling to send you an empty acknowledgment merely, but I purposed to add some careful remarks on a work so honorable to you.

"My advanced years, however, burdened as they are with many unavoidable duties, have prevented me from comparing your translation at my leisure with the original text—a more difficult undertaking, perhaps, for me than for some third person thoroughly familiar with German and English literature. Since, however, I have at the present moment an opportunity, through Lord Bentinck, of forwarding this note safely to London, and at the same time of bringing about an acquaintance between yourself and Lord Bentinck which may be agreeable to both of you, I delay no longer to thank you sincerely for the interest which you have taken in my literary works as well as in the incidents of my life, and to entreat you earnestly to continue the same interest for the future also. It may be that hereafter I shall yet hear much of you. I send herewith a number of poems which you will scarcely have seen, but with which I venture to hope that you will feel a certain sympathy. With the most sincere good wishes, your most obedient

"J. W. GOETHE."

After this there seems to have been a long pause, for the next letter from Goethe is dated Weimar, May 15, 1827. This is only a short acknowledgment of a pleasant parcel received from Carlyle, evidently containing his "Life of Schiller," and a promise of a fuller letter which is to follow.

"To Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Edinburgh.

"I announce hurriedly that the pleasant parcel accompanied by a kind letter, despatched from Edinburgh on the 15th of April, *via* Hamburg, reached me on the 15th May, and found me in good health and busy for my friends. To my sincerest thanks to the esteemed couple (Carlyle was married by this time), I will add the information that a packet will shortly be despatched from here, likewise *via* Hamburg, to attest my sympathy and to recall me to your minds. I take my leave with best and sincerest wishes."

In the meantime Goethe, after reading Carlyle's "Life of Schiller," had evidently taken his young friend's true measure. He thought he had found in him the very man he had been looking

* Froude, "Life of Carlyle," i. p. 265. The translation has been but slightly altered in one or two places in accordance with the original of Goethe's letter sent to me from Weimar.

* In Goethe's letter dated 25th June 1829 (8).

† Froude, "Thomas Carlyle," i. 265.

for, the interpreter of German thought in England, and in July of the same year he wrote him a very full letter, which may almost be called an essay of World-literature.* In his conversations with Eckermann he speaks of Carlyle "as a moral power of great importance. There is much future in him," he adds, "and it is quite impossible to see all that he may do and produce."† Before I read you some of the more important passages of this and the following letters, I wish to call your attention to a curious fact which I discovered while examining the copies sent me from Weimar. Several passages seemed to me so familiar that I began to look through Goethe's works, and here, particularly in the volumes published after his death, I found long passages of his letters to Carlyle worked up into short reviews. Here and there Goethe has made slight alterations, evidently intended as improvements, and these, too, are curious as allowing us an insight into Goethe's mind. I also came across several letters of Carlyle's to Goethe, probably translated into German by Goethe himself. These are interesting too, but as the originals have been found in the Goethe Archives, and will soon be published by Mr. Charles Norton, I need not quote them at present.

In his third letter to Carlyle, after the usual preliminaries, Goethe writes :

"Let me, in the first place, tell you, my dear sir, how very highly I esteem your 'Biography of Schiller' ‡ It is remarkable for the careful study which it displays of the incidents of Schiller's life, and one clearly perceives in it a study of his works and a hearty sympathy with him. The complete insight which you have thus obtained into the character and high merits of this man is really admirable, so clear it is and so appropriate, so far beyond what might have been looked for in a writer in a distant country.

"Here the old saying is verified, 'A good will helps to a full understanding.' It is just because the Scot can look with affection on a German, and can honor and love him, that he acquires a sure eye for that German's finest qualities. He raises himself into a clearness of vision which Schiller's own countrymen could not arrive at in earlier days. For those who live with superior men are easily mistaken in their judgments. Personal peculiarities ir-

ritate them. The swift-changing current of life displaces their points of view, and hinders them from perceiving and recognizing the true worth of such men. Schiller, however, was of so exceptional a nature that the biographer had only to keep the idea of an excellent man before his eyes, and carry that idea through all his individual destinies and achievements, and he would see his task accomplished."*

After some remarks on Carlyle's "German Romance," Goethe is evidently anxious to unburden himself on the subject of World-literature, which was nearest to his heart. Probably he had jotted down his own thoughts on several occasions before, and so he abruptly says to Carlyle—

"Let me add a few observations, which I have long harbored in silence, and which have been stirred up by these present works."

It is curious that in the published review of "German Romance," too, Goethe uses the same artifice. After he has compared the mind of the foreign historian to the calm and brightness of a moonlight night, he writes :

"In this place, some observations, written down some time ago, may stand interpolated, even if people should find that I repeat myself, so long as it is allowed at the same time that repetition may serve some useful purpose."

Then follow his observations on the advantage of international literary relations, which I shall read to you :

* The next paragraphs are found, with slight alterations, evidently of later date, in Goethe's works (1833), xlv. p. 254. Whereas in his draft Goethe wrote *Kenntniß*, he altered it to *Vorkenntniß* in the letter he sent to Carlyle, and retained that word in his notice of "German Romance." There is one paragraph added by Goethe, when speaking of the impartiality with which a foreigner treats the history of German literature which deserves to be translated. In his letter he breaks off after "he gives individuals their credit each in his place." In his review of "German Romance," he continues : "And thus to a certain extent settles the conflict which within the literature of every nation is inevitable ; for to live and to act is much the same as to form or to join a party. No one can be blamed if he fights for place and rank, which secures his existence, and gives him influence which promises future happy success.

"If thus the horizon is often darkened during many years for those who live within a literature, the foreigner lets dust, mist, and darkness settle down, disperse and vanish, and sees those distant regions revealed in bright and dark spots with the same calmness which we are wont to observe the moon in a clear night."

* Froude, i. 399.

† Gespräche mit Eckermann, July 25, 1828.

‡ From here to "his task accomplished," the text is found in Goethe's Works (1833) vol. xxxvi. p. 230.

"It is obvious that for a long time the efforts of the best poets and æsthetic writers throughout the world have been directed toward what is universal, and common to all mankind. In every single work, be it historical, mythological, fabulous, more or less arbitrarily conceived, we shall see the universal more and more showing and shining through what is merely national and individual." *

"In practical life we perceive the same tendency, which pervades all that is of the earth earthy, crude, wild, cruel, false, selfish, treacherous, and tries everywhere to spread a certain serenity. We may not indeed hope from this the approach of an era of universal peace; but yet that strifes which are unavoidable may grow less extreme, wars less savage, and victory less overbearing.

"Whatever in the poetry of all nations aims and tends toward this, is what the others should appropriate. The peculiarities of each nation should be studied, so that we should be able to make allowance for them—nay, gain by their means real intercourse with a nation. For the special characteristics of a people are like its language and its currency: they facilitate exchange—nay, they first make exchange possible."

The next paragraph is not in the printed text of Goethe's review; it was meant for Carlyle alone:

"Pardon me, my dear sir, for these remarks, which perhaps are not quite coherent, not to be scanned all at once. They are drawn from the great ocean of observations, which, as life passes on, swells up more and more round every thinking person."

A truly Goethean sentence, which I must repeat in German:

"Verzeihen sie mir, mein Werthester, diese vielleicht nicht ganz zusammenhängenden, noch alsbald zu überschauenden Äusserungen. Sie sind geschöpft aus dem Ocean der Betrachtungen, der um jeden Denkenden mit den Jahren immer mehr anschwillt."

He then continues:

"Let me add some more observations, which I wrote down on another occasion, but which apply specially to the business on which you are now engaged."

What follows next, on the advantages of a free literary exchange between nation and nation, has been utilized by Goethe in the same article on "German Romance":

"We arrive best at a true toleration when we can let pass individual peculiarities, whether of persons or peoples, without quarelling with

them; holding fast, nevertheless, to the conviction that genuine excellence is distinguished by this mark, that *it belongs to all mankind*. To such intercourse and mutual recognition the Germans have long contributed.

"He who knows and studies German finds himself in a market where the wares of all countries are offered for sale; while he enriches himself he is officiating as interpreter.

"A translator, therefore, should be regarded as a trader in this great spiritual commerce, and as one who makes it his business to advance the exchange of commodities. For, say what we will of the inadequacy of translation, it always will be among the weightiest and worthiest factors in the world's affairs.

"The Koran says that God has given each people a prophet in his own tongue. Each translator is also a prophet to his people. The effects of Luther's translation of the Bible have been immeasurable, though criticism has been at work picking holes in it to the present day. What is the enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the Gospel to every nation in its own tongue?"

Carlyle felt proud, as well he might, as the recipient of such letters from Goethe. "A ribbon with the order of the Garter," he wrote to his mother, "would scarcely have flattered either of us more." In his replies he expressed his warmest sympathy with Goethe's ideas. I wish I could give you some fragments at least of Carlyle's correspondence, but the originals, which are preserved at Weimar, have been confided to much worthier hands, and will soon be published, I hope, by Mr. Charles Norton. In the meantime, all I can do is to try to re-translate one of Carlyle's letters from Goethe's German translation into English—a bold undertaking, I confess, but one for which, under the circumstances, I may claim your indulgence:

"December 22, 1829.

"I have read a second time, with no small satisfaction, the 'Correspondence' (between Schiller and Goethe), and send off to-day to the *Foreign Review* an article on Schiller, founded on it. You will be pleased to hear that a knowledge and appreciation of foreign, and particularly of German, literature is spreading with increasing speed as far as rules the English tongue, so that among the Antipodes, even in New Holland, the wise men of your country are preaching their wisdom. I heard lately that even at Oxford and Cambridge, our two English Universities, which have hitherto been considered the strongholds of our peculiar insular conservatism, things begin to move. Your Niebuhr has found an able translator at Cambridge, and at Oxford two or three Germans have sufficient occupation as teachers of their language. The new light may be too

* Goethe, in his letter to Carlyle, wrote: "*Durch Nationalität und Persönlichkeit hindurch . . . durch leuchten und durch schimmern sehen.*" In the printed paper he changed *hindurch* into *hin*.

strong for certain eyes, but no one can doubt of the good results which in the end will arise from it. Let only nations, like individuals, know each other, and the mutual hatred will be changed into mutual help, and instead of natural enemies, as neighboring countries are sometimes called, we shall all become natural friends."

In another letter from Goethe to Carlyle, dated August 8, 1828, there are some more interesting remarks on the high functions of the translator. They are called forth by Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and though they have been used by Goethe in a short review of this work, they deserve to be quoted here in their freshness as addressed to Carlyle : *

"The translation of 'Wallenstein' made quite a peculiar impression upon me. The whole time that Schiller was working at this drama I hardly left his side; and after I had thus become thoroughly acquainted with the piece, I co-operated with him in putting it on the stage. In this task I met with more trouble and vexation than I might fairly have expected, and I had finally to be present at the successive representations, in order to bring the difficult theatrical presentation to higher and higher perfection. You may imagine, therefore, that this glorious piece became at length quite trivial, nay, even repugnant to me. For twenty years I have neither seen or read it. But now that quite unexpectedly I see it again in the language of Shakespeare, it suddenly appears before me in all its details, like a newly varnished picture, and I delight in it as of yore, but also in a new and peculiar way. Tell this to the translator with my greetings, and do not omit to add that the preface, written just in that same sympathetic tone which I referred to before, gave me great pleasure. Let me also know his name, so that he may stand forth as an individual person in the chorus of Philo-Germans. This suggests to me a new observation, perchance hardly realized, and probably never uttered before—namely, that the translator does not work for his own nation only, but also for the nation from whose language he has transferred the work. For it happens oftener than one imagines that a nation draws the sap and thought out of a work, and absorbs it so entirely in its own inner life, that it can no longer take any pleasure in it or draw from it any nourishment. This is particularly the case with the Germans, who use up all too quickly anything that is offered them, and who, by reproducing and altering a work in many ways, annihilate it to a certain extent. Hence it is very salutary if what is their own appears before them again at a later time endowed with fresh life by the help of a successful translation."

With the same warmth with which Goethe greeted Coleridge's translation

of "Wallenstein," he received Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon." In a letter to Carlyle, dated December 27, 1827, he writes :

"If you see Mr. Walter Scott thank him most warmly in my name for his dear, cheerful letter, written exactly in that beautiful conviction that man must be dear to his Maker. I have also received his 'Life of Napoleon,' and have in these winter evenings and nights read it through attentively from beginning to end. To me it was highly significant to see how the first master of narrative in this century takes upon himself so uncommon a task, and brings before us in calm succession those momentous events which we ourselves were compelled to witness. The division by chapters into large and well-defined portions, renders the complicated events distinct and comprehensible; and thus the narration of single events becomes, what is most inestimable, perfectly clear and visible. I read it in the original, and thus it impressed me as it ought. It is a patriotic Briton who speaks, who cannot well look on the acts of the enemy with favorable eyes, and who, as an honest citizen, wants to see all political undertakings brought into harmony with the demands of morality, who, in the happy course of his enemy's good fortune, threatens him with disastrous consequences, and is unable to pity him even in his bitterest disgrace.

"And further, this work was of the greatest importance to me, in that it not only reminded me of things which I had myself witnessed, but brought before me afresh much that had been overlooked at the time. It placed me on an unexpected standpoint; made me reconsider what I had thought settled, while I was also enabled to do justice to the opponents who cannot be wanting of so important a work, and to appreciate fairly the exceptions which they take from their point of view. You will see by this that no more valuable gift could have reached me at the end of the year."

And now follows a true Goethian sentence, which it is difficult to render in English :

"Es ist dieses Werk mir zu einem goldenen Netze geworden, womit ich die Schattenbilder meines vergangenen Lebens aus den lethesischen Fluthen mit reichen Zuge heraufzufischen mich beschäftige."

"This work has become to me a kind of golden net, wherewith I have been busily drawing up in a miraculous draught the shadows of my past life from the flood of Lethe."

Thus we see Goethe busy day and night in gathering-in the treasures of foreign literature, and establishing friendly relations with the foremost representatives of poetry, art, and science, not only in England, but in every country in Europe. He saw the era of a World-literature approaching, and he did his best

* Goethe's Works, 1863, xlii. p. 258.

in the evening of his life to accelerate its advent.

In a letter of Goethe's dated October 5, 1830, we see how anxious the old man became that the threads which he had spun, and which united him with so many eminent correspondents in different parts of the world, should not be broken after his death. Goethe himself had become an international poet in the full sense of the word. He knew the excellent effects which had been produced, even during his lifetime, from the more intimate relations established between himself and some representative men in England, France, Italy, and Spain, and he wished to see them perpetuated. Thus, when sending Carlyle the German translation of his *Life of Schiller*, he tells him that he wished to bring him and his Berlin friends into more active and fruitful intercourse. He had Carlyle elected an honorary member of the Berlin Society for Foreign Literature, and requested him to send some acknowledgment in return.

"At my time of life," he writes, "it must be a matter of concern to me to see the various ties which centred in me linked on again elsewhere, so as to hasten the object which every good man desires and must desire, namely, to spread, even unobserved and often hindered, a certain harmonious and liberal sentiment throughout the world. Thus many things can settle down peaceably at once, without being first scattered and driven about before they are brought into some kind of order, and even then not without great loss. May you be successful in making the good points of the Germans better known to your nation, as we, too, are unceasing in our endeavors to make the good points of foreign nations clear to our own people."

In another letter (dated Weimar, 27 December, 1827) Goethe dwells on the softening influence which travelling in Germany, and prolonged stays in German towns produced on young Englishmen, fitting them to become in later life connecting links between the two countries. As this letter throws some light on the simple, yet refined, life at Weimar, to which I referred in the beginning of my address, I shall give a longer extract from it :—

"While books and periodicals at present join nations, so to speak, by the mail-post, intelligent travellers also contribute not a little to the same object. Mr. Heavyside who visited you (Carlyle never refers to this visit) has brought back to us many pleasant tidings of

yourself and your surroundings, and will probably have given you a full description of our life and doings in Weimar. As tutor of the young Hopes, he spent some pleasant and useful years in our modest, yet richly endowed and animated circle. I hear that the Hope family are quite satisfied with the education which the young men were enabled to acquire here. And, indeed, this place unites many advantages for young men, and especially for those of your nation. The double court of the reigning and the hereditary family, where they are always received with kindness and liberality, forces them by the very favor which is shown them, to a refined demeanor, at various social amusements. The rest of our society keeps them likewise within certain pleasant restraints, so that anything rude and unbecoming in their conduct is gradually eliminated. In intercourse with our beautiful and cultivated women they find occupation and satisfaction for heart, mind, and imagination, and are thus preserved from all those dissipations to which youth gives itself up more from *ennui* than from necessity. This free discipline is perhaps inconceivable in any other place, and it is pleasant to see that those members of our society who have gone from here to try life at Berlin or Dresden have very soon returned to us again. Moreover, our women keep up a lively correspondence with Great Britain, and thus prove that actual presence is not absolutely essential to keep alive and continue a well-founded esteem. And I must not omit that all friends, as, for instance, just now Mr. Lawrence, return to us from time to time, and delight in taking up at once the charming threads of earlier intercourse. Mr. Parry has concluded a residence of many years with a good marriage."

Goethe, however, was not simply a literary man; he was a man, a complete man, and his interests in a world-literature had their deepest roots in his strong human heart. "He was neither noble nor plebeian," to quote the words of the *Foreign Review* (iii. 87), "neither liberal nor servile, neither infidel nor devotee, but the best excellence of all of them, joined in pure union, a clear and universal man." Napoleon, too, when he had seen Goethe and conversed with him, could say no more than *Voilà un homme!* His own countrymen, however, often blamed Goethe for his wide human sympathies, and his want of national sentiment—most unjustly, I think, for when the time of trial came, he proved himself as good a patriot as many who tried to be more eloquent than Goethe in their patriotic songs and sermons. Goethe had his faults and weaknesses, but there is one redeeming feature in his character which atones for almost everything—he was thoroughly

true. He was too great to dissemble. He could not pretend to be a patriot in the sense in which Arndt, Jahn, and Schill were patriots. "I should have been miserable," he says, "if I had made up my mind ever to dissemble or to lie. But as I was strong enough to show myself exactly as I was and as I felt, I was considered proud." O that we had more of that pride, and less of the miserable pretence of unreal sentiment. National sentiment is right and good, but we must not forget that national sentiment is a limited and limiting sentiment, particularly to a mind of such universal grasp as Goethe. We were told not long ago by the greatest English orator—

"that there is a local patriotism which in itself is not bad, but good. The Welshman is full of local patriotism, the Scotchman is full of local patriotism, the Scotch nationality is as strong as it ever was, and should the occasion arise—which I believe it never can—it will be as ready to assert itself as in the days of Bannockburn. I do not believe that that local patriotism is an evil. I believe it is stronger in Ireland even than in Scotland. Englishmen are eminently English, Scotchmen are profoundly Scotch, and, if I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to her soil. The Irishman is more profoundly Irish, but," Mr. Gladstone adds, "it does not follow that because his local patriotism is keen, he is incapable of Imperial patriotism."

Nor does it follow that because our Imperial patriotism is keen, our hearts are incapable of larger sympathies. There is something higher even than Imperial patriotism. Our sympathies are fostered at home, but they soon pass the limits of our family and our clan, and embrace the common interests of city, county, party, and country. Should they stop there? Should we for ever look upon what is outside our Chinese Walls as foreign, barbarian, and hateful, we more particularly, the nations of Europe in whose veins runs the same Aryan, nay the same Teutonic, blood, and who profess a religion which, if it is anything, is a world-religion? Goethe, feeling at home among the monuments of past greatness, and in harmony with the spirits of all true poets and prophets of the world, could not confine his sympathies within the narrow walls of Weimar, not even within the frontiers of Germany. Where he

found beauty and nobility there he felt at home; wherever he could make himself truly useful, there was his country. Patriotism is a duty, and in times of danger it may become an enthusiasm. We want patriotism, just as we want municipal spirit, nay, even clannishness and family pride. But all these are steps leading higher and higher till we can repeat with some of the greatest men the words of Terence, "I count nothing strange to me that is human."

There is no lack of international literature now. The whole world seems writing, reading, and talking together. The same telegrams which we are reading in London are read at the same time in Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, New York, Alexandria, Calcutta, Sydney, and Peking. The best newspapers, English, French, or German, are read wherever people are able to read. Goethe was struck with the number of languages into which the Bible had been translated in his time. What would he say now, when the British and Foreign Bible Society alone has published translations in 267 languages? Goethe was proud when he saw his "Wilhelm Meister" in an English garb. Every season now produces a rich crop of sensational international novels. Our very school-books are largely used not only in America, but in Burmah, Siam, China, and Japan. Newton's "Principia" are studied in Chinese, and the more modern works of Herschell, Lyell, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Lockyer, have created in the far East the same commotion as in Europe. Even books like my own, which stir up no passions, and can appeal to the narrow circle of scholars only, have been sent to me, translated not only into the principal languages of Europe, but into Bengali, Mahratti, Guzerathi, Japanese—nay, even into Sanskrit.

A world-literature, such as Goethe longed for, has to a great extent been realized, but the blessings which he expected from it have not yet come, at least not in that fulness in which he hoped for them. There have been, no doubt, since Goethe's time great thinkers and writers, who felt their souls warmed and their powers doubled by the thought that their work would be judged, not by a small clique of home

critics only, but by their true peers in the whole world. Goethe himself points out how much more unprejudiced, how much more pure and sure the opinion of foreign critics has been to him and to Schiller, and the old saying has often been confirmed since, that the judgment of foreign nations anticipates the judgment of posterity.

But the greatest blessing which Goethe hoped for from the spreading of a world-literature—namely, that there should spring up a real love between nation and nation—has not yet been vouchsafed. Of this he speaks in one of his letters to Carlyle with a kind of patriarchal unction.

Goethe had received the early numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and was much pleased with an article on German Literature, on Ernst Schulze, Hoffmann, and the German Theatre, which he ascribed to Carlyle's pen.

"I fancy," he writes in a letter dated the 27th of Dec. 1827, "I recognize in it the hand of my English friend, for it would be truly wonderful if old Britain should have produced a pair of Menaechmi, both equally capable and willing to picture the literary culture of a foreign continental country, divided from their own by geographical, moral, and æsthetic differences; and to describe it in the same quiet, cheerful tone, and with the same thoughtfulness, modesty, thoroughness, clear-sightedness, perspicuity, exhaustiveness, and whatever good qualities might still be added. The other criticisms, too, in so far as I have read them, seem to me to show insight, mastery, and moderation on a solid basis of national feeling. And though I esteem very highly the cosmopolitan works, such as, for instance, Dupin's, still the remarks of the reviewer on p. 496 of vol. ii. were very welcome to me. The same applies to much that is stated in connection with the religious strife in Silesia.

"I intend in the next number of *Kunst und Alterthum*, to make friendly mention of these approaches from afar, and shall recommend such a reciprocal treatment to my friends at home and abroad, finally declaring as my own, and inculcating as the essence of true wisdom, the Testament of St. John, 'Little children, love one another.' I may surely hope that this saying may not seem so strange to my contemporaries as it did to the disciples of the Evangelist, who expected from him a very different and higher revelation."

And yet these last words of Goethe sound strange to us also, stranger even, it may be, than to his contemporaries. The great nations of Europe have been brought nearer together. We have international exhibitions, international con-

gresses, international journals, but of international love and esteem we have less than ever. Europe has become like a menagerie of wild beasts, ready to fly at each other whenever it pleases their keepers to open the grates. Why should that be so? Sweet reason has been able to compose family quarrels. In society at large people do not come to blows; and duels, though tolerated in some countries as survivals of a barbarous age, are everywhere condemned by the law. Why should it be considered seemly for every country to keep legions of fighting men, ready to kill and to be killed for their country, if it should please emperors and kings, or, still more frequently, ministers and ambassadors, to lose their temper. Goethe did not hope for universal peace, but he certainly could not have anticipated that chronic state of war into which we have drifted, and which in the annals of future historians will place our vaunted nineteenth century lower than the age of Huns and Vandals.

I believe that the members of this English Goethe Society can best prove themselves true students of Goethe, true disciples of Goethe, by helping, each one according to his power, to wipe out this disgrace to humanity. With all the ill-feeling against England that has been artificially stirred up, Shakespeare Societies flourish in all the best towns of Germany. And I have never yet met a Shakespearean scholar who was not, I will not say an *Anglomaniac*, but a friend of England, a fair judge of all that is great and noble in this great and noble race. Shakespeare has done more to cement a true union between Germany and England than all English Ministers and ambassadors put together. Let us hope that Goethe may do the same, and that each and every member of this English Goethe Society may work in the spirit which he, who has often been called the Great Heathen, expressed so well and so powerfully in the simple words of the great Apostle of Love, "Little children, love one another."

Let Goethe and Shakespeare remain the perpetual Ambassadors of these two nations, and we may then hope that those who can esteem and love Shakespeare and Goethe, may learn once more to esteem and love one another.

And do not suppose that I exaggerate the influence of literature on politics. If Mr. Gladstone had not been so devoted a student of Italian literature, possibly we should not have had, as yet, a united Italy. If our fathers had not been so full of enthusiasm for their Homer, their Sophocles, their Plato, possibly Greece would never have been freed from the Turkish yoke. And whenever I hear that Prince Bismarck knows his Shakespeare by heart, I gather courage, and seem to understand much in the groundswell of his policy which on the curling surface appears often so perplexing.

Let us hope that we may soon count some of the leading statesmen of England among the members of our Society. If they have once learned to construe a German sentence, they may learn in time to construe the German character also, which, though it differs on some points from the English, is, after all, bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh, soul of the same soul.

We do not wish that our Society shall ever become a political society, and it would be against the cosmopolitan spirit of Goethe if it were to be narrowed down to English and German members only. There are Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Danes, and Swedes who have proved themselves excellent students of his works. Goethe himself, when speaking of the different ways in which different nations appreciated the character of his Helena, gives credit to the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Russian for having, each in his own way, interpreted the poet's thoughts. Writing to Carlyle, on August 8, 1828, he says :

"All the more delightful was it to me to see how you had treated my 'Helena.' You have here, too, acted in your own beautiful manner, and as at the same time there arrived articles from Paris and Moscow on this work of mine—a work which had occupied my mind and my heart for so many years—I expressed my thoughts somewhat laconically in the following way : the Scot tries to penetrate, the Frenchman to comprehend, the Russian to appropriate it. These three have therefore in an unconcerted manner represented all possible categories of sympathy which a work of art can appeal to ; though, of course, these three can never be quite separated, but each must call the other to its aid."

Penetrated by the same world-embrac-

ing spirit, the Goethe Society calls to its aid all lovers of Goethe's genius, to whatever nation they may belong ; and it may promise them that of politics, in the narrow sense of the word, they shall within these walls hear as little as in Goethe's garden at Weimar.

But literature, too, has its legitimate influence, at first on individuals only, but in the end on whole nations ; and if we consider what literature is—the embodiment of the best and highest thoughts which human genius has called into being—it would be awful indeed if it were otherwise. Goethe's spirit has become not only a German power, not only a European power : it has become a force that moves the whole world. That force is now committed to our hands, to use it as best we can. But in using it we must remember that all spiritual influences work by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, and we ought not to allow ourselves to be discouraged, if prejudices, piled up by a thousand busy tongues, are not removed in a day. We must work on like true scholars, *silentio et spe*—in silence and hope—and, depend upon it, our work will then not be in vain.

Our nearest work lies in England. Our Society has been called into life chiefly by Englishmen and Germans. We, both German and English, want to put our shoulders together to study the works and thoughts of Goethe. This may seem a small beginning, but powerful oaks spring from small seeds. Let us hope, therefore, that our young Society may grow stronger and stronger from year to year, and that it may help, according to its talents and opportunities, to strengthen the bonds of blood which unite the English and German nations by the sympathies of the mind, which are stronger even than the bonds of blood. If these two nations, the German and English, stand once more together, shoulder to shoulder, respecting each other and respected by their neighbors, we may then hope to see the realization of what Goethe considered the highest blessing of a world-literature, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men"—yes, toward *all* men.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN AFRICAN ARCADIA.

FOR centuries traditions have been current as to the existence of a mysterious mountain in the centre of Eastern Equatorial Africa. Sometimes these traditions have been associated with wonderful tales of fabulous mineral wealth, at others only with fierce and unconquerable savages. Yet the mountain itself is, as it has always been, within comparatively easy reach, for it is within one hundred and eighty miles of the coast opposite Zanzibar. Upon that coast the Portuguese were settled four centuries ago, and although it is through them that we received the stories, not one of them seems ever to have attempted to reach the mountain.

Just below the third parallel south of the equator, and, as we have said, within one hundred and eighty miles of the coast, rises high above the surrounding country the immense mountain mass which is called Kilimanjaro—the name, according to Mr. H. H. Johnston, being taken from “kilima,” mountain, and “njaru,” a demon supposed to cause cold. By this name, however, it is only known to the people of the coast, while it is unrecognized in the interior. Thus “remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone,” it was addressed by Bayard Taylor, but “inaccessible” it is no longer, for we are about to tell of a recent journey to it.

The mountain, collectively called Kilimanjaro, consists of two grand peaks—the one, called Kibo, rising to an elevation of eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty feet; the other, Kima-wenzi, rising to sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet. Both peaks have their summits above the region of eternal snow, and both are the craters of extinct volcanoes.

It must have been known by repute to the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, for in that century Enciso, a Spanish pilot, speaks of it in his book of travels as “Mount Olympus.” But the first European to actually discover it was the German missionary Rebmann, and that was not until 1848. Rebmann was followed by another German named Krapf, and again in 1861 by the Baron Von der Decken. Ten years

later the first Englishman to reach Kilimanjaro was the Rev. Charles New, a Methodist missionary, who ascended fourteen thousand five hundred feet up the sides of Kibo, and reached the snow. New was robbed by a chief of one of the tribes of the Chaga people who inhabit the southern slopes, and died on his way back to the coast. After this the veil over Kilimanjaro dropped, not to be raised again until Mr. Joseph Thomson, in 1883, passed round the mountain on his way to Masai-Land. But Mr. Thomson, although giving a most entrancing account of the country and of the awful beauty of the snow-peaks, did not spend much time there, and only ascended to an altitude of nine thousand feet.

The name, we should mention, is variously spelt Kilima-Njaro and Kilimanjaro, and is pronounced Killymanjahro. It means, according to Mr. Joseph Thomson, “The Mountain of Greatness,” but as we have said according to Mr. H. H. Johnston, “The Mountain of the Demon of Cold.” Either signification seems appropriate.

In 1884, a joint committee of the British Association and the Royal Society was appointed to form an exploring expedition, for the purpose of which a fund of one thousand pounds was formed. Mr. H. H. Johnston, who had previously explored the Congo, and who is an accomplished naturalist, was appointed leader, and he left for Zanzibar in March of the same year, proceeding thence to Mombasa, and then, after the delays and vexations which seem inevitable in the formation of an African expedition, finally started for the interior with a train of one hundred and twenty porters. He himself was the sole European member of the expedition, and combined in his own person the offices of leader, botanist, historian, trader, and taxidermist. After six months' residence among the Chaga people he returned, and having seen more of the mountain and its surroundings than any preceding traveller, his narrative may be taken as offering the most authoritative information about it.

The great attraction to naturalists of

this mountain, and the main reason for the expedition, rests in the fact of such a snow-clad mass lying in the equatorial zone, and exhibiting such an extraordinary range of climates on its slopes. Perpetual snow under the equator is only elsewhere to be found in Central and South America, and isolated mountains of great height often, like oceanic islands, serve as shelter and last resting-place for peculiar types and forms of fauna and flora. Many curious features were, therefore, expected to be found on Kilimanjaro, and it was Mr. Johnston's mission to examine, to record, to collect specimens of animal and vegetable life, and to acquire as much information of a scientific character as might be possible within six months, that being the term which it was calculated the fund would cover.

The result of his observations, we may say in brief—for it is not our purpose to go into scientific details—has been to reveal a state of Nature almost equally divided in its affinities between Abyssinia and Cape Colony. Which is the progressive form, however, is an interesting problem yet to be solved. But even to the non-scientific there is something altogether wonderful in the aspect of the Kilimanjaro region. "The summits," says Mr. Johnston, "clothed with virgin snow, the upper regions bearing the humble plants of temperate climes—the heather, the hound's-tongues, the forget-me-nots, the buttercups, clematises, anemones, violets, and geraniums; the bracken, polypodies, and male-fern, that are always associated with the flora of our chilly lands; and then, descending through rich forests of tree-ferns, draccenas, and moss-living mimosas, to the vegetable wealth of the equatorial zone, to the wild bananas, the palms, the orchids, the india-rubber creepers, the aloes, and the babobabs, that are among the better known of the myriad forms of vegetation clothing the lower spurs and ramparts."

As to the fauna, Mr. Johnston found monkeys much more abundant than on the West Coast, and among them an entirely new variety with white heavily-plumed tails. Bats were seldom seen; lions and leopards are abundant and bold, also the jackal, wild-dog, and hyena, civets and genets, but no kind

of weasel or badger. The elephant inhabits Kilimanjaro to a great height, Mr. Johnston observing a herd at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet. At the base, the rhinoceros is abundant; in Lake Jipé, the hippopotamus; on the plains, vast herds of zebra, buffalo, giraffe, and many varieties of the antelope. Hartebeests are literally in myriads, and the ostrich also abounds. Such are the general features of animal and vegetable life; but there are many details of great interest and vast scientific importance which it is impossible to refer to here.

To reach this varied and remarkable region, the traveller has to undertake something like a fortnight's march through a tract of country of little interest, and for the most part devoid of water. The weary traveller, however, may be cheered by an occasional peep of the mountain giant, who seldom reveals all his grand bulk at once. Seen, as Mr. Johnston first saw it, "weird, in the early flush of dawn, with its snowy crater faintly pink against a sky of deep blue-gray, wherein the pale and faded moon was sinking," Kilimanjaro is awful in his grandeur and beauty.

Then from the sun-scorched wilderness the traveller suddenly reaches a region within the benign influence of the mountain—the area of perpetual moisture and luxuriant vegetation. Within this district is situated that Arcadian spot—Taveita—of which Mr. Thomson has given some description, and which at Mr. Johnston's hands now reveals fresh attractions. Says Mr. Johnston: "The River Lumi, which flows through Taveita, and creates all its luxuriant forest, is uninhabited by noxious creatures, such as crocodiles or leeches, and only harbors harmless fish, which are good to eat, or great, timid varanus lizards, who never interfere with one's bathing. Its water is exquisitely cool, clear, and sweet, and comes from the snows of Kilimanjaro. Here and there amid the lofty aisles of the Taveitan forest are little clearings, pretty homesteads of yellow beehive-huts, neat plots of cultivated ground, groves of emerald-green bananas, which are the habitations of the happy Arcadians who have made this tropical paradise their home."

The toils of the journey are passed when this beautiful spot is reached, but not, perhaps, all the dangers. Even in an Arcadian forest man may meet with foes, and certainly in Central Africa. Thus, in what is described as a perfect paradise of a camping-ground, occurred the following incident :

"Soon after we had retired to rest, when the men had begun to snore round their fires, wrapped up in dusky-white cloths like so many mummies, and when the leader of the caravan was curling himself snugly between the blankets, the most terrific roar you ever heard startled us all into sudden wakefulness. Though the lion that uttered it was probably forty or fifty yards distant, the sound of his thunderous bellow seemed to come from our very midst. I sat up in bed and looked uneasily around me ; but nobody complained of being eaten, so I lay down again, and even began to think this very interesting and very African, full of local color, and so on. But now, on our right and left, on either side of the river, a chorus of loud roaring began. The night was as yet pitchy dark, for the moon would not rise till the early morning. We could see nothing beyond the blaze of our cordon of fires. However, feeling that it was despicably tame to lie still in bed and go to sleep while my porters shivered with fear, I arose, took my gun, and fired into the bushes where the roaring was loudest. This, the men informed me, was the unwise thing I could do. Of course, I killed nothing, and the noise of the firearm, instead of awing the lions into silence, only seemed to exasperate them. I certainly never heard anything like the noise they made. My men averred that we were surrounded by ten beasts—I suppose they distinguished ten different roarings. Certainly, the next morning, when we examined the precincts of our camp, the many footprints, of different sizes, which were marked in the soft vegetable soil of the surrounding woodland and in the red soil of the river-bank, indicated unquestionably that a whole troop of lions had been in our immediate vicinity during the night. I noticed a curious fact connected with the unseen approach of these beasts. Whenever a lion was nearing our camp,

and before he attested his vicinity by a roar, we were, when we had learned to read the warning, made aware of the fact by the sudden nervous twittering of the small birds in the branches above. It was a tremulous diapason of fear, most singularly impressive. On several subsequent occasions the approach of large wild beasts has been signified to me in the same manner."

Taveita is on the border of the Chaga country, which is practically the inhabited belt of Kilimanjaro. It is thus within no great distance of the little kingdom of Moshi, where Thomson had resided, and where the missionary New was robbed. Moshi is ruled over by a chief called Mandara, who, in some respects, is above the average of African kings, but who has the greed peculiar to all of them. Mr. Johnston was well received by Mandara, and, after the usual presents, he succeeded in obtaining an allotment of land on the banks of a rivulet some distance up the mountain. Here a miniature village was built for the accommodation of his followers. Gardens were planted with the seeds of European vegetables, etc., brought with the expedition, and soon there was an abundant crop of everything. Milk, horses, sheep, and bullocks were obtained from Mandara's people in exchange for beads, and a happy time followed, during which collections of animals and plants were diligently made.

But Mandara being at constant feud with all the neighboring chiefs, Mr. Johnston was unable to ascend the mountain while living under his protection, for between Moshi and the summit are other warlike tribes, all of whom live in carefully entrenched kingdoms. To prosecute his design, therefore, Mr. Johnston had to leave Mandara, and make friends with a rival chief, who provided him with guides. Then, for a second time, the attempt was made to reach the summit.

It was only partially successful, for the Zanzibari followers were unable to sustain the fatigue and cold of the upper regions, so that our traveller was left alone for the final effort. He attained an altitude of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifteen feet—i. e., within nearly two thousand feet of the summit of Kibo—but then being caught

in a mist, and after being nearly lost in a snowdrift, he had to give up the attempt to reach the awful, isolated crater. He resided, however, for some time at an altitude of ten thousand feet, in order to carry on his observations and collect specimens.

Then he descended, and proceeded by a new route to Taveita, passing through a delightful country, averaging between eight thousand and nine thousand feet above the sea, with an almost cool temperature, singularly English in look, with open, grassy spaces, and apparently made by Nature for a European settlement.

Within the region traversed there is necessarily a wide range of temperature, and an infinite variety of climates. In the low salt plains, extending between Taveita and the coast, you may be parched and scorched by the hot desert winds. In the forests of Taveita you have the unvarying moist warmth of the tropical lowlands, where the utmost range of the thermometer in the twenty-four hours will be ten or twelve degrees. But midway up the mountain there are lovely regions, mild, equable, and moist, resembling the climate of a Devonshire summer. In these parts the intense verdure and the luxuriance of fern-life "testify to the constant showers of gentle rain." In two days' climb in Kilimanjaro you may escape from a tropical atmosphere and surroundings to a lifeless wilderness of ice, rocks, and snow.

Snow is never absent from either of the twin peaks—Kibo and Kimawenzi, but on Kibo it varies almost daily in extent. After a rainy night on the lowlands, for instance, the snow may be seen down to a level of fourteen thousand feet, and a day later will have withdrawn a thousand feet or so higher. The least snow is observable in July and August, and the most in October. There is also a great deal in February and March, but the natives say this is the best time to ascend the mountain, because the mists then are not so frequent, and the cold is not so intense. It is this abundance of snow which causes the numerous rivers and streams, which render the southern slopes so fertile. No streams flow down the northern slopes.

Remembering what we have just said about the snow, it is remarkable that vegetation extends up to fifteen thousand feet. At between seven thousand and eight thousand feet tree-ferns abound, and from eight thousand feet to the snow-line giant senecios, gorgeous gladioli, many-colored irises, and other flowers are found at a great altitude, and even between ten thousand and fourteen thousand feet some brilliant specimens were gathered. After thirteen thousand feet ferns cease, and the vegetation becomes more stunted, but at fourteen thousand feet heaths and everlasting flowers were found, which give place within the next thousand feet to lichens of several kinds. Bees and wasps were observed at thirteen thousand feet, and birds seven hundred feet higher, while the traces of buffaloes were found up to fourteen thousand feet.

As to scenery, there is infinite variety. That of the Chaga country is described as charmingly soft and pretty, like Devonshire hills and coombes in general aspect. At six thousand feet are grassy downs of short, springy turf scattered over with clumps of splendid forest, while brilliant wild flowers abound. Looking out from his first settlement in Mandara's country, Mr. Johnston says that the beauties of the scenery never palled, never grew monotonous. The varied atmospheric changes produce kaleidoscopic effects in the landscape. Now Kibo is veiled in mist, and anon only his summit is seen gleaming out above the clouds in rosy effulgence. At noontide the vapors vanish and the velvet forest is glowing in gold-green and dusky purple shadows, with the precipices and jutting rocks of Kibo as an effective background, and so on, with constant change of afternoon and evening glories, while far below the eye rests on the sunlit plains, with the lines of forest, the winding streams, and the stretches of open pasture-land spreading away in the distance.

About Lake Jipé, in the neighboring Paré hills, the scenery too seems enchantingly lovely, wooded crags, rich valleys, emerald-green banana-groves, rippling streams, and splendid waterfalls. Here is situated the village of Gonja, which, with its clear, swift

river, its splendid groves, and its luxuriant plantations, seems a second Taveita.

Again, on the descent, after scrambling through a dense, dark forest on the eastern flank, our traveller was ravished with the beauty of the scenery and the magnificence of the view from a height of eight thousand five hundred feet. "The distant valley, with its sinuous lines of green forest, the mountain mass of Ngweno, with hills and hillocks in all directions, the nearer forests, the natural lawns sloping downwards towards the cultivated zone; and, lastly, the awful, jagged, snow streaked and spotted Kimawenzi rising to the north—all were irradiated with a tender, smiling light, the very shadows of which were attenuated and softened."

The region generally seems a sportsman's paradise, for nowhere else in Africa is big game found in such abundance. The plains are covered with compact herds of antelopes, moving in squadrons, with straggling companies of zebras and giraffes, and flocks of ostriches. Rhinoceroses are so numerous that their horns are a great article of trade, and those who have read Mr. Thomson's book will remember the extraordinary number he shot without going out of his way. But, contrary to Mr. Thomson's experience, Mr. Johnston found the neighborhood of Kilimanjaro to abound in elephants, and the water to abound in hippopotami.

All these things are attractive not only to the sportsman but also to the trader, for they mean ivory, and skins, and feathers. As to vegetable products, there is an immense growth of fine timber; gums are produced in some parts; india-rubber can be produced from at least one creeper; coffee grows wild and would succeed admirably if planted in many districts where it is not native; orchilla-weed is found in incredible quantities; and the natives cultivate the banana, the sweet potato, the sugarcane, Indian corn, millet, and several

varieties of peas and beans. Add to all this that vast herds of cattle are kept both by the mountain and the agricultural tribes (Mr. Johnston used to purchase a bullock for about the equivalent of ten shillings), that goats and sheep are abundant, and that fowls are kept by most of the tribes, and it will be seen that not only is there abundance of flesh-meat, milk, cheese, and eggs to be obtained, but that hides and wool are possible articles of trade also. As to the fertility of the soil, it may be mentioned that Mr. Johnston's plantation at Mandara yielded him potatoes, onions, carrots, peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, etc., within about three months after planting.

These are some of the features of the natural wealth of the country, and besides, Mr. Johnston says that iron-ore is found in some abundance, and copper also, while nitrate of soda covers vast plains to the south, west, and north of Kilimanjaro. The special wealth of the country, however, consists in its vegetable resources, and in its adaptability to cultivation of almost any kind. Considering all this, and the advantages of climate, Mr. Johnston is of opinion that this region between the coast and the Victoria Nyanza lake is more worth possessing and opening up than many other parts of Africa which are being run after. He is convinced that here lies a new field for commerce.

On the other hand, we find Mr. Joseph Thomson in recent lectures declaring that the commercial potentiality of East Central Africa is practically nil! Where travellers differ so much, how shall others agree? Perhaps the best way would be for a number of merchant adventurers to combine and send out an exploring expedition on purely commercial lines. There seems no reason why our great commercial people should leave exploration entirely to geographers, naturalists, and missionaries. — *All the Year Round.*

THE POPLARS.

SHIVERING and wretchedly three poplars tall
 Sway in the twilight of a city high,
 Mire at their feet, above them cloudy sky,
 Girt by the limits of a meagre wall
 O'er which the thin gloom of their shadows fall.
 And yet beyond them, hid from mortal eye,
 The East's mysterious magic gardens lie,
 Where the rapt nightingales for ever call
 From bowering rose and myrtle. At a gate,
 Unseen by men, an Ethiop doth stand,
 Finger on lip, to lead me through the land
 To the dim vastness of cool courts, where late
 Watches unearthly Beauty. Ah! there be
 Spells subtle woven by those wizards three!

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

JOHN WEBSTER.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THERE were many poets in the age of Shakespeare who make us think, as we read them, that the characters in their plays could not have spoken more beautifully, more powerfully, more effectively, under the circumstances imagined for the occasion of their utterance: there are only two who make us feel that the words assigned to the creatures of their genius are the very words they must have said, the only words they could have said, the actual words they assuredly did say. Mere literary power, mere poetic beauty, mere charm of passionate or pathetic fancy, we find in varying degrees dispersed among them all alike; but the crowning gift of imagination, the power to make us realize that thus and not otherwise it was, that thus and not otherwise it must have been, was given—except by exceptional fits and starts—to none of the poets of their time but only to Shakespeare and to Webster.

Webster, it may be said, was but as it were a limb of Shakespeare: but that limb, it might be replied, was the right arm. "The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye," whose empire of thought and whose reach of vision no other man's faculty has ever been found competent to match, are Shakespeare's alone forever: but the force of hand, the fire of heart, the fervor of pity, the sympathy

of passion, not poetic or theatric merely, but actual and immediate, are qualities in which the lesser poet is not less certainly or less unmistakably pre-eminent than the greater. And there is no third to be set beside them: not even if we turn from their contemporaries to Shelley himself. All that Beatrice says in *The Cenci* is beautiful and conceivable and admirable: but unless we except her exquisite last words—and even they are more beautiful than inevitable—we shall hardly find what we find in *King Lear* and *The White Devil*, *Othello* and *The Duchess of Malfy*; the tone of convincing reality; the note, as a critic of our own day might call it, of certitude.

There are poets—in our own age, as in all past ages—from whose best work it might be difficult to choose at a glance some verse sufficient to establish their claim—great as their claim may be—to be remembered forever; and who yet may be worthy of remembrance among all but the highest. Webster is not one of these: though his fame assuredly does not depend upon the merit of a casual passage here or there, it would be easy to select from any one of his representative plays such examples of the highest, the purest, the most perfect power, as can be found only in the works of the greatest among poets.

There is not, as far as my studies have ever extended, a third English poet to whom these words might rationally be attributed by the conjecture of a competent reader.

We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die, by dying.

There is a depth of severe sense in them, a height of heroic scorn, or a dignity of quiet cynicism, which can scarcely be paralleled in the bitterest or the fiercest effusions of John Marston or Cyril Tourneur or Jonathan Swift. Nay, were they not put into the mouth of a criminal cynic, they would not seem unworthy of Epictetus. There is nothing so grand in the part of Edmund; the one figure in Shakespeare whose aim in life, whose centre of character, is one with the view or the instinct of Webster's two typical villains. Some touches in the part of Flamineo suggest, if not a conscious imitation, an unconscious reminiscence of that prototype: but the essential and radical originality of Webster's genius is shown in the difference of accent with which the same savage and sarcastic philosophy of self-interest finds expression through the snarl and sneer of his ambitious cynic. Monsters as they may seem of unnatural egotism and unallayed ferocity, the one who dies penitent, though his repentance be as sudden if not as suspicious as any ever wrought by miraculous conversion, dies as thoroughly in character as the one who takes leave of life in a passion of scorn and defiant irony which hardly passes off at last into a mood of mocking and triumphant resignation. There is a cross of heroism in almost all Webster's characters which preserves the worst of them from such hatefulness as disgusts us in certain of Fletcher's or of Ford's: they have in them some salt of manhood, some savor of venturesome and humorous resolution, which reminds us of the heroic age in which the genius that begot them was born and reared—the age of Richard Grenville and Francis Drake, Philip Sidney and William Shakespeare.

The earliest play of Webster's now surviving—if a work so piteously mutilated and defaced can properly be said to survive—is a curious example of the combined freedom and realism with

which recent or even contemporary history was habitually treated on the stage during the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The noblest poem known to me of this peculiar kind is the play of *Sir Thomas More*, first printed by Mr. Dyce in 1844 for the Shakespeare Society: the worst must almost certainly be that *Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell* which the infallible verdict of German intuition has discovered to be "not only unquestionably Shakespeare's, but worthy to be classed among his best and maturest works." About midway between these two I should be inclined to rank *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, a mangled and deformed abridgment of a tragedy by Dekker and Webster on the story of Lady Jane Grey. In this tragedy, as in the two comedies due to the collaboration of the same poets, it appears to me more than probable that Dekker took decidedly the greater part. The shambling and slipshod metre, which seems now and then to hit by mere chance on some pure and tender note of simple and exquisite melody—the lazy vivacity and impulsive inconsequence of style—the fitful sort of slovenly inspiration, with interludes of absolute and headlong collapse—are qualities by which a very novice in the study of dramatic form may recognize the reckless and unmistakable presence of Dekker. The curt and grim precision of Webster's tone, his terse and pungent force of compressed rhetoric, will be found equally difficult to trace in any of these three plays. *Northward Ho*, a clever, coarse, and vigorous study of the realistic sort, has not a note of poetry in it, but is more coherent, more sensibly conceived and more ably constructed, than the rambling history of Wyatt or the hybrid amalgam of prosaic and romantic elements in the compound comedy of *Westward Ho*. All that is of any great value in this amorphous and incongruous product of inventive impatience and impetuous idleness can be as distinctly traced to the hand of Dekker as the crowning glories of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* can be traced to the hand of Shakespeare. Any poet, even of his time, might have been proud of these verses, but the accent of them is unmistakable as that of Dekker.

Go, let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful
silence
Through all this building, that her sphery
soul
May, on the wings of air, in thousand forms
Invisibly fly, yet be enjoyed.

This delicate fluency and distilled refinement of expression ought properly, one would say, to have belonged to a poet of such careful and self-respectful genius as Lord Tennyson's: whereas in the very next speech of the same speaker we stumble over such a phrase as that which closes the following sentence.

We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers, fight battles,
spend

Our blood to buy us names, and, in iron hold,
Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold.

Which he who can parse, let him scan, and he who can scan, let him construe. It is alike incredible and certain that the writer of such exquisite and blameless verse as that in which the finer scenes of *Old Fortunatus* and *The Honest Whore* are so smoothly and simply and naturally written should have been capable of writing whole plays in this headlong and halting fashion, as helpless and graceless as the action of a spavined horse, or a cripple who should attempt to run.

It is difficult to say what part of these plays should be assigned to Webster. Their rough realistic humor, with its tone of somewhat coarse-grained goodness, strikes the habitual note of Dekker's comic style: there is nothing of the fierce and scornful intensity, the ardor of passionate and compressed contempt, which distinguishes the savagely humorous satire of Webster and of Marston, and makes it hopeless to determine by intrinsic evidence how little or how much was added by Webster in the second edition to the original text of Marston's *Malcontent*: unless—which appears to me not unreasonable—we assume that the printer of that edition lied or blundered after the manner of his contemporary kind in attributing on the title-page—as apparently he meant to attribute—any share in the additional scenes or speeches to the original author of the play. In any case, the passages thus added to that grimmest and most sombre of tragicomedies are in such exact keeping with the previous text that

the keenest scent of the veriest bloodhound among critics could not detect a shade of difference in the savor.

The text of either comedy is generally very fair—as free from corruption as could reasonably be expected. The text of *Sir Thomas Wyatt* is corrupt as well as mutilated. Even in Mr. Dyce's second edition I have noted, not without astonishment, the following flagrant errors left still to glare on us from the distorted and disfigured page. In the sixth scene a single speech of Arundel's contains two of the most palpably preposterous.

The obligation wherein we all stood bound.

Cannot be concealed without great reproach
To us and to our issue.

We should of course read "cancelled" for "concealed:" the sense of the context and the exigence of the verse cry alike aloud for the correction. In the sixteenth line from this we come upon an equally obvious error.

Advice in this I hold it better far,
To keep the course we run, than, seeking
change,

Hazard our lives, our honors, and the realm.

It seems hardly credible to those who are aware how much they owe to the excellent scholarship and editorial faculty of Mr. Dyce, that he should have allowed such a misprint as "heirs" for "honors" to stand in this last unlucky line. Again, in the next scene, when the popular leader Captain Brett attempts to reassure the country folk who are startled at the sight of his insurgent array, he is made to utter (in reply to the exclamation—"What's here? soldiers!") the perfectly fatuous phrase—"Fear not good speech." Of course—once more—we should read, "Fear not, good people;" a correction which rectifies the metre as well as the sense.

The play attributed to Webster and Rowley by a publisher of the next generation has been carefully and delicately analyzed by a critic of our own time, who naturally finds it easy to distinguish the finer from the homelier part of the compound weft, and to assign what is rough and crude to the inferior, what is interesting and graceful to the superior poet. The authority of the rogue Kirkman may be likened to the outline or profile of Mr. Mantalini's early loves:

it is either no authority at all, or at best it is a "demd" authority. The same swindler who assigned to Webster and Rowley the authorship of *A Cure for a Cuckold* assigned to Shakespeare and Rowley the authorship of an infinitely inferior play—a play of which German sagacity has discovered that "none of Rowley's other works are equal to this." Assuredly, as far as I know them, they are not—in utter stolidity of platitude and absolute impotence of drivél. Rowley was a vigorous artist in comedy and a powerful amateur in tragedy: he may have written the lighter or broader parts of the play which rather unluckily took its name from these, and Webster may have written the more serious or sentimental parts: but there is not the slightest shadow of a reason to suppose it. An obviously apocryphal abortion of the same date, attributed to the same poets by the same knave, has long since been struck off the roll of Webster's works.

The few occasional poems of this great poet are worth study by those who are capable of feeling interest in the comparison of slighter with sublimer things, and the detection in minor works of the same style, here revealed by fitful hints in casual phrases, as that which animates and distinguishes even a work so insufficient and incompetent as Webster's "tragedy" of *The Devil's Law-case*. The noble and impressive extracts from this most incoherent and chaotic of all plays which must be familiar to all students of Charles Lamb are but patches of imperial purple sewn on with the roughest of needles to a garment of the raggedest and coarsest kind of literary serge. Hardly any praise can be too high for their dignity and beauty, their lofty loyalty and simplicity of chivalrous manhood or their deep sincerity of cynic meditation and self-contemptuous mournfulness: and the reader who turns from these magnificent samples to the complete play must expect to find yet another and a yet unknown masterpiece of English tragedy. He will find a crowning example of the famous theorem, "that the plot is of no use except to bring in the fine things." The plot is in this instance absurd to a degree so far beyond the most preposterous conception of con-

fused and distracting extravagance that the reader's attention may at times be withdrawn from the all but unqualified ugliness of its ethical tone or tendency. Two of Webster's favorite types, the meditative murderer or philosophic ruffian, and the impulsive impostor who is liable to collapse into the likeness of a passionate penitent, will remind the reader how much better they appear in tragedies which are carried through to their natural tragic end. But here, where the story is admirably opened and the characters as skilfully introduced, the strong interest thus excited at starting is scattered or broken or trifled away before the action is halfway through: and at its close the awkward violence or irregularity of moral and scenical effect comes to a crowning crisis in the general and mutual condonation of unnatural perjury and attempted murder with which the victims and the criminals agree to hush up all grudges, shake hands all round, and live happy ever after. There is at least one point of somewhat repulsive resemblance between the story of this play and that of Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*: but Fletcher's play, with none of the tragic touches or interludes of superb and sombre poetry which relieve the incoherence of Webster's, is better laid out and constructed, more amusing if not more interesting and more intelligent if not more imaginative.

A far more creditable and workmanlike piece of work, though glorified by no flashes of such sudden and singular beauty, is the tragedy of *Appius and Virginia*. The almost infinite superiority of Webster to Fletcher as a poet of pure tragedy and a painter of masculine character is in this play as obvious as the inferiority in construction and conduct of romantic story displayed in his attempt at a tragicomedy. From the evidence of style I should judge this play to have been written at an earlier date than *The Devil's Law-case*: it is, I repeat, far better composed; better, perhaps, than any other play of the author's: but it has none of his more distinctive qualities; intensity of idea, concentration of utterance, pungency of expression and ardor of pathos. It is written with noble and equable power of hand, with force and purity and fluency of apt and

simple eloquence : there is nothing in it unworthy of the writer : but it is the only one of his unassisted works in which we do not find that especial note of tragic style, concise and pointed and tipped as it were with fire, which usually makes it impossible for the duller reader to mistake the peculiar presence, the original tone or accent, of John Webster. If the epithet unique had not such a tang of German affectation in it, it would be perhaps the aptest of all adjectives to denote the genius or define the manner of this great poet. But in this tragedy, though whatever is said is well said and whatever is done well done, we miss that sense of positive and inevitable conviction, that instant and profound perception or impression as of immediate and indisputable truth, which is burned in upon us as we read the more Websterian scenes of Webster's writing. We feel, in short, that thus it may have been : not, as I observed at the opening of these notes, that thus it must have been. The poem does him no discredit ; nay, it does him additional honor, as an evidence of powers more various and many-sided than we should otherwise have known or supposed in him. Indeed, the figure of Virginius is one of the finest types of soldierly and fatherly heroism ever presented on the stage : there is equal force of dramatic effect, equal fervor of eloquent passion, in the scene of his pleading before the senate on behalf of the claims of his suffering and struggling fellow-soldiers, and in the scene of his return to the camp after the immolation of his daughter. The mere theatric effect of this latter scene is at once so triumphant and so dignified, so noble in its presentation and so passionate in its restraint, that we feel the high justice and sound reason of the instinct which inspired the poet to prolong the action of his play so far beyond the sacrifice of his heroine. A comparison of Webster's Virginius with any of Fletcher's wordy warriors will suffice to show how much nearer to Shakespeare than to Fletcher stands Webster as a tragic or a serious dramatist. Coleridge, not always just to Fletcher, was not unjust in his remark "what strange self-trumpeters and tongue-bullies all the brave soldiers of Beaumont and Fletcher are ;" and again

almost immediately—"all B. and F.'s generals are pugilists, or cudgel-fighters, that boast of their bottom and of the claret they have shed." There is nothing of this in Virginius ; Shakespeare himself has not represented with a more lofty fidelity, in the person of Coriolanus or of Brutus, "the high Roman fashion" of austere and heroic self-respect. In the other leading or dominant figure of this tragedy there is certainly discernible a genuine and thoughtful originality or freshness of conception ; but perhaps there is also recognizable a certain inconsistency of touch. It was well thought of to mingle some alloy of goodness with the wickedness of Appius Claudius, to represent the treacherous and lecherous decemvir as neither kindless nor remorseless, but capable of penitence and courage in his last hour. But Shakespeare, I cannot but think, would have prepared us with more care and more dexterity for the revelation of some such redeeming quality in a character which in the act immediately preceding Webster has represented as utterly heartless and shameless, brutal in its hypocrisy and impudent in its brutality.

If the works already discussed were their author's only claims to remembrance and honor, they might not suffice to place him on a higher level among our tragic poets than that occupied by Marston and Dekker and Middleton on the one hand, by Fletcher and Massinger and Shirley on the other. *Antonio and Mellida*, *Old Fortunatus*, or *The Changeling*—*The Maid's Tragedy*, *The Duke of Milan*, or *The Traitor*—would suffice to counterweigh (if not, in some cases, to outbalance) the merit of the best among these : the fitful and futile inspiration of *The Devil's Law-case*, and the stately but subdued inspiration of *Appius and Virginia*. That his place was with no subordinate poet—that his station is at Shakespeare's right hand—the evidence supplied by his two great tragedies is disputable by no one who has an inkling of the qualities which confer a right to be named in the same day with the greatest writer of all time.

Æschylus is above all things the poet of righteousness. "But in any wise, I say unto thee, revere thou the altar of righteousness : " this is the crowning admo-

nition of his doctrine, as its crowning prospect is the reconciliation or atonement of the principle of retribution with the principle of redemption, of the powers of the mystery of darkness with the coeternal forces of the spirit of wisdom, of the lord of inspiration and of light. The doctrine of Shakespeare, where it is not vaguer, is darker in its implication of injustice, in its acceptance of accident, than the impression of the doctrine of Æschylus. Fate, irreversible and inscrutable, is the only force of which we feel the impact, of which we trace the sign, in the upshot of *Othello* or *King Lear*. The last step into the darkness remained to be taken by "the most tragic" of all English poets. With Shakespeare—and assuredly not with Æschylus—righteousness itself seems subject and subordinate to the masterdom of fate: but fate itself, in the tragic world of Webster, seems merely the servant or the synonym of chance. The two chief agents in his two great tragedies pass away—the phrase was perhaps unconsciously repeated—"in a mist;" perplexed, indomitable, defiant of hope and fear; bitter and sceptical and bloody in penitence or impenitence alike. And the mist which encompasses the departing spirits of these moody and mocking men of blood seems equally to involve the lives of their chastisers and their victims. Blind accident and blundering mishap—"such a mistake," says one of the criminals, "as I have often seen in a play"—are the steersmen of their fortunes and the doomsmen of their deeds. The effect of this method or the result of this view, whether adopted for dramatic objects or ingrained in the writer's temperament, is equally fit for pure tragedy and unfit for any form of drama not purely tragic in evolution and event. In *The Devil's Law-case* it is offensive, because the upshot is incongruous and insufficient: in *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfy* it is admirable, because the results are adequate and coherent. But in all these three plays alike, and in these three plays only, the peculiar tone of Webster's genius, the peculiar force of his imagination, is distinct and absolute in its fulness of effect. The author of *Appius and Virginia* would have earned an honorable

and enduring place in the history of English letters as a worthy member—one among many—of a great school in poetry, a deserving representative of a great epoch in literature: but the author of these three plays has a solitary station, an indisputable distinction of his own. The greatest poets of all time are not more mutually independent than this one—a lesser poet only than those greatest—is essentially independent of them all.

The first quality which all readers must recognize, and which may strike a superficial reader as the exclusive or excessive note of his genius and his work, is of course his command of terror. Except in Æschylus, in Dante, and in Shakespeare, I at least know not where to seek for passages which in sheer force of tragic and noble horror—to the vulgar shock of ignoble or brutal horror he never condescends to submit his reader or subdue his inspiration—may be set against the subtlest, the deepest, the sublimest passages of Webster. Other gifts he had as great in themselves, as precious and as necessary to the poet: but on this side he is incomparable and unique. Neither Marlowe nor Shakespeare had so fine, so accurate, so infallible a sense of the delicate line of demarcation which divides the impressive and the terrible from the horrible and the loathsome—Victor Hugo and Honoré de Balzac from Eugène Sue and Émile Zola. On his theatre we find no presentation of old men with their beards torn off and their eyes gouged out, of young men imprisoned in reeking cess-pools and impaled with red-hot spits. Again and again his passionate and daring genius attains the utmost limit and rounds the final goal of tragedy; never once does it break the bounds of pure poetic instinct. If ever for a moment it may seem to graze that goal too closely, to brush too sharply by those bounds, the very next moment finds it clear of any such risk and remote from any such temptation as sometimes entrapped or seduced the foremost of its forerunners in the field. And yet this is the field in which its paces are most superbly shown. No name among all the names of great poets will recur so soon as Webster's to the reader who knows what it signifies, as he reads or

repeats the verses in which a greater than this great poet—a greater than all since Shakespeare—has expressed the latent mystery of terror which lurks in all the highest poetry or beauty, and distinguishes it inexplicably and inevitably from all that is but a little lower than the highest.

Les aigles sur les bords du Gange et du Caÿstre
Sont effrayants ;
Rien de grand qui ne soit confusément
sinistre ;
Les noirs pœans,

Les psaumes, la chanson monstrueuse du mage
Ezéchiël,
Font devant notre œil fixe errer la vague image
D'un affreux ciel.

L'empyrée est l'abîme, on y plonge, on y reste
Avec terreur.
Car planer, c'est trembler ; si l'azur est
céleste,
C'est par l'horreur.

L'épouvante est au fond des choses les plus
belles ;
Les bleus vallons
Font parfois reculer d'effroi les fauves ailes
Des aquilons.

And even in comedy as in tragedy, in prosaic even as in prophetic inspiration, in imitative as in imaginative works of genius, the sovereign of modern poets has detected the same touch of terror wherever the deepest note possible has been struck, the fullest sense possible of genuine and peculiar power conveyed to the student of lyric or dramatic, epic or elegiac masters.

De là tant de beautés difformes dans leurs
œuvres ;
Le vers charmant
Est par la torsion subite des couleuvres
Pris brusquement ;
À de certains moments toutes les jeunes flores
Dans la forêt
Ont peur, et sur le front des blanches méta-
phores
L'ombre apparaît ;
C'est qu'Horace ou Virgile ont vu soudain le
spectre
Noir se dresser ;
C'est que là-bas, derrière Amaryllis, Électre
Vient de passer.

Nor was it the Electra of Sophocles, the calm and impassive accomplice of an untroubled and unhesitating matricide, who showed herself ever in passing to the intent and serious vision of Webster. By those candid and sensible judges to whom the praise of Marlowe seems to

imply a reflection on the fame of Shakespeare, I may be accused—and by such critics I am content to be accused—of a fatuous design to set Webster beside Sophocles, or Sophocles—for aught I know—beneath Webster, if I venture to indicate the superiority in truth of natural passion—and, I must add, of moral instinct—which distinguishes the modern from the ancient. It is not, it never was, it never will be and it never can have been natural for noble and civilized creatures to accept with spontaneous complacency, to discharge with unforced equanimity, such offices or such duties as weigh so lightly on the spirit of the Sophoclean Orestes that the slaughter of a mother seems to be a less serious undertaking for his unreluctant hand than the subsequent execution of her paramour. The immeasurable superiority of Æschylus to his successors in this quality of instinctive righteousness—if a word long vulgarized by theology may yet be used in its just and natural sense—is shared no less by Webster than by Shakespeare. The grave and deep truth of natural impulse is never ignored by these poets when dealing either with innocent or with criminal passion : but it surely is now and then ignored by the artistic quietism of Sophocles—as surely as it is outraged and degraded by the vulgar theatricalities of Euripides. Thomas Campbell was amused and scandalized by the fact that Webster (as he is pleased to express it) modestly compares himself to the playwright last mentioned ; being apparently of opinion that *Hippolytus* and *Medea* may be reckoned equal or superior, as works of tragic art or examples of ethical elevation, to *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfy* ; and being no less apparently ignorant, and incapable of understanding, that as there is no poet morally nobler than Webster so is there no poet ignobler in the moral sense than Euripides : while as a dramatic artist—an artist in character, action, and emotion—the degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England, is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man. No better test of critical faculty could be required by the most exacting scrutiny of probation than is afforded by the critic's professed or professional estimate of those great poets whose

names are not consecrated—or desecrated—by the conventional applause, the factitious adoration, of a tribunal whose judgments are dictated by obsequious superstition and unanimous incompetence. When certain critics inform a listening world that they do not admire Marlowe and Webster—they admire Shakespeare and Milton, we know at once that it is not the genius of Shakespeare—it is the reputation of Shakespeare that they admire. It is not the man that they bow down to : it is the bust that they crouch down before. They would worship Shirley as soon as Shakespeare—Glover as soon as Milton—Byron as soon as Shelley—Musset as soon as Hugo—Longfellow as soon as Tennyson—if the tablet were as showily emblazoned, the inscription as pretentiously engraved.

The nobility of spirit and motive which is so distinguishing a mark of Webster's instinctive genius or natural disposition of mind is proved by his treatment of facts placed on record by contemporary annalists in the tragic story of Vittoria Accorambuoni, Duchess of Bracciano. That story would have been suggestive, if not tempting, to any dramatic poet : and almost any poet but Shakespeare or Webster would have been content to accept the characters and circumstances as they stood nakedly on record, and adapt them to the contemporary stage of England with such dexterity and intelligence as he might be able to command. But, as Shakespeare took the savage legend of Hamlet, the brutal story of Othello, and raised them from the respective levels of the *Heimskringla* and the *Newgate Calendar* to the very highest "heaven of invention," so has Webster transmuted the impressive but repulsive record of villainies and atrocities, in which he discovered the motive for a magnificent poem, into the majestic and pathetic masterpiece which is one of the most triumphant and the most memorable achievements of English poetry. If, in his play, as in the legal or historic account of the affair, the whole family of the heroine had appeared unanimous and eager in complicity with her sins and competition for a share in the profits of her dishonor, the tragedy might still have been as effective as it is

now from the theatrical or sensational point of view ; it might have thrilled the reader's nerves as keenly, have excited and stimulated his curiosity, have whetted and satiated his appetite for transient emotion, as thoroughly and triumphantly as now. But it would have been merely a criminal melodrama, compiled by the labor and vivified by the talent of an able theatrical journeyman. The one great follower of Shakespeare—"haud passibus æquis" at all points ; "longo sed proximus intervallo"—has recognized, with Shakespearean accuracy and delicacy and elevation of instinct, the necessity of ennobling and transfiguring his characters if their story was to be made acceptable to the sympathies of any but an idle or an ignoble audience. And he has done so after the very manner and in the very spirit of Shakespeare. The noble creatures of his invention give to the story that dignity and variety of interest without which the most powerful romance or drama can be but an example of vigorous vulgarity. The upright and high-minded mother and brother of the shameless Flamineo and the shame-stricken Vittoria refresh and purify the tragic atmosphere of the poem by the passing presence of their virtues. The shallow and fiery nature of the fair White Devil herself is a notable example of the difference so accurately distinguished by Charlotte Brontë between an impressionable and an impressible character. Ambition, self-interest, passion, remorse and hardihood alternate and contend in her impetuous and wayward spirit. The one distinct and trustworthy quality which may always be reckoned on is the indomitable courage underlying her easily irritable emotions. Her bearing at the trial for her husband's murder is as dexterous and dauntless as the demeanor of Mary Stuart before her judges. To Charles Lamb it seemed "an innocence resembling boldness ;" to Mr. Dyce and Canon Kingsley the innocence displayed in Lamb's estimate seemed almost ludicrous in its misconception of Webster's text. I should hesitate to agree with them that he has never once made his accused heroine speak in the natural key of innocence unjustly impeached : Mary's pleading for her life

is not at all points incompatible in tone with the innocence which it certainly fails to establish—except in minds already made up to accept any plea as valid which may plausibly or possibly be advanced on her behalf; and the arguments advanced by Vittoria are not more evasive and equivocal, in face of the patent and flagrant prepossession of her judges, than those put forward by the Queen of Scots. It is impossible not to wonder whether the poet had not in his mind the actual tragedy which had taken place just twenty-five years before the publication of this play: if not, the coincidence is something more than singular. The fierce profligacy and savage egotism of Brachiano have a certain energy and activity in the display and the development of their motives and effects which suggest rather such a character as Bothwell's than such a character as that of the bloated and stolid sensualist who stands or grovels before us in the historic record of his life. As presented by Webster, he is doubtless an execrable ruffian: as presented by history, he would be intolerable by any but such readers or spectators as those on whom the figments or the photographs of self-styled naturalism produce other than emetic emotions. Here again the noble instinct of the English poet has rectified the æsthetic unseemliness of an ignoble reality. This "Brachiano" is a far more living figure than the porcine paramour of the historic Accorambuoni. I am not prepared to maintain that in one scene too much has not been sacrificed to immediate vehemence of effect. The devotion of the discarded wife, who to shelter her Antony from the vengeance of Octavius assumes the mask of a raging jealousy, thus taking upon herself the blame and responsibility of their final separation, is expressed with such consummate and artistic simplicity of power that on a first reading the genius of the dramatist may well blind us to the violent unlikelihood of the action. But this very extravagance of self-sacrifice may be thought by some to add a crowning touch of pathos to the unsurpassable beauty of the scene in which her child, after the murder of his mother, relates her past sufferings to his uncle. Those to whom the great name of Webster rep-

resents merely an artist in horrors, a ruffian of genius, may be recommended to study every line and syllable of this brief dialogue.

Francisco. How now, my noble cousin? what, in black?

Giovanni. Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you

In virtue, and you [?] now] must imitate me
In colors of your garments. My sweet mother

Is—

F. How! where?

G. Is there; no, yonder: indeed, sir, I'll not tell you,

For I shall make you weep.

F. Is dead?

G. Do not blame me now,

I did not tell you so.

Lodovico.

She's dead, my lord.

F. Dead!

Monticelso. Blest lady, thou art now above thy woes!

G. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,

Hear music, go a hunting, and be merry,

As we that live?

F. No, coz; they sleep.

G. Lord, Lord, that I were dead!

I have not slept these six nights.—When do they wake?

F. When God shall please.

G. Good God, let her sleep ever!

For I have known her wake an hundred nights

When all the pillow where she laid her head

Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you, sir;

I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead:

They wrapped her in a cruel fold of lead,

And would not let me kiss her.

F. Thou didst love her.

G. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,

And it should seem by that she dearly loved me,

Since princes seldom do it.

F. O, all of my poor sister that remains!—

Take him away, for God's sake!

I must admit that I do not see how Shakespeare could have improved upon that. It seems to me that in any one of even his greatest tragedies this scene would have been remarkable among its most beautiful and perfect passages; nor, upon the whole, do I remember a third English poet who could be imagined capable of having written it. And it affords, I think, very clear and sufficient evidence that Webster could not have handled so pathetic and suggestive a subject as the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her young husband in a style so thin and feeble, so shallow in expression of pathos and so empty

of suggestion or of passion, as that in which it is presented at the close of *Sir Thomas Wyatt*.

There is a perfect harmony of contrast between this and the death-scene of the boy's father: the agony of the murdered murderer is as superb in effect of terror as the sorrow of his son is exquisite in effect of pathos. Again we are reminded of Shakespeare, by no touch of imitation but simply by a note of kinship in genius and in style, at the cry of Brachiano under the first sharp workings of the poison:

O thou strong heart!

There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loth to break.

Another stroke well worthy of Shakespeare is the redeeming touch of grace in this brutal and cold-blooded ruffian which gives him in his agony a thought of tender care for the accomplice of his atrocities:

Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.

Few instances of Webster's genius are so well known as the brief but magnificent passage which follows; yet it may not be impertinent to cite it once again.

Brachiano. O thou soft natural death, that art joint twin

To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf

Scents not thy carrion; pity winds thy corpse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vittoria. I am lost for ever.

B. How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling!—What are those?

Flamino. Francisçans:

They have brought the extreme unction.

B. On pain of death, let no man name death to me;

It is a word infinitely terrible.

The very tremor of moral and physical abjection from nervous defiance into prostrate fear which seems to pant and bluster and quail and subside in the natural cadence of these lines would suffice to prove the greatness of the artist who could express it with such terrible perfection: but when we compare it, by collation of the two scenes, with the deep simplicity of tenderness, the childlike accuracy of innocent emotion, in the passage previously cited, it seems to me that we must admit, as an

unquestionable truth, that in the deepest and highest and purest qualities of tragic poetry Webster stands nearer to Shakespeare than any other English poet stands to Webster; and so much nearer as to be a good second; while it is at least questionable whether even Shelley can reasonably be accepted as a good third. Not one among the predecessors, contemporaries, or successors of Shakespeare and Webster has given proof of this double faculty—this co-equal mastery of terror and pity, undiscolored and undistorted, but vivified and glorified, by the splendor of immediate and infallible imagination. The most grovelling realism could scarcely be so impudent in stupidity as to pretend an aim at more perfect presentation of truth: the most fervent fancy, the most sensitive taste, could hardly dream of a desire for more exquisite expression of natural passion in a form of utterance more naturally exalted and refined.

In all the vast and voluminous records of critical error there can be discovered no falsehood more foolish or more flagrant than the vulgar tradition which represents this high-souled and gentle-hearted poet as one morbidly fascinated by a fantastic attraction toward the "violent delights" of horror and the nervous or sensational excitements of criminal detail: nor can there be conceived a more perverse or futile misapprehension than that which represents John Webster as one whose instinct led him by some obscure and oblique propensity to darken the darkness of southern crime or vice by an infusion of northern seriousness, of introspective cynicism and reflective intensity in wrongdoing, into the easy levity and infantile simplicity of spontaneous wickedness which distinguished the moral and social corruption of renescent Italy. Proof enough of this has already been adduced to make any protestation or appeal against such an estimate as preposterous in its superfluity as the misconception just mentioned is preposterous in its perversity. The great if not incomparable power displayed in Webster's delineation of such criminals as Flamino and Bosola—Bonapartes in the bud, Napoleons in a nutshell, Cæsars who have missed their Rubicon and collapse into the likeness of a Cati-

line—is a sign rather of his noble English loathing for the traditions associated with such names as Cæsar and Medici and Borgia, Catiline and Iscariot and Napoleon, than of any sympathetic interest in such incarnations of historic crime. Flamineo especially, the ardent pimp, the enthusiastic pandar, who prostitutes his sister and assassinates his brother with such earnest and single-hearted devotion to his own straightforward self-interest, has in him a sublime fervor of rascality which recalls rather the man of Brumaire and of Waterloo than the man of December and of Sedan. He has something too of Napoleon's ruffianly good-humor—the frankness of a thieves' kitchen or an imperial court, when the last thin figleaf of pretence has been plucked off and crumpled up and flung away. We can imagine him pinching his favorites by the ear and dictating memorials of mendacity with the self-possession of a self-made monarch. As it is, we see him only in the stage of parasite and pimp—more like the hired husband of a cast-off Creole than the resplendent rogue who fascinated even history for a time by the clamor and glitter of his triumphs. But the fellow is unmistakably an emperor in the egg—so dauntless and frontless in the very abjection of his villainy that we feel him to have been defrauded by mischance of the only two destinations appropriate for the close of his career—a gibbet or a throne.

This imperial quality of ultimate perfection in egotism and crowning complacency in crime is wanting to his brother in atrocity, the most notable villain who figures on the stage of Webster's latest masterpiece. Bosola is not quite a possible Bonaparte—he is not even on a level with the bloody hirelings who execute the orders of tyranny and treason with the perfunctory atrocity of Anicetus or Saint-Arnaud. There is not, or I am much mistaken, a touch of imaginative poetry in the part of Flamineo: his passion, excitable on occasion and vehement enough, is as prosaic in its homely and cynical eloquence as the most fervent emotions of a Napoleon or an Iago when warmed or goaded into elocution. The one is a human snake, the other is a human wolf. Webster could not with equal propriety have

put into the mouth of Flamineo such magnificent lyric poetry as seems to fall naturally, however suddenly and strangely, from the bitter and blood-thirsty tongue of Bosola. To him, as to the baffled and incoherent ruffian Romelio in the contemporary play of *The Devil's Law-case*, his creator has assigned the utterance of such verse as can only be compared to that uttered by Cornelia over the body of her murdered son in the tragedy to which I have just given so feeble and inadequate a word of tribute. In his command and in his use of the metre first made fashionable by the graceful improvisations of Greene, Webster seems to me as original and as peculiar as in his grasp and manipulation of character and event. All other poets, Shakespeare no less than Barnfield and Milton no less than Wither, have used this lyric instrument for none but gentle or gracious ends: Webster has breathed into it the power to express a sublimer and a profounder tone of emotion; he has given it the cadence and the color of tragedy; he has touched and transfigured its note of meditative music into a chord of passionate austerity and prophetic awe. This was the key in which all previous poets had played upon the metre which Webster was to put to so deeply different an use.

Walking in a valley greene,
Spred with Flora summer queene :
Where shee heaping all hir graces,
Niggard seemd in other places.

(*Tullies Loue*, p. 53, ed. 1589.)

Nights were short, and daies were long ;
Blossoms on the Hawthorns hung :
Philomele (Night-Musiques King)
Tolde the comming of the spring.

(*Grosart's Barnfield* [1876], p. 97.)

On a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air.

(*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. iii.)

And now let us hear Webster.

Hearke, now everything is still,
The Scritch-Owle, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shrowd :
Much you had of Land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your minde, .
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't, fooles make such vaine keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping :

Their life, a generall mist of error,
 Their death, a hideous storme of terror.
 Strew your haire with powders sweete :
 D'on cleane linnen, bath[e] your feete,
 And (the foule feed more to checke)
 A crucifixe let blesse your necke :
 'Tis now full tide 'twene night and day,
 And your groane, and come away.
 (*The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy* :
 1623 : sig. K, K 2.)

The toll of the funereal rhythm, the heavy chime of the solemn and simple verse, the mournful menace and the brooding presage of its note, are but the covering, as it were, or the outer expression, of the tragic significance which deepens and quickens and kindles to its close. Æschylus and Dante have never excelled, nor perhaps have Sophocles and Shakespeare ever equalled in impression of terrible effect, the fancy of bidding a live woman array herself in the raiment of the grave, and do for her own living body the offices done for a corpse by the ministers attendant on the dead.

The murderous humorist whose cynical inspiration gives life to these deadly lines is at first sight a less plausible, but on second thoughts may perhaps seem no less possible a character than Flamineo. Pure and simple ambition of the Napoleonic order is the motive which impels into infamy the aspiring parasite of Brachiano : a savage melancholy inflames the baffled greed of Bosola to a pitch of wickedness not unqualified by relenting touches of profitless remorse, which come always either too early or too late to bear any serviceable fruit of compassion or redemption. There is no deeper or more Shakespearean stroke of tragic humor in all Webster's writings than that conveyed in the scornful and acute reply—almost too acute perhaps for the character—of Bosola's remorseless patron to the remonstrance or appeal of his instrument against the insatiable excess and persistence of his cruelty ; "Thy pity is nothing akin to thee." He has more in common with Romelio in *The Devil's Law-case*, an assassin who misses his aim and flounders into penitence much as that discomfortable drama misses its point and stumbles into vacuity : and whose unsatisfactory figure looks either like a crude and unsuccessful study for that of Bosola, or a disproportioned and emasculated copy

from it. But to him too Webster has given the fitful force of fancy or inspiration which finds expression in such sudden snatches of funereal verse as this :

How then can any monument say
 "Here rest these bones till the last day,"
 When Time, swift both of foot and feather,
 May bear them the sexton kens not whither ?
 What care I, then, though my last sleep
 Be in the desert or the deep,
 No lamp nor taper, day and night,
 To give my charnel chargeable light ?
 I have there like quantity of ground,
 And at the last day I shall be found.

The villainous laxity of versification which deforms the grim and sardonic beauty of these occasionally rough and halting lines is perceptible here and there in *The Duchess of Malfy*, but comes to its head in *The Devil's Law-case*. It cannot, I fear, be denied that Webster was the first to relax those natural bonds of noble metre "whose service is perfect freedom"—as Shakespeare found it, and combined with perfect loyalty to its law the most perfect liberty of living and sublime and spontaneous and accurate expression. I can only conjecture that this greatest of the Shakespeareans was misguided out of his natural line of writing as exemplified and perfected in the tragedy of Vittoria, and lured into this cross and crooked by way of immetrical experiment, by the temptation of some theory or crotchet on the score of what is now called naturalism or realism ; which, if there were any real or natural weight in the reasoning that seeks to support it, would of course do away, and of course ought to do away, with dramatic poetry altogether : for if it is certain that real persons do not actually converse in good metre, it is happily no less certain that they do not actually converse in bad metre. In the hands of so great a tragic poet as Webster a peculiar and impressive effect may now and then be produced by this anomalous and illegitimate way of writing ; it certainly suits well with the thoughtful and fantastic truculence of Bosola's reflections on death and dissolution and decay—his "talk fit for a charnel," which halts and hovers between things hideous and things sublime. But it is a step on the downward way that leads to the negation or the confusion of all distinctions between

poetry and prose ; a result to which it would be grievous to think that the example of Shakespeare's greatest contemporary should in any way appear to conduce.

The doctrine or the motive of chance (whichever we may prefer to call it) is seen in its fullest workings and felt in its furthest bearings by the student of Webster's masterpiece. The fifth act of *The Duchess of Malfy* has been assailed on the very ground which it should have been evident to a thoughtful and capable reader that the writer must have intended to take up—on the ground that the whole upshot of the story is dominated by sheer chance, arranged by mere error, and guided by pure accident. No formal scheme or religious principle of retribution would have been so strangely or so thoroughly in keeping with the whole scheme and principle of the tragedy. After the overwhelming terrors and the overpowering beauties of that unique and marvellous fourth act in which the genius of this poet spreads its fullest and its darkest wing for the longest and the strongest of its flights, it could not but be that the subsequent action and passion of the drama should appear by comparison unimpressive or ineffectual ; but all the effect or impression possible of attainment under the inevitable burden of this difficulty is achieved by natural and simple and straightforward means. If Webster has not made the part of Antonio dramatically striking and attractive—as he probably found it impossible to do—he has at least bestowed on the fugitive and unconscious widower of his murdered heroine a pensive and manly grace of deliberate resignation which is not without pathetic as well as poetical effect. In the beautiful and well-known scene where the echo from his wife's unknown and new-made grave seems to respond to his meditative mockery and forewarn him of his impending death, Webster has given such reality and seriousness to an old commonplace of contemporary fancy or previous fashion in poetry that we are fain to forget the fantastic side of the conception and see only the tragic aspect of its meaning. A weightier objection than any which can be brought against the conduct of the play might be suggested to the minds of some read-

ers—and these, perhaps, not too exacting or too captious readers—by the sudden vehemence of transformation which in the great preceding act seems to fall like fire from heaven upon the two chief criminals who figure on the stage of murder. It seems rather a miraculous retribution, a judicial violation of the laws of nature, than a reasonably credible consequence or evolution of those laws, which strikes Ferdinand with madness and Bosola with repentance. But the whole atmosphere of the action is so charged with thunder that this double and simultaneous shock of moral electricity rather thrills us with admiration and faith than chills us with repulsion or distrust. The passionate intensity and moral ardor of imagination which we feel to vibrate and penetrate through every turn and every phrase of the dialogue would suffice to enforce upon our belief a more nearly incredible revolution of nature or revulsion of the soul.

It is so difficult for even the very greatest poets to give any vivid force of living interest to a figure of passive endurance that perhaps the only instance of perfect triumph over this difficulty is to be found in the character of Desdemona. Shakespeare alone could have made her as interesting as Imogen or Cordelia ; though these have so much to do and dare, and she after her first appearance has simply to suffer : even Webster could not give such individual vigor of characteristic life to the figure of his martyr as to the figure of his criminal heroine. Her courage and sweetness, her delicacy and sincerity, her patience and her passion, are painted with equal power and tenderness of touch : yet she hardly stands before us as distinct from others of her half angelic sisterhood as does the White Devil from the fellowship of her comrades in perdition.

But it is only with Shakespeare that Webster can ever be compared in any way to his disadvantage as a tragic poet : above all others of his country he stands indisputably supreme. The place of Marlowe indeed is higher among our poets by right of his primacy as a founder and a pioneer : but of course his work has not—as of course it could not have—that plenitude and perfec-

tion of dramatic power in construction and dramatic subtlety in detail which the tragedies of Webster share in so large a measure with the tragedies of Shakespeare. Marston, the poet with whom he has most in common, might almost be said to stand in the same relation to Webster as Webster to Shakespeare. In single lines and phrases, in a few detached passages and a very few distinguishable scenes, he is worthy to be compared with the greater poet; he suddenly rises and dilates to the stature and the strength of a model whom usually he can but follow afar off. Marston, as a tragic poet, is not quite what Webster would be if his fame depended simply on such scenes as those in which the noble mother of Vittoria breaks off her daughter's first interview with Brachiano—spares, and commends to God's forgiveness, the son who has murdered his brother before her eyes—and lastly appears “in several forms of distraction,” “grown a very old woman in two hours,” and singing that most pathetic and imaginative of all funereal invocations which the finest critic of all time so justly and so delicately compared to the watery dirge of Ariel. There is less refinement, less exaltation and perfection of feeling, less tenderness of emotion and less nobility

of passion, but hardly less force and fervor, less weighty and sonorous ardor of expression, in the very best and loftiest passages of Marston: but his genius is more uncertain, more fitful and intermittent, less harmonious, coherent, and trustworthy than Webster's. And Webster, notwithstanding an occasional outbreak into Aristophanic license of momentary sarcasm through the sardonic lips of such a cynical ruffian as Ferdinand or Flamineo, is without exception the cleanliest, as Marston is beyond comparison the coarsest writer of his time. In this as in other matters of possible comparison that “vessel of deathless wrath,” the implacable and inconsolable poet of sympathy half maddened into rage and aspiration goaded backwards to despair,—it should be needless to add the name of Cyril Tourneur—stands midway between these two more conspicuous figures of their age. But neither the father and master of poetic pessimists, the splendid and sombre creator of Vindice and his victims, nor any other third whom our admiration may discern among all the greatest of their fellows, can be compared with Webster on terms more nearly equal than those on which Webster stands in relation to the sovereign of them all.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THÉODORE AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ.

BY P. F. WILLERT.

THOSE who, like the present writer, subscribed to M. Lemerre's issue of the “complete works” of Agrippa d'Aubigné* mainly in the hope of obtaining a copy of the *Histoire Universelle*, convenient in form and perfect in print and paper, must lament the causes which have prevented the completion of the edition, and left the purchasers of it without the work on which Aubigné's main claim to fame as an author must depend.

The “complete edition” of Aubigné's works can only be compared to a complete edition of Macaulay without the *History of England*, or a complete edi-

tion of Michelet without the *History of France*. Indeed, our case is even harder, for there are but two previous editions of the *Histoire Universelle*—both published during the author's lifetime—both rare, and therefore costly. The diligence of the French in publishing and republishing letters, memoirs, and all other documents throwing light upon the past of their country, has been so commendable, that the neglect with which the most vivid contemporary history of a most interesting period has been treated is not a little remarkable.

It is easy to account for the scanty attention which Aubigné received from his immediate successors and from the authors of the next century. Although

* Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

Cardinal du Perron recommended him to Henry IV. as peculiarly fitted by knowledge and ability to write the history of the King's time and exploits ; although even Jesuits bear witness to the impartiality of his narrative, although he abstains, on principle, from all censure and criticism, and, leaving facts to speak for themselves, relates the massacre of St. Bartholomew without comment ; yet the Catholics did their utmost to discredit and suppress his book. It is no doubt true that the bare facts were sufficiently unpalatable, but it must also be allowed that Aubigné shows great art in enlisting the sympathies of his reader for the party to which he belonged. To Mary de' Medici and her favorites, his praise of the great qualities and patriotic projects of Henry IV. was at least as distasteful as the freedom with which he exposed the King's faults and weaknesses. The less stubborn Huguenots felt the reproach of a more consistent integrity ; the stricter sectaries were scandalized by the license of his satire and by an irrepressible impatience of restraint, as conspicuous in his writings as in his life. Even the flatterers of Madame de Maintenon could not have praised her grandfather in terms free from the suspicion of satire on the elaborate virtues and painful propriety of that queen among prudes and converted rakes ; while Frenchmen, accustomed to the canons of taste and composition which were accepted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were scarcely less offended by the merits than by the faults of a style, forcible indeed and picturesque, but frequently obscure and overcharged with metaphors which, often when happiest, are not such as classic taste would approve. His latest editor* compares Shakespeare and Aubigné as kindred geniuses—a bold hyperbole—but he is no doubt right when he adds that the same reasons which made Voltaire believe that he could contemptuously patronize "Bill Shakespeare," rendered him incapable of appreciating the Huguenot historian. But the Romantic school brought the French writers of the sixteenth century

into fashion : Aubigné shared in their revived popularity. St. Beuve has praised him with his usual felicitous and sympathetic discrimination ; Michelet, H. Martin, and other historians are indebted to him for some of their most picturesque pages, and yet his great book has not been made easily accessible : this must be my excuse for attempting to introduce those readers who may not be already acquainted with them to "the Universal History" and its author.

Aubigné is in himself a most instructive study. Really to understand him would be, I should think, to have made considerable progress toward understanding the strength and the weakness, the virtues and the vices—or, if vices be too strong an expression, the foibles—of the party to which he belonged. In him were combined the susceptible pride of a provincial noble, the restless impatience of a soldier delighting in partisan warfare, the impracticable disputatiousness of a Calvinist theologian, the irritability of a faithful servant who imagines that his neglected services confer the privilege of unlimited grumbling, the savage license of a party pamphleteer.

No writer leaves on his readers a more vivid impression of his personality. He loves, indeed, to present himself to us under the most various disguises ; but they are too flimsy to conceal features so well marked. In the scholar, soldier, diplomatist, theologian, publicist, conspirator, lover, libertine, or puritan, we recognize the same restless impetuosity, unhesitating self-confidence, passionate punctiliousness, irrepressible love of argument and outspoken criticism, the same shrewd and humorous cunning. When old, he dwells with garrulous and complacent vanity on the escapades and braggadocio of his youth ; when young, steeped in the gayeties and debauchery of the Court of the Valois, he can think and speak—if we may believe his own evidence—with the gravity and the wisdom of a pillar of the Huguenot Church. At all times and under all circumstances Aubigné is still Cato's typical Gaul, intent on warlike exploit and eloquent speech.

Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné was born in the middle of the sixteenth century near Pons in Saintonge. His

* Reaume, *Étude sur Th. Agrippa d'Aubigné*, p. 281.

father, Jean d'Aubigné, was a gentleman of middling family and fortune ; but of consideration among the Protestants, since we find him in 1562 second in command at Orleans, and in 1563 one of the four chiefs sent to negotiate with the Queen mother.

Besides being a brave soldier, Jean d'Aubigné was a man of culture more than ordinary, even at a time when the humane studies were among the fashionable pursuits of a gentleman. Even the frivolous Henry IV. varied his more innocent amusements of stealing pet dogs, dressing his wife's hair, and starching her ruffs, by studying Latin grammar and taking part in the discussion of literary questions, in which he showed a just and cultivated taste. Aubigné's mother was also a woman of learning, and, although he tells his daughters that he did not approve of such pursuits for ladies, unless their rank raised them above all care for household duties, he records with pride that he possessed a Greek edition of St. Basil, enriched by her annotations.

Unfortunately, this learned lady died in giving him birth, and the impatience of a step-mother caused little Agrippa to be educated away from home, though not without parental supervision and encouragement. The rod, he tells us, was not spared ; but, if the tree is to be judged by its fruits, we must applaud the system of his tutors. In his sixth year he could read French, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin ; when he was seven and a half he translated the *Crito*, on his father's promise that the work should be printed with a portrait of the author. When he was thirteen he could read and explain Hebrew without points, translate Latin and Greek at sight, compose Latin verses more quickly than a diligent pen could copy them, and had attended public lectures on Philosophy and Mathematics at Orleans for two years ; he was sent to complete his education at Geneva, but a failure "to explain some dialects in Pindar" having caused him to be sent back to school, he fell out of conceit with his studies, and would have abandoned them but for certain "stirrings of love" inspired by the learned Loyse Sarasin, in the house of whose father he lodged. Jean d'Aubigné died in 1563, soon after

the conclusion of the peace which he had helped to negotiate, bidding his son be faithful to his religion and to remember how, when showing him the heads of the men who had conspired to drive the Guises from Court, rotting, but still recognizable, on the gibbet at Amboise, he had charged him, on pain of his curse, not to spare his own head in avenging those sacred relics.

In 1567 Aubigné had returned from his studies at Geneva and Lyons to the house of his guardian in Saintonge. So eager was he to join the Protestant army that his guardian, thinking him still too young for a soldier's life, kept him shut up like a prisoner. But when the next campaign began his impatience could no longer be restrained, and he determined to make his escape.

A party of his friends, on their way to the meeting-place of the Huguenots, let him know, by firing a shot, that they were passing the house. It was night, and Aubigné's guardian, to prevent his escape, took possession of his clothes each evening, but "the prisoner let himself down from the window by his sheets, climbed two walls, nearly falling into a well while getting over the last, and overtook the troop, who were not a little astonished to see a white figure running after them, shouting and weeping with the pain of his bleeding feet."

Such was the characteristic beginning of Aubigné's military life, and of an interminable series of single combats, skirmishes, surprises, escalades, reckless bravadoes and hairbreadth escapes with which he tries the patience and the faith of his reader.

He fought at Jarnac, but was absent from Montcontour, occupied, he assures us, in more dangerous service, and the peace of St. Germain (1570) found him a cornet, but prostrate with fever, and confessing, in an agony of repentance, such atrocities committed by his men as made the hair of those who heard him stand on end, for, as the saying went, the Huguenots began the war like angels, continued it like men, but ended like devils incarnate.

Engaged in enlisting a company for the campaign which Coligni projected against the Spaniards, he was in Paris shortly before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but was obliged to fly in con-

sequence of a duel, and so escaped the fatal 24th of August.

Two years later Aubigné became the attendant, the councillor, and the friend of Henry of Navarre, certainly a most candid friend, an importunate and opinionated councillor, and a servant by no means anxious to see a hero in his master. He entered his service as equerry when Henry was detained a prisoner in all but name at the French Court. For more than two years he had an opportunity of closely studying men and manners among the courtiers of Henry III. and Catherine de' Medici. When he came to the Louvre Charles IX. lay on his death-bed. If not—as he somewhere claims to have been—an eye-witness of the death of that miserable prince, he at any rate heard from those who were present the details of his agony and repentance, of the blood streaming from the pores of his skin, which he imagined to be that of the victims of his treachery, of his horror at the sight of the mother who had bred and prepared him for crime.

If these stories, and those which he relates on the authority of Henry IV., and of others who were present, of the ghostly uproar, shrieks and groans which, a week after the massacre, re-echoed round the Tuileries, and of the appearance of the Cardinal of Lorraine to Catherine de' Medici at the moment of his death,* are to be attributed to the

natural horror inspired by the most bloody act of treachery ever perpetrated by a government on loyal subjects, the friendly and even familiar terms on which he and other Huguenots thought it no shame to live with the murderers is the more remarkable. Aubigné boasts of the favor with which the Duke of Guise regarded him—a favor first earned by his valor in the campaign against the German allies of the French Protestants, maintained and increased by his skill in ministering to the pleasures of the Duke and of the King of Navarre. He acted as the master of their revels, invented ballets and masques, roystered in the streets at midnight "flown with insolence and wine," charging the watch, storming houses, and excelling in turbulent license the most noted rufflers of the day.

Aubigné suggests in his History that his dissipations were but the means whereby he sought to win the favor of the Guises and of the King, and to escape the suspicions of the Queen Mother, so as to remain with his master, and when the time was ripe to determine him by his advice, and to enable him by his assistance to escape from a dishonorable captivity. This may be true; yet it is evident that the life he led was not distasteful; it fell in with his love of adventure, vanity, and ostentation. The Court of the Valois was such a hot-bed of the finest flowers of vice, so rich in the most various elements of corruption, that, as Jeanne d'Albert wrote to her son, it seemed the infection could only be escaped by the very special grace of God. If Aubigné passed through such scenes of dissipation and riot with his faith unimpaired, if still in his heart he cherished the cause to which he had promised his father to devote his life, this was due partly to the manliness and complacent obstinacy peculiar to him, partly to qualities which he shared with his contemporaries. The greater simplicity of men's characters often led them to act in a manner which appears inconsistent to our age of introspection and self-analysis. They followed their passions and impulses like

where he lodged"—it is for Mr. Gurney to explain how, or by what courtesy of his captor, he had time to pay a passing call on the Queen Mother.

* The story is well worthy of the attention of Messrs. Myers and Gurney. It is told by Aubigné (*Hist. Univ.*, vol. ii. book ii. chap. xi.) as follows:—"The Queen had gone to bed earlier than usual. Among other persons of note, the King of Navarre, the Archbishop of Lyons, the ladies of Retz, Lignerolles, and Sauves were in her room, and by two of these I have heard the tale (told by Henry of Navarre) confirmed. Suddenly, as she was about to say 'good-night,' she sat up with a start, pressed her hands before her face, and, with a loud cry for help, pointed to the foot of her bed, where, she said, the Cardinal was standing and holding out his hand to her. Several times she exclaimed, 'My Lord Cardinal, I have nothing to do with you!' The King of Navarre at once sent a gentleman to the Cardinal's lodgings, who brought back word that he had died that very moment." Henry's hair would stand on end, Aubigné assures us, when he told this story. If, as he goes on to suggest, the Cardinal was carried away by the Devil—for he says, "something more violent than the wind tore down and whirled off into the air lattices and window-bars of the house

children, like children they were sorry when they had done what was wrong, and then thought no more about it, or, if they did, were only inspired by the thought to greater devotion and fervor. We, on the other hand, are nothing if not consistent—our immorality must be justified by our scepticism.

It may perhaps be objected to this, that so far from any healthier simplicity in evil as in good being the characteristic of French society in the sixteenth century, no richer field was ever offered to the researches of the student of morbid human nature. But I do not mean that we are more diseased than men were then, so much as that we are more conscious of our ailments, more interested in them, and therefore less able to cast them off. Montaigne is the prince of sceptics. Himself, his likes, dislikes, thoughts, and feelings, the text on which he so charmingly discourses. He is ever self-conscious, his character is far more complex, his moral scepticism the result of a riper culture, yet his subjectivity—if the odious word may be permitted—is far less morbid than that of some exemplary "Bostonian Miss" in an American novel. He takes himself more naturally, accepts the obvious motives of conduct, does not dissect and pry behind them. But this is not all; one reason why French history during this period is so attractive a study, is that side by side with the examples of curious perversity produced by the corruption of a society without faith or ideal, we find those manlier vices and virtues which are the characteristics of a young and vigorous people, and which are apt to be dwarfed or hidden in times less stirring, less agitated by the currents of conflicting creeds. If the over-ripe culture and the refined depravity of the Italian Renaissance had united with the coarse materialism, thinly veneered with spurious chivalry, of the fifteenth century, to produce such characters as those of the last Princes of the House of Valois and their favorites, manlier qualities were still preserved and fostered in the camps, in the households, or rather courts, of some of the great lords and princes, in the castles of the country nobles, and in the homes of the families which had come to look upon judicial functions as their heritage, a

heritage not altogether ill-deserved by a traditional gravity and simplicity of life. Hence came the Châtillons, the La Nouës, Duplessis Mornais—or names of more doubtful renown, the de Thous and Jeannins, the Montlucs and Vitris—men of earnest faith and untarnished honor, just and enlightened statesmen and magistrates, soldiers as incapable of pity as of fear, but fanatics of the sword and of military honor. It was his education at the little Court of Nerac or Pau, surrounded by the preachers and martyrs of Calvinism, his childhood spent on the mountains of Bearn, chasing the chamois or the bear among a population of hunters and shepherds, which steeled the character of Henry IV., and enabled him to pass, if not untainted, yet with unimpaired vigor through the ordeal of his later debaucheries.

So, too, Aubigné never wholly forgot the impressions of his childhood and the training of Orleans and Geneva; and in his case these influences were constantly renewed and enforced by a vein of religious enthusiasm and faith wholly wanting in his master.

For nearly four years Henry of Bourbon had been detained at the French Court. The Duke of Alençon, the least favored of Catherine's sons, resenting the neglect of his mother, bating his brother and hated by him, had fled from Court, and, eager to show that he could be dangerous, had placed himself at the head of the Huguenots, and of their allies among the moderate Catholics. This usurpation of a position which ought to have been his was all the more intolerable to Henry of Bourbon, from the fact that the abilities and the character of Alençon were alike contemptible, and though he affected the rough exterior and frankness of a soldier as a contrast to the shameless effeminacy of his brother, he was not less false, or less corrupt. "If all treachery were banished from earth," said his sister Margaret, "he had enough to re-stock the world."

But fear as well as ambition urged the King of Navarre to escape from Paris. He knew that the Queen Mother had so far only spared him because she did not greatly fear a young man so frivolous and debauched; and his wife, a faithful

friend of the husband she dishonored by her profligacy, warned him that, as time went on, his danger increased. The persuasions of Aubigné can, therefore, scarcely have been needed to determine his master to fly; but on this, as on other occasions, he loves to represent himself as acting the part of Henry's good angel.

All his Huguenot servants had been removed, except Aubigné and Armagnac; these two, sitting by his bedside as he lay suffering from an attack of fever, heard him sigh and repeat the 88th Psalm: "Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me, and made me to be abhorred of them. I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth." Then Aubigné drew the curtains and addressed to his master one of those speeches with which he would seem to have been always provided: harangues which, though labored, disfigured by antitheses and conceits, are often so vigorous, so Tacitean in their terseness, so forcible in the picturesqueness of their metaphors, that they challenge comparison with the best classical models.

"Is it, then, true, Sire, that the Spirit of God still works and dwells in you? You sigh to Him for the absence of your faithful friends and servants, while they are met together, grieving that you are not with them, and laboring for your deliverance. Are you not weary of trying to hide behind yourself? as if it were possible for a prince like you to be hid! You are guilty of your greatness and of the wrongs which you have suffered. The murderers of St. Bartholomew's Day have a good memory and cannot believe that of their victims to be so short. Nay, if what is dishonorable were but safe! But no risk can be greater than to remain. As for us two, we were speaking, when what you said led us to draw the curtain, of escaping to-morrow. Consider, Sir, that you will next be served by hands which will not dare to refuse to employ steel or poison against you."

We have not space to follow the fortunes of Aubigné during the eighteen years which elapsed before Henry again entered, a victorious king, the city he had left a fugitive prisoner. During all this time Aubigné served him faith-

fully, but, as he somewhere says, in his own way, and that, it must be confessed, was a way which would have been altogether intolerable to a prince more punctilious and less debonaire. Indeed, few friendships between equals could have survived the querulousness, the injurious suspicions and accusations, the susceptible vanity, the incontinence of tongue and turbulent humors of Aubigné. He accuses his master of treating him with the utmost neglect, of devising practical jokes to spoil his clothes, in order that he might be reduced to greater straits, and, feeling his dependence, become more compliant. He assures us that from envy of his exploits and credit, and in displeasure because he refused to pander to his licentious amours, the king actually plotted his assassination. He dwells again and again on his meanness and ingratitude, he enumerates his degrading intrigues, and tells how he left his mistresses, and even his children, to starve. And these were not charges made in haste; they were deliberately repeated in old age and exile, with reckless disregard of any respect due to the memory of a master whose death he lamented as that of the greatest king the world had even ever seen, and whose nobler qualities he had, as we shall see, so worthily celebrated in his history.

But he is at pains to tell us that his master knew how he thought and spoke of him. So, for instance, he assures us that after discovering the plots of the king against his life, he found him at supper with a large company, and addressed him in these terms: "You have, Sire, it seems, been capable of seeking after the life of him who, under God, was the instrument of saving yours—a service of which I have no desire to remind you, nor yet of my many wounds, but only of this, that though I have been your servant, you have never been able to make me a pimp or a flatterer. May God pardon you my death, which you have plotted. My language shows how little I desire to avoid it." These words, he continues, were followed by such reproaches that the king was compelled to leave the table. That, after such insolence, Henry did not stab Aubigné where he stood, says not a little for his patience and self-control

in that age of violence ; that he showed no resentment is the best proof that he was innocent of the things laid to his charge. He may have been ungrateful, he certainly was not revengeful ; in this, as in many other respects, he was not unlike his grandson, Charles II. of England.

The faults of Henry IV. are patent. He was licentious, selfish, without any profound religious or moral convictions, and we may well believe that, in Aubigné's phrase, the stain of avarice had been engrained in him by poverty. He had the suspicious cunning of a Bearnese peasant concealed beneath a mask of open-hearted simplicity. But dissimulation came naturally and pleasantly to him, it did not warp and distort his nature ; he was false, but never treacherous. Since he had no conscience, his profligacy did not destroy his self-respect, and regarding all forms of worship, perhaps all religion, with indifference, he could, without degradation, accommodate his faith to the requirements of his policy.

Even the defects of his character were useful to Henry IV. ; the enlightened selfishness, which, in the pursuit of its aim, disdained to be disturbed, or to quarrel with obstacles which he felt in himself the power to overcome, produced a rare equanimity. He was always ready to pardon and conciliate.

But this placability was no recommendation to those who, like Aubigné, were conscious only of services insufficiently rewarded. The Huguenot nobles wished to conquer, not to conciliate. Their political aims were other than those of their leader, the legitimate heir to the throne. To the stricter Puritans his immorality was a perpetual scandal, and they greatly exaggerated his readiness to sacrifice the interests of the cause to the gratification of his passions. Aubigné, who sympathized with both of these sections, reflects their discontent, further magnified by real or imaginary grievances peculiar to himself.

He abused his master, threatened to leave him, even for long periods absented himself from his court, but it was as a querulous and exacting lover upbraids the coldness and inconstancy of his mistress, and affects to abandon her, yet would find existence intolerable

if fate imposed upon him the separation he threatens, and is up in arms and prepared to maintain her pre-eminence over every other she, if another does but hint the blame he has himself been so loudly proclaiming.

Although he is most proud of his military prowess, Aubigné had few opportunities of showing that he was more than an energetic and fearless guerilla chief. He, indeed, boasts that the defeat of Joyeuse at Coutras, the first victory which crowned the Protestant arms, was due to his advice ; and he says that if he had been listened to, Parma would not have been able to relieve Paris, and Henry obliged to go to mass before he could enter his capital. But he seems only once to have been entrusted with an independent command of importance, against the Duke of Joyeuse in Poitou—(1586)—when he succeeded in occupying the island of Oleron—the sale of which subsequently to St. Luc, a leader on the opposite side, is one of his bitterest grievances, and is ascribed by him to the King of Navarre's jealousy of the splendid fêtes with which he was entertained when visiting the island.

Aubigné himself had previously fallen into the hands of St. Luc, having been taken prisoner when charging four hundred men at the head of five ; and on giving his word to his captor to return on the following Sunday, had been allowed by him to go to La Rochelle. Before his parole had elapsed, St. Luc warned him not to come back on the appointed day. Galleys had arrived from Bordeaux with commands to send Aubigné for trial and execution as a malignant rebel. But our hero, outdoing Regulus, conceived that he had not been released in due form from his engagement, and, escaping from his opposing friends, returned, as he supposed, to certain death. Fortunately an officer of rank in the Catholic army was taken prisoner by the Huguenots, who threatened that his life should answer for Aubigné's.

Aubigné was present when the knife of Jacques Clement made Henry of Bourbon legitimate King of France. There is no more graphic passage in his history than that in which he describes the perplexity and hesitation of the

King, ended by the author's own resolute counsel ; the wish of some of the Catholics to compel him to conform to their religion, while others, like Biron, saw only an opportunity of selling their services for a good price ; and Henry's spirited answer to those " who, taking him by the throat in the first moment of his accession, forgetting the oath to be his faithful subjects they had sworn but three hours before to their murdered master, sought to compel him to a compliance which so many simple folk had been able to refuse, because they knew how to die."

The Huguenots seem to have been half alarmed to find their leader King of France. They felt instinctively that to secure the throne he must and would cease to be the chief of a party which, after all, was in a hopeless minority ; and many left his army when, breaking up the camp at St. Cloud, he moved into Normandy to deprive the League of the resources of that wealthy province and to secure a port where the men and money promised by Elizabeth might be landed. Since Aubigné was not present at the battle of Arques in that " old Huguenot phalanx of men on familiar terms with death from father to son," whose valor, according to Mayenne, converted the victory he had half won into defeat, and since he does not tell us of any other service on which he was engaged at the time, he must have been among those who left the king. La Force, who remained, excuses their departure by the state of destitution to which they were reduced.

Aubigné scarcely seems to appreciate the weighty reasons which justified the king's conversion, not only in his own eyes, but even in those of many of his Protestant advisers. It is no doubt true that the excesses of the extreme faction of the League, their subservience to Spain, the absence of any pretender to the throne in whose claims the whole Catholic party could acquiesce, weariness of the war, and his own pre-eminent qualities, might in the end have enabled Henry IV. to ascend the throne even as a Protestant ; and although Aubigné underrates the sincerity and strength of his master's desire to obtain security and toleration for his old friends, when he asserts that the same

reasons which made him a pervert would make him a persecutor, yet it is certainly true that the ideal of personal and centralized Government which he and Richelieu strove to realize, the recognition by his conversion of the unity of Church and State, were not easily to be reconciled with the toleration of dissent at home and the defence of liberty abroad. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the ruinous and unprincipled wars of Lewis XIV. might be represented as the more logical consequences of Henry IV.'s policy. But was there any alternative ? The time had passed—if, indeed, it had ever been present—when a reformed Church in a reformed State was possible in France.

Thirty years earlier Henry IV., supported by the moderates, might conceivably, had he succeeded to the throne in the place of Francis II., have reigned as a Protestant, compelling both Calvinist and Romanist to respect his authority, and to hold their rival claims to control the State in abeyance. At the end of the Wars of Religion, and with a disputed title, he could only do so as a Catholic. Even if he could have succeeded in seating himself on the throne without abjuring his faith—which he might, perhaps, have done at the cost of indefinitely protracting the civil war—it was too late for him to attempt to sever the connection between the Catholic Church and the State. The bulk of the nation had made up their mind to adhere to Rome, and there is some weight in the argument—scorned by Aubigné—that the conversion of Henry IV. was in the interest of the Protestants themselves. As a Catholic king he was able to make larger concessions to them than he could have enforced remaining a Huguenot.

The constant complaint of Aubigné, that he delayed the satisfaction of the demands of the Reformed Churches till he had come to terms with all other factions and enemies, is obviously unjust. Henry IV. required all the authority, all the resources he had been painfully accumulating, to impose the acceptance and the observation of the Edict of Nantes.

When we read of the reiterated meetings of the Huguenots and the complaints, in and out of season, of the

malcontents led by la Tremoille, Duke of Thouars, and Aubigné, we cannot help seeing that Henry IV. was in the right when he objected to the latter that their conduct had nearly ruined everything, and had only been prevented from doing so by the traitors among them who accepted his bribes or worked for his favor. "How often," he concluded, "when I saw you so opposed to my wishes, have I exclaimed to myself, 'O that my people would have hearkened unto me! for if Israel had walked in my ways, I should soon have put down their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.'"

Even allowing that la Tremoille was animated only by an unselfish zeal, such as inspired his noble answer to the King's envoys, "Ensure to these poor people security and freedom of worship, and then no finger will be raised, though you should hang me at the door of the Assembly," yet Turenne, the Rohans, and other great nobles, were actuated rather by private ambition than by zeal for the cause.

All this Aubigné could not, or would not, see. He made no allowances for the difficulties of the King. Because Henry did not at once do what was expected and demanded by his former co-religionists, the men who "had guarded his cradle and borne him to power on their shoulders," he was branded as a dishonest and thankless turncoat, and Aubigné sulked in his stronghold of Maillezais, or led the opposition in the Protestant assemblies.

His bitter humor had been increased by the death of his wife in 1595. Immoderate in everything, he tells us that for three years he spent every night in tears, and, to check his emotion during the day, pressed his hands against his side so vehemently as to cause a dangerous abscess. Yet sometimes he visited the Court, and for some days the old confidence between him and Henry IV. would be restored. So, for instance, shortly before the siege of La Fère in 1597, Aubigné heard that it was said that he did not dare to show himself before the King. He therefore hurried to Chancy, where the King was expected in the company of Gabrielle d'Estrée, the best beloved of his mistresses, whose rare beauty—"free from all wanton-

ness"—modestly dignified behavior—"of a wife rather than of a concubine"—and tragic fate deserved to have been mourned by her royal lover with more constancy.

Placing himself in the light of the torches at the door of the castle, Aubigné heard the King, as he drove up, say, "See! there is His Grace of Aubigné," a greeting from which he augured little good. But Henry embraced him, bade him kiss Gabrielle and lead her to her room, where for two hours he walked up and down with him in intimate talk. He showed him the scar where the knife of Jean Chastel had cut his lip, and Aubigné spoke that prophetic warning, to which he recurs more than once with evident pride. "Sire, since up to now you have denied God with your lips only, He has been content that they only should be wounded; but if ever you should deny him in your heart, then he will permit that also to be pierced." "Noble words," exclaimed Gabrielle, "but ill applied." "Yes, Madame," he answered, "for they will profit nothing."

So far, however, were the King and the Duchess from being offended by this freedom, that they sent for their little son, Cæsar of Vendôme, from his bed, and Henry, placing him naked as he was in Aubigné's arms, told him that he meant in another year to commit him to his care in order that he might be educated among the Huguenots and win their affection.

But such returns of cordiality were rare, and although whenever Aubigné approached his master he was, on his own showing, well received, his general attitude was one of suspicious opposition. When, however, the time had come for avenging on Spain the humiliations she had inflicted on France, and for asserting throughout Europe the cause of national independence and toleration, Henry IV. sent for his old servant and made him the confidant of that scheme of policy of which the width, wisdom, and generosity, go far to justify the extravagant praise lavished by French historians on a prince whose character is disfigured by conspicuous faults.

Aubigné heartily sympathized with Henry IV.'s plans and was eager to

serve him with sword and pen. At first it was proposed to send him as Envoy Extraordinary to the German Courts. Then, though opposed by Sulli, who objected that a weak force invading Spain is beaten, a strong force starved—he persuaded the King to allow him, as Vice-Admiral of Saintonge and Poitou, to make preparations for attacking the enemy in their own country.

The stroke of that fatal knife with which the Jesuits armed a miserable fanatic postponed the ruin of Spain, exposed Germany to the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and ended all Aubigné's hopes of useful and congenial employment.

After Henry IV.'s death, rejecting the overtures of the Regent, he played an active part in the various intrigues and revolts in which the Protestants were too often involved by the selfish and turbulent policy of their leaders.

At length, discontented with his friends, doubting that they had either the power or the resolution to protect him against the Court, he fled to Geneva, where he was received with great honor (1620). Two years later, in his seventy-first year, at the very moment when sentence of death was being passed on him in France, he married his second wife—a noble Italian lady of the house of Burlamachi of Lucca—who was an exile for the sake of her religion. The remaining eight years of his life would have been happy, for he was constantly consulted by the leading men of what may be called the Militant Protestant party in France, Germany, and even in England; he gave advice to Geneva, and to the Swiss, on military matters, and improved their fortifications by his skill as an engineer; his wife was affectionate and devoted, his daughters married to husbands of whom he approved; but the debaucheries, apostasy, and treachery of his son Constant, the father of Madame de Maintenon, was a bitter grief which could scarcely be mitigated by the dutiful attentions of a natural son, the ancestor of the modern historian of the Reformation. The reckless license of his pen, which offended the nicer Puritanism of Geneva, also involved him in unpleasant complications. In a letter written a few weeks before his death in 1530, his wife says that the vig-

orous vivacity and the keen wit of her husband, which he indulged more freely than present circumstances permitted, were not impaired by age.

"I often tell him," she continues, "that it is time for him to lay aside his pen—it would be a relief to himself and to his friends. There has lately been a squall stirred by the book of *Fœneste*, again enlarged and ill received here, where people think a matter over thrice, and then don't do it."

Aubigné, in fact, as St. Beuve remarks, was nowhere in his place: he was too unbending, too inveterate a Dissenter for France, too little of a Puritan for Geneva.

Is it fanciful to trace in Aubigné's violent and immoderate character the incompatibility of Calvinism and of much that is essentially French? His love of adventure, impulsive and ostentatious gallantry, his vanity and ready speech, his irrepressible and unscrupulous wit, were thoroughly characteristic of his nationality, but how strangely they contrast with the Calvinistic theology and with the Puritanic gravity which he occasionally assumes, or his *Meditations on the Psalms* with the collection of "facetiae" he intended to publish.

Not that he, even for a moment, is a hypocrite. He is just as truly himself when conducting a polemical discussion against Du Perron, or lecturing the Huguenot assembly, as he is when leading a forlorn hope in his shirt-sleeves, challenging an enemy to a duel, or ridiculing him in a scurrilous pamphlet. But the whole impression left upon us by Aubigné, is one of a character, vigorous, indeed, and original, but hardly capable of assimilating the moral sobriety of Protestantism. It would, perhaps, be instructive to compare the portrait he has drawn of himself for his children with that which Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson has left us of her husband, the regicide. The comparison might help us to understand the different fortunes of the Puritan party in England and of the Huguenots in France. It is not, perhaps, fair to place Aubigné, as a type of the French Protestant, side by side with the Eliots, Hampdens, Hutchinsons, and other accomplished gentlemen among the Parliamentary leaders;

they may be paralleled rather by the Telignis, La Nouës, and Duplessis Mornais; but the conduct of even the most honest section among the Huguenots shows that the violent and impulsive spirit of Aubigné prevailed among them rather than the calmer wisdom, consistent moderation, and love of order, of men like La Nouë or Duplessis Mornai. Among the opponents of

Charles I., the Eliots and Hutchinsons, perhaps, were few, but some share of the quiet resolution and self-restraint with which they pursued definite ends, of their aversion to violence and disorder further than was absolutely necessary for the attainment of those ends, was generally diffused among their party.—*National Review*.

THE GREEK HOME ACCORDING TO HOMER.

BY E. W. GODWIN.

IN a note at the end of the English translation of the *Odyssey* of Homer done by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang (p. 413) is an attempt to plan the house or hall of Odysseus.

The note is nominally on book xix.; but, as references are to be found in Homer to an architectural arrangement that seems to have been much the same whether the site were placed in Ithaca or elsewhere, I shall only take the home of Penelope as one among other illustrations.

The authors of the note in question endeavor to get at the plan of the house of the hero by following his movements, somewhat in this fashion: He stands by Argos, the dog which lies before the doors that open either from the public way to the court or from the court to the hall. He follows the swineherd into the house and sits down on the ashen threshold within the doors; there Telemachus sees him and, add our translators, sends him food from the high table at the other or upper end. Behind this high table doors open on passages leading to the women's rooms and to the store chamber. On the day of the slaughter the hero is called by Telemachus to this, the upper end of the hall. Here he places Odysseus, who thence slays the wooers. The translators, it is only fair to say, see the difficulty of this arrangement and the impossibility of reconciling with it the speech of Melanthius (xxii. 136). I would venture to add that the speech of Eurymachus is rendered equally unintelligible, for indeed the whole effort of the wooers (after a time) was to drive

the unconquerable slayer from the entrance doorway, so that some might pass him and go through the city to raise the cry.

Now, before we attempt anything like a plan of the Homeric house, let us look first at the descriptions given in the poem of houses other than that of Odysseus. In Nestor's house (book iii.) we find a gateway, an echoing corridor (all Homer's corridors are echoing*) in which jointed bedsteads are set up for his unwed son and distinguished bachelor guests. Nestor himself sleeps within the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and at dawn we see him seated on two polished, white, glistening stones before the lofty doors.

In the house of Menelaus (book iv.) we have again the bedsteads set out beneath the corridor. There are stalls for the horses, but no coach-house, for we find the inlaid car or chariot tilted against the shining faces (the broad stone piers) of the gateway.

Most of the house is covered with plates of silver, gold, bronze, amber, and ivory, so that the place gleams with the light as it were of sun or moon. There is a treasure chamber, to which descend both Menelaus and Helen, whose bed is in the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and this chamber is vaulted and scented.†

The palace of King Alcinoüs (books vi. and vii.) reveals a courtyard, the usual corridor, a great, high-roofed, col-

* Loud-sounding—*ἐρίδοντος*.

† Fragrant or scented chambers were probably so called from having cedar wood used in their construction. See *Iliad*, xxiv. 191.

umned chamber or hall, passing through which, we reach the pillared inner room, where the thrones are, and where the queen sits weaving in the light of the fire, and beyond this is the king's bedroom. The floor of the hall is of bronze; the walls are brazen and surmounted with a dark frieze; the doors and the door hooks are golden, the lintel and door posts of silver set on a brazen threshold. Against the walls are seats where the chieftains sit to eat and drink. Outside the courtyard, close by the gate, is a great garden of tall fruit trees hedged on either side, and there we find two fountains, one for the garden and the other for the palace, for, after running beneath the threshold of the courtyard, it issues by the lofty house whither the people come to draw water.

The house of Circe (book x.) is built of polished stone, has shining doors, a great hall and a flat house-top, without parapet, reached by a ladder.

The farmhouse of Laertes (book xxiv.) is surrounded by the huts wherein the thralls dwell, eat and sleep.

Here and there are isolated references that have a bearing on the subject; thus (book iv.) we have a watch tower in Agamemnon's palace. Round the city of King Alcinous is a high wall with towers (book vi.), and in the house of Æolus folk sit on the threshold by the pillars of the door (book x.).

Now let us turn to the house of Odysseus. Here, as in the others, we have an outer courtyard, a corridor, a lofty house containing a hall and inner rooms, but the inmost room is curiously built round a tree, and there are upper chambers, among which are a treasury and armory (two store-rooms), as well as a vaulted treasure house and a tholos, translated by our authors "kitchen dome," but which was possibly a family mausoleum, as the cooking seems to have been done in the hall.

This general arrangement, which Homer, as we have seen, constantly gives, appears to have been not unlike some of the Egyptian temples: that of Talmis, for instance, founded by Amenophis the Second and restored under the Ptolemies, a plain, simple example, the study of which will help us in forming an idea of the Homeric palace.

The world-renowned house at Ithaca is described in scattered detail through many books of the *Odyssey*. Gathering these descriptions together and keeping before us the accounts already given of other Homeric houses, we shall arrive, I trust, at a ground plan and view that will bear at least the stamp of likelihood. First, then, at the hall feasted—accepting the poet literally—108 princely wooers besides strangers; the household included fifty maids, twelve mill women, and ten serving men, to say nothing of the many other attendants necessary, and the host of unnecessary hangers-on; when besides all this we have to make room for an enormous live stock of poultry, mules, goats, and kine—although I do not know Ithaca nor whether any foundations remain of this famed palace—I think that we should not be doing justice to its dimensions if we put down the enclosure at anything much less than 200 by 400 feet. This enclosure was fenced by a lofty, well-built stone wall surmounted by a battlement (xvii.). The great courtyard probably occupied about one-half the site; the entrance to this was by folding doors in the centre of the end wall, and the three sides of the court formed by the outer walls—perhaps also the side against the house—were occupied by a corridor covered possibly by a flat roof, serving on three sides as a walk behind the battlements and reached by a postern gate from the hall. This corridor would toward the court present the appearance of a series of pillars and lintels enclosed by skins or thick curtains when the beds were set up. Fenced in by hurdles or whitethorn, the live stock would be tethered in those portions of the corridor nearest the gateway. Here too, taking up their lodging with the beasts, would be found the herdsmen, the laborer and the old Greek equivalent to the modern frequenter of the tap room and stable. Such a corridor would possibly be from ten to twelve feet wide, and from eight to twelve feet high.

The great gateway does not appear to have been large enough to drive a chariot through, for we have seen that even in the luxurious palace of Menelaus the chariot was tilted like an Irish car against the piers of the gateway.

The doors, we are told, were folding

or double, and for the general form of the outer entrance we may well accept the gate of the lions at Mycenæ. Outside this gate, piled against the walls, were heaps of manure and house refuse, and on one side or in front of the gate—on the other side of the road so to speak—was an open green sward where the wooers took their pleasure in outdoor games, and when wearied retired to the cool shelter of corridor or awning, where they played at draughts, sitting on hides of oxen spread on the great threshold. This threshold of the hall or inner entrance was no doubt large and well paved,* and the gates turned on pivots, but the rest of the floor of the court and corridors, except under the altar, was only of earth. In the centre of the quadrangle stood a well-wrought altar dedicated to Zeus. This, I conclude, was fenced in, for we read that boars freely roamed the courtyard, feeding on what scraps they could find, and the altar, it is fair to assume, would scarcely be exposed to them.

Opposite the great gates, and forming the fourth side of the courtyard, rose the house itself, consisting, broadly speaking, of two parts—first, the lofty and pillared hall, and second the private apartments at the rear of it in two stories, “building upon building.” At one side between the house and the wall of enclosure were low buildings devoted to the different offices—the mills, the bakehouse, etc. The great room or hall was entered from the court by wide folding doors (xvii.), and may have had a corridor or portico in front. All the pillars were squared of cypress wood and supported lintels or beams of pine, and on these rested cross beams to the aisles jutting out into the central space which was covered by a flat roof at a higher level than the aisle roof.

This central space had no better floor than the bare earth, but the aisles, which I believe extended all round the four sides of the hall, were evidently fairly

floored and raised a step or two above the earthen floor, the spaces in the doorways being of stone and the rest possibly of ash. “The fair spaces between the pillars,” more than once mentioned, can, I think, be nothing else but the fair floor space of the aisles or inmost parts of the hall as distinguished from the wide central earthen space.*

The high seats or couches of the wooers would thus be placed against the walls, as in the palace of King Alcinous, and before them would be set small circular, square, or oblong tables easily moved and convertible at a moment’s notice into shields or bucklers. We shall find also in the treasury a raised floor on which the coffer stands ranged against the walls, like the seats of the wooers in the hall.

I cannot recognize in the descriptions taken together any arrangement like that of a college hall, with a dais at one end for the “high seat,” such as Messrs. Butcher and Lang take for an illustration. At the further end of the hall—that is, in the wall opposite the entrance—a door led into the inner chamber or the women’s room, the stairs leading to the upper story being close inside this door. In the body of the hall three braziers were lighted toward evening, to give warmth and light. Beyond the inner chamber was yet another room, called the inmost chamber; this was the bedroom of the chief or master. Here in Ithaca it was a curious and somewhat exceptional room, possibly circular and detached, or semidetached, built of stones set round about an olive tree that grew in the inner court, well roofed over and having close-fitting doors. How far this was removed, if at all, from the house proper does not appear, but it is quite an exceptional way of constructing the room which in other Homeric houses is described as the innermost or the back room of the house.

The vaulted treasure chamber at Ithaca, like that in the palace of Menelaus,

* The usual threshold of an Irish cabin is an enormous slab of stone with a good fall outward. The Greek word *οὐδὲς* in Homer means something more than a mere door-sill, as the word *threshold* in its modern usage implies. I take it to mean the whole of the floor or paved space in the doorway or passage whereon the door is set. Thus the *οὐδὲς* of the gate of the lions at Mycenæ is about 10 feet by 8.

* The *μεσόδμαι* may be only the wrought wooden steps between the pillars. Anyhow, as in *Od. xx. 354* they appear with the walls to be sprinkled with blood, I am disinclined to regard *μεσόδμαι* as overhead or roof beams. The cross plank of a ship (the *μεσόδμης* of *Od. ii. 424*) in relation to its mast is more like the step on which the columns rest than the beam they support.

is approached by descending or stepping down. Menelaus is described as going down to his fragrant treasure chamber,* and Telemachus steps down into his father's vaulted treasure house.† Whether this spacious store-room was entirely underground or only partly so is a question, but, as a place of security, it ought perhaps to be regarded as wholly below the surface. It was entered by close-fitting folding doors with well-fitted doorposts set in a threshold of oak planed cunningly; and its general form is possibly to be seen in the treasure or tomb house of Atreus. At the back of the palace was a garden or private court for the use only of the master and the women of his household.

Going back to the hall, we find that against one of the pillars is a polished spear stand; but spears were also sometimes set against the tall pillars or piers of the entrance doorway (xvii.). In the hall too was the usual place of the weapons of war: the spears bristled in their stands, while the shields, bows, and helmets were probably suspended from pins in the pillars. These, by order of Odysseus, his son removed before the day of slaughter, on the pretence that they were being damaged by the vapor of the fire, a most natural excuse, seeing the proximity of the pillars to the braziers. And here I would note the air of severe economy that obtains in the hall of Odysseus. The cypress wood of the pillars is deftly planed and made straight, but not overlaid with bronze or plates of silver, or inlay of gold, amber, or ivory, as in the house of Menelaus. We have here nothing of the costly metallic sheen that Homer spreads over the house of Alcinous. The hall of the great Odysseus is spacious, is well and truly built, but, with the exception of a few thresholds of stone, there is nothing to show that it is built of aught but the simplest materials—e.g. cypress for the piers, pine for the roof and walls,‡ ash for the

floors of the raised aisles, and earth for the central floor. Indeed, throughout the whole account of the palace there is a very noticeable absence of words denoting display of wealth. There is a silver handle to the door of the chamber of Telemachus, on the upper floor of the house. For the treasure chamber there is a key of bronze with an ivory handle (the ivory overlaid, I fancy), and the folding doors are shining—i.e. either of polished wood or overlaid with metal in bands arranged like the Bala-wat gates. For the rest all is well built; the doors fit closely, the pillars and thresholds are cunningly planed and straight as a line: in brief, the workmanship is as good and as knowing as it can be, and the proportions possibly excellent, but there is no luxury, no grand display of costly material in the building itself. Herein is a lesson for us of the nineteenth century, if we could but learn it.

Two features in the hall yet remain to be described, the postern and the windows as exhibited in book xxii. The postern (*δροσθύρη*) is raised above the floor, and leads into an open passage, closed by well-fitted folding doors. This postern the swineherd is set to guard, because through it is the only approach by which relief can come to the wooers from outside, seeing that the mighty Odysseus is guarding the main entrance. One of the wooers calls for some one to "climb" to this postern and "give word to the people," but he is answered that such an attempt would be useless, for the doors toward the court (i.e. the main entrance doors of the hall, where Odysseus stood) are grievously near to the postern, so that the entry to the passage is perilous, and "one man would keep back a host." I take it this postern was at the side, as one stood within the main door looking into the hall, that it was pierced in the side wall, was reached by a straight flight of steps or ladder, and opened out either directly or by an open passage to the battlements of the outer wall above the corridor of the great court. From this height a few steps would bring us to the flat roof of the aisle of the hall, by which access could easily be gained to the high or first floor over the women's rooms at the back of the

* *Αἰτὸς δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσσο κήνεντα.*—*Od.* xv. 99.

† *Ἔς φάν' ὁ δ' ὑπόροφον θάλαμον κατεβήσσο πατρός.*—*Od.* ii. 337.

‡ Book xxii. The ashen spear thrown by one of the wooers sticks fast in the walls. The walls might, however, have been lined with wood to a certain height.

hall. In support of this flat roof we recall the forest dwelling of Circe and the death of the young Elpenor, who, heavy with wine, lying apart from the rest on the housetop, was startled by the noise of his fellows, leaped suddenly up, and, forgetting where he was, instead of descending by the tall ladder, fell from the roof and broke his neck.

We have yet to deal with another part of the hall. In the 22nd book, Telemachus, standing with his father on the great threshold on the raised floor, and just within the main entrance doors, says that he will fetch armor for his father, himself, and the two herdsmen. Thereupon he went forth by the chamber where his famous weapons were lying, but on leaving the chamber he omitted to shut and fasten the door. Melanthius, the goatherd, guessing at or seeing this, offers to fetch armor for the wooers, and forthwith climbs up by the windows of the hall to the inner chambers. Here he finds, as he supposed, the door open, and is able to secure twelve sets of armor. These delivered in the hall, he climbs up again to fetch another batch, but his intention being anticipated by the swineherd, the latter with the neatherd is sent by Odysseus to intercept the traitor. So the two herds went forth to the chamber, and found Melanthius seeking for the armor in "the secret place of the chamber," and they stood one on either side of the door waiting for him. Laden with helmets and shields, the traitor is caught as he is crossing the threshold, dragged in by the hair, bound hand and foot, and then hoisted "up the lofty pillar" by means of a rope to near the roof beams until the slaughter of the wooers should be completed.

Now where was this armory? and what were the approaches used by Telemachus and the faithful herds on the one hand and by the traitor Melanthius on the other? It will be remembered by the reader of Homer that Odysseus became somewhat alarmed when he saw the wooers arming themselves with the first lot of armor, and immediately thought either that one of the women had turned traitor or that it was the work of Melanthius. If we take the section of the hall to be like that of the

south temple at Karnac, Homer's description becomes clear.

Telemachus ascends the postern steps and gains the flat roof of the aisle, traverses the whole length of this until he reaches the building of two stories containing the private apartments at the other end of the hall. Here, opening on to the flat roof by a doorway, is the chamber or wardrobe where a certain amount of armor has been stored. But as Telemachus ran along this roof-flat he passed the windows of the hall set in a kind of clerestory, and was spied by Melanthius, who after the return of Telemachus to the hall climbed to one of the windows, no doubt by one of the pillars in the upper end or side of the hall, and got out on the roof just by the door Telemachus in his haste had left open.

Apart from the dimensions of a building necessary to accommodate the number of Penelope's wooers, the castle of Odysseus on the Acropolis at Ithaca, according to Homer, can easily be traced in the general design of the minor temple palaces of Egypt, particularly in that of Kalapsche (ancient Talmis), which, though of Ptolemaic or Roman work, is acknowledged to be a restoration of a building designed in the time of Amenophis II. If we take away the pylons and change the back room to the particular form Homer gives to the bedroom of Odysseus, we can trace almost everything else the poet describes, and we have only to substitute for the thick inner walls of the Egyptian example the wooden framework of which Homeric palaces within the outer fortified enclosure were usually made, to complete the plan of Penelope's home.

Hirt's conjectural ground-plan of the Homeric house, which I have seen since writing the foregoing, is founded also on the Egyptian type, but has a much much civilized arrangement than I think warranted by the text. There is a stable court and separate stables and coach houses, and the corridor surrounding the great court is merely a covered way opening into chambers for guests and sons on one side and the mills on the other.

I have also read, since my notes were

in type, the account given by Dr. W. Dörpfeld of the excavations on the Acropolis of Tiryns.* Extremely interesting as these are, I cannot reconcile the complex ground-plan there exhibited with that indicated in Homer as the house of the Anax. In the *Odyssey* the women's rooms, for example, are always entered *through* the men's hall (τὸ μέγαρον), and the movements of the *dramatis personæ* cannot be followed if a plan like that at Tiryns be adopted.

Tiryns seems to me to be thoroughly Eastern. It has its seraglio and its harem, and in some leading and peculiar features it is certainly curiously like the arrangement in the palace of Sargon,† although somewhat difficult to compare with it, for the harem court alone of the

Assyrian king is equal to the entire fortress of the Tyrant or the Phœnician merchant who founded Tiryns, either one or the other of whom would have been imbued with Asiatic manners, keeping his concubines in seclusion, and demanding a plan such as that supplied at Tiryns, but quite unnecessary to the chieftain living the simple domestic life described by Homer.

The words—

Ἰσκα μάλα μεγάρου διελθέμεν, δόρ' ἐν ἱκται
Μητέρ' ἐμήν—(*Od.* vi. 304).

and the passage in book vii. 133–141 should be enough to warn us against accepting the Asiatic ground-plan of Tiryns for the Homeric house.—*Nineteenth Century*.

LITERARY IMPRESSIONISTS.

IN writing last week of the very great difficulty of observing and recording what passes before the eyes in travel, we spoke of a literary impressionist as of the most rare as well as the most useful of travellers, for through his eyes non-travelling readers really get what it is most difficult of all to get,—a view as in a mirror of the most interesting elements of the scenes which passed before the traveller's eyes. But "literary impressionism" is not limited to records of travel or of observation of any kind. No one can read the literature of the day without seeing how much larger a surface year by year, even of the region of poetry and of creative fiction, the impressionist school takes up. By the impressionist school in literature, we mean the school which tries to constitute the poem or the tale as nearly as possible of the living impressions of susceptible human beings,—to tell its story in a linked series of pictures, such as a few pairs of penetrating and sensitive eyes, with eager and lively hearts to make them at once observant and retentive of all the characteristic elements of human life, would be able to register. The impressionist school in English poetry dates back at least as

far as Alexander Smith. Tennyson himself, though all his greater poems are much more than linked beads of personal impression, has contributed more to its popularity, probably, than any other great poet. "A Dream of Fair Women" is very much more than a richly embossed string of poetical impressions; but it is that too. But in poems of much less magnificence than "A Dream of Fair Women," in such poems as "The Gardener's Daughter," for instance, to which Tennyson gives the second name of "The Pictures,"—not referring solely, we imagine, to the pictures of Juliet and the gardener's daughter, which are nominally the occasions of the poem, but also to the fact that he had consciously linked together in it as many vivid impressions as he could of the loveliness of spring and youth,—you see the pure "impressionist" school at its highest and best:—

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And sitting muffled in dark leaves you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass washed by a slow broad
stream,

That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies and creeps on
Barge-laden to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster towers.

* Dr. H. Schliemann's *Tiryns*. 1886.

† See Perrot et Chipiez, *Histoire de l'Art*, tome ii. fig. 196.

The fields between
Are dewy fresh, browsed by deep-uttered
kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous
wings.

All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large
cloud
Drew downward ; but all else of heaven was
pure
Up to the sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel. And
now

As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its
sound

(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these)
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedgerow cuts the pathway,
stood

Leaning his horns into the neighbor field
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
That happy home the ground. To left and
right

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills ;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm ;
The redcap whistled, and the nightingale
Sang loud as tho' he were the bird of day."

Purely impressionist poetry can hardly
go higher than that. Tennyson, who
is far more than an impressionist, often
rises much higher ; but here you have
the impressionist school at its best and
richest. You have in it all the "atmos-
phere" of feeling, all the subtle com-
plexity of perception and impression,
which impressionist poets so dearly love.
If we had to illustrate the influence of
the same school in fiction again at its
best, we should go to Miss Thackeray.
Take this, for instance, from "The Vil-
lage on the Cliff :"—

"Courseulles, where the oysters are pre-
served, and where the establishment is situated
of which poor Fontaine spoke with so much
enthusiasm, is a dreary little tumble-down vil-
lage of odds and ends ; of broken barrels, torn
garments, oyster-heaps, and swinging shutters,
standing upon the border of a great mud-
marsh, which at low water reaches out for a
mile or more to meet a gray and turbid sea.
The oysters are sorted out in long tanks, ac-
cording to size, and fatten undisturbed, and in
their places, round a little counting-house
which stands in the middle of these calm and
melancholy waters. The shutters swing, in the
village a child or two turns over the oyster-
heaps, the ragged garments flutter in the wind.
It is not a place likely to attract mere pleasure-
seekers, and yet, as Dominique, the day after
that little conversation at Richmond, comes

leading the horse out of the stable of the inn
at Courseulles, he meets a gentleman who has
ridden over from Petitport upon M. de Tracy's
bay mare, and who quietly asks him to see to
the horse, and to tell him where Mademoiselle
Chrétien is to be found. 'Mademoiselle is in
the counting-house,' says Dominique, staring
and grinning, and showing his great red gums ;
and Richard, for it is Richard of course, makes
his way across the desolate waste between the
inn and the oyster-tanks, and opens a gate for
himself, and walks along a narrow, raised path-
way leading to the little counting-house. Be-
fore Butler could reach the door it opened, and
Reine came out and stood for an instant look-
ing at the great waste where the dredgers were
at work, and where a dirty red gleam of sunset
was glaring upon the mud. She sighed, and
then she turned suddenly, feeling, as people
do, that some one was watching her. Some
one ! She turned and looked with a quick,
sudden motion, and then, although she stood
quite still, all her heart seemed to go out to
welcome the one person in the whole world she
most wearied for, and least thought she should
see ever again. She did not speak, but some-
how she was in his arms, and her wondering,
tender, passionate eyes were recounting si-
lently all the story of the long sad months
through which she had waited ; and as Dick
looked at her, when he saw her sweet face
once more, the dreary marshes, the falling
houses, seemed to be touched with some bright-
est and most sudden brilliance. Everything
was plain to them both."

There, again, you have the whole "at-
mosphere" of feeling at its vividest, all
its little ripples and eddies of associa-
tion, all that fine framework for emotion
which few observe and fewer retain, and
which nevertheless constitutes so large a
part of its freshness and vivacity.

But essential as the plastic mind of
the impressionist is to many kinds of
poetry and to the emotional side of fic-
tion, we do not hesitate to say that,
partly from one cause and partly from
another, the impressionists are affecting
very injuriously the literature of the
day. With all her skill, Miss Thack-
eray has undoubtedly sacrificed too
much to her delicate feeling for moral
atmosphere in some of her later works,
—not certainly in "The Village on the
Cliff," but in "Old Kensington," and
other later productions. The conse-
quence of the excess of this impression-
ist element in fiction is that we do not
see distinctly the narrative, nor even the
characters from whose lives and actions
the narrative ought to spring. As in
some landscapes in which effects of
cloud prevail over all other effects, the
total impression left upon the mind is

vague, shadowy, or perhaps prismatic, but one without that depth of shadow and sharpness of outline, which are necessary in order that either poetry or fiction or any kind of imaginative literature, except perhaps the literature in which pictorial effects alone are wanted, may really take a strong hold of the sympathies and stimulate them into higher and nobler activity. We have noticed in another place one of the most recent efforts of the impressionist school in fiction, Mr. Sherburne Hardy's "Wind of Destiny," a story in which there is certainly a spark of genius, but in which that spark of genius is almost lost in the rapid and almost incoherent succession of waves of vague intellectual, moral, and sensuous impression. Yet Mr. Sherburne Hardy is, we believe, a distinguished Transatlantic mathematician with a keenly scientific mind, who, when he plunges into the world of fiction, though he takes for himself a philosophical thread for his story, indulges so lavishly in the luxury of stringing together reveries of personal feeling, that he only just succeeds in bringing here and there out of the troubled mist two or three vivid faces, with two or three vivid expressions chasing each other over those faces.

One great cause of the prevalence of the impressionist school is the loss of distinct standards of thought and judgment. This makes it very difficult to tell a story well, so as to excite the higher sympathies of the reader. In the modern wealth of moral analogies, the modern uncertainty of moral aim, and the modern vacillation as to moral ideal, which mark the present day, the subtler writers of fiction hardly venture to hold up any character to scorn on the one hand, or to reverence on the other. They have not made up their own minds as to what they shall admire, what they shall detest, what they shall excuse, and what they shall commiserate. So they take refuge in conveying only the mixed impressions made on some one plastic fancy by what takes place, that one being usually so selected that it does not help the reader at all to a due discrimination of what is noble and ignoble in the action of the story. This is not, we think, a fortunate condition of things for the higher efforts

either of the poet or the novelist. In the highest imaginative efforts, fixed standards are almost essential to success. Even George Eliot suffered by the deep vacillation in her own mind as to the degree in which she could regard her characters as responsible for what they did. You see in the super-subtleties of "Daniel Deronda," and in a less degree even in those of "Middlemarch," nay, in the rather wearisome analysis with which many of the most powerful chapters in "Adam Bede" and in "Romola" open, how that great imaginative writer was bewildered by the uncertainty of her own philosophy. Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen, who never troubled themselves to analyze the conventional ideas of their days, traced the action of character on character with a far firmer and stronger hand, than almost any of our modern novelists, not excluding even Thackeray himself. For the impressionist school has grown in importance almost *pari passu* with the growth of moral doubt, and with the disposition to attenuate the guilt of everything that is evil under the influence of a theory which reduces to a minimum, or wholly exhales the significance of moral responsibility. And so, too, the difficulty in attaining intellectual truth has led men, as it leads Mr. Sherburne Hardy, to treat all forms of human intellect as affording only quite untrustworthy glimpses of the infinite ocean of creative force. Of course, writers with such views, though they may portray certain aspects of mind and character deftly and vividly enough, cannot furnish coherent conceptions of the true power of either intellectual or moral character. "Impressionism" is one of the many results of the agnosticism, or pantheism, or positivism, of the age,—that is, the natural reflection in literature of the general collapse of dogmatic and moral and spiritual conviction. If you can interest men by telling them, with great picturesqueness, how somebody felt on a particular occasion, without committing yourself to any sort of judgment on his feeling, then that is the natural resource of a literary man who is not at all sure how he ought to have felt, or how far he could have helped feeling exactly as he did.—*Spectator*.

SERMONS AND THEIR HEARERS.

THERE are no doubt many intermediate gradations between the Oxford don of a former generation who always took a long country walk on Sundays, instead of going to St. Mary's, because he "preferred sermons from stones to sermons from sticks," and the Northern Farmer, who "hallus comed to 's choorch" to hear the parson, albeit

I niver knaw'd what a meán'd, but I thowt a
'ad summut to saáy,
An' I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said, an'
I comed awaáy.

There are many occult sympathizers with the Oxford tutor who would scruple to follow his example openly, and many more who are less frank in their avowal of motives. Nor is it easy to define very sharply the line of duty in the matter, as far as any ecclesiastical obligation is concerned. Our godfathers and godmothers at our baptism were indeed charged to "call upon" us "to hear sermons," but then their responsibilities are supposed to end when their godchild is confirmed, and there is no intimation of any such duty in the final Exhortation addressed either to the sponsors or the new baptized persons themselves in the Office for the Baptism of Adults. It used to be a frequent complaint of the early Tractarians that people had learned to disparage the Church service and cared for nothing but the sermon. "Pray, Madam," says the high church rector, in one of the popular religious tales of that day, to a lady who had rustled into church toward the close of the Second Lesson resplendent in silks and satins, "what is your view of the Church Prayers?" "I consider them, sir, as most people do," is her reply, "a very suitable preface to the sermon." It can hardly be denied that the conduct both of service and sermon has been considerably levelled up, so to say, since then; but it appears that now the opposite fault is charged on worshippers of caring only for the service and neglecting the sermon. So at least we are led to infer from a curious little episode reported two or three weeks ago in the papers to have taken place at St. James's, Piccadilly. It appears that

the Rector addressed the congregation on the impropriety of a custom which had lately sprung up of walking out of church just as the sermon was beginning, and requested that those who did not wish to hear it would at least spare the feelings of the preacher by taking their departure before he entered the pulpit. As regards that little point of detail Mr. Kempe was clearly in the right. To make a rule of leaving the church when Mr. Smith mounts the pulpit stairs, while you always remain to "sit under" Mr. Jones, is, to say the least, discourteous. In these days moreover preachers are often advertised beforehand, and when that is done people can of course make their arrangements accordingly. But the little incident at St. James's opens out a wider question than as to the precise moment for retiring when you wish to avoid "a painful preacher," and it has not unnaturally been made the theme of a lively and somewhat animated correspondence in the *Guardian*, diverging, as might be expected, occasionally into irrelevant issues. It is elaborately argued for instance by one learned correspondent that "in the Eastern and Western Church alike the whole congregation should *assist* at the whole of the Mass, whether they communicate or not"—a moot point hotly discussed between rival theologians, which we have no sort of intention of meddling with here—and therefore ought not to go out before the sermon. All it concerns us to observe on that matter is that to raise the question at all in the present connection betrays an entire *ignoratio elenchi*, and only serves to illustrate a very pertinent fact which should be emphasized, viz. that the sermon is not an integral part of the Eucharistic or any other service, but a separable adjunct. Those who hold it a duty "to assist at Mass" every Sunday, whether in East or West, would have good right to complain—and we may be pretty sure Roman Catholics would complain loudly—if they could not discharge this obligation without also hearing a sermon every time, whether they wished or not. In fact, as Continental travellers are well

aware, sermons are often preached in foreign Cathedrals before or after the High Mass, instead of during the service; in the Eastern Church, if we are not misinformed, the knot of the difficulty is cut in more summary fashion by never preaching at all; that would hardly do in England. Here no doubt sermons are associated usually with a service of some kind, whether in the morning or evening, though it is common enough to have services without any such appendage. And as to the merits of these discourses there would seem, judging from the various opinions of the correspondents already referred to, to be a wide diversity of judgment. "Critic," for instance, thinks that the average Sunday sermon is both in matter and form vastly superior to the recent orations of the Duke of St. Albans and Lord Bramwell in the House of Lords on the Wife's Sister Bill; "the former literally gibbed at almost every third word," while "Lord Bramwell was even more trying." On the other hand, another—and a clerical—correspondent thinks "at least half the clergy should be forbidden ever to preach again," which might be true enough if the demand for sermons was limited by the capacity of preachers. But in country parishes at all events the clergy still often complain that they cannot gather a congregation without a sermon.

To enter on a lengthened discussion of the average merit of the preaching in English churches would be an invidious and not very profitable task. We have already expressed our belief—which will not probably be seriously disputed—that a great improvement has taken place in this respect during the last forty or fifty years. The appearance half a century ago of successive volumes of Dr. Newman's *Parochial Sermons* preached at St. Mary's, Oxford—which moreover were addressed to an audience largely composed of future clergymen—is said in itself to have done much to raise the standard of ordinary preaching, by familiarizing both preachers and hearers with the idea that something more is required in a sermon than to be "on the side of religion and virtue." Preachers of a very different theological type from his, like Robertson of Brighton—who had himself been one of New-

man's hearers at Oxford—carried out this higher ideal of pulpit oratory in their own way. The Evangelicals had been supposed, and had always ostentatiously claimed, to have a monopoly of "preaching the Gospel" in the English Church, but their "pulpit ministrations" at last became intolerably wearisome even to their own disciples, from their always harping on one string, and in the present day there is hardly a single preacher of any high repute or popularity who does not belong to a very different school of thought. Be the excellence of sermons what it may however, there does not seem to be much advantage in inflicting them upon those who do not wish to listen. Worship is one thing and instruction another, though the two may very easily and appropriately be combined, and there is no obvious reason why all worshippers should be compelled as a necessary condition to hear a sermon at the same time. On the other hand there are those who may wish to hear a great preacher without taking part at the same time in a long service. The "Conferences" of Lacordaire, Ravignan, and other famous French preachers at Notre Dame were delivered independently of any religious function, and it is hard to see why a similar custom should not be followed in our English cathedrals; indeed, if we are not mistaken, it has been tried in some of them at special seasons like Lent and Advent with entire success. But assuming that as a general rule preaching will continue to be associated with a devotional office, which is perhaps on the whole the arrangement best adapted to the exigencies of the ordinary English worshipper, it by no means follows that the two must be regarded as inseparable. It is not every one even among regular churchgoers who shares Dr. Watts's yearning for a dispensation "when congregations ne'er go out, and Sabbaths never end." Whether by ringing a bell for a few minutes, as is done in some churches, or merely by interposing a hymn or a voluntary, an opportunity might be given for all who so desire either to enter or to quit the church. That preachers who are worth their salt would in any case fail to command an attentive audience we do not for a moment believe, and they would gain the

satisfaction of knowing that they were regarded by all present as the instructors, not the jailers, of their audience.

Milman asserts that the "sacerdotal Christianity" of the middle ages disdained and almost dropped preaching; "the only teaching of the people was the ritual." And he adds that preaching, thus ignored by the Church, became the mark and the strength of all the sects and all the heresiarchs. There is a certain plausibility in this statement, but it has to be balanced by the important counterstatement of the rise and enormous influence of the two great preaching Orders of Dominicans and Franciscans in the thirteenth century. And Christianity was what Milman calls "sacerdotal" in the ancient as well as the mediæval Church, but it clearly did not dream of ignoring the powerful machinery of the pulpit in that age, as neither do the most sacerdotal forms of modern Christianity, excepting, as was before mentioned, in the Eastern Church, once illustrated by the marvellous eloquence of Chrysostom and Cyril and Basil and the two Gregories. Several of the leading Fathers both in East and West were also among the most famous preachers of their day, and the sermons of St. Ambrose and St. Leo may still be read—and might with very little revision be preached—with edification to a modern audience. Neander, who has small sympathy with "sacerdotalism" of any kind, maintains that in the East especially there was a tendency to give undue prominence to the rhetorical and didactic as distinct from the liturgical aspect of public worship, and hence "the church would be thronged when some famous speaker was to be heard, while only a few remained behind when the sermon was ended and the Church prayers followed." And he quotes St. Chrysostom's testimony, who represents people as saying, "We can only hear sermons at church, but we can pray just as well at home." And hence again there grew up an unseemly habit of cultivating a theatrical and sensational style of preach-

ing, and a still more unseemly custom of noisily applauding eloquent passages in a sermon. It is curious to learn that at Constantinople then, as now in London, shorthand writers were often employed in taking down the discourses of celebrated preachers for subsequent circulation. Then too, as now, some preachers read their discourses straight off a manuscript; others learned them by heart, like the French preachers of the seventeenth century; others again had notes, and there were some who dispensed with any such aids and simply spoke extempore. This seems to have been St. Augustine's usual practice. At a later date Charlemagne urged on his bishops the importance of preaching, probably acting by the advice of his chief religious counsellor, Alcuin, who observes in a letter to Theodulph, Archbishop of Orleans, that, as the royal crown is adorned with gems, faithful preaching ought to be the ornament of the archiepiscopal pallium. In another letter, addressed to the people of Canterbury, he urges them to secure the services of many preachers, "lest the fountains of truth be dried up among you." Elsewhere he refers to a custom prevalent at the time of reading homilies of the Fathers in church on Sundays and festivals. Contemporary synods and bishops also enjoined this duty of preaching on the clergy with a persistency which shows that it was already beginning to be neglected. However we cannot now stay to trace out the history of the pulpit in successive ages of Christian history. But it may be said with substantial accuracy that a recognition or disregard of its importance, as an element of the public religious observances of the Church, supplies a fair measure of the average spiritual vitality of this or that particular period or locality. And of this we have a conspicuous example in the religious stagnation which for centuries has been the standing reproach of the original home and centre of theological and devotional energy, in Eastern Christendom.—*Saturday Review*.

A MYSTERIOUS CITY.

IN a short time the mysterious capital of mysterious Thibet will be a mystery no longer. The despatches of the other day tell of the expedition, with botanists, topographers, surveyors, and other inquiring persons, which is preparing at Darjeeling, on the borders of the Himalayas, to travel through Sikkim and Thibet to Lhasa, on a mission from the Empress of India to the Grand Lama. Mr. Colman Macaulay, its leader, will no doubt gaze upon the face of this divine being, and thus be blessed as no European of this generation has been. How securely the "Abode of Snow," as Thibet has been called, has been closed against the outer world is evident from the fact that no European alive has ever seen the great city of Lhasa, and no Englishman, except one, has ever seen it. The Jesuit missionaries, with their ardor, their indomitable courage, and their contempt of danger, frequently visited Thibet between the beginning of the seventeenth and the middle of the present century; the Abbé Huc, who resided there for a short time in 1846, was the last European who saw Lhasa, and he has left us an account of the city in his remarkable story of his travels. Subsequently, one of the native explorers trained by the Indian Survey Department, who have long wandered through Indian geography in a spectral fashion, with initials or numbers in place of names, visited Lhasa twice in disguise, once in 1866 and again in 1874. "A," as this explorer was styled, who died in 1882, and is now generally known as the Pundit Nain Singh, is our principal authority on the geography of Thibet; up to his time even the latitude and longitude of Lhasa were uncertain; its population is still unknown, and is variously estimated at anything between forty thousand and eighty thousand. Nevertheless, in almost every point of view, it is perhaps the most remarkable of all the remarkable Central Asian cities. It is situated in a valley 12,000 ft. above the level of the sea; it is therefore the most elevated city in the world, and it is probably also, on account of the lofty mountains which surround it, the most difficult of access. It is also one of the

most important trading centres between China and the Caspian, for it is the entrepot of the trade of the whole eastern part of Central Asia, and is the goal of traders from Yunnan and Szechu'an, from Cashmere, Nepaul, and Bhutan, and from Western Mongolia and the whole of Thibet. Moreover, if priests made holiness, Lhasa would be the holiest city that ever existed, for it is a huge monastery, or rather a congeries of monasteries, some of which contain thousands of priests or lamas. In eleven of these lamasseries in and around Lhasa there are, according to recent authorities, 20,400 monks; and as these are supposed to be celibate, there is an air of truth about the Chinese adage that Lhasa is inhabited by lamas, strumpets, and dogs. This holy character attaching to the city has made it a Central Asian Mecca, and at certain seasons of the year it is crowded by the pilgrims of a hundred tribes and races. It is, therefore, the more surprising that only a single Englishman has ever succeeded in reaching it; and the present is a favorable opportunity for recalling this journey of three-quarters of a century ago.

Thomas Manning was the son of a Norfolk clergyman, and was born in 1772. After a distinguished career at Cambridge, he appears to have been seized with a desire to travel through China, and he began to study the Chinese language, in which ultimately he attained considerable proficiency. Charles Lamb, with whom he contracted a lasting friendship, and who long corresponded with him, endeavored to get him to abandon his whim. Lamb advises Manning to try and cure himself. "Take hellebore. Pray to avoid the fiend. Read no more books of voyages; they are nothing but lies;" and years afterward when Manning had returned to Canton from Lhasa, Lamb writes: "Still in China! Down with idols—Ching-chang-fo, and all his foolish priesthood. Come out of Babylon, O my friend!" In 1806 Manning set sail for the East India Company's factory in Canton, but he appears to have discovered that it was impossible to pen-

strate China and Central Asia from that point, probably on account of the suspicion with which the members of the factory were watched, and after about three years spent in improving his knowledge of Chinese, spoken and written, he proceeded to Calcutta to attempt to reach China from the side of India. He received no official recognition, which irritated him so much that he refused to give any account of his journey on his return, and the details did not see light until many years afterward, when a relative gave his manuscript diary to Mr. Clements Markham, who printed it in his work on Thibet published six or seven years ago. Accompanied, then, by a single Chinese servant, without encouragement from the successor of Warren Hastings, Manning began his adventurous journey. He left Rangpore in the autumn of 1811, and plunged into the colossal mountain ranges of Bhutan and Thibet. He travelled as a Tartar doctor, but it is not clear that his disguise was of much use to him, or that he would not have fared quite as well had he gone in his proper character.

Unfortunately, his diary is full of querulous complainings about his servant, the people he met, the ill treatment he received at various points, and gives little information on many subjects of great importance. However, in December he reached Lhasa, which he describes as a commonplace town. "The habitations," he says, "are begrimed with smut and dirt; the avenues are full of dogs, some growling and gnawing bits of hide which lie about in profusion, and emit a charnel-house smell; others limping and looking livid; others ulcerated; others starving and dying, and pecked at by the ravens; some dead and preyed upon. In short, everything seems mean and gloomy, and excites the idea of something unreal." Even the mirth of the inhabitants he thought dreamy and ghostly. But the palace of the Grand Lama, which was set on a high hill, struck him with surprise. The 17th of December, 1811, was a great day in Manning's calendar, for it was then that he was first presented to the Grand Lama, who was at this time seven years old. This child

seems to have strangely affected the traveller; "he had the simple and unaffected manners of a well-educated princely child. His face was, I thought, poetically and affectingly beautiful; he was of a gay and cheerful disposition; his beautiful mouth perpetually unbending into a graceful smile, which illuminated his whole countenance." And in another place he makes this entry: "1st Dec. 17th of 10th moon. This day I saluted thee, Grand Lama! Beautiful youth. Face poetically affecting; could have wept. Very happy to have seen him and his blessed smile. Hope often to see him again." Although Manning does not give a very glowing account of Lhasa, Huc, who saw the city more than thirty years after, speaks of its appearance as imposing and majestic, and dwells with enthusiasm on the multitude of aged trees which surround it with a garle of foliage, on the lofty white houses, etc. Manning remained in Lhasa until April, 1812, hoping that he would be allowed to travel by Sining into Szechu'an, and so through China to Canton, but the Chinese refused to permit this, and in June, 1812, he reached Bengal, after a journey which no Englishman had ever performed before, and which, notwithstanding the succeeding years of adventure and travel, no Englishman has ever performed yet. Mr. Macaulay, with his large train and with his letters from the Chinese Government, will, it may be hoped, succeed in gazing on the face of the Grand Lama, as the solitary Manning, with no resources but his own, did seventy-five years ago.

On his arrival at Calcutta, Manning refused to tell any one about his journey, and soon afterward returned to Canton. In 1817 he went with Lord Amherst's mission to Peking as interpreter, and subsequently returned to England, where he resided until his death in 1840. He lived in seclusion for the greater part of this period at Bexley and Dartford, leading a somewhat eccentric life. His library of Chinese books is now to be seen at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, in Albemarle Street.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

NELL GWYNN: PLAYER AND COURTIER.

BY J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY.

THE London playhouses which had been dismantled and closed during the Puritan period, reopened in the year of grace 1660, when Charles II. came back unto his own. Various troupes of performers then started into existence, and flourished until the end of the year, when their number was limited to two companies for which royal patents were granted respectively to Thomas Killigrew, an excellent wit and merry courtier, and Sir William Davenant, a man of parts and a lover of pleasure. The players Killigrew selected were known as the king's company; those who entertained the town under Davenant's management were called the Duke of York's company.

The latter opened a theatre in Salisbury Court on November 15th, 1660. Killigrew's company performed in Gibbon's Tennis Court, near Clare Market, whilst a new house was being built for them in Drury Lane, to which they removed in April, 1663. The members of the king's troupe were enrolled on the list of the royal household establishment, styled in warrants gentlemen of the Great Chamber, and habited in liveries of scarlet cloth and silver lace.

Until the year 1661 actresses had not been permitted to appear upon the English stage; their parts being heretofore "represented by men in the habits of women." In the last month but one of the year 1629 (during the reign of Charles I.) a company of French players had striven to establish themselves in Blackfriars, when actresses were seen for the first time in England. According to Prynne's *Histrio-mastix* (1633): "Some French women, or monsters rather, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Blackfriars, an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless attempt." The result of their undertaking is quaintly told by one Thomas Brande, in an interesting letter bearing date November 8th, 1629, and supposedly addressed to Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. "Furthermore you should know," he writes, "that last daye certaine vagrant French players,

who had been expelled from their owne country, and whose women did attempt, thereby giving great offence to all virtuous and well-disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye in the French tongue at the Blackfryers. Glad I am to saye, they were hissed, hooted, and pippen pelted from the stage, so that I do not thinke they will soone be ready to trie the same againe." In this surmise Thomas Brande was incorrect, inasmuch as the same wicked company sought on two subsequent occasions to gain a hearing, and met with receptions similar to that which greeted them on their first appearance.

The heroines of tragedy and comedy were, therefore, represented by boys, prominent amongst whom was Edward Kynaston. This lad boasted many qualifications for success; amongst them being a stately step "confined to a female decency;" delicate and well-cut features; a graceful deportment and a set of teeth "sound, white, and even as one could wish to see in a reigning toast of twenty." The power he possessed of expressing emotion astonished all who beheld him; and Downes assures us "it has since been disputed among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him so sensibly touched the audience as he." Samuel Pepys, who delighted in frequenting the middle gallery of the King's House at a cost of eighteenpence, likewise bears testimony to the excellent performances of this youth. "Among other things here," writes the diarist, on his return from witnessing *The Silent Woman*, "Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes. First, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes; then in fine clothes as a gallant—and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly as a man, and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house." Not only in public but in private was this young actor a prodigious favorite; as may be judged from the fact that when the plays terminated, usually about six of the clock,

ladies of quality contended for the pleasure of carrying him in their coaches to drive round the ring in Hyde Park.

Kynaston and another lad, James Nokes, were, however, exceptions proving the rule of general unsuitability. Few boy actresses could sufficiently sink their individuality to render their performances pleasant. A conviction arose in the public mind regarding the unfitness of men for female parts, which was strengthened by the king's desire that women should take all characters suitable to them in public performances. Therefore before Charles had been many months on the throne Killigrew and Davenant were authorized to employ actresses in their companies. Accordingly on January 3rd, 1661, Pepys records seeing women players for the first time. The character in which the first English actress made her appearance was that of Desdemona; who the lady was is not known, but it is surmised to have been Peggy Hughes, afterwards mistress of Prince Rupert. The principal actresses who first appeared at Drury Lane were, besides the lady already mentioned, Mrs. Knipp (called Bab Allen), Anne and Rebecca Marshall, Mrs. Corey (sent to prison for imitating my Lady Harvey on the stage), and Nell Gwynn, the subject of this monograph.

The circumstances of her parentage and place of her birth remain matters of dispute. An anonymous pamphlet published in 1752, entitled *Memoirs of the Life of Eleanor Gwynn*, declares her to have been the offspring of a tradesman in mean circumstances; whilst a certain Van Bossen, avows she was daughter of Captain Thomas Gwyn, a gentleman descended from an ancient Welsh family. Moreover, the coal yard in Drury Lane, and the city of Hereford, are respectively named as places where she came into the world. Two things concerning her, are, however, certain: she was endowed with beauty, and she sold oranges in the King's playhouse. During the Restoration the performances at Drury Lane theatre were attended by crowded and brilliant audiences. Frequently the King and his brother, with their mistresses and courtiers, making in all a goodly show, filled the boxes occupying the first tier; which in the absence of

royalty and its attendants were invariably thronged by people of the highest quality and consideration. In the second circle sat those worthy citizens pertaining to fashion and learning; frequenters of coffee-houses and taverns, who gossiped of the Court and Government, were familiar with politicians and players, and acquainted with poets and pamphleteers: whilst the pit was resorted to by ladies in vizards, and young gentlemen from the Universities and the Temple, who were occasionally obliged to abandon their enjoyment in disorder, and seek refuge elsewhere, when rain and hail descended on the partially roofed building. The house was lighted by candles fixed in sconces, and orange wenches stood in a row with their backs to the stage and their faces to the audience, crying out their fruit between the acts.

Amongst these, Nell Gwynn nightly took her place. Young, vivacious, and attractive, she was not long without gaining the notice of many men, and the interest of one in particular. This was none other than Charles Hart, grandnephew of William Shakspeare; a man of genial temper, a fellow of excellent wit, and an actor of fair renown. Falling in love with Nell he had not much difficulty in persuading her to abandon her trade as an orange girl and become his mistress. And presently, recognizing her tact, humor, and intuition, he undertook to prepare her for the stage, for which he considered her person and talents were alike suitable. Her appearance was indeed not less calculated to please as an actress, than to fascinate as a woman. Her oval-shaped face, piquant in expression, and wondrously fair, was framed in red-brown hair; her figure, though not above medium height, was excellently proportioned and graceful.

In due time she was introduced to the town as a player belonging to his Majesty's company. On December 8th, 1666, Pepys mentions having seen her perform the part of Lady Wealthy, in *The English Monsieur*, a comedy written by the Hon. James Howard. The diarist declares the play to have been mighty pretty, "and the women," he adds, "do very well, but above all little Nelly." A month later this excellent

gossip, who was devoted to the play-house, and loved at least one player, was taken at the conclusion of *The Humorous Lieutenant*, behind the scenes and introduced to Nell, whom he heartily kissed, finding her "a mighty pretty soul." Her acting now bade fair to delight the town. Her name grew familiar in the mouths of coffee-house critics; her beauty became a theme for gallant discourse. Three months from the first mention of her performance by Pepys, we find her acting Florimell in Dryden's tragi-comedy *The Maiden Queen*, which was "mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit." The King, Duke of York, and the Court witnessed her play, as did likewise good Mr. Pepys, who fortunately records his impressions: "So great performance of a comical part," he writes, "was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me confess I admire her."

Others also admired her exceedingly. The gayety of her manner and charm of her person, attracted many petitioners for her favor, and amongst those she regarded with graciousness was Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—afterwards Earl of Dorset, one of the most notable men of the day. As a poet, wit, satirist, courtier, and defender of his country, he was alike remarkable. Lord Rochester styles him "the best good man," and Bishop Burnet declares he was charitable to a fault, "for he commonly gave all that he had about him when he met an object that moved him." His excellence as a humorist, and vivacity as a courtier, endeared him above his other qualities to the merry monarch, who appointed him gentleman of the bedchamber, and made him companion of his pleasures. At those brilliant suppers in which the King delighted, where wine sparkled and love obtained, Buckhurst surpassed all others by the airiness of his wit and brilliancy of his badinage. And at this time, being in the morning of life and zenith of vigor, his adventures were many and strange. For in the second year of the

Restoration, he, in company with some noble gallants, had been committed to Newgate Prison, charged with the robbery and murder of one Hoppy, a tanner, at or near Waltham Cross. A year later he was indicted at the Court of King's Bench for drunkenness and dissipation whilst at the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, Covent Garden; and again was he with the gay Sir Charles Sedley brought before Lord Chief Justice Keeling, for "running up and down all night almost naked through the streets, and at last fighting the watch."

A man of his reputation was certain to impress the imagination of a woman possessing an ardent temperament. Accordingly, in July, 1677, she being in her seventeenth year, Nell Gwynn left Charles Hart, abandoned the stage, and became my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. In return he agreed to pay her the sum of one hundred pounds a year. And it being summer time, my lord, accompanied by his friend Sir Charles Sedley, carried the player to Epsom, then a resort of fashion. Here they kept a right merry house, where pleasure held full sway; but before three months had ended his lordship and Nell Gwynn had parted. She, therefore, returned to Drury-lane playhouse; but here some changes awaited her. The love which Charles Hart bore her had turned to hate; and such women as had previously envied her conquest now rejoiced at her downfall.

A few months after her return to the theatre, Pepys being again taken behind the scenes saw her; the description of his visit is worth preserving in detail. "To the King's House," he writes on October 5th, 1667, "and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene room, and there sat down and she gave us fruit; and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of *Flora's Figarys* which she acted to-day. But, Lord, to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among

them, and how lewdly they talk, and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candlelight is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was pretty."

And her attraction continuing, the position which Lord Buckhurst had held towards her was consecutively taken by two of the most remarkable men, and wittiest courtiers of the period. These were Lord Rochester and the Duke of Buckingham. But their characters being notably fickle, the love they bore her quickly waned. The latter, however, according to Sir George Etherage, on resigning all pretensions to her love, recommended her to the notice of the king. His Majesty had already elected a player—Moll Davis—to become his mistress, and now looked with favorable eyes upon Nell Gwynn. The occasion on which she captivated the monarch's susceptible heart is mentioned in the appendix to Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*. At this time the rival theatre, the Duke's House, was affording considerable diversion from the fact that Nokes nightly appeared in an enormous hat when playing *The Citizen Turned Gentleman*. Dryden, "whose necessities very often made him stoop to the whim of the times," learning this fact resolved that the King's House should surpass its rival by attempting a more daring eccentricity. Accordingly he caused a hat to be made, the leaf of which was as extensive as the circumference of a coach wheel, that Nell might wear it nightly in speaking the epilogue to one of his plays. This oddity we are assured convulsed the house, and so delighted the king that when the play terminated he went behind the scenes and requested Nell might accompany him in his coach to Whitehall. It is quite certain before the year 1667 had ended she had been several times invited by his Majesty to the palace. Though she became in consequence a person of consideration, she yet continued to delight the town by her sprightly humor and graceful acting. However, it happened on May 8th, 1670, she gave birth to a son at her lodgings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, shortly after which she retired forever from the stage.

Bishop Burnet states that on her first acquaintance with the king, Nell re-

quested a settlement of five hundred pounds a year, which his majesty refused, though in less than four years he lavished as much as sixty thousand pounds upon "the wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in a court." This sum, however, falls far short of the amount Charles subsequently squandered on his new favorite; for, according to an account the writer recently discovered among the Duke of Leeds's papers, 16,041*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* was paid her out of the royal treasury between March 27th, 1676, and March 14th, 1679.

Having presented the monarch with a son, she henceforth took rank amongst his well approved mistresses. She was therefore styled Madam Ellen, provided with a liberal allowance, presented with a handsome mansion in Pall Mall, not far removed from the court, overlooking a fair vista of St. James's Park, and finally appointed one of the ladies of the privy chamber to the queen. Moll Davis having now fallen in royal esteem, and the Duchess of Cleveland being removed from court, Nell Gwynn's ascendancy over his Majesty rapidly increased. Her merry wit amused, her musical laughter delighted, and her unswerving fidelity satisfied the king. In familiar discourse he habitually called her Nelly; and she mindful of her conquests over Charles Hart, and Charles Lord Buckhurst, styled his Majesty, Charles III. Prudent and virtuous John Evelyn records his sorrow at seeing one pleasant summer day "this impudent comedian looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and his Majesty standing on the green walk under it," whilst they engaged in pleasant conversation. But his regret must have been more poignant when he subsequently learned she formed one of the brilliant company of titled courtesans and profligate courtiers who surrounded the luxurious supper table of the king; who in the full enjoyment of love, wine, and wit, forgot the world beside.

But of the women whom he delighted to honor none had his interests closer to heart than she; and the freedom of manner and liberty of speech permitted her, were frequently used in advising him. It is related that one day when Charles had left his council after hearing

many unpleasant speeches, and witnessing considerable strife, he sought the player that her humor might banish care. "Ah, Nell," said he wearily, flinging himself on some cushions at her feet, "what shall I do to please the people of England—I am torn to pieces by their clamors?" She regarded him with a serious air and made answer: "There is one way by which you can satisfy them." He looked at her keenly. "Oddsfish, tell me what it is," he said eagerly. "Why," she replied, "dismiss your mistresses and mind your business, and all England will rejoice." Hearing which Charles laughed and pinched her pretty cheeks. But she, loving him well, regretted his sacrifice of duty in search of pleasure, and again ventured to reprove him. It happened the council sat one day impatiently awaiting his Majesty's presence, that matters of importance to the nation might be discussed. And Charles indolently refusing to join them, a noble lord made complaint to Nell, who promptly laid a wager the king would attend them presently. Therefore she sent in haste for Killigrew, who loved a joke no less than she; and having consulted with him for some time, she betook herself to the royal presence to await the results of her scheme. Presently the sounds of hasty footsteps were heard without the king's apartments, and immediately Killigrew entered, heavily booted and otherwise equipped for a long journey. Seeing his attire and noting his disorder, Charles asked where he was going. "As fast as I can to hell," replied Killigrew. "Why with such speed to hell?" inquired the monarch. "That I may fetch Oliver Cromwell thence," answered Killigrew, "for he will have some care for the nation, and your Majesty takes none," saying which he strode rapidly from the room. The good-natured Charles laughed heartily; but the joke worked its effect. Yawning wearily he took his slow way to the council chamber, and Nell Gwynn won her wager.

A short time after this occurrence it became customary for the monarch and some of his courtiers to seek adventure in taverns and gay houses in the city, disguised as private gentlemen. This habit giving much uneasiness to Nell, she resolved to teach his Majesty a

lesson. Therefore she instructed a few trusty friends, who were to accompany him on a certain night, how they should act. And in due time the merry king and his jovial companions, quietly leaving the palace, directed their steps toward a tavern famous for diversion. Here they encountered a company of roystering sparks and ladies of pleasure, drinking wine, interchanging wit, and freely enjoying themselves. And one of the king's friends finding an opportunity to address the lady whom Charles specially favored, told her she must abstract all the money from that gentleman's pockets without his knowledge, and if discovered she need be under no apprehension of punishment, as he would bear the burden of his wrath, and explain the object of his joke. Furthermore he bade her immediately leave the house when she had secured the gentleman's gold. And she, consenting, in due time took the king's money unobserved; and the courtier joining his friends, they all slipped from the house. For some time Charles awaited them, but night advancing and they not returning, he rose to pay his reckoning and depart. Then he discovered his money was gone, seeing which the tavern keeper soundly abused him for taking an honest man's share with intention to defraud him. Charles explained his gold had been filched from him, and promised payment in full next morning; but the fellow swore he would not be cheated by such pretences, and he who had drunk his wine should not stir from the house until he had discharged his reckoning. The more his Majesty sought to pacify him, the more insolent the fellow became. And Charles knowing how imprudent it would be to discover himself, resolved on maintaining his disguise. Therefore fortunately bethinking of a ring he wore of great value, he took it from his finger and offered it as a pledge. But his creditor declared he had been defrauded by sham jewelry before, and would not accept it now. Then Charles begged he would carry it to a jeweller and have his opinion on its value. To this the tavern keeper, after some persuasion, consented, and hastening to a goldsmith close by, asked if the bauble would defray the cost of a few bottles of wine. The jeweller regarded

it with surprise, and his questioner with disgust. "Why, fellow," said he, "there is but one man in England who wears so priceless a stone." Then inquiring what manner of man was he who gave it, the other replied, "a tall, black, ugly-looking fellow." Hearing this the goldsmith speedily put on his hat, hastened to the tavern, and finding the king there as he expected, went down on his knees and restored the ring. A light now dawning on the landlord's brain, he was covered with dread and confusion, and knelt before his Majesty; but Charles bade him arise, and jestingly asked if the bauble would defray the price of another bottle. Leaving him and the honest goldsmith to discuss this, he returned to Whitehall and sought such adventures no more.

Nell Gwynn's growing ascendancy over the monarch sorely troubled his French mistress, whom he had created Duchess of Portsmouth. Proud of her claims of long descent, her grace looked with scorn upon one whose ignoble origin, she considered, unfitted her for the position of a royal favorite. Therefore a bitter feud sprung up between those ladies of pleasure which frequently disturbed the court and invariably amused the courtiers. The hauteur of the duchess was met with ridicule by the player. Indeed Nell seldom lost an opportunity of mortifying her rival, and the device she on one occasion employed towards this end diverted the king exceedingly. One day news reached England that a French prince and the Cham of Tartary had died. The duchess, who was exceedingly vain-glorious of her connection with royalty both at home and abroad, immediately went into mourning for the deceased prince. The day following that on which she made her appearance in sombre attire, the court was astonished at seeing Nell likewise dressed in black. Surprised at her appearance, the king, in presence of the duchess, asked whom she mourned. "Ah," she replied, sadly, "has not your Majesty heard of the death of the dear Cham of Tartary?" "And pray," said Charles, "what relation did you bear him?" "Exactly the same," she answered, "as the Duchess of Portsmouth bore the French

Prince." At this speech her grace flounced indignantly from the drawing-room, whilst Nell's rippling laughter rung in her ears.

But though her humor enabled her to triumph over the duchess in personal encounters she was mortified that her grace's son had been ennobled, whilst her boy was nameless. The king had frequently promised to create him a peer, but had never fulfilled his word. At last there came a day when Nell resolved forcibly to remind Charles of his promise. Therefore when he paid her his daily visit he found the young mother playing with her son. And presently setting him down, the lad pattered about the room, when she cried out, "Come here, you little bastard!" "Oddsfish, Nell, don't call him such a name," said the king. "Alas, your Majesty," she made answer, "he has no other." The monarch accepted the hint, and on leaving her gave orders that a patent of nobility should be made ready creating Charles Beauclerk, son of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford. This creation passed the great seal on December 27th, 1676. About seven years later, on January 10th, 1684, the young earl was furthermore ennobled by the title of Duke of St. Albans, and betrothed to the heiress of the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford.

In less than three years from the date of her son's creation as Earl of Burford, it was the king's good will and pleasure to issue an order requesting that the commissioners of his treasury should "pay or cause to be paid unto Eleanor Gwynn or her assigns the annuity or yearly summe of five thousand pounds dureing our pleasure, for and towards the support and maintenance of herselfe and Charles Earle of Burford, to be received by her, the said Eleanor Gwynn, quarterly, att the foure most usuall feasts in the year by equall porcions, the first payment to begin from the Feast of the Birth of Our Lord God last, One Thousand Six Hundred and Seaventy Eight. And these Our Letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge on that behalfe. Given under our Privy Seale at Our Pallace of Westminster the Eleventh day of June in the One and Thirtieth yeare of our Reigne" (1679).

Moreover his Majesty presented her with a mansion at Chelsea, and a summer residence known as Burford House at Windsor.

In 1671 she gave birth to a second son, who died at the age of nine, to the exceeding grief of the king. During the last years of the monarch's life Nell Gwynn indulged in great luxury and magnificence. Attired in rich velvets, rare satins, and costly jewels, she frequented the royal drawing-rooms, where she interchanged repartee with the gallants, and lost large sums at the gaming tables of the Duchess of Mazarine and Lady Cavendish. Moreover, her society was sought by noble courtiers, and her patronage courted by poets, playwrights, and romancists. Duffet dedicated his comedy *The Spanish Rogue*, Whitcombe his volume *Janua Divorum*, or *the Lives and Histories of the Heathen Gods*, and Mrs. Aphra Behn her play, *The Feign'd Curtizans, or a Night's Intrigue*, to Nell, who could not write her name to save her head. The language in which Mrs. Behn addresses her is not only laudatory but blasphemous; as a specimen of the extent to which sycophancy can descend, it is worth quoting in part:

"Your permission, Madam," says Aphra Behn, "has enlightened me, and I with shame look back on my past ignorance, which suffered me not to pay an Adoration long since where there was so very much due; yet even now, though secure in my opinion, I make this Sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling, well knowing that so excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the Divine powers in this: the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone. And how, Madam, would your altars be loaded, if, like Heaven, you gave permission to all that had a will and desire to approach them, who now at distance can only wish and admire, which all mankind agreed to do, as if, Madam, you alone had the patten from Heaven to engross all hearts." This is excellent of its kind, but what follows is not less amusing. "Besides," continues Mrs. Behn, "all the charms, and attractions, and powers of your sex, you have beauties peculiar to yourself, an eternal sweetness, youth,

and ayr, which never dwelt in any face but yours. So natural and so fitted are all your charms and excellencies to one another, so entirely designed and created to make up in you alone the most perfect lovely thing in the world, you never appear but you glad the hearts of all, as if you were made on purpose to put the whole world into good humour whenever you looked abroad. And when you speak men crowd to listen with that awful reverence as to Holy Oracles or Divine Prophesies, and bear away the precious words to tell at home to all the attentive family, the graceful things you uttered and cry. But oh! she spoke with such an ayr so gay, that half the beauty's lost in the repetition."

And so, flattered, courted, and honored, her life sped gayly forward until one sad day in February, 1685, when dreadful rumors spread throughout the palace, that his Majesty had been suddenly stricken and drew nigh unto death. Then these women in whose company he had found over-much pleasure were no longer admitted to his presence. But Nell's voice sobbing woefully in an adjacent apartment broke the silence of that darkened chamber where the mystic presence already bided. Nor did he who loved her in the past, forget her in the present; for, turning to his brother, he besought him saying, "Let not poor Nelly starve." Soon after the end came and she was left alone. But his Majesty's dying request was faithfully and literally obeyed by King James. Between him and Nell an honest friendship had been long established: begotten on his side from the fact that she had never meddled in political affairs, and on her part because of the affection Charles bore his brother. Therefore the new king remembered her. Even whilst the merry monarch lived she had known temporary difficulties. In a letter she caused to be written in April, 1684, to Madam Jennings "over against the Tub Tavern in Jermyn Street," ordering "gold stuffe" and a mantle lined with "musk colour sattin," she alludes to her plate being pledged. But soon after his demise she was encumbered by debt; when, as may be learned from the Secret Service Expenses of Charles II. and James II., the last-mentioned gave 729*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* to Richard

Graham, Esq. "to be paid by him over to several tradesmen, creditors of Mrs. Ellen Gwynne, in satisfaction for their debts, for which the said Ellen stood outlawed." A letter not heretofore printed, thanking his Majesty for this gift, has recently come into possession of the Trustees of the British Museum, and runs as follows:—

"The world is not capable of giving me a greater joy and happiness than your Majesty's favour: not as you are king and soe have it in your power to doe me good, having never loved your brother and yourself upon that account, but as to your persons. Had he lived hee told me before he dyed that the world should see by what hee did for me that he had both love and value for me. He was my friend and allowed me to tell him all my troubles and did like a friend advise me and told me who was my friend and who was not.

"The honour your Majesty has done me by Mr. Graham has given me great comfort, not by the present you sent me to relieve me out of the last extremity, but by the kind expressions he made me from you, of 'your kindness to me:' which to me is above all things in this world, having, God knows, never loved your brother or yourself interested by all you do for me. It is my resolution never to have any interest but yours, and as long as I live to serve you, and when I dye to dye praying for you."

The same year in which he paid her debts, James likewise presented her with the sum of one thousand pounds; and two years later an item in the Secret Service Expenses states, "To Sir Stephen Fox, for so much by him paid to Sir Robert Clayton, in full of 3,774*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for redeeming the mortgage of Bestwood Parke, made to Sir John Masters, to settle the same upon Mrs. Ellen Gwynne for life, and after her death upon the Duke of St. Albans and his issue male, with the reversion in the Crowne."

From the time of Charles's death she lived in retirement, keeping faithful to

his memory and working deeds of charity. It has been stated that owing to a suggestion of hers the merry monarch founded the Chelsea Royal Hospital for aged and disabled soldiers, but the truth of this has not been authenticated. That she was charitable her last will proves. This was made in July, 1687. "In hope of a joyful resurrection," it states, "I do recommend myself whence I came, my soul into the hands of Almighty God, and my body unto the earth to be decently buried, at the discretion of my executors." Her property she bequeathed to her son and his heirs; desired that Dr. Tenison might preach her funeral sermon, that a decent pulpit cloth and cushion be given to the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields: and that one hundred pounds might be distributed to the poor in the parishes of Westminster, St. Martin's, and St. James's. "That for showing my charity," she adds in a codicil, "to those who differ from me in religion, I desire that fifty pounds be put into the hands of Dr. Tenison and Mr. Warner, who, taking to them any two persons of the Roman Catholic religion, may dispose of it for the use of the poor of that religion inhabiting the parish of St. James."

Four months after the date of this will she was stricken with apoplexy, from which she speedily died, being in her thirty-eighth year. Colley Cibber assures us he was informed on unquestionable authority "her repentance in her last hours appeared in all the contrite symptoms of Christian sincerity." And so, on November 17th, 1687, this sometime merry player, witty woman, and royal favorite was laid to rest in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Her funeral was conducted with considerable pomp, at a cost of three hundred and seventy-five pounds, and a notable sermon in praise of her virtues was delivered by Dr. Tenison, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

LEVITY.

THE fascination which Mr. Labouchere's speeches seems to exert over the mind of the reading public in general,

as well as over that particular class of thorough-going Radicals who might almost be called the "Mountain," if there

were any Mountain possible in English politics, seems to indicate that in the present day, at all events, levity is likely to be regarded with positive favor. We will make an admission. Perhaps it is not unnatural that during the popularity, and even the ascendancy, of so very earnest and enthusiastic a mind as Mr. Gladstone's, there should be a certain reaction felt in the political arena, where that ascendancy chiefly predominates in favor of the quality which is in the most piquant contrast to that earnestness and enthusiasm. Otherwise levity is not in much request in any section of English society, English selfishness itself being too deeply and seriously bent upon securing its own ends, to underrate, either to itself or to anybody else, the vast importance it attaches to gaining them. Indeed, the attenuating circumstance which sometimes almost makes one inclined to treat levity with comparative favor, is that at least light-minded people cannot and do not claim for conspicuously and vulgarly selfish considerations that overpowering importance which men of gravity who are without humor and also without any noble enthusiasm sometimes appear to attach to them. One cannot imagine Mr. Labouchere suggesting that the world was out of joint, just because *he* was in danger of ruin. He would, we may suppose, treat even his own ruin with the same light air with which he would treat the ruin of the House of Lords, or the ruin of the Society of Friends. True levity is obliged by the very law of its being to make light even of itself; and to those who are sick of the dismal faces which selfish wealth makes at the prospect of even the slightest danger either to its property or to its *amour propre*, levity is almost tolerable, at least if it honestly treats its own interests with the same scorn with which it treats the interests of others. When Bertie Stanhope threw into his conversation with the Bishop of Barchester so light a scorn as to ask, "Do they often move you, Bishop?" and intimated that he had at one time thought of being a Bishop himself, it is impossible not to feel a certain satisfaction in the blow struck at unreal pomposity; and though any kind of levity which is not witty and self-possessed never gives us this satisfaction,

but like all merely impertinent things, is simply annoying, yet even such levity—stupid levity—is not so offensive as the often preposterous self-importance of selfish and narrow-minded vulgarity. It would be ridiculous to say that levity can claim any of the praise of genuine humility, for levity only makes light of self because it makes light of everything; but even to make light of everything equally, is better than to be absorbed in one thing only, and that the most insignificant thing of all,—one's own self-interest. Levity is a sort of thistle-down; it floats everywhere, and everywhere plants the germs of a prickly and forbidding weed. But though nothing shows more fecundity and more aptitude for wasting all the moral riches of Nature than levity, at least it is not guilty of that strenuous attachment to its own demerits which distinguishes the more malignant forms of selfish pride.

Perhaps, even, it might not be too much to say that the best and highest natures *ought* to be capable of a certain levity in dealing with what is, relatively at all events, insignificant in relation to the greater ends of life. All true humor implies a capacity for levity in dealing with what is intrinsically light; it is only priggish earnestness which is always on stilts, and cannot treat even trifles as if they were trifles. The reason levity is sometimes so popular in society is not that average men really like to see life belittled and made trivial, but that a certain lightness in dealing with what is light, is a good guarantee against that habit of laying an equal stress on every assertion which is so fatal to true discrimination, and even to true earnestness. When once we are quite sure that a man or a woman does not think the world likely to go to ruin only because a customary practice or institution has disappeared, we are ready to appreciate that man's or that woman's earnestness in relation to any practice or institution to which earnestness is really appropriate. Levity, of course, properly means only the habit of treating lightly that which is serious; and it is not levity at all which treats lightly only that which is trivial. But still, what is serious and what is trivial being matters on which judgments differ, and to some extent rightly differ in the case of different

characters and circumstances, it is always a step gained for the appreciation of true earnestness to know that there were things about which no deep concern was expressed, especially if these were things which affected the private interests of the man who showed the unconcern. Men who are equally solemn on every subject, are hardly capable of true earnestness on any. Indeed, though we do not attribute levity to a pompous ass, it is not because his self-importance is in any respects better than levity, but because levity implies at least more mobility of mind than self-importance, in its ridiculous eagerness, can ever attain to. It is as easy to make too much of what is trivial, as it is to make too little of what is important, and the former is very much the commoner vice of the two,—at all events in this country, where life is taken almost as seriously even by the most gross and selfish beings, as it is by the spiritual enthusiasts who sacrifice their life to the promotion of the highest ends. For one person whose character comes to grief from genuine indifference to great ends, there are probably ten whose character comes to grief from selfish and ruinous eagerness for small ends.

Still, after admitting that levity is un-English, and a comparatively uncommon sort of vice in this country, it must be admitted also that it is, perhaps, of all forms of moral evil, the least likely to be overcome. A very common form of warning addressed some fifty years ago to children who professed that they did not care for anything for which it was desirable that they should care, was "Don't care" comes to the gallows." On the whole, that was hardly accurate. "Don't care" comes to the Bankruptcy Court much oftener than to the gallows. "Don't care," when it is genuine, is hardly up to the commission of a great crime. It does not care enough for any human end to commit the sort of crimes by which life is forfeited. Still, though "don't care" does not very often come to the gallows, it attains seldomer to anything great and good than any other form of human defect. A man may be educated out of narrowness, or chasten-

ed out of selfishness, or purified from passion; but for true levity, which finds nothing in life worth a great effort, which recognizes nothing that can wound deep, nothing that can greatly elate, nothing that can fill the heart with gratitude, nothing that can bow it in despair, nothing that can string it up to high endurance, there seems to be absolutely no cure. Indeed, there would be more prospect of developing an immortal soul in a moth, than in a being who, having been introduced to all the changes and chances of this human lot, finds in them occasion only for giddiness of mind and fickleness of heart, for joking, laughing, idling, gossiping, and ringing the changes on empty excitements and emptier disappointments. Perhaps levity is almost the only state of mind of which one may say that it does not seem even to afford the materials of growth. Sin may bring repentance, crime may bring suffering by which even a light nature may be condensed into something strong and significant, and in such repentance or such suffering there is the possibility of strength. But levity too great for any anguish of repentance or any impulse to crime, levity which, if it is intelligent at all, bases itself upon a theory of cynicism, and if it is not, wastes itself away in ever-dwindling pleasures, seems to lead nowhere, to be incapable alike of intense joy or intense grief, of triumph or of shame, of anything better than a thrill of agreeable surprise on the one hand, or a thrill of disagreeable mortification on the other. Yet certainly, un-English as levity is, it is less un-English than it used to be, because every succeeding age appears to imply a more common and more extended dissipation of men's natures among a variety of energies and pleasures, and all such dissipation tends to the characteristic temperament which breeds levity,—the temperament which delight in everything by turns, and in nothing long, which substitutes many acquaintances for a few friendships, many hobbies for a few studies, many philanthropies for a few affections, many emotions for a few passions, and many enthusiasms for one religion.—*Spectator*.

MILITARY TOURNAMENTS.

At the present day many different shows of skill before a critical audience, whether for the sake of honorable distinction only or for more intrinsically valuable prizes, are called tournaments, and with a certain etymological right, it must be owned, although the functions are often extra-pacific. Thus we are now familiar with such terms as lawn-tennis, angling, skating, or even chess tournaments, the main necessary being the presence of a specially gathered "gallery." In this respect it is somewhat curious that the term should not have been applied to such more essentially manly competitions as assaults-at-arms, steeplechases, or polo matches.

There would be an ample field for critical inquiries into the different manners in which those leading, albeit antagonistic, tendencies of the healthy mind, destructive combativeness and love of approbation and splendor, have combined themselves under different social conditions. That the main idea of a tournament is of all ages seems to be the opinion of most of those writers who discussed that topic in days when a good performance in the lists was still thought to be a satisfactory proof of worth. But, like many historians of a somewhat cognate subject, heraldry, who cannot refrain from tracing the origin of their science in an unbroken chain to classical days, those expounders of the noble arts of chivalry want to prove too much when they claim the direct affiliation of the Olympic games and the fights of the Roman amphitheatres to mediæval tournaments. To quote only one author, but one who on that subject was a host in himself, and resumed the opinions of all his predecessors at a time when chivalry, although much talked about, was already a thing of the past, such was the opinion of the *Sieur Vulson de la Colombière*, expressed in a formidable work intitled *Vray Théâtre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie*, dedicated in 1648 to Cardinal Mazarin.

All that can be said is that the fundamental idea which presided at the sacred groves of Olympia, on the arena of the Colosseum, animated the tiltyards of

Smithfield or Westminster and the Place du Carrousel in Paris, and was the same as that which nowadays draws so many competitors to the annual meeting in the Agricultural Hall. Many an ingenious parallel, however, might be drawn by an antiquarian between the periodical competitions of the Greeks and the royal tournaments of knightly ages in honor of fair women. He might contrast the notions of manly splendor as displayed in classical times by the highly cultivated, though little adorned, personal beauty of the athlete, and in the middle ages by the reckless expenditure of the knight in the lists on dress and armor; likewise the idealistic tendency which set so much value on the palm or the crown of olive received from the temple, of as little intrinsic value as the veil or the sleeve conceded by some noble lady as a reward to vigor and valor; lastly, the caste prejudice which in one case showed itself in the haughty exclusion of aught but pure Hellenic blood from the stadium, and in the other in the brutal contempt which closed the lists against all *ignobles*. In the same manner the gladiatorial combats of Imperial Rome, when the gladiator assumed a positive and somewhat enviable position in society, when freemen, knights, and senators, even emperors themselves, condescended to tread the arena, are in some respects comparable to mediæval tournaments, though it is impossible to turn them into direct ancestors.

No doubt all those military exercises which in our own time admit of forming a tournament can be traced to mediæval chivalric performances, to which must be added practices born in fencing-schools when the latter waxed in importance as armor went out of fashion. In later days many of these were greatly modified under the influence of the modern scientific methods of horsemanship, which seem to have been first elaborated in Italy, although they owe much of their subsequent perfection to our intercourse with Eastern horsemen. All the so-called chivalrous exercises are no doubt of Teutonic origin. The Northern barbarians, whose notions of heavenly joy were centred in a regular al-

ternation of raging fights and splendid banquets, handed down to their descendants of Christian times that overpowering love of strife and display which found in warlike pageants and extravagant hospitality the most popular means of whiling away the tedium of peaceable periods. Accordingly, it would be idle to attempt, as many have done, to settle the date and the precise spot which saw the first tournaments. After the last migration of barbarians, about the birth-time of modern Western nations, we begin to hear everywhere of those sumptuous meetings for the glorification of martial proficiency which remained so long the principal of aristocratic mediæval pastimes.

In the joust, or trial of skill by single combat *à plaisance*, lurks the ancient Germanic notion of courtesy which prompted a host to honor a noble guest by offering him the opportunity of displaying his prowess in fight. The judicial duel, of the same national origin, is undoubtedly father to the joust *à outrance*, for vindication of personal honor or in proof of a lady's perfections. In fact, chivalry being, in its ideal character and its feudal working, originally a Teutonic institution, the same must be said of the tournament, which was nothing more than a mimic representation of that chivalrous warfare which considered the despicable unarmored plebeian as beneath reckoning. The element of Christianity being paramount, the rapid spreading of knightly habits throughout all Christian realms popularized everywhere the knightly pastimes of the lists, the details of which were necessarily often altered in different countries to suit the military habits of the time and the people. For a long period, however, all these noble games remained subject to one principal condition—namely, the wearing of more or less complete armor. It would only be by an exhaustive and critical study of the history of armor—a study, by the way, which has not been satisfactorily made yet—that we could realize the true nature of every one of the numerous methods of jousting, tourneying, and fighting at the barriers with sharp or blunt weapons.

When the perfecting of the dastardly firearm began seriously to affect the

question of armor, and gradually but surely to reduce its paramount importance previous to driving it out of the field, the old tournament being no longer a practical school of warfare, underwent curious modifications, the most noticeable of which were the elaboration of a much more complicated horsemanship, a greater importance attached to grace, and a lighter kind of manual skill in the wielding of arms. All these innovations in the military manners of Europe after the Renaissance seem to have arisen in the South, especially in Italy. From the South came the first teachers of that cavalier-like accomplishment, riding "the great horse," likewise the cunning of the nimble rapier, as well as those inventions most fatal to the prestige of ironclad warriors, the pistol and the musket; and to Southern influence generally is to be traced the change from the uncompromising exercises of the lists to the elegancies of the *carrousel*. This change was popularly realized by the almost universal substitution of the Italian word *cavalier* for the older one of knight. Its extent can be measured at a glance by comparing the chivalric scenes delineated by Hans Burgmair with the pictures of early seventeenth-century tournaments, after the new Italian manner, which illustrate Pistofilo's or Pluvinel's works. We can hardly imagine the idea of a competition in the art of presenting oneself at the barriers "with the best grace" arising in any but an Italian head; this was a very usual prize competed for at a cavaliers' tournament.

In France the tournament proper, of which tilting and heavy blows formed the staple concern, may be said to have lapsed into desuetude after the death of Henri II., and to have been replaced by the private duel for the purpose of *outrance*, and for that of *plaisance* by the Italianated *carrousel*. In England, triumphs and such more or less histrionic pageants dear to Elizabeth's love of adulation insensibly drove out the more practical military character of the displays in the lists, and even these almost disappeared under the first Stuart to make room for the shows of horsemanship in imitation of the Spanish *carrousel* and *Juego de cañas*—such representations being more congenial than

the old-fashioned brutal tilting to a king who combined what he supposed to be a profound knowledge of equitation to a really profound aversion to all "trenchant and poignant" weapons. Although in Germany the ruinous Thirty Years' War, and in England the wars of the rebellion and the ascendancy of Puritanism, put gorgeous shows and every sort of tournament out of fashion, one kind of cavalier accomplishment—namely, military riding—had ample opportunities of being developed during the seventeenth century. The theoretical precepts of the great Pignatelli, expounded later by royally-favored adepts like Pluvinel, Charnizai, the Duke of Newcastle, were put to practical test during the long contentions of Cavaliers and Ironsides, of the German Protestants with Wallenstein's dragoons.

To the development of the science of fencing in all its branches, and to the multiplication of the exercises which can be performed on horseback, and which consequently have become indispensable to the soldier, the modern military tournament owes its very elastic comprehensiveness. It is interesting to remark that most of the celebrated riders of the high horse have been keen swordsmen; such was notoriously the case, to mention only names familiar to English ears, with the Duke of Newcastle, Sir William Hope, the first Angelo, and the Earl of Pembroke, who were as celebrated for their skill in the fencing-room as for their prowess in the saddle.

Nowadays so much interest is bestowed in England on the favorite sports of hunting and steeplechasing that there seems to be little left to spare for that more essentially military kind of riding which in foreign countries is held to be of paramount importance. Of late years, however, tournaments have become the fashion, and among them the annual military display at the Agricultural Hall may fairly be reckoned as an encyclopædia of all those martial exercises which have been devised at all times to satisfy the love of the people for warlike pageants, to give the ardent youth a field for the display of his bravery and adroitness in gorgeous array, and also to afford humbler but keen experts in the use of arms occasion to gain well-merited notoriety and rewards. The

immense popularity of the Islington entertainment has, we believe, little to do with its charitable purpose—a most deserving one—but is due to intrinsic excellence. This brave display appeals at once to the martial spirit of a nation truly said to be always at war in some part or other of its dominions, and to its innate admiration for physical power; to the competent critic of military athletics, as well as to the mere spectator in search of picturesque animation. The observer possessed of a mania for historical comparisons finds in its programme representations—adapted to modern requirements—not only of the jousts, tournaments, and barriers of mediæval knights, but of all the quintain exercises, the castills, triumphs, and entries of latter-day cavaliers, the assaults-at-arms of the last century, and all the newest feats of horsemanship we have learned from our Eastern subjects. By letting his imagination run still more freely he might even discover that many of those "events" which at first sight seem essentially modern in character are merely renovations of antique exercises. For instance, lance, bayonet, and sword exercise on foot form a tolerable counterpart of the Pyrrhic dance. In other words, they are rhythmical movements representing all the principal actions the weapons in question are capable of for offence and defence, performed with much personal grace; the importance attached to rhythm at once classing this kind of show outside the pale of fencing. He would see that chariot-driving, as a military exercise, which it undoubtedly was in its earliest days, is not quite a thing of the dead past, for it has been revived as a tournament display under even more exciting and difficult conditions in the team-driving of our Horse Artillery, and we hardly think that the enthusiasm excited in the Roman circus by the skilful management of *quadrigæ* could have been greater than that evoked at Islington by our gunners.

The mounted single trials, Lance *v.* Lance or Sabre *v.* Sabre, are the natural descendants of the joust in the list agreeably to modern ideas, and where skilled riding and cunning fence take the place of sturdiness and weight and excellency of armor.

The combined movements of the

"musical ride" expound the art of the *haute école* in its practical bearing, while the charges and pursuing practice of our troopers may be said fairly to recall the purposes of the *tournoyement*.

In the contests on foot—foil-fencing, single-stick, bayonet and sabre—can be appreciated the varied nature of the "playing for prizes at all manner of weapons, rapier and backsword, pique, halbert, and hangers" whereat in past centuries the numerous corporations of masters of defence solemnly proved their science and bravery. The great superiority of lemon-cutting, heads-and-posts, tent-pegging with sword and lance, over the old-fashioned tilts at the quintain, as a display of accurate horsemanship, would no doubt amaze the shade of the great Pluvinel himself, and convince him that the untoward ascendancy of powder and lead has not been fatal to English *cavaleresque* accomplishments. Nor are triumphs and castills, such as the siege of the Castle of Beauty which delighted Elizabeth and amused the Ambassadors her guests, or the storming of infidel strongholds dear to Spanish tournament-managers, without their modern representatives in the cleverly marshalled sham-fights which

formed the most novel features of this year's display.

The printed programme has, unfortunately for the picturesque element, done away with the heraldic pageantry of past ages. On the other hand, the competitors' names, qualifications, and high deeds are no doubt more likely to be correctly recorded to fame by the help of such a prosy medium than if the vocal powers of the energetic but husky warrant-officer who acts as king-at-arms in the Islington lists were taxed as heavily as were those of ancient heralds. As far as his task reaches, however, nothing but praise can be given to the faultless marshalling of such a vast number of competitors and such variety of exercises. Indeed, the whole performance is one on which we may place much national pride, especially when we compare it with similar attempts abroad; and, when it is remembered that the first notions of scientific horsemanship and so many of our warlike exercises have come to us from abroad, the remark inevitably suggests itself that these seeds of knowledge have fallen on more grateful soil than that of their original birth-place.—*Saturday Review*.

MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.

PERHAPS there is not in all the domain of Art a more curious study than that of the power of suggestion over the soul of man. It is a still debated question whether the greatest art is that which allows, or that which disavows, its power. Greek art refused it utterly. Romantic art takes it as its essence.

The spirit of Greek art allows no mystery. In the fine and graphic phrase of Gautier—

"It prefers a statue to a phantom, and full noon to twilight. Free from mist and vapor, admitting nothing visionary or uncertain, its least details stand out sharply, strong in form and color. Its dreams are of long cavalcades of milk-white steeds, ridden by lovely naked youths, defiling past against a ground of azure, as upon the friezes of the Parthenon—or of processions of young girls, crowned with garlands and apparelled in strait tunics, bearing in their hands their ivory timbrels, and seeming as if they moved round an enormous urn. The mountains of its landscapes rise up sharp-

edged against the sky, the sun reposing on the loftiest peaks, and opening wide, like a resting lion, his golden-lidded eye. Its clouds are shaped and cut, like marble splinters. Its streams fall in sculptured waves from the mouths of sculptured urns. Its shadows gather, dark-massed, beneath its trees. Between its tall reeds, green and vocal as those of Eurotas, glance the round and silvery flanks of a green-haired naiad; or between its sombre oaks Diana passes with arrow-sheaf and flying scarf, followed by her nymphs and yelping hounds."

As it is with the arts of painting and sculpture, so is it with the art which deals in words. Dante, the mightiest of poet-painters who worked in the Greek spirit, sets his scenes before the mind's eye with a graphic power which leaves nothing to the imagination. The great sights of the "*Inferno*" stand out like pictures—an unforgettable series. There are the routs of the Giddy-aimless, stung by gad-flies and fierce hor-

nets, running behind the whirling flag ; the crowds at Charon's ferry "staying for waftage," and the fierce old man with eyes like wheels of flame ; the lovers of the second Circle, blown like cranes upon a mighty wind ; the awful marsh, in the slime of which the Sullen writhed like eels, and in whose dark waters fought the spirits of the Angry ; the city with the domes and towers of fire, upon the walls of which the blood-stained Furies, shrieking for Medusa, tore the serpents of their hair ; the rapt and disdainful angel who sped dry-footed across the lake amidst the terror-stricken throngs ; the great plain rough with lidless sepulchres, each filled with fire and holding its tormented spirit in a red-hot bed ; the Tyrants standing in the river of blood, and the Centaurs galloping upon the bank ; the forest whose stunted trees were spirits, with the Harpies tearing their poisonous fruit ; the wilderness of raining flames and sands of lurid fire ; the Simonists set head-downwards in their narrow holes, with feet which burned like lamps above the level of the rock ; the black winged demons, Dragagnazzo and Barbariccia, hovering with their prongs above the lake of pitch ; the Hypocrites weighed down with gilded cowls of lead ; the valley where sinners changed with agony to serpents, and serpents back to sinners ; the flame-pent spirits dancing like strange fire-flies in the gloomy gore ; the trunk of Bertrand de Born holding up by the hair his speaking head ; the sea of everlasting ice, where the forms of the tormented appeared like flies in crystal, and where Ugolino lifted his teeth from the skull of his enemy to relate his awful story. Spenser also, though his touch is sometimes indecisive, and he takes ten words to Dante's one, has often vivid pictures—as that of the knight peering into the den of the monster by the light of his own gleaming mail ; of Fury, chained in iron, with eyes that flashed sparkles, gnawing his ruddy beard ; of Mammon in his armor of rusted iron and dull gold, counting his hoard of coins ; or of the little fountain in the Bower of Bliss where the golden-haired girls were bathing.

But perhaps the finest examples in our language of sheer painting in words

are to be found in Lord Tennyson's "Palace of Art." No device of the cunning artist is wanting there. The verse is of deliberate motion, like the slow rolling of a panorama, affording the successive imageries time to work their full effect. Sometimes, indeed, it stops entirely, so as to impress upon the mind the details of the scene—

"Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily."

Here the verse pauses. The picture of the sleeping saint is before the eye. The spectator may contemplate it at what length he pleases ; the progress of the scenery is stopped for his convenience. When he is ready to proceed the next picture comes before him—

"An Angel looked at her."

And the verse is stopped again.

It is hardly in the power of words to paint a picture with more distinctness than this scene of Saint Cecily sleeping at her organ, and watched over by an angel. But it is clear that the effect owes nothing to the sense of mystery—of suggestion. The reader sees in his mind's eye, with sharp distinctness, the picture which the poet aimed to set there ; but he sees no more. His imagination has no part to play. It lies idly by, and makes no sign.

Now set beside this a passage in which the power of mystery, of suggestion, is strong. Set beside it, for instance, Mad Tom's snatch of song in "King Lear," "Child Rowland to the dark tower came." I call the song Mad Tom's, for who can doubt that Edgar studied the part from life, and that Mad Tom was a real and living person ? But in what course of his roivings he picked up this fragment of old legend is beyond our knowing. Perhaps he discovered it in some odd corner of his brain ; perhaps learned it of that strange demon who haunted him, as he tells us, with the voice of a nightingale. But, from whatever source it came, scarcely a better instance could be found of the power which springs from richness of suggestion. Who was this Child Rowland ? What was the dark tower ? What wild and strange adventures had its spectral walls beheld ? Imagination wakes. A thousand shadowy memories arise, like

phantoms, in the mind's eye, of legendary lands; of battle-dinted knights-at-arms; of dragon-guarded dungeons; of soft lutes heard pleading from barred casements; of combats against tenfold odds; of wild vows given and received; of "trumpets blown and hymns of festival;" of heads of enemies set up to bleach on battlemented towers. Or perhaps the story rises up complete before the mind, as a great living poet has imagined it—the story of the band of knights, of whom Child Rowland was the last, sworn to the quest of the Dark Tower in the midst of its wild waste of deathful country, to perish one by one before its walls.

Or consider the exquisitely beautiful series of pictures in De Musset's "*Nuit de Mai*," in the invitation of the Muse to the poet—

"Shall we sing of Hope, or Sorrow, or Joy? Shall we steep in blood the battalions of steel? Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder? Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed? Shall we cry to Tarquin, 'Night is come?' Shall we seek the pearl in the caves of ocean? Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony? Shall we lift to heaven the eyes of Melancholy? Shall we follow the hunter over the mountain crags? Shall we picture a maiden moving to Mass, a page behind her, her cheek aflame, her glance roving from the side of her mother, her parted lips forgetting her prayer, trembling to hear among the echoing pillars the clinking spur of a bold cavalier?"

Every piece of imagery here is penetrated with the power of charm, the power of suggestion. Like the image of Child Rowland coming to the dark tower, every line epitomizes a romance. "Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony?" Behold the pastorals of Virgil and of Theocritus, the pipes of the shepherds, the songs, and the ivy-bowls. "Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed?" Behold Maz-eppa bound on his wild horse, swept like a whirlwind through the waste. "Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder?" Behold the high-walled orchard-gardens of Verona, and Juliet looking from her window as the moon tips with silver the fruit-tree tops.

Or we may take an example in which the power of suggestion acts in a rather different manner. The following is from one of Victor Hugo's poems. It is a scene of evening, of Oriental night.

The grass is dark; a sweet fresh smell issues from the tufts of asphodel; a whisper of rivulets is in the moss; a sound of sheep-bells comes from far away.

"C'était l'heure tranquille où les lions vont boire."

("It was the still hour when the lions come to drink.")

It is, perhaps, the subtle charm, like that of music, of the words, which really gives this line its rich suggestions of tranquillity; and this, of course, is incommunicable, if it is not felt. But another and more obvious source of its effect may be observed. Instead of choosing the hart or hind, or other timorous and soft-natured creature, thinking to deepen the peace of the evening with the imagery of peace, the poet chooses the lion. The hind, with her fawn beside her, stealing forth at evening from her covert, doubtless affords an image of tranquillity. But the hour has deeper influences yet. The lions, not now seeking blood, are coming to drink "at the waters that go softly."

But the spirit of suggestion is a dainty Ariel. The secret of its power is not often to be thus explored. Like the mysterious and occult suggestions of the melody of music, the laws of association on which its power depends are often too dim and too complex to be followed far. But as we know that in the melody of music there are combinations of simple notes which have power to stir the spirit to its depths, so also we know that there are combinations of simple words which act upon the mind with a mysterious and unaccountable power of charm. Passages in which this power is strong are among the rarest and most precious in all literature. To seek them is like seeking hidden treasure. To discover them is to feel the joy of the diver who emerges from the sea-depths with a goodly pearl.

What reader has not felt the profound visionary effect of Wordsworth's verse—

"The Lady of the Mere

Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance;"

a verse which Southey considered to be the finest instance in our language of pure poetic charm. Perhaps he was not wrong. The word "shore" is itself

a curious instance of subtle and mysterious power. "Beach" conveys identically the same idea. But make the exchange—

"The Lady of the Mere
Sole sitting by the beach of old Romance."

How poor and pale in comparison!
What loss of the strange richness of suggestion which comes from the sound of "shore"!

This visionary charm, this music-like mastery of effect, occurs in many forms. It appears in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"—

"The Hebride isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main."

In Coleridge's enchanted river, the
Alph of Xanadu, sinking

"Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

In Keats's

—"magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

In Virgil's

"Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros."
("And rivers gliding under ancient walls.")

In Wordsworth's

"Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides."

This is the spirit of Romance, the spirit which prefers the phantom to the statue, and twilight to full noon; which seeks not the vividness of imagery, but the rich and working presence of suggestion. It is this spirit, pushed to its last result only in our own time, which has produced the interesting form of poetry of which Mr. Swinburne's "Before a Mirror" is perhaps the most remarkable instance.

The effect of this poem is almost identically the same as that of music. Its imagery, so far from being vivid, is phantasmal; its words act through associations more ghostly than the scent of last year's rose, than "the song of our country heard in a strange land." The impression of its haunting power re-

sembles nothing so nearly as the impression produced by a "Nocturne" of Chopin's.

But leaving these enchanted lands, where all forms of things are "vaporous and unaccountable," and coming out into the air of common day, it is curious to note at how slight a cause—apparently slight, that is, though really charged with consequence, like the footprint which Robinson Crusoe found on the sea-shore—imagination will arouse itself, ready for flight, like Ariel spreading his wings at the voice of Prospero. The following is a fine example: and it is one, moreover, which is sufficient, of itself, to display the essential difference between the art which suggests, and the art which excludes suggestion:—

"The picture represented clouds low and lurid, rolling over a swollen sea; all the distance was in eclipse; so, too, was the foreground—or rather the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam. In its beak it held a bracelet, set with gems, touched with as brilliant tints as the palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as the pencil could impart."

Now supposing this to be a complete description of the scene,—for though Jane Eyre's picture contained other details, we may consider, for our purpose, that nothing was visible but what is here described,—the whole power of it as a piece of romantic art (and it is immensely powerful) lies in the bracelet. Without the bracelet the picture is merely a study of waves and sky. It may be fine and valuable as such, full of the most rare and precious qualities of landscape; but, whatever these may be, the interest of such a picture lies evidently in what it accurately depicts, not in what it suggests. But add the bracelet, add the power of suggestion, the mystery of romance, and the picture is now no longer a study of scenery, but a wild and mournful poem.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EARTHQUAKES AND OTHER EARTH MOVEMENTS. By John Milne, Professor of Mining and Geology in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio, Japan. With thirty-eight figures. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This new volume in the International Scientific Series is one of unusual popular interest, in spite of its being treated from the high scientific standpoint. The systematic account of seismic phenomena covers earthquakes or sudden violent movements of the ground; earth tremors or minute movements which escape our attention by the smallness of their amplitude; and earth oscillations or movements of long period and large amplitude which have geological importance. These phenomena, of course, only differ in degree, and are intimately associated in their occurrence and origin. The importance of this branch of study, to which less attention has been given than to many other branches of not so much value to the world, is of the highest. The author properly emphasizes this in his introductory chapter. He says:

"By studying the propagation of earthquake-waves the physicist is enabled to confirm his speculations respecting the transmission of disturbances in elastic media. For the physicist, earthquakes are gigantic experiments which tell him the elastic moduli of rocks as they exist in nature, and when properly interpreted may lead him to the proper comprehension of many ill-understood phenomena. It is not impossible that seismological investigation may teach us something about the earth's magnetism, and the connection between earthquakes and the 'earth currents' which appear in our telegraph-wires. These and numerous other kindred problems fall within the domain of the physicist.

"It is of interest to the meteorologist to know the connections which probably exist between earthquakes and the fluctuations of the barometer, the changes of the thermometer, the quantity of rainfall, and like phenomena to which he devotes his attention.

"Next we may turn to the more practical aims of seismology and ask ourselves what are the effects of earthquakes upon buildings, and how, in earthquake-shaken countries, the buildings are to be made to withstand them. Here we are face to face with problems which demand the attention of engineers and builders.

To attain what we desire, observation, common sense, and subtle reasoning must be brought to bear upon this subject.

"In the investigation of the principle on which earthquake instruments make their records, in the analysis of the results they give, in problems connected with astronomy, with physics, and with construction, seismology offers to the mathematician new fields for investigation. A study of the effect which earthquakes produce on the lower animals will not fail to interest the student of natural history.

"A study like seismology, which leads us to a more complete knowledge of earth-heat and its workings, is to be regarded as one of the corner-stones of geology. The science of seismology invites the co-operation of workers and thinkers in almost every department of natural science.

"We have already referred to the influence exerted by earthquakes over the human mind. How to predict earthquakes, and how to escape from their dangers, are problems which, if they can be solved, are of extreme interest to the world at large."

To the general reader not the least interesting portion of the book will be the study of the causes of earthquakes, a subject which has divided scientific opinion in no small degree. Professor Milne regards them as being caused by a complexity of causes. The primary causes are telluric heats, solar heats, and variations in gravitating influences. The secondary causes depend on the primary causes, such as expansions and contractions of the earth's crust, variations in temperature, barometrical pressure, rain, wind, the attractive influences of the sun and moon in producing tides in the ocean or on the earth's crust, etc., etc. Going more into detail, we find that many earthquakes are caused by variations in pressure producing cracks. When this takes place suddenly the results are often not only earthquakes but volcanoes. Then, again, we have outbursts of steam from the interior, either caused by water, which may have percolated through volcanic vents, or by the cooling of the interior. The possibility of the opening of fissures beneath the ocean is also a factor seriously considered. The fact that many of the most terrible earthquakes have originated beneath the sea, bear strongly on the latter cause. Earthquakes also occur in connection with and are

probably caused by volcanoes, the ejection of ashes and lava being the immediate occasion. Summing up, our author claims that the majority of earthquakes are due to explosive efforts at the volcanic foci, either submarine or terranean. The subject of the prediction of earthquakes is thoroughly discussed, and some very curious facts bearing on this subject given us. Much progress in this direction has already been made, and careful experiment and investigation are likely greatly to increase and improve the means at our disposal to know in advance the coming of these terrible visitors.

The book seems to have been based on a careful and exhaustive study of all the facts and phenomena of earthquakes. Professor Milne is a highly accomplished observer, and his deductions have evidently been most conscientiously framed.

A VITAL QUESTION; OR, WHAT IS TO BE DONE? By Nikolai G. Tchernishevsky. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole and S. S. Skidelsky. New York: *Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.*

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? A Romance. By N. G. Tcheernychewski. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. Boston: *Benjamin R. Tucker.*

The issue of these two editions of the same novel by different publishing houses is pretty good evidence of the growing interest in Russian literature. The books by Count Tolstoy, published by Messrs. Crowell, remarkable and significant in themselves, have special value in their bearing on the revolution which has been slowly going on in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs, and which promises more violent and terrible outbreaks in the future than any which have yet occurred, terrible and tragic as some of these have been.

The same reason applies to "A Vital Question;" in still larger measure, perhaps, as it relates to the earlier period of ferment, which finally led up to the organization of Nihilism. We are told, indeed, that the book is regarded by the Nihilists as their "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of this, more farther on.

The work appeared originally in 1863, in a St. Petersburg magazine, the author of it having written the novel in a prison where he had been confined for twenty-two months, prior to being sent to Siberia. In form it is very discursive and inartistic, and without much point, except as it paints an early transition period. The pith of the narrative hinges on the right of a woman when she shall have arrived at the conclusion that one husband has ceased to be

necessary to her development, to select another; and on the duty of the first spouse to acquiesce in the change as something of which he has no right to complain, in which, indeed, he shall be a cheerful agent. If "A Vital Question" touches any social or political issue whatsoever, it is that a woman (we may assume a man also) has the ethical right to change her partner as often as the whim may seize her. This is no more nor less than what in America we call "Free Love." The doctrine of co-operation as a solution of the problem of labor enters largely, too, into the movement of the story; but, important as this is, it is not the significant question on which the story primarily turns.

We can hardly understand how the Nihilist party in Russia look on this as an "Uncle Tom's Cabin." While the primary question of woman's emancipation from all the laws and conventions of society—an emancipation carried to its extreme logical conclusion—is a main factor in the work of the author, *that* has very little to do with what we now know as Nihilism. Women, of course, play a large part in the plots and conspiracies of the Nihilists, but so they have throughout the whole history of the world's despotism. Their intellectual narrowness, their enthusiasm, the dominance of the emotional over the mental, make them peculiarly useful tools in such emergencies. But so far as the issues of Nihilism in all its political and moral bearings, as they are to-day understood, are concerned, we fail to see the special relation of this book to Nihilistic evolution.

We cannot commend this book as a novel. It is loosely, carelessly, inartistically composed. The average novel-reader will find it hard work to struggle through it. It will alone interest those who are historical students of the early beginnings of the social movement in Russia, which has finally, in connection with an after political development, become such a tragic and striking phase of Russian life.

A STUDY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY. By Lewis G. Janes. Boston: *Index Association.*

Dr. Janes's study of early Christian development and history is inspired from the Unitarian standpoint. While it is based on the best results of the higher criticism of the New Testament and of the origins of Christianity, the postulate which antedates the writer's beliefs and reasonings is not one which would recommend itself to what is commonly known as orthodox Christianity. This, however, does

not lessen the suggestiveness and value of the book, which is written in a singularly liberal, large, and thoughtful spirit, as well as with a large equipment of scholarly knowledge and attainment. The reasoning and plan of the author do not apprehend the life of Jesus and the early Christians as a mere historical problem, but they include at every step all the considerations which can help us in the storm and stress of the philosophy, sociology, ethics, and religion of the present time. Beginning with an investigation of the local environment of the earliest phases of Christianity, involved in the political, social, and religious condition of Palestine in the Roman period, the argument considers the state of society and religion in the Roman Empire outside of Palestine, the ground into which the earliest seeds of Christian doctrine were thrown. After this the author considers the source of our information concerning the life and teachings of Jesus, and the different steps of the evolution of the new religion up to the time of its secular triumph. The author modestly explains his attitude in these words :

"The greatest care has been taken to insure accuracy in regard to all questions of fact, reliance having been placed only on authorities of recognized weight and impartiality. For the conclusions and deductions from ascertained historical facts herein set forth, no one is responsible save the author, who commits them to the candid judgment of the unbiassed reader, trusting that they may serve a good, if humble, purpose toward the discovery of truth, and the consequent enfranchisement of mankind from superstition and theological error."

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S forthcoming novel, "Masollam : a Problem of the Period," is said to deal largely with a class of subjects in which he shows an increasing interest. The "problem" of which Mr. Oliphant treats is "psychometrical;" and in the view that he takes of phenomena which have engaged the attention of spiritualists, Esoteric Buddhists, and the members of the Psychical Research Society, he differs, so far as we have been able to gather, from them all.

In *Notes and Queries* James Macaulay considers the question, Was John Bunyan of gypsy origin? The article concludes as follows: "That the popular idea of Bunyan's origin prevailed throughout his own lifetime

we know from the famous anecdote about Charles II. and Dr. Owen. The king asked the doctor 'how a learned man, such as he was, could sit and hear an illiterate tinker prate.' 'May it please your Majesty,' was Dr. Owen's reply, 'could I possess the tinker's ability for preaching, I would gladly relinquish all my learning.' I do not affirm the gypsy origin of 'the immortal dreamer,' but only say that the question has not been settled by showing that there were Bunyans in England ever since the Conquest; nor is it fair to ignore the discussion, in the face of Bunyan's own statements in his autobiography, as has been done not only by Mr. Brown, but also by Mr. Froude in his memoir."

It has been announced that the task of writing the life of the late W. E. Forster has been entrusted to the very capable hands of Mr. T. Wemyss Reid. The *Athenaeum* says that the material promises to be abundant.

PROFESSOR BOYESEN'S complete works, except his poems, are about to be published by the firm of Commer Meyer, in Christiania, in a Norwegian translation by Otto Andersen. The first volume will be "A Daughter of The Philistines," the second "Queen Titania."

A LETTER from Constantinople in a German journal states that Naim Beis Phrassaris, an official of the Turkish Ministry of Education, is about to publish a Turkish translation of the Homeric poems. In the introduction the translator will give a sketch of the influence which the translation of Homer has exercised upon the development of popular culture among other peoples.

WHEN distributing the prizes at the Oxford High School last week, Dean Liddell (as we learn from the *Oxford Magazine*) took the opportunity of telling some reminiscences of his schooldays at the Charterhouse, when he sat next to Thackeray in the form called "Emeriti." From this form promotion could only be gained by repeating the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil from memory, a feat not possible to Thackeray. In later years Thackeray accused the dean of being the Dobbin that wrote his Latin verses for him. The dean would not own the impeachment, though he agreed that Thackeray could not have written them himself.

A SELECTION from the writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt is in preparation by a London publisher. We are surprised that this has not been attempted before. Some twenty

years ago, a selection, of limited range, from Leigh Hunt's essays did appear, but it dropped out of sight, and is no longer attainable. From the writings of Hazlitt, a man of true genius and of rare ability, no selection has ever been made. These two writers were among the most cherished of Charles Lamb's circle, and their works are very little known to the present generation. The selection is undertaken by Mr. Alexander Ireland, author of "The Book-Lovers' Enchiridion," who, some years ago, published a bibliographical and critical list of the writings of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

PROFESSOR JOH. HUEMER, of Vienna, has discovered in the Hofbibliothek a MS. of a forgotten German poet of the eleventh century, written in Latin. The work is called "Synodicus." The author is Wernerius, of Basel. Both author and poem were formerly famous, but fell by degrees into such oblivion that they are not mentioned by the literary historians of the Middle Ages. The work is now in the press, and will appear in Professor Huemer's *Romanischen Forschungen* (Erlangen: Deichert).

THE *Spectator* speaks of the Newdegate prize poem on Savonarola recited at Oxford on the late commemoration, as having "unusual promise." These are the concluding lines :

And so he passed to joy through bitter woe,
As some great galleon through the dark may go
Where no star glimmers, and the storm-wind wails,
Until the rose of Morning teach her sails.

IN the life of Mr. Darwin, which his son, Mr. F. Darwin, is writing, will be included a fragment of autobiography.

THE London *Academy* hears that Mr. Brown-ing will probably publish separately the two poems of which his next volume was to consist. In that case the first poem, which has been finished for some time, might be out in time for the holidays.

SWISS papers state that Dr. Kern, who has long been the Ambassador of the Confederation in Paris, is writing his diplomatic memorials, which are to be published under the title of "Souvenirs Politiques."

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON, who is already known for his translations of Arabian poetry, has just finished an important work on the migration and transformation of popular tales, which will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Blackwood.

MR. JOHN D. ROSS has been engaged for some years on a work which is now in the

press, entitled "Celebrated Songs of Scotland." It will embrace seven hundred of the most popular songs from King James V. to Henry Scott Riddell, with memoirs of the writers, notes, glossary, and a complete index.

A RUSSIAN writer and professor of history of considerable note, Michael Semenovitch Koutorga, died recently in the retirement to which he had long since withdrawn near Matislav in the government of Mohilev. Koutorga had undergone a long preparation for the professorial duties he was destined to discharge, first at Dorpat, subsequently in foreign universities. His dissertation on the "Political Organization of the Germans," published in 1837, awoke attention, and he was received into the acquaintanceship of Von Ranke, Guizot, and other historians. After his return home he occupied the chair of Universal History at St. Petersburg and became himself the guiding spirit of a group of historical writers. Greek history, especially during the period from the beginning of the Persian wars to the close of the Peloponnesian war, was the subject which elicited his highest efforts and most thorough researches ; and his "Guerres Médiques," which appeared first in French in 1861, takes an honorable place among modern works on Greek history.

THE popular Austrian novelist, Eduard Breier, has died at Gaitwitz, near Znaim. His four romances, in which the Kaiser Josef II. figures as hero, his "Buch vom Kaiser Josef," and his "Konstitutioneller Katechismus für's Volk" are widely circulated in Austria as "Volksbücher." Hermine Breier, the actress of the Dresden Court Theatre, is his daughter.

A REMARKABLE "find" is reported from Bari in Apulia. It is said that more than two thousand Byzantine diplomas upon a blue parchment have been discovered in the cathedral, where they were walled up in a niche, apparently for their safe preservation. Whether the blue color of the parchment was its original hue or has been produced by chemical action during the long burial is not yet clear. The documents belong to the Chapter of Bari Cathedral, who have declared that they shall not hesitate to give full access to them for purposes of examination and study.

THE Nestor of German booksellers "der alte Frommann," has died at Jena at the age of eighty-eight. Minna Herzlieb was, it may be remembered, the "Pflegetochter" of Friedrich Frommann, the father of the deceased.

The "alte Frommann" was, like his sire, high in the good graces of Goethe. The whole story is told in the well-known volume "Das Frommann'sche Haus und seine Freunde."

THE New Shakspeare Society will print Sir Edward Sullivan's paper on Hamlet's age, in which he argues that Shakspeare, in his second cast of the play, the second Quarto, deliberately altered Hamlet's age to thirty from the nineteen of Quarto 1. Sir Edward holds that Laertes's speech to Ophelia about the "youth of primy nature," "nature cressant," and all other allusions, are consistent with this view. "Young Hamlet," he says, is a mere name to distinguish him from his father, like "young Fortinbras." Horatio, who, on the day young Hamlet was born, saw his father combat the ambitious Norway, must have been fifty, or near it; Guildenstern and Rosencranz, though in "consonance of our youth," must have been full-grown men. The whole play is on this point harmonious, and not—according to the prevalent view—revised in its first part on the nineteen-age of Quarto 1, but altered in its last part to the thirty of Quarto 2. As to the "schoole in Wittenberg," does not Nash note how late the Danes sent their children to school, "so that you shall see a great boy with a beard learne his A, B, C, and sit weeping vnder the rod when he is thirty yeeeres olde"?

DR. E. A. BOND, of the British Museum, has nearly ready for issue to members of the Chaucer Society the fragments of the household accounts of Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III., containing the earliest notices of Geoffrey Chaucer.

A CONGRESS for the celebration of the 800th anniversary of the completion of the Domesday Survey has been initiated by the Royal Historical Society, and a committee has been constituted by delegates of the Society of Antiquaries and other learned societies. The meetings will take place at the end of the year, when all the Domesday and other Anglo-Norman records will be brought together, and papers will be read on the chief topics. It appears possible the collection may be placed for the occasion in the British Museum.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING, editor of "Lord Gower's Reminiscences," reflects severely on the accuracy of Carlyle as a historian, and attacks in this connection his French Revolution. He writes to the *Athenæum* as follows:

"No history of the French Revolution is more widely read than Carlyle's, and no part

of that history is better known than his account of the flight to Varennes. Yet almost every detail of his narrative of the event is untrue, and the general impression conveyed to the reader is in many important respects a false one. . . .

"If it is the first duty of the historian, as some suppose, to call up before the mind of the reader a vivid picture of what actually took place, he must surely be careful that his picture is a true one, and not the product of his own imagination. It happens that nearly all the details of the flight to Varennes are discoverable, although Carlyle took no pains to make himself acquainted with them; but the minute circumstances of many events which are equally important are entirely unrecorded. It is, therefore, safer for the historian to leave such matters to the historical novelist or the essayist, and to confine himself to a sober narrative of affairs of real moment, the truth about which may with diligence be generally ascertained."

MR. WILLIAM BLACK has completed a new novel, the chief scenes of which are laid in London and Brighton. The story deals in some measure with artistic life in the metropolis, while one of the characters is of a sporting turn, and a good deal of racing is introduced. The heroine, Sabina, whose name gives the title to the story, is the daughter of a rich M.P., who quits her father's house and lives in lodgings so as to devote herself entirely to labor among the London poor. The novel, it will be seen, is a departure from the run of stories to which Mr. Black has accustomed his readers. Messrs. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, have secured the story, and it will be simultaneously published in the autumn in newspapers in all quarters of the world.

MISCELLANY.

THE PENALTY OF DEATH.—The division on Sir Joseph Pease's proposal to abolish the penalty of death is satisfactory, as showing that in this particular, at all events, the new House of Commons is not disposed to try rash experiments. It cannot be said that Sir Joseph Pease offered the House any great inducement to embark on his doubtful venture. His statistics may have been indisputable, but certainly they were not undisputed. Or, rather, to put it quite accurately, they were met by other statistics which pointed to the opposite conclusion. If in Belgium and the Netherlands

no increase of murders has followed upon the disuse of capital punishment, a very great increase has followed upon a similar step in Switzerland and Würtemberg. The former country, indeed, has returned upon itself, and capital punishment is once more lawful. Moreover, a part of Sir Joseph Pease's speech would have been more in place if it had been made in support of Mr. Howard Vincent's amendment. The blundering executions of which so much has lately been heard reflect great discredit on the present hap-hazard method of appointing executioners, but they have no bearing on the question whether a murderer ought to be hanged or imprisoned for life. The number of applications show that the dislike generally felt toward the office is very far from being universal; and wherever there is competition, it ought not to be impossible to find a competent man for the post. So, too, it is quite true that the existing definition of murder is too wide. Now that certain classes of murderers are never executed, what is the use of passing sentence of death on them? The end the legislator should keep before him in the allotment of punishment to crime will be attained in proportion to the certainty with which the one is seen to follow upon the other. The difficulty of drawing a line between murders and murders may be great, but we refuse to believe that it is insuperable. Judges and Crown Counsel vie with one another in imploring juries not to find a prisoner guilty of murder unless the evidence is irresistible; and if occasionally a verdict is open to question, the Home Secretary is certain to advise a reprieve. The impression that innocent men are hanged rests, we fancy, on the fact that men who have been sentenced to death and reprieved are sometimes proved to be innocent. There are two reasons for retaining capital punishment which have lost none of their force. It is a common and, on the whole, valid argument for limiting the penalty of death to murder, that if you inflict it for any other crime, however heinous, there will be a strong temptation to add murder to that other crime in order to get rid of a witness. The abolition of capital punishment would have precisely the same result. It would be directly to the interest of a burglar to put to death a man who tried to defend his property, because to do so would subject him to no greater penalty, while by making identification difficult, it would make conviction improbable. There are many cases in which the commission of a crime would be rendered easier by killing some one;

and to all appearance, what mainly deters the criminal from thus doubling his guilt is his knowledge that in doing so he will much more than double his punishment. Death is something different in kind from perpetual imprisonment, and though he is ready to risk the one, he is not ready to risk the other. The whole force of this motive would disappear if he could double his guilt and yet leave his punishment what it was. The second of these still valid reasons is that the abolition of capital punishment would be a virtual gift of impunity to prisoners already under sentence of imprisonment for life. Whatever they may do, nothing worse can befall them than has befallen them already. It would be absurd to allot a lighter punishment to a second murder than has already been allotted to a first—to put a man on bread and water for a week for killing a prison warder, when he has been sentenced to penal servitude for life for killing his worst enemy. Yet the law would forbid the infliction of the only greater punishment, and, from the nature of the case, the original punishment cannot be repeated. There is no way that we can see out of this dilemma; consequently, the one thing to be done is to retain capital punishment. At least, if we let it go, we shall have greatly to increase our prison staff, to instruct the men composing it to be on the watch for the first sign of disturbance, and then to shoot freely by way of prevention, since we must not hang by way of penalty. One of the speakers in the recent debate pleaded not for the life of a murderer, but for his less painful death. "There are other modes of taking life besides the barbarous way of hanging a man by the neck until he is dead." In this, no doubt, Mr. Cooke is right. The range of choice is no longer limited to the axe, the cord, the musket, and the guillotine; a mask charged with prussic acid, a glass of pleasantly flavored liquid, a hermetically sealed chamber, would deprive death, if not of its terrors, at all events of its suffering. The murderer would be better off in this respect than the majority of his fellow-men. There is physical agony—at times very great physical agony—attending upon their deaths; there would be none at all attending upon his. We agree with Mr. Cooke that when the law is taking life, it ought not to take it with unnecessary pain; but we do not see that we are bound to call in the help of science to make the death of a murderer less painful than it would probably have been if he had never been guilty of murder. There is no reason, however, to believe that hanging is

more painful than any of the more ordinary forms of death. It might be long before the relatives of a man who had been killed by poison felt as much disgraced as they would had he been hanged. Moreover, frequent repetition has made this form of death sufficiently familiar to take hold of the popular imagination. Men who are tempted to murder can call up before their mental vision all the circumstances of the gallows ; and where the imagination is sluggish, this is in itself a considerable advantage.—*Spectator*.

“ A FAMILY DOCTOR ” ON SUPPERS.—But as to suppers : I have always been of the opinion that slops are bad. I have not the slightest doubt that my readers will bear testimony to the truth of what I say from their own personal experience. A fluid supper generates acid, and it is ten times worse if beer is to be partaken with it. Beer and milk food, or soup, would ruin any digestion. No ; let the little you do take be solid, and easy of digestion ; an egg that has been pretty well boiled and allowed to get cold, with a slice of cold toast and butter, is a simple supper, but one that agrees. Meat should not be eaten, nor, as a rule, fish. In fact, supper should really be an off-put, if one has dined fairly well. The food we eat during the day—its quantity and its quality—has a very great deal more to do than most people think with the kind of sleep we obtain at night and the amount thereof ; and the *kind* of sleep is of far more importance than its actual amount. Disturbed, restless, or dreamful sleep is not refreshing, no matter how much thereof we obtain. Even pleasant dreams destroy the good effects of sleep. Now, leaving heart complaints out of the question, I have always observed, then, that species of complaint known to medical men as irritability, with partial congestion of the lining membrane of the digestive organs, whether in whole or in part, is invariably accompanied by restlessness and disturbed sleep. The restlessness by day takes the form of nervousness and excitability ; but by night there are often frightful dreams. Well, would not some portions of indigestible food lying about the system be likely to produce the same nocturnal symptoms ? I leave my readers to meditate upon the question, and answer it for themselves.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

MILK-SCARLATINA.—There is nothing new in the statement that milk may be a carrier of infective matter. The fact is recognized by the Legislature, and local authorities have cer-

tain powers enabling them to make provision for the purpose of protecting milk from contamination ; and persons affected with any contagious disease, or who have recently been in contact with persons so affected, are not allowed by the law to handle milk vessels or engage in the work of a dairy. Outbreaks of diphtheria, enteric fever, and scarlatina have over and over again been traced to the use of milk which had become contaminated with the germs of those diseases, through the agency of persons or things which at the time were infected, or in which some of the specific virus existed. No hesitation can be experienced in admitting the probability of milk, among other things, becoming charged with infective matter, and thus being a contagion carrier. A very serious question has been of late years raised from time to time in connection with the facts above stated, in reference to the possibility of there being some relation between diseases of the cow and certain contagious diseases of man. In the spring of 1882 the possibility of the existence of some relation between inflammation of the udder of the cow (garget) and diphtheria in man was discussed. On June 3, 1882, we remarked, in regard to this idea, that outbreaks of diphtheria in a district had been traced to the consumption of milk from a particular dairy ; and, as no cases of the disease had been known to occur among any of the persons concerned with the dairy, or employed in the distribution of the milk, under these circumstances it was surmised that there might be some unknown or unrecognized state of the system of the cow, which so changed the character of the milk that it acquired the power of inducing diphtheria in persons who partook of it. Last winter the idea was revived in a more positive form in connection with a somewhat serious outbreak of scarlet fever in South Marleybone, St. Pancras, St. John's Wood, Hampstead, and Hendon, apparently associated with the milk which was supplied from a dairy at Hendon. Some of the particulars appeared at the time in several agricultural papers. An inquiry was commenced by the Local Government Board, and a very interesting and elaborate, not to say startling, report has just been issued, containing the results of the investigation. The facts which were collected during the inquiry are the following. In December last outbreaks of scarlet fever occurred in Hendon, Hampstead, St. Pancras, and South Marleybone. All these districts, and in addition St. John's Wood, had received a supply of milk from a dairy farm at

Hendon. St. John's Wood remained free from fever at the date of the inquiry. All the districts named were also supplied with milk from other places. For example, in South Marleybone, where scarlet fever was severe, the daily supply of Hendon milk was 63 gallons, of other milk 10 gallons. In Hampstead, where fever was not nearly so bad, 18 gallons of Hendon milk were distributed, to 23 gallons of other milk. In St. Pancras, where comparatively few people were attacked, 6 or 7 gallons of Hendon milk were used, to 45 gallons of other milk. In St. John's Wood, which altogether escaped fever up to the date of the inquiry, there were 20 gallons of Hendon milk to 4 gallons of other milk distributed daily. In Hendon, where only two families had fever, 1 or 2 gallons of Hendon milk, and no other milk, were supplied daily. It may be remarked here that the inquiry was limited to the Hendon farm, and did not extend to the other sources of milk supply. No external source of contamination of milk with the virus of scarlet fever was detected during the inquiry, and from this negative evidence the inquirers originate the astounding hypothesis, "That the cows themselves must have had something or other to do with any scarlatina which had been distributed along with their milk." This was the proposition to be examined, and during further investigation on the dairy farm it was ascertained that certain fresh cows from Derby market (four in number) were brought on to the farm in the middle of November. One of these cows became affected with an eruption on the teats and udder. Dr. Kleine considered this affection to be a constitutional one, probably capable of transmission from cow to cow. Later on a large number of the cows became affected, and in January the disease extended to the cows in the shed from which the milk supply of St. John's Wood was derived, and then scarlatina appeared in that district, ceasing when the milk from Hendon was withheld. Such is the history of the case as it presents itself to us in a condensed form; and the conclusion which has been drawn from the evidence seems to be that an eruptive disease of the udder of the cow (a very common disease, by-the-by) may be associated with some derangement of the constitution, not indicated, it is said, by any ordinary signs of illness, such as loss of appetite and diminished secretion of milk, but nevertheless of a nature so malignant that the milk of the cow which to the experienced eye of the farmer or the cowman is in perfect health, may infect the human

system with a deadly and infectious disease. At present we have no more to say, but it is not likely that stockowners all over the world will consider such a staggering proposition to have been demonstrated.—*Field*.

TRUQUAGE.—*Truquage*, although a term probably unfamiliar to many of our readers, nevertheless deserves to rank among the finer arts of modern civilization, such is the industry and skill and ingenuity with which it is carried out. Burns's cotter mother was chiefly admirable for the skill with which she "gar'd auld things look maist as well as new," but the *truqueur* devotes himself, on the contrary, to the art of making new things look quite as good as old. The connoisseur in furniture of the present day is well aware that, for certain important qualities of soundness, good workmanship, and good taste, that the "old is better," with valid reason also for his opinion. But the crowd, who have neither his leisure, his knowledge, or his experience, naturally fall into the hands of the scientific experts of *truquage*, an easy prey to the spoiler. M. Eudel, who has written much and wisely upon this subject in the French press, and has become in consequence a terror to the dealers in sham antiquity, has deigned to enlighten the intelligence of would-be buyers as to sundry mysteries of the trade. The stock-in-trade of the French *truqueur* and his English congener—quite as expert as he—need not be large.

Walnut juice—which gives an agreeable mellowness of tone—and nitric acid are neither of them expensive. The latter imitates pretty closely the ravages of ants, and holes bored with a fine auger easily give the worm-eaten appearance which appeals to the lover of the antique in carved furniture. The writer was informed by a workman's wife that her husband was one of those solely employed in the boring or auger business; but in Paris live worms are kept to do the work, and do it even better, and to order, which is more surprising. New oak can be stained by a solution of old iron in hot vinegar, which darkens it to a deeper tone; it is then carefully oiled and polished. The price demanded, however, is such that "bargains" can be boasted of by the inexperienced, while really fine work always commands its value in the open market. The unhappy pieces of furniture which have to date from the sixteenth century are severely beaten with heavy bludgeons, which serves to give them the worn appearance necessary to three centuries of existence. A common de-

vice is to paint the panels of cupboards, roughly carved on the premises, with white paint; they are then dried in the sun, and, after keeping some months, are washed in potash, which removes the paint in patches, and the exquisite finish of the carving beneath is apt to be taken for granted by the buyer, who is aware that in the last century much good panelling was thus painted, and preserved to our generation in consequence in all its pristine freshness of cutting and outline. Buhl of a very ordinary description is ornamented by French dealers with brass scroll work, after the designs of Gilot, who succeeded Buhl. Those who can be taken in by these mechanical reproductions must be left to their fate. In porcelain and faience one can only say *caveat emptor*, so clever are the tricks by which even the learned are deceived. At Cagé's manufactory at Versailles the *faience de Nevers* is reproduced to perfection; but here all is fair and open dealing. If the buyer prefers his purchase "antique," M. Cagé will bake it for him until the glaze crackles. It is further mellowed in a manure heap, and a slight extra charge is imposed. The special marks of favorite potters are easily imitated and as much pains is taken with the spurious ware, with intent to deceive, as would suffice to give value to real specimens. The character of the early decoration is carefully preserved—the even white of the Moustiers ware; the dead, dull white of the Marseillaise; and the careful finish of the old Delft potters. At Venice the reproduction of the old palatial furniture is a thriving industry, and the same at Florence; but it possesses little or no artistic value. The ebony is black stained wood; the *stipi* are bone, and not ivory; the shapes and patterns are, however, carefully copied, and the prices are not excessive, and good patterns are a distinct gain in furniture; but the modern production will not have the lasting qualities of the old. Ivory triptychs are manufactured at Versailles. The golden tint is gained by boiling in oil, then plunging into boiling water, and drying before a hot fire, which cracks the ivory to perfection. These require a very skilled eye to detect, as the carving is often meritorious. Even works of the highest art do not escape the *truqueur*. Clodion, the late eminent French sculptor, discovered that a group bearing his signature had been sold for 4,500 francs. Legal proceedings were instituted accordingly. It was brought to light that the work in question was due to one Lebroc, who had made it his study to imi-

tate Clodion. Nevertheless, three eminent judges—Millet, Chapú, and Guillaume—after careful examination, and in spite of the signature, decided that, in their opinion, it was not the handling of Clodion. So the sales were annulled, and damages were not allowed by the courts. Clodion's real name was Michel, and some of his earlier and finest works are thus signed. The arts of *truquage* extend themselves even to literature. As long ago as the seventeenth century we find the printers of Lyons and Rouen simulating *princeps* editions of Racine and Molière. The type, the paper, the colophons, all being reproduced with unscrupulous accuracy, and then palmed off as genuine upon the unwary purchaser. The manufacture still prospers, aided with the photogravure processes and the arts of facsimile. So also are old letters and autographs successfully floated, signed by Cardinal de Retz or Colbert, or whom you please, fetching a good price, and almost challenging scrutiny. The history of the Shaphira forgeries of the Pentateuch are fresh in the recollection of our readers. They were offered at the modest price of one million sterling. So also the famous *verniss Martin* can still be bought at Paris, very like, but still not genuine; and clever painters, whose work is as good as Lancret's, can be found to figure as Watteaus with no mean success. But at present the secret of the real *Martin vernis* remains as impenetrable as it is exquisite. In buying old oak furniture, the buyer should notice the presence or absence of the "ties," or cross-bars near the floor, which are invariable in the construction of the seventeenth-century joiners. The forger is apt to forget this, and thus himself to brand the work as spurious. Decoration was formerly the proper art of a guild of Florentine artists in the fourteenth century. Painters, jewellers, engravers, and metal workers lived in a happy state of co-operative harmony, so that a coffer or casket might bear the successive impress of many clever hands; as the enamel, the setting, the lock, the jewel work, would each be executed by an artist-craftsman, skilled as Dello, or Cellini, or Ghiberti. It will scarcely do to contrast the revived mode of painting on furniture, as we behold it in the shops, with this delicate and masterly work. Yet many of our young painters might be worse employed than in spending real thought, and putting real good work, on articles of daily use, which we have come to regard as necessarily ugly because utilitarian. —Queen.



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TAINE: A LITERARY PORTRAIT.

BY LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

I.

TAINE'S real name is Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, but he is usually called "Henri Taine," which he himself, in a letter to me, attributes to a whim of the Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was born on the 21st of April, 1828, at Vouziers, a small town between Champagne and the Ardennes. His family may be counted among the intellectual aristocracy of France; all were well educated and also in fairly prosperous circumstances, though not exactly rich. Some were members of the Chamber of Deputies; his grandfather was Sous-préfet. His father, a very learned man, taught Hippolyte Latin; an uncle, who had resided for a long time in America, made him familiar with the English language. All that was English fascinated him from an early period; even as a boy he found delight in reading books

in the language of Shakespeare. While French novels were forbidden fruit to the young people, foreign literature was thrown open to them without any restrictions, and their elders rejoiced when a youth showed a disposition to acquaint himself in this way with the languages of other countries. Our hero devoted himself to the study of English classics, and thus at an early age laid the foundation of the accurate knowledge of English literature to which he afterward owed a large amount of his celebrity.

The promising boy was only thirteen when he lost his father. A year later his mother brought him to Paris, where she at first placed him as boarder in an excellent private school. Not long after he entered the Collège de Bourbon (now Lycée de Condorcet), where he distinguished himself above all his school-fellows by ripeness of intelligence, by industry and success. At the same time

he was the constant object of tender care and unrelenting watchfulness on the part of his admirable mother, a woman of warm affections, who did all in her power to bestow a thorough education on her children. In the year 1847 he obtained the first prize for a Latin essay on rhetoric, in 1848 two prizes for philosophical treatises. These achievements threw open to him the doors of the so-called Normal School, a kind of seminary in which the pupils were trained for professional chairs in the universities. This higher preparatory course of study is, however, utilized by many only as a stepping-stone to a literary career. Many celebrated writers were Taine's colleagues at the Normal School; Edmond About, Prévost-Paradol, J. J. Weiss, Francisque Sarcey—these all were professors only for a short time, and soon embraced definitely the career of literature and journalism.

At the Normal School,* which Taine attended for three years, the soundness of his judgment and solidity of his intelligence met with universal recognition. His companions bowed before his superiority, did not venture to address him otherwise than as "Monsieur Taine," and called him in as umpire in their quarrels. He had the wonderful gift of being able to study more in a week than others in a month. As the pupils were free to read what they pleased, he devoted the leisure obtained by his rapid work to the study of philosophy, theology, and the Fathers. He went through all the more valuable authors on these topics, and discussed with his colleagues the questions which arose out of them. It was one of his enjoyments to test them, to ascertain their ideas and to penetrate into their minds. The method of instruction pursued in the college was admirably calculated to stimulate the intellectual activity of the students. Ample nourishment was provided for the mental energies of the ardent youths. The debates were carried on with the greatest freedom, every question was submitted to the touchstone of reason, and worked out according to the requirements of logic. Day by day the most varied opinions, political, æsthetic,

and philosophical, came into collision in these youthful circles, without any restrictions imposed by the liberal professors, among whom were such men as Jules Simon and Vacherot. On the contrary, they encouraged the utmost freedom of expression in the enunciation of individual views. Their own system of teaching was not so much in the form of lectures as of discussions with the students, who themselves had to deliver orations, followed by a general debate, at the close of which the professors gave a *résumé* of all that had been said. Thus Taine had once to read a paper on Bossuet's mysticism, About one on his politics. Due attention was also given to physical exercise; there were frequent open-air excursions and occasional dances in the evening in the domestic circle, one of the students acting as musician. It is needless to say that under such circumstances as these the years spent in the *Ecole Normale* sped on pleasantly and profitably. The advantages of the intellectual gymnastics as practised there were enormous, and far outweighed the slight drawbacks, such as a tendency to hyperbole observable in the *élite* of those who issued from that fertile, effervescent, genuinely French mode of education. But none of the pupils of the Normal School did it so much honor as Taine, who had the good fortune to be there at precisely the right time, for after his departure in the year 1851 the establishment suffered an organic transformation in the opposite direction. The collegians had imbibed so strong a feeling of intellectual independence that it was not to be wondered at if they were little inclined to bear the yoke of spiritual oppression. Unfortunately, the times upon which they had fallen were not propitious to freedom of thought, for the "uncle's nephew" was at the helm. The third Napoleon had attained the goal by the aid of the clergy, and was bound to give them the promised reward. The "strong hand" of the Buonapartist government did its utmost to chicanery those whose ideas were not acceptable in high places. Any one who, when put to a certain test, was ready to sign a political and religious confession of faith consonant with the views of the reigning powers, obtained an easy and lucrative

* For the description of the then life at this school I am principally indebted to Mr. W. Fraser Rae's biographical sketch of Taine.

post. Taine was rejected, because it was found that his philosophic theories indicated "erroneous" and "mischievous" tendencies. But Guizot and Saint-Marc Girardin, who took a warm interest in the talented young man, engaged themselves on his side, and endeavored to procure at least a modest post for him. They succeeded; but, to show how reluctantly the wishes of even such advocates were granted, Taine's petition that he might be sent to the north for his mother's sake was disregarded, and he was sent to the south, to Toulon.

Only four months afterward he was transferred to Nevers, where again he was only allowed to remain four months; then he was removed to Poitiers. His salary was exceedingly small, but by strict economy he contrived to make it suffice. He devoted his leisure hours to the pursuit of his philosophical studies; he had a special preference for Hegel. The authorities kept an eye upon him as a "suspect;" from time to time calumnies were not spared him. Great offence arose out of the fact of his declining to follow the suggestion of the chaplain, that he should write a Latin ode or a French dithyramb in honor of the bishop. This disrespectful refusal was regarded as a confirmation of the charges which had been raised against the objectionable professor, and drew upon him the censure of the Minister of Public Instruction, who threatened him with summary dismissal if such an act of insubordination should occur again. He began to feel uneasy, and when, some months after, he received a decree from the Government appointing him master of a primary school at Besançon, he took this unmistakable hint to heart, and accepted it as a sign that it was time to give up a struggle in which he always came off second best. Was it worth while for the State to bring up young giants, and afterward set them to collect firewood instead of felling oaks? Taine was relieved of this post by his own request, threw off the yoke of State education, and made his way to Paris. It was no bad exchange, for he at once obtained an advantageous professorship in a superior private school. But the persecutions of the Government were unrelenting; he was obliged to give up

his situation, and had a hard struggle to earn his daily bread. In order to be able to wield his pen independently of the tyranny of public authorities, the much-tormented man betook himself to giving lessons in private families. At the same time he threw himself eagerly into new studies, chiefly of a mathematical, medical, and philosophical character. He frequented the lectures at the Sorbonne, the École de Médecine, and the Natural History Museum. But his special predilection was for modern languages, a considerable number of which he learned.

At Nevers he had occupied himself very much with a new method of psychological criticism, which he steadily followed out in Paris. His literary and biographical essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique* created attention by the novel theories upon which they were founded. In the year 1853 our author took his degree as Docteur ès lettres, on which occasion, in addition to the ordinary Latin doctoral dissertation (*De personis Platoniciis*), he wrote a French treatise on Lafontaine's *Fables*, the diametrical opposite to a regulation academical thesis. He worked it up afterward with due attention to the hints of criticism, and published it as a book with the title *Lafontaine and his Fables*, in which form it has already passed through nine editions. This literary outburst of the young doctor created much stir, and no wonder, for the public before whom Taine presented himself were utterly unaccustomed to such originality of treatment, such fecundity of expression, so rich a flow of ideas, such individuality of views, such elegance of style, such thoroughness and versatility of information. "It was," says Karl Hillebrand, "a philosophico-historical carnival after weeks of long fasting;" the whole reading world threw itself upon it with avidity.

In this essay on the great fabulist, Taine started new canons of criticism, set up a bold paradox, and illustrated it from the life and works of Lafontaine. He submits to an exhaustive analysis the causes which co-operated to make him a poet, as well as the method by which he constructed his fables and the aims

which he pursued in them. Lafontaine's native place and the peculiarities of its inhabitants are described. Then it is demonstrated that Lafontaine in his own person combined the most prominent characteristics of this race, and that these characteristics were intensified in him by the climate, the quality of the soil, and the scenery of Champagne. From all these constituents he supposes him to have derived the light and unfettered versification which he employs so skilfully in his fables. To the same causes he attributes the failure of Lafontaine's attempts to imitate the ancient poets. As he possessed, together with these qualifications, an intimate acquaintance with the necessities of his age and his country, he could not fail to become a really popular national poet. Taine analyzes every innermost recess of Lafontaine's brain, every feature in his poetry; Lafontaine himself would have been amazed, could he have read the book, to find himself credited with aims and purposes of which he in reality had not the faintest conception when he wrote his fables, to hear himself proclaimed to be the representative and mirror of his time, to discover, finally, that he owed his achievements, not to his own genius and abilities, but to the united co-operation of all the conditions and circumstances in the midst of which he lived.

That every human being is born with certain tendencies peculiar to his race, which guide his thoughts and actions; that all his ideas and his deeds, whether good or evil, are to be traced to these innate tendencies, as a river to its sources,—these are the views which Taine, since his Lafontaine *début*, has ever and everywhere asserted, maintained, and, according to his own conviction, established.

Established! yes, that is the crucial point. As a rule it is admitted that the critic can do no more than express his own opinion. He fulfils his duty when he carefully studies his subject and deals with it dispassionately and as impartially as possible. More is not, and cannot be, demanded from him. Every critic judges according to his circumstances, his experiences, his degree of culture, his fancy, his prejudices, expectations, and sympathies; hence each

single criticism remains in every respect an expression of individual opinion. If a criticism commends itself to a majority of men as true and just, it is adopted; but it is not necessarily competent to establish the real worth or worthlessness of the subject under discussion. Quite different are Taine's views of criticism. He deems it possible to bring *certainly* into criticism; he insists upon endowing criticism, like physics and mathematics, with the fixedness of scientific formulæ, hedging it round with irrefragable dogmas. His point of view is that criticism must no longer be unreliable, its results no longer fluctuating. At the age of five-and-twenty he springs, a modern Pallas, into literature, ready armed at all points with a critical system, a philosophy, and last, not least, a style of his own. All that he has more minutely developed in the course of several decades is already to be found in his maiden work on Lafontaine. The novelty of the theories, as well as the fresh, forcible, vivacious style of the young doctor won him many friends among the public. "Nothing venture, nothing have."

It was not long before another opportunity offered of making his voice heard and applying his theories afresh. In the year 1854 the French Academy offered a prize for the best essay on Livy. The life of the historian was to be related, the circumstances under which he wrote, and the principles according to which he planned his history, were to be discussed, and his place in the ranks of historians was to be determined. None of the essays sent in was considered worthy of the prize, but Taine's was pronounced the best; only the stricture was added, that it betrayed "a deficiency in seriousness and in admiration for the brilliant name and the genius of the distinguished man whom he had to criticise." Taine re-wrote his paper, sent it in again, and this time obtained the prize. Villemain, as spokesman of the Committee of Adjudicators, commended the work in the highest terms, though he was not in harmony with the contents, and said: "We feel bound to congratulate the author on this creditable *début* on the territory of classical learning, and only wish that we may find similar competitors for all our

other offers of prizes, and that we may have such teachers in our schools ;" a sarcastic allusion which drew a gentle smile from the dignified Immortals.

The happy author published his prize essay under the title of *Essai sur Tite-Live*, with a preface which was an unpleasant surprise to some of the members of the Academy, and made them wish it were possible to retract their eulogiums and distinctions. In it Taine pushed farther the consequences of his new theories. He maintained with Spinoza that the relation of man to nature is not that of an *imperium in imperio*, but that of a part of the whole ; that the mind of man is, like the outer world, subject to laws ; that a dominant principle regulates the thoughts and urges on the human machine irresistibly and inevitably. In a word, our author regards man as a "walking theorem." Naturally he was charged with denying freedom of will and being a fatalist. His opponents also, and not unreasonably, pointed out the necessary irreconcilability of the ideas represented by two such different names as Livy and Spinoza, and showed how paradoxical it was to cite the writings of the Roman historian in support of the philosophical speculations of the Dutch Jew. But paradox is Taine's element. As to the book itself, it was received with universal applause. The reading public sympathized as little with the author's speculations concerning the historian as with those on Lafontaine, but they appreciated the undeniable merits of both works. Taine contends that the birth-place and mode of life of Livy, the time in which he lived, the events of which he was witness, the direction of his taste and of his studies—that all these co-operated to make him an "oratorical historian." The want of method in the arrangement of his great work, the sentiments expressed in it, the prevailing tone and style, the frequency of the speeches occurring in it—all these things are adduced by Taine in support of his hypothesis, and he goes so far as to assert this to be incontestable certainty. Now every one will allow that the "surrounding circumstances," which Taine makes the foundation of his deductions respecting Lafontaine, Livy, and others—time, place, conditions of life, &c.—

are valuable and weighty factors in forming a decision about individuals and peoples ; but nobody can allow them to constitute infallible certainty in questions of criticism, least of all when we are discussing persons and races long gone by, and whose "surrounding circumstances" we have not before our eyes, but are obliged to *construct* in a great measure ; such a necessarily inductive criticism must ever remain hypothetical. It does not follow that it must be erroneous ; it may quite as possibly be correct ; but Taine's conclusions with regard to Livy are not only hypothetical and fallible, but actually false. His argument is that Livy was rather a great orator than a great historian. He holds him not to be a good historian because he wields the pen as an orator ; he calls him an "oratorical historian," and attributes the beauties as well as the defects of his historical style to the preponderantly rhetorical character of his mind. The principle on which he bases this estimate of Livy is evidently erroneous, for Montesquieu, Macaulay, Gibbon, and others were no contemptible historians, notwithstanding their very eminent oratorical power. The same method by which Taine stamps Livy as an "oratorical" historian might lead to the conclusion, equally hypothetical, that Livy was capable of writing the *History of Rome* only because he was endowed with the genius of a painter or poet. The logical premises which Taine holds to be unassailable are by no means so. He tries to prove too much, and in his impatience to reach his conclusion overlooks many things which make against his point of view. The fact that Livy—in contradistinction to the philosophical Thucydides and the practical Tacitus—neglects the grouping of incidents, the consultation of original authorities, and places characteristic expressions in the mouths of his personages, proves, not that he was an "oratorical" historian, but that he was a careless writer. Facts are in direct opposition to Taine's hypothesis ; he has only *maintained*, but not *proved*, that the absence of philosophical generalizations and of diligent research is the characteristic of an orator, and that therefore Livy deserves to be called an "oratorical historian." Many great

orators, as we have said, have been admirable historians, and have exhibited remarkable powers of research. Taine seems to demand from Livy what is simply an impossibility: faultless, absolutely perfect writing of history.

Much more might be alleged against the propositions maintained in the *Essai sur Tite-Live*; suffice it to emphasize once more that the effort to constitute criticism an exact science has been as unsuccessful here as in the book on Lafontaine. In spite of diligent and careful application of the demonstrative method, criticism remains fallible and individual. By the repetition of "because" and "therefore," a case may be made clearer and less unreliable, but that is not equivalent to proof. As a result of Taine's process we have only a series of paradoxes and generalizations, which, indeed, are always most ingeniously carried out, testify to earnestness and ardent pursuit of truth, and are worthy of the highest recognition, but unfortunately are not always infallible. While this clever mode of generalization in Taine's hands served to enhance the poetic inspiration of Lafontaine, it served also to depreciate the historical endowment of Livy.

II.

Shortly after the publication of the *Essai sur Tite-Live* an obstinate affection of the throat compelled our author to seek the healing influence of the Pyrenean baths. The course of treatment extended through two years. For a short time he even lost his voice. During this journey in search of health his favorite study was Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which perhaps no other Frenchman had at that time read. This explains the high praise which Taine bestowed on the great Elizabethan poet at a later period in his *History of English Literature*. The life among the mountains furnished the invalid with material for fresh literary work. The result was a book entitled *Voyage aux Pyrénées*, which was afterward enriched with admirable illustrations by Gustave Doré. To judge by the number of editions, this would seem to be the most popular of all Taine's works. In this he avails himself freely of the opportunity of employing his critical method in a new

sphere: the art of travelling. His colleague, Edmond About, has also written valuable books of travel, but the author of *A B C du Travailleur* regards things from an entirely different point of view. He directs his attention rather to administrative questions, organizations, taxation, lighting, pavement, in short all that concerns modern civilization. Taine, on the other hand, dwells more on the intellectual and artistic side of things; he surveys all with the eye of the learned critic; he compares the present with the past, and loves beautiful picturesque scenery. Lest he may become dry and stray too far from the subject in hand, he adopts the plan, instead of clothing his views in the didactic garb, of introducing persons who are to give expression to them, and others to advance opposite opinions. As we should naturally expect, right is always on the side of the author. "Monsieur Paul" is always right; hence Monsieur Paul evidently represents Monsieur Taine. This being so, the following portraiture of Paul may be taken for an autograph description—intentional or otherwise—of the author himself:—

A daring traveller, an eccentric lover of painting, who believes in nobody but himself. A *raisonneur* much addicted to paradoxes with extreme opinions. His brain is always in a state of effervescence with some new idea which pursues him. He seeks truth in season and out of season. In spirit he is usually about a hundred miles in advance of other people. He enjoys being contradicted, but still more enjoys the pleasure of contradicting. Occasionally his pugnacious temperament leads him astray. In his egoism he regards the world as a puppet-show, in which he is the only spectator.

The book now under consideration showed Taine in a new light: as a descriptive writer of the first order. Hitherto he had been known as an acute critic and an original philosopher; but now it was discovered that in him lay also a fanciful poet, a profound observer of men and manners, a genial and amusing *raconteur*, a close observer and interpreter of Nature. Books of travel may be divided generally into two classes: the first pretentious, in which the author decides dogmatically upon all that comes across him, without possessing the necessary information and capabilities; these books overflow with stupidity, vanity, and shallowness. The

second class are less pretentious, but equally valueless: the author contents himself with transcribing from his guide-books descriptions of what he has seen, with some slight modifications, and giving a tolerably accurate list of the hotels in which the best beds, the cheapest dinners, and the lowest fees are to be secured. The only travels worthy of notice are included in neither of these two classes; among these Taine's works on the Pyrenees and Italy take a foremost place. He looks not so much on the external aspect of things as on their inner, their psychology; he only occupies himself with the outward so far as is necessary to draw from it arguments for the demonstrations and ratiocinations which he applies to all that he sees and observes. If he describes a landscape—and he does it in the most effective and picturesque manner—he at the same time analyzes its separate constituents, and makes it clear how and why their combination produces the impression of beauty. He seeks to explain why many things appear beautiful to us to-day which formerly passed for ugly, and *vice versa*. He inquires into the influence of civilization on the inhabitants of a region, and the changes which take place in the course of time in the condition of these inhabitants, as well as in their physical and moral constitution. He traces all things up to their causes, and endeavors to investigate all, even the geological, botanical, and climatic conditions of the Pyrenees, but he dwells only so long upon them as to instruct the general reader without boring the initiated. He draws delicate pictures of the customs of the people and the tourist life. No doubt there may be errors and misstatements in his travelling descriptions, as they are made subordinate to the illustration of his theories. But on the whole they are of considerable merit and the reverse of superficial.

His next publication was, *The French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century* (1856), a witty, telling, acute analysis of "official philosophy," a positivist irruption into the reigning school of the Eclectics, an attack upon that rhetorical spiritualism which, in the eyes of the authorities, had the advantage of giving no umbrage to the clergy, in the eyes of

thinkers the disadvantage of tripping airily over the difficulties which it undertook to clear up and do away with, or else of evading them altogether. Taine slays the tenets of five men with the sacrificial knife of ridicule on the altar of sound human reason. Here also he excels in treating a dry subject in an amusing manner. Thanks to his clearness and his *esprit* the public found itself surprised into taking interest in a scientific tournament. Why did Taine select Cousin, Laromiguière, Royer-Colard, Maine de Biran, and Jouffroy for his target? Apparently because he found most to censure in them. However, we are far from being ready to endorse the whole contents of the book. Victor Cousin, the high priest of the Eclectics, is the most fiercely handled of all; Taine denounces him as a charlatan, and satirizes him vigorously in five long chapters. This specimen of Taine's polemics excited great attention. Cousin's enemies applauded vehemently, and even his friends rejoiced secretly while they condemned openly. If we are to give credit to Mr. Fraser Rae, the distinguished man himself cherished henceforth a more than merely scientific antipathy to his young assailant; he could not forgive the former student of the *Ecole Normale* for this shock to his throne hitherto held sacred. At the close of the volume, which had originally appeared serially in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, the writer gives a sketch of his own method of pursuing philosophic investigations; for this purpose he again adopts the form of a dialogue between "Peter" and "Paul."

In 1858 Taine published a collection of articles, which had formerly appeared in magazines, on Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens (these three were afterward incorporated in the *History of English Literature*), Fléchier, Guizot, Plato, Saint-Simon, Madame de Lafayette, Montalembert, and Michelet under the title of *Essais de critique et d'histoire*. His method is here the same as in his larger works. Seven years later he followed this up with a similar volume of *New Critical and Historical Essays*, in which the articles on Balzac, La Bruyère, Racine, Jefferson, and Marcus Aurelius are conspicuous for their merit. In the interval he had made his first journey to

England, in order to become more closely acquainted with this country, for which he had always had a great predilection, and to pursue his studies of English literature in the reading-room of the British Museum. He met with the most hearty reception and enjoyed intercourse with the most eminent personages. During his somewhat protracted stay he contributed a series of letters to the Paris *Temps*, afterward published in book form as *Notes sur l'Angleterre* (1861), and again with considerable revision in 1871 after his second visit (the eighth edition appeared in 1884); these are admirable pictures of the social, political, and domestic life of the English. Taine is very favorably disposed toward them without flattering them; he censures what appears to him deserving of censure, but never degenerates into incivility. This work, Mr. W. F. Rae's translation of which has obtained great popularity in England, would be his best book of travels had he not so often allowed himself to be misled by his inductive process into superficial and inaccurate conclusions. He methodically and with exaggerated acumen ascribes influences to "surrounding circumstances," which any one acquainted with England, and unbiassed by foregone conclusions, sees to be purely imaginary. Numerous are the erroneous generalizations founded on superficial and imperfect comprehension of facts. We are sometimes reminded of the traditional traveller who, finding a red-haired chambermaid at an inn in Alsace, recorded in his journal "Alsatian women have all red hair," or the other who saw some wandering gipsies making nails by the roadside, and drew the inference that the inhabitants of the country led a nomad life and subsisted by manufacturing *quincaillerie*. But such slips are too trifling to militate against the reputation of the author as an exceptional traveller, delicate observer, and master of descriptive style. He is the ideal of the "intelligent foreigner."

In the year 1863 Taine was appointed examiner in the German language and French literature at the Military Academy of St. Cyr; when he was removed from this post in 1865, the press raised so vigorous a protest that he was recalled a few days afterwards. In October 1864

he was made professor of æsthetics and the history of art at the "Ecole des Beaux-Arts" in Paris. Here he found a rich field for his activity, as is proved by the works, *Philosophy of Art*, *The Ideal in Art*, *Philosophy of Art in Italy*, *Philosophy of Art in Greece*, *Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands*. He travelled through these countries in the Sixties. We recognize all through the learned, delicate, animated critic. Every sentence bears the stamp of originality and is full of suggestive meaning. Taine does not need to repeat what others have said before him, he thinks for himself. He never writes without a special purpose. He always says what he believes to be true, and not what people like to hear—and that means something in France. As in the above-named books he applies his consistently defended "method" even in the domain of art, they were as vehemently attacked as his philosophico-historical works. Apart from numerous essays, there is a whole array of pamphlets and lesser books which are directed against Taine's critical method. On the other hand, it is held in high esteem in certain quarters, as, for example, in three issues of Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis*, in Emile Zola's paper *Taine as an Artist* (*Mes Haines*), &c.

Now we arrive at a very remarkable and characteristic book. We are only half agreed with its contents; yet it is so charmingly written, so bright, fascinating, and flowing in its style, that in spite of all differences of opinion we felt impelled to translate it into German. We allude to Taine's chief work, the *History of English Literature*, the first three volumes of which appeared in 1863, while the fourth followed a year later, and under the title of *Contemporaries* contains monographs of Macaulay, Dickens, Carlyle, Mill, Thackeray, and Tennyson, in which he takes six of the greatest authors of the time as representative types of their different classes of literature, and in the most skilful manner uses them as illustrations of his subject. This history is the best which a foreigner has yet written on English Literature. In France also it created great excitement. The author tendered it to the Academy, which handed it over to a committee appointed to decide upon

the bestowal of a special prize of four thousand francs. Each member of this committee read the book, and each declared it to be worthy of the prize which had been founded "for historical works which show talent." Yet an unprecedented occurrence took place—this unanimous decision was thrown out by the full Assembly of the Academy. The majority confessed indeed to not having read the work which was the object of contention, yet they left unheeded the representations of the spokesman—the aged Villemain, who himself had written so well about England. The Bishop of Orleans pronounced the book irreligious and immoral, because the author denied free will, preached fatalism, slighted the Fathers of the Church, and distinctly commended the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. In short, Monseigneur Dupanloup denounced Monsieur Taine as a heretic in religion and a sceptic in philosophy. Victor Cousin seized this favorable opportunity, on the one side to show that he was completely reconciled with the Church, on the other to avenge himself on his assailant. The learned assembly lent an ear to these two distinguished speakers; without proceeding to a closer examination, they denied the prize to Taine, although its founder had demanded simply talent and not the defence of particular views. A year before, they had refused to admit Littré into the ranks of the Forty. Since that time there has been a considerable change in the spirit and in the constituent members of the Academy. Littré and Alexandre Dumas took their seats in the halls of the Immortals, and a few years ago the gates of the palace on the Quai Conti were thrown open to Taine himself. As a drawback, however, he, who had ever exercised the full rights of free criticism with regard even to the highest intellects, was compelled by the rules of the Academy to pronounce, on this occasion, the panegyric of his somewhat mediocre predecessor, M. de Loménie.

Exceptions, numerous and justifiable, may be taken to the *History of English Literature*, but its importance can never be denied. The fact is, Taine builds up his system with such a loyal striving for accuracy, that it is impossible to refuse our attention to it, even though we may

consider that the desired accuracy has not been attained. Emile Zola designates the *History of English Literature* "a delicately and finely constructed valuable work of art." Any reader who takes up the work with the expectation of finding a methodical *history* of literature will be disappointed, but not disagreeably so, for instead of a history he will be introduced to a series of portraits on a large scale. He will miss much which appertains to an actual history of literature; many an estimable work and many an author of eminence is barely named or even altogether omitted; hardly any regard is paid to chronology; all literature since Byron, with the exception of the six great portraits above mentioned, is passed over in silence, or only acknowledged by a stray mention of isolated names; nor is there the slightest allusion to the periodical literature which plays so conspicuous a part in the modern life of England. With all these omissions, however, what remains is sufficient to bring clearly before our eyes the rich treasures to be found in the field of British authorship. The main reason, however, why this masterpiece of Taine's fails to deserve the title of *History of Literature* lies in the prominence which it gives to the treatment of the *psychology* of England. He uses literature only as a delicate, sensitive apparatus, with the aid of which he measures the gradations and variations of a civilization, seizes all the characteristics, peculiarities, and *nuances* of the soul of a people. In short, he applies his "method"—an ingenious conglomerate of Hegel-Condillac-Taine inductive philosophy—to the literature of a nation as a whole, as he has hitherto applied it to individual men, to individual works, to art and to observations by the way. The book has met with universal appreciation, but even its admirers cannot overlook its faults. It would no doubt have been easier to disarm opposition, if Taine had given to the work a title more corresponding to its contents, such as "Psychology of the History of English Culture illustrated by Portraits from Literature;" or, as a somewhat less long-winded title, "Psychology of English Literature;" Sainte-Beuve suggested "Histoire de la race et de la civilisation anglaises par la littérature."

Here as elsewhere Taine shows himself to be an acute critic, and even his errors reveal the subtle thinker. But he is something beside that—he is also a true artist. He wields, indeed, not the brush, nor the chisel, nor a musical instrument, nor does he write verses or novels; his art is that of treating learned and scientific subjects attractively and beautifully, of raising them to a high level, especially in the *History of English Literature*. As a rule, those who have to deal with a dry theme, think they have done quite enough if they have expressed their ideas and views with perspicuity and in appropriate language, and how frequently they do not even succeed in that! The possibility of working up the material and arranging it so as produce the greatest possible effect did not enter the mind of many writers before Taine. He understands better than most how to impart not only instruction but literary enjoyment at the same time. If only for this reason, his *English Literature*, as we have said, remains, in spite of all deficiencies, a remarkable and unique work.

After its completion Taine began to suffer the ill-effects of over-exertion, in the form of total intellectual paralysis. For a considerable time he was incapable of study, of writing, of concentrating his thoughts; even the reading of a newspaper was too much for him. It was not till after a long period of absolute rest from every kind of intellectual effort that he recovered permanently. He afterward published *Jean Graindorge*; or, *Notes on Paris*, a very amusing and popular book satirizing modern customs in the French capital; *Universal Suffrage*, a little brochure; a French translation of the English work, *A Residence in France from 1792 till 1795*; *La Raison* (1870), two volumes in which he transfers his method to a purely philosophical domain. In 1868 Taine married a daughter of the rich merchant Denuelle; since that event he spends the summer and autumn of every year at his country seat at Menthon, in Savoy, the winter and spring in Paris. Just before the outbreak of the last Franco-German war he travelled through Germany, apparently with the intention of producing a work on that country, which, however, he did not do, perhaps in con-

sequence of the hostile attitude toward everything German which his countrymen assumed after Sedan. He is a great admirer of German culture and literature, and has read a good deal of German; a large share of his intellectual tendencies are rooted in German soil. In France, as Paul Janet remarks, "he generally passes for an interpreter of German ideas, especially as a follower of Hegel and Spinoza." He himself has no objection to be called a Hegelian, though he stated some years ago, in a private letter to me, that he owed his ideas specially to Montesquieu and Condillac. Hillebrand classes him as nearly allied intellectually with Herder. In two points Taine bears a certain resemblance to Hegel; over-haste in drawing conclusions, and fearlessness in starting, combined with wit in maintaining, the most extravagant assertions.

III.

The latest and also the most considerable work of our author is *Les origines de la France contemporaine*. It certainly bristles with all Taine's peculiarities, but with this difference, which we gladly acknowledge, that in this case he applies his method with much greater caution and moderation than hitherto, and consequently stumbles into fewer hasty and illogical paradoxes and generalizations than on former occasions. This is a great advantage, and adds to the charm which we find in the book.

Taine is first and foremost a psychologist and historian of civilization, or we may say a psychological historian of civilization. He dissects English literature in order to lay open the essence of contemporary English society. He writes the social history of France with the object of deducing from it the essential character of contemporary France. The first section of the comprehensive work now before us issued from the press in the beginning of 1876. The first volume of the second section happened to appear shortly before the centenary of the death of the sponsors of the great Revolution—Voltaire and Rousseau—therefore immediately before the appearance of Renan's *Caliban* (1878), which is neither more nor less than a treatment of the same theme in the same sense, only in a dramatic, poetic form,

instead of that of dry analysis. The second part of the second section appeared in 1882, the third in January 1885.

It may be said generally that in this work Taine allows himself to be guided chiefly by an accurate study of facts. He plods with incredible patience through archives and libraries, deeds, reports, correspondences, and memoirs. His work is strong, solid, and trustworthy, so far as the term is applicable in speaking of historical research, because it is eminently conscientious and founded on well-authenticated contemporary records. As soon as we open the first volume (*Pre-revolutionary France*, or *L'ancien régime*) we observe at the first glance what a difference lies between the manner in which Taine regards and handles these themes, and the way in which they have been treated by Carlyle, Thiers, Mignet, Louis Blanc, Michelet, and others. The most striking circumstance is that Taine has no political sympathies or antipathies whatever. Facts are more important to him than theories. Instead of attaching himself to a party, his chief concern is to fathom the causes of events, to inquire into their connection with other events, and to reveal the results arising out of them.

A. de Tocqueville in his valuable work *L'ancien régime et la Révolution* has treated the very same subject as Taine. But there is no kind of similarity between the methods of treatment followed by the two authors, although both occasionally arrive at the same conclusions. Taine cannot be denied the merit of being more original than most other modern authors. His style here is as brilliant and pithy as in any of his works. Tocqueville's dry facts become in his hands living and real. In the arrangement of his material Taine is immeasurably superior to his famous predecessor, whom, however, he highly esteems and frequently quotes. In contradistinction to Tocqueville, Taine divides his subject-matter into compact, well marked-off sections, thus securing an exactitude and clearness which afford great help to the reader. On the other hand, he is inferior to Tocqueville in the point of discretion in the choice of citations and in loftiness of reflection. He often loses

freedom of vision in his attention to detail, and thus fails to command a large horizon and large fields of view. He forgets Michelet's warning that the microscope may become a snare to the writer of history—"It is only too easy to mistake low mosses and fungi for high woods, or insects for giants."

The author of the *Origines de la France contemporaine* has his own Ariadne clue through the labyrinth of controversy on the question of the great Revolution. He holds that no nation can attain to a stable form of government if it entirely detaches itself from the past, neglects the problem set before it by history, founds a constitution upon theories, and in its experiments treats men as if they were the pawns on a chess-board. He says that modern France, instead of being governed according to its natural requirements, has constantly been supplied with alien and artificial constitutions. "The coat is not fitted to the man, but the man must accommodate himself to the coat." Naturally the man is uneasy under these circumstances. Abbé Sieyès said he would undertake to draw up a constitution without knowing anything of the country beforehand, and Rousseau's *Contrat Social* bears witness to a thorough ignorance of history and its lessons. Taine cannot reconcile himself to such "constitution-mongers," and insists that the framing of a constitution must be preceded by an intimate familiarity with the character of the people for whom it is designed. For this purpose the study of the past is indispensable.

In the first section of the *Origines* Taine introduces us to French society, as it was immediately before 1789. He shows that the edifice of the State, which had been maintained at such enormous expense, was so shaken to the very foundation that it could not but fall. The representative of the pre-revolutionary régime was the absolute monarch surrounded by a privileged class. One half of this class belonged to the ecclesiastical order. The manner in which the latter came into possession of its privileges is set forth with lucidity. At a time when society in France was disintegrated and brute force prevailed, Christian priests taught their religion and founded the Church. They terri-

fied barbarous warriors with vividly drawn pictures of future torments, and threatened with the horrors of hell all who refused obedience to the Divine commands, while the faithful were to be rewarded with eternal bliss in heaven. Other priests cultivated the ground, and taught the people improved modes of agriculture. The monks showed a perseverance and industry which could not fail to bring success, and which gave them an actual superiority over others. It was only natural that the priests who won rich harvests from the soil and the priests who were the spiritual guides of the leaders in war, should soon become powerful, honored, and wealthy. They deserved the position which they had gained, for they were benefactors to the people; their successors, however, the inheritors of their brilliant position in society, became unworthy of it, but unfortunately without forfeiting it. The same holds good of the other half of the privileged class—the nobles. They also began by being benefactors of a people deficient in natural leaders. A man, stronger than the rest, built himself a castle and enforced peace and quiet in the territory which he was pleased to call his own. Peasant and merchant found protection from robbers under the shadow of the castle walls; the lord levied a tax upon them for his own subsistence, but they paid it willingly, coming off cheaper after all than if they had been plundered, and being secure of protection besides. This was the origin of feudal rights, which the feudal lords transmitted to their descendants. In the same manner in which the nobility acquired lordship over small districts, the power of a king developed till he became lord over all France. He again exercised the right of the stronger, till in course of time he was acknowledged to be absolute master of the nobility and the peasant class. His claim was enforced by the declarations of the mediæval doctors of law that the king was the only representative of the nation, and by those of the theologians that he was consecrated and crowned by "the grace of God." Taine paints in glowing colors the privileged classes in the days of their glory; the time when the feudal lords ceased to be men of the people and became courtiers after a long

struggle against the tyranny of the crown; the time when they enjoyed all their hereditary privileges without rendering the former counter-services to their vassals, when they even forsook their feudal castles and crowded to Versailles to swell the train of the monarch.

Taine judges and illustrates the spirit of the eighteenth century in a masterly manner; he develops clearly and criticises ably the theories of Rousseau and Voltaire. The most remarkable chapters are those on the condition of the people toward the close of the *ancien régime*; this portion of the book is at once the saddest and the most interestingly written. Weighed down by taxation, in danger of imprisonment for every slight offence, dying of hunger in consequence of bad harvests, Taine calculates that from 1672 to 1715 about one-third of the poor people died of hunger; the "tiers état" had no other consolation than the very dubious one that "all would be better if only the truth could reach the king's ears." The peasants led a life not a whit removed from that of the lower animals. It is, therefore, no wonder that they behaved like wild beasts when their turn of power came; that they held the "rights of man" to be identical with the right to murder and to rob, and brought back the savage condition of the fourth century.

The first section shows us, then, how and from what causes the Revolution originated; it was inevitable, and inevitable also was its violence and fury. "In ten years revenge was taken for thirteen centuries of sufferings, humiliations, and nameless cruelties."

The delineation of this violence and rage of the Revolution forms the subject of the three volumes of the second section. From a purely literary point of view this differs considerably from the first. Whereas *L'ancien régime* contains many artistic brilliant descriptions of the Salon life, of the Court, of the so-called French "classicism," of the customs of the time, &c., which, apart from the psychological and historical interest of the book, afford most interesting and stimulating reading, all this is absent in *La Révolution*; this section is veritably dry—i.e., purely scientific and analytical; bare facts are recorded in

it and knit together by philosophico-psychological comments strictly pertinent to the subject in hand. We do not miss the long spun-out metaphors and the like which stamp Taine's literary style with so unique a character; but not much actual description is to be found; on the contrary, the author often oppresses us with the weight of his evidence; the excessive multiplication of minute details—however valuable they may be for his purpose—becomes wearisome at last. His study of original sources is here more thorough, more careful, and more comprehensive than ever. His judgments betoken such practical wisdom and sound common sense as is rarely found in abstract thinkers like Taine—more especially in those who, like Taine, have never taken an active share in politics.

It is almost impossible for one who has not lived in France, and does not know what an enthusiastic veneration most Frenchmen—above all most French writers—cherish for the Revolution of 1789, to realize what courage it requires to raise one's voice against it; and this is what Taine does. He dares to confess that he has arrived at the same conclusions as Burke; he dares, through many stout volumes, to give in his adhesion to Burke's views on the great Revolution; he dares to pronounce Burke's *Reflections*, which Michelet called a "miserable piece of declamation," "a masterpiece and a prophecy." What daring! Who could have expected it from an author avowedly liberal, equally denounced by the reactionary party and the clericals? Only one who has kept himself immaculate, who enjoys such a reputation for political impartiality, scientific accuracy, and literary conscientiousness, only one who stands so absolutely independent as a man, a thinker, and an investigator as Taine does, can venture to permit himself such heresy without incurring grave suspicions on the part of liberally-minded people. He is certainly no Le Maistre, but a man of the modern type, with a leaning to positivism, an open enemy of positive religions.

And this man (remarks Karl Hi'lebrand) declares the great Revolution to be a group of historical facts, in which evil passions, senseless notions, and purposeless actions far out-

weigh noble-mindedness, depth, and common sense. If up to this time modern men blamed the Revolution, it was only the Convention, whose terrorism and enactments they painted in dark colors, in order to place the year 1789 and the Constituent Assembly in a favorable light. But now Taine comes forward, throws to the winds all that thousands before him, and side by side with him, have maintained, and says, "I determined to institute my own researches, instead of consulting historians; I determined to obtain my information from unprejudiced eye-witnesses, and I have come to the conviction that the chief calamity dates not from 1792 but from 1789."

The results of his investigations are expressed more clearly in the following passage:—

During the three years subsequent to the storming of the Bastille, France offers us a singular spectacle; in the speeches of orators reign the purest humanity, in the laws the fairest symmetry, but in deeds the most savage roughness, in affairs the direst confusion. Surveyed from a distance this system seems to be the triumph of philosophy; closely inspected, it unmask itself as a Carlovingian anarchy.

He speaks of the street mob giving itself the airs of the "sovereign nation" with a contempt and in language which unconsciously remind us of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus." He compares "le peuple-roi" and its rule with Milton's hell-monsters:—

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

In short, he shatters the ideal of his compatriots in the most cruel and reckless fashion, and does not leave the Revolution a leg to stand on.

That Taine, despite his well-known antecedents, could come to such conclusions, can only be explained by what we may call his boundless impartiality. He is so free from bias, and forgets himself so completely in the handling of his subject, that many a reader, taking up *La Révolution*, without any previous acquaintance with his method and his earlier writings, would take him for a Conservative; while there are some passages which, severed from the context, might mislead a superficial reader of reviews into the supposition that he was even a reactionary. In truth there can be no question here of tendency in one direction or another. Taine is, as he always has been, without political bias, but he is sufficiently free from prejudice to de-

sire a *good* government for his country ; and as his investigations have convinced him—not in accordance with his inclinations, but in defiance of them—that France was *ill* governed under the Revolution, he makes no secret of his conviction. He quite sees how desirable it was that the miserable state of things under the *ancien régime* should be improved to the advantage of the people, but he fails to see this desirable improvement in the changes introduced in 1789 ; he even considers that they made things worse. He looks upon the *contrat social* as a very beautiful ideal, but sees the impossibility of its being carried out in practical life, so long as men remain what they always have been and still are. He proves himself through the whole course of his attack upon the constitution of 1791 to be thoroughly acquainted with human nature. To say that Taine wrote against the Revolution in order to ensure his election to the Academy—as was suggested by his recently deceased “friend” and schoolfellow, About—is nonsense. Taine’s impartiality and love of truth are evident and indubitable to every one who is familiar with his literary character on one side, and on the other with the later literature of the Revolution. The truth lies in the following words of Taine : “ J’ai tracé le portrait [of revolutionary France] sans me préoccuper de mes débats présents ; j’ai écrit comme si j’avais eu pour sujet les révolutions de Florence ou d’Athènes. Ceci est de l’histoire, rien de plus.” This may probably prove unsatisfactory to some one-sided French Chauvinists. But the unbiassed foreigner—however radical his tendencies—is not obliged to take umbrage at it, and he must be allowed to rejoice that there are historians who deal with their subject as the anatomist with his, using the dissecting-scalpel dispassionately. It does not follow that such historians are infallible—nor do we endorse Taine’s conclusions as to the French Revolution—but at least they are worthy of more respect than the fanatical sort, or those who overcharge their coloring.

Taine insists on justice above all and in all things, and it is all the same to him whether it is violated toward the people or the king, toward one rank or party or another. This standpoint is

certainly a noble, a truly liberal one, and hence it is that he, the free-thinker, enters the lists for the clergy and the Church, for the king and the nobility, wherever injustice is dealt out to any of these powers. In the first volume he sets forth the encroachments of the higher classes and the sufferings of the people. Why should he be forbidden in the second to describe the encroachments of the people and the injuries inflicted on the upper classes ? Doubtless his speculations will be distasteful to theorists, and politicians will condemn him for having no political views on points which usually call forth party strife ; doubtless he refuses to allow either to monarchs or to philosophers the right to rule despotically, to model the world according to their respective fancies, and his impartiality may be censured as lukewarmness by partisans, but it is precisely for these very reasons that his book will awaken the interest and secure the confidence of unprejudiced readers.

A definitive judgment must be deferred till the whole completed work lies before us. The concluding volume may be expected in the year 1887 ; it will treat of “ Post-revolutionary France ”—*i.e.*, the various changes which have befallen Taine’s fatherland during the present century.

IV.

While discussing Taine’s works individually, we have taken occasion to explain his critical method ; let us now attempt a general survey of his method as running through them all.

When we invite a critic to pass judgment on a book, a picture, an author, a nation, a school of painting, a style of architecture, a national literature—what course will he pursue ? He will either compare the object submitted to his criticism with a pattern of the same nature held to be standard or classical, and pronounce it to be good, very good, bad, very bad, second rate, etc., according as it approaches the pattern or diverges from it more or less. Or else he will estimate the worth of the object to be appraised according to the personal impression which it has made on him—*i.e.* he will only consult his own approval or disapproval. In the former

case he is in danger of blaming, in the latter of praising, extravagantly. Now arise the questions how the person of the critic is to be kept apart from his decisions, whether there is a third mode of criticism, and whether it is possible to attribute convincing force to a critical judgment, instead of regarding it as an opinion or a view. In short, can criticism be made an exact science with absolute and incontrovertible conclusions? One would suppose, considering what human nature is, that an application of the critical faculty in a uniformly mechanical manner, without any regard to the individual feelings of the critic, was an impossibility. But Taine thinks otherwise. He not only believes that this apparently incredible feat can be performed, but even thinks that the results of criticism may be as certain as those of a mathematical problem. And how is this mighty end to be attained? All we have to do—suppose that it is an author who is the subject of criticism—after having read through his works, is to draw up three groups of questions:

(a) Where was the man born? Who were his parents and ancestors? What were the root ideas of his race?

(b) Under what conditions and circumstances was he educated? What position did he hold in society? To what influences was he exposed? How did the spirit of the age affect him?

(c) What were the peculiarities and tendencies of his time, and how did they manifest themselves?

Having obtained certainty on all these points (as if that were so easy!) we shall find the *faculté mattresse* of the intellect of the author, the fundamental quality which underlies his capabilities and gives them their peculiar direction, and which, therefore, supplies the key for a definitive adjudication of his merits.

Let us take, for example, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Addison, a critic coming under the first category of those mentioned above, compares Milton's verse with the requirements of Aristotle, and finds that it so answers to them, that this epic is worthy of the highest commendation. Macaulay, a critic of the other category, does not undertake an exact or detailed criticism; he gives glowing praise to the richness of the imagery, the diction, and versification;

he is enchanted with the poem, and his judgment is in unison with the favorable impression which it has made on him. And now, how does Taine proceed? After having by the application of his method answered his three test-questions—"Race, period of time, surrounding circumstances"—and having thence deduced that Milton's *faculté mattresse* is "the sense of the sublime," he seeks to prove by examples how this quality finds expression in his life and works. Milton is compared with Shakespeare as a poet; the difference between the two is said to be that Shakespeare is the poet of impulse, Milton of reason. Then Taine goes on to point out, as a consequence of this assumed fact, that Milton's prose writings and minor poems are admirable, whereas the *Paradise Lost* is a "sublime but incomplete" poem, a series of reasonings alternating with beautiful images. The leading personages, who were to bear the stamp of their own individuality, are said to be impersonations of contemporaries; God and the first human pair are transformed into orthodox persons. The genius of the poet, he says, stands out only when he describes monsters and landscapes, or speaks through the mouth of Satan in the tone of a stern republican. If we look closely into the question, we shall find Taine's mode of criticism quite as subjective as Macaulay's. Only the latter confesses his criticism to be subjective, whereas Taine holds his to be *objective*, which, however, it is only in the sense of "impartial," and not in the sense of "unprejudiced" or of "scientifically incontrovertible."

Were Taine's method really perfect, objective, and infallible, it would necessarily yield the same results in the hands of others as in his own; as in the case of the exact sciences, all difference of opinion would be at an end. But in reality another, armed with Taine's capability of analysis, his keen critical faculty, his comprehensive knowledge, and his charming and effective style, might with the very same method consistently obtain quite opposite results. Taine frequently delights to compare himself to the anatomist wielding the scalpel, to the botanist, or the zoölogist. But in the first place these men of science, when they institute their re-

searches, lay aside all human passions, personal predilections, national prejudices, and individual feelings, whereas the critic who can divest himself of all these things in pronouncing judgment is not yet born, and is not likely ever to be born, so long as men remain only human. And, secondly, the anatomist, the zoölogist, the botanist can actually make good what he demonstrates in concrete form, for he has the objects bodily before him, while the critic who has to deal with abstract conceptions—such as beauty, goodness, &c.—can only conjecture or surmise, as conceptions are almost always open to various interpretations. Taine's critical method is then not a science, his conclusions are not proofs, they are, on the contrary, often fallacious. Nevertheless his process has, as we have already remarked, the advantage of enhancing the reliability of criticism by continuous grouping of facts and constant endeavor to obtain certainty.

On the other hand, this virtue is apt to degenerate into a fault. The effort to prove too much frequently misleads Taine to wander into false paths. He eagerly sweeps along all that serves his purposes, and thus not infrequently falls into self-contradiction. It happens sometimes that he brings forward the same evidence to confirm one assertion, at another time a quite opposite one. By high-sounding generalizations he magnifies phenomena and occurrences, which appear to any one else quite harmless or unimportant, into weighty and portentous records. He ascribes much too great and wide-reaching an influence to his three forces or "surrounding circumstances." However much, as every one must admit, this influence of race, of sphere, and of the spirit of the age may operate on the life and the activity of the man, we cannot go so far as to assume that it alone moulds individuality. If so, how does it happen that brothers and sisters can be so unlike one another? Taine is too inductive by half. He appears to set about his reading with all his preconceived theories and foregone conclusions mustered before him, and to note all that seems to him to confirm them, while he ignores all that tells against them. But this is the direct opposite of objectivity, which

can only be approached by the deductive process.

But however far we may be from finding ourselves on the whole in harmony with Taine the philosopher, or rather the anatomist, we must adjudge the highest praise to Taine the writer, the artist. In the former capacity he is, as Zola aptly remarks, a "thought-mathematician," a systematician, a slave to the consistent application of his own theories; and the reading of his works often conveys the impression that we are attending the lectures of a professor of geometry. This side of his nature is the result of his erudition, it is not the side from which we can fairly judge our author. The real Taine must be sought in the other direction—in his style, his pictures, his descriptions, his narrations. The merits which he unfolds here are his own, and are not due to study. The poet Taine, the man of flesh and blood, is far preferable to the cold mechanician Taine. Stripped of the "method," his writings would be all the more beautiful; indeed, this method would play but a miserable part in the hands of a less skilful and gifted writer; it is only Taine's style that holds it above water. In this clear, trenchant, vivid, glowing, luxuriant style stands revealed, as Zola says in *Mes Haines*, "the prodigality and love of splendor which characterize a fine gentleman." This style is deliberately unequal and unpolished, in order to produce the more powerful effect. We see that nothing is undesigned, that the author has his pen well in hand. It possesses all the glow and inspiration of fancy, though fettered by a "method" which directly tends to the suppression of fancy. His highly finished diction always accommodates itself to the subject under discussion. Apart from the too frequent heaping up of epithets and metaphors à la Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Bunyan, we are as much surprised by their suitability as by the ease with which they flow from his pen. This is attributable in great measure to the amount of reading, in which he rivals Macaulay, and the assimilatory power of his memory, akin to that of Buckle. His method is mechanical, analytical; his literary individuality, on the other hand, synthetic in its character. Karl Hillebrand says very gracefully in his

Profiles—"In Taine philosophy is only the frame in which the . . . always life-like pictures of times and men are set. It is a pity that in the artist's eyes the frame is more important than the pict-

ure, that the latter seems to exist only for the sake of the frame." It is no exaggeration to call Taine an artist in style.
—*Nineteenth Century*.



THE DESCENT OF PROSERPINE.

BY FRANKLIN LEIFCHILD.

No amaranth-buds, no balm I bear,
No philter for a soul forlorn,
No charm to scatter thro' this air.
Then why come round me ye that mourn?
I cannot help you, sorrow-worn.

Look not on me, nor call me Queen,
Nor at my feet a gift implore,
For I have never worshipped been;
A simple child; the name I bore,
Persephone; 'tis heard no more.

Oh, Mother! wake the golden air
To some remembrance of thy child,
As thou in sunlight sittest there,
Let me not wholly be exiled
But call my name by wood and wild.

And on the margin of the sea,
By the sea-pink and lavender;
Let Echo hear it in her cave,
And tell it to the winds that stir
The murmurous labyrinths of fir

Upon the mountain-side; and thou,
Ceres, the flowers I love dispose
Into a garland for thy brow,
Narcissus, that his image knows,
Crocus, and Enna's constant rose.

Slyx. Great Strength, whose brow is o'er me bent,
Is there no plea, no word, no tone,
To wound thee, and to make relent?
Now while we linger, while I groan
Upon the verge of thy dread zone,

Relent! return! dost thou desire
A child of light to look upon
In Hades, there to bring Heaven's fire?
See! I am abject and undone;
The form, but not the joy, is won.

Oh! woods and valleys, streams and winds!
He bears me down to shades uncouth,
That in his homeless home he binds,
Where no relenting is, nor ruth;
Holy, and in my blameless youth.

The air moans as in coming storm,
 The flowers drop withered from my wreath,
 And soundless are the words I form,
 Upon my lips a struggling breath
 Flutters, I cross the stream of death.

Scatheless ! O Sun in Heaven secure !
 O colors of the skies that keep
 The world's imagination pure !
 O Woods and Floods ! and ye who leap
 Wild Winds, from headlands to the deep !

Still I am yours ! for me now pants
 Ceres' great heart, and on my way
 His winged foot light Hermes plants,
 Earth murmurs, Zephyr leaves to play,
 And by a cypress knells the day.

Pluto, my glory is not shed !
 Bethink thee thou art leading home
 To be a fellow with the dead,
 Strength unattained, and power to come !
 But through thy precincts I will roam,

Till the new light about thy coast
 The Titans rouse, and feuds begin,
 And there bestirs a muttering host
 To insurrection, with a din
 Such as aforetime there has been.

And they like me shall learn to cross
 Thy fabled death, like me withstand
 Thy feigned dominion. See, I toss
 Hope like a falcon from my hand
 To fly about this outcast land.

Lethe.

Ah ! stress of night ! Here silence is
 Like the suppression of a sigh,
 That labors to be uttered. 'Tis
 A full-fed river lapsing by,
 And reeds that to the wind reply.

How far it seems this very morn !
 The sunrise, and the meadow-sheen ;
 The springing lark, the budding thorn ;
 And maidens dancing on the green.
 How far ! and has it ever been ?

Mine eyes are filled, as the wave sings,
 With gold dust from the moth of sleep,
 And dazzled with the purple wings
 Of dream ; and naiads round me sweep
 With mermaids dancing in the deep.

And now I hear a Syren lip
 Low chanting from a tufted cave,
 That draws a crag-encircled ship
 With dipping beak from wave to wave
 Bewildering—ah ! Ceres, save !

'Twas Lethe ! Yet my spirit pure
Repels its shadow and its stain ;
For heavenly memories endure
And brighten—though the earthly wane ;
E'en now I seem to be again

Nestled to Ceres' bosom boon,
Hearing of things beyond the ken
Of mortals ; many a solemn rune ;
Forgotten 'mid the haunts of men,
Where chirp the swallow and the wren,

And now remembered ; mysteries,
That made my childish bosom yearn,
Being Jove's daughter. Thine it is,
Pluto, to guide me while I learn
The dooms of Fate, and then return

To my appointed seat above,
Knowing both worlds ; and there repose.
See ! the clouds brighten as we move.
All, Hades, all thou shalt disclose ;
My Deity within me grows,

Unequalled knowledge I shall gain,
Not vexed with doubt, nor dimmed with ruth,
But passionless, and pure, and plain ;
And see august in changeless youth
Thine aspect, Eleusinian Truth.

Acheron.

So guide me, King, I shall not blench
Though housed with Night ; our nobler kind
This much of darkness cannot quench,
But shows its lustre more defined,
And outline of immortal mind.

And though you lead with downward hand
Me ever to your inmost zone,
Where nameless powers in judgment stand,
I shall not tremble, though alone,
For gods to me are not unknown.

Sorrowful Acheron is this,
Sighing upon its course ? the air
Quivers above its wan abyss
Like summer noon intense, for prayer,
Anguish and wrath are mingled there.

Down on the cloven heart of earth
I look, where all its miseries lie ;
And new regrets have hourly birth,
So deeply felt they cannot die.
The ghosts are round me suddenly !

As gathering olive trees enclose
A traveller by the night ensnared,
Who plods his beaten way, nor knows,
Till by the rising moon declared,
The wraiths with whom he long hath fared :

So they surround me and amaze,
 And toward me reach with outstretched hands,
 And wistful eyes upon me gaze.
 Yes, yes, I come from distant lands,
 Persephone, who death withstands.

From me some virtue as I pass
 Wanders as fragrance from a flower ;
 I lift them as a beam the grass,
 I give them back their little hour,
 Earth's joy and momentary power.

And some, whom hope revisiteth,
 Feed on my strength, and, as I speak,
 Bend from my lips to catch the breath,
 And steal the life upon my cheek,
 And from my heart a pang bespeak

Of melting pity ; I divide
 Their sorrows, and my soul gives room
 To dark regret ; but at my side
 Thou standest, and before the doom
 Of thy still eye they melt in gloom.

Elysian Fields.

Soft twilight, peace, and summer balm !
 Ere falls the tear that I might weep,
 New spaces open wide and calm.
 I change ! as when from shingle steep
 The boat falls noiseless to the deep.

Here dwell whom towered cities mourn
 As lost, but Freedom will not lose,
 Heroes, whose names to victory borne
 For lullabies the mothers use,
 For an awakening song, the muse.

How still it is ! long intervals
 Closing behind me belt on belt !
 For nought to measure Time befalls.
 In this Elysian air unfelt
 Ages and æons seem to melt.

Is it the morning on thy brow,
 Ceres, or noon, or night austere ?
 Are daffodils thy garland now ?
 Doth a new harvest give thee cheer ?
 Or on the dead fern drops the tear ?

Pluto, are these thy happy fields ?
 Where hours and steps of life are lost ;
 And no event the season yields,
 No growth, no check, no purpose crost.
 No glimmering future to accost.

To me not such. My fuller pulse
 On no Elysian dream is fed,
 But in its own strong life exults.
 Lo ! how their airy footsteps tread
 The flower that bendeth not his head.

Who keep from pain must keep from power ;
 Life is a bow they cannot bend ;
 Ev'n we who claim a heavenly dower
 Must with calamity contend,
 And be brought low, to reascend.

What rule is here—what empire shown ?
 Against thee can these shades rebel
 Arming with visionary frown ?
 Revolt it boots not thee to quell,
 Their sum of life an asphodel.

Yield me, wouldst thou my spirit cheer,
 Change, motion, let the threat respond
 To threat rebellious ; let me hear
 The stone of Sisyphus grind, or fond
 Titan or Giant rend a bond.

Tartarus. Sudden the Night uncoils her hair
 About us in a blinding cloud,
 And no companionship we share
 But Silence, of her secrets proud,
 And Darkness moving in his shroud.

Does my heart fail me ? for immense
 Tremblings possess the atmosphere.
 'Tis Tartarus by its stubborn fence
 Of towers, and storm-clouds hovering near,
 'Tis Tartarus, by a flash made clear.

Here 'mid the gleam and the eclipse
 Of light, and agitations rude,
 That jar the words upon my lips,
 Lie manacled the rebel brood,
 But once sublime, who Jove withstood.

They see where Tartarus is riven,
 And through the cleft the mighty stairs
 Ascending that might reach to heaven ;
 And each again in fancy shares
 The glorious work, and not despairs.

For in his brain high thoughts of rule
 Still glisten, schemes for gods to abet ;
 Like stars reflected in a pool
 Which a long drought has shrunk, and yet
 Therein the spacious heavens are set.

See, here is one whose eyes dilate :
 A Titan, 'neath a crag he turns
 Groaning, and half uplifts its weight ;
 As the great soul our car discerns
 A spot upon his forehead burns,

Like the last blood-red season stain
 Upon the ash that fires the heath.
 The rocks dispart and close again,
 And in the drawing of his breath
 Clench over him their jagged teeth.

Pluto, my heart with thine concurs
 In peace that comes of power, for, lo !
 Thy bosom has not heaved, nor stirs
 The blossom on thy youthful brow,
 Pomegranate-buds with ruby glow.

In peace ; for as a torrent's strength
 May in blind wrath its channel miss,
 And far abroad its silvery length
 Scatter in air, the sunbeams kiss
 Its showers, so their rebellion is.

Orcus. As we recede the thunder-throes
 Grow more and more subdued, and soon
 Into a rhythmic measure close,
 And the earth vibrates into tune,
 Its cradle song beneath the moon.

Not as a minstrel when of war
 Descanting, is the song of Fate ;
 But action's storm, tumult, and jar,
 Rebellions and implacable hate
 Themselves into a song translate.

Now as mine eyes the distance probe,
 The darkness turns to dusky bloom ;
 As shadows of a purple robe,
 When you approach it, lose their gloom,
 And with rich tints the air illumine.

Softly the night her gate unbars ;
 I see a gentle radiance,
 Like that faint flame amid the stars
 Where many constellations dance ;
 And towers appear, and forms advance.

And now thy throne ascends, as when
 A red streak of the rising sun
 Ends the long vista of a glen.
 My life is in the leaf ; I shun
 No mystery till all are won.

They hail me, gathering through the land,
 They hail me issuing from their cave
 The Furies, each astonished hand
 Hath dropt its torch upon the wave
 Where red Cocytus fills his grave.

And flowers into my hands are borne ;
 Lily, and lotus buds I find,
 And poppy, handmaid to the corn,
 And amaranth with nepenthe twined,
 Like love and peace, to soothe the mind.

And now a choral hymn they raise
 Such as enthralled the solitude
 When worshippers with holy lays
 Awoke the deep Dodonian wood,
 Upon whose echoes Pan would brood.

The splendor of our heavenly line,
 Oh, Ceres, tames this lower crowd.
 They bend before me at a sign,
 The humble love me, and the proud
 Are servants, at my aspect bowed.

What doth it aid me to repine ?
 Oh, mother, if I must remain,
 Look down ! The empire is divine !
 I quell my spirit's former strain,
 Uplift me, Pluto ! let me reign.

—*Contemporary Review.*

POETRY COMPARED WITH THE OTHER FINE ARTS.*

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

IT is with the results of the art of Poetry that we have been thus far concerned : with the work produced, rather than the rules by which the workman, consciously or not, was guided : with the effect of his poem upon the world, more than with the peculiar personal gifts necessary for the poet : with the song, in a word, rather than the singer.

What was last in actual fact has thus been first in criticism. But my task is now to turn from effect to cause : to ask what are the special means by which the poet reaches his results : to look from the Substance to the Form of his art. This inquiry is less external in its nature, more intricate, and, if I may use the word, more intimate ;—hence more difficult. Yet, *tantanda via est*, the brief Introduction to poetry which I wish to offer would be but half completed without it. But so much that is technical and theoretical will force its way into an inquiry of this nature, that I ask pardon beforehand should a subject, curious and interesting in itself, prove obscure or dull through my insufficient handling. My wish, at least, is to put the case as plainly as possible, avoiding in particular those rhetorical decorations into which the fine arts are too apt to tempt us, to the damage of judgment and the loss of pleasure. For rhetoric is always near to partisanship, and dazzles in place of lighting.

Such a subject as this cannot be ap-

proached, as a great master of poetical analysis has said,

Without some hazard to the finer sense,*

lest the bloom and the odor of poetry should be hurt by the hard touch of definition, lest one should wander into egotism or fancifulness, and, in the fine phrase of Dante, "transmute thought into dreaming."† Yet, at a time when art, as, all the world over, it dies out in creative power, ever more and more is in the mouths of men, it may be of interest—I would hope, even of use—to compare the differences and find the common principles between the Fine Arts, with especial reference to that which is my peculiar care—*mea cura, Poësis*. And a further inducement is, that I am not aware of any modern attempt at this comparison, except in an essay by Mr. J. A. Symonds,‡ to which I am indebted for a few suggestions.

For our starting-point let us take two broad principles, which are not likely to be contested. First, that the essential aim of all true art is to clothe human thought and feeling, experience and aspiration, in such permanent forms of beauty as may touch and elevate the beholder's soul with responsive emotion and pleasure ; secondly, that the excellence of each art lies in its individuality, in its truth to its own conditions, in its strict obedience to its natural limits, its perfect freedom within them.

* A second Introductory Lecture, by F. T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

* Wordsworth ; *Prelude*. xiv.

† *Purgatorio*, c. xviii. 145.

‡ *Italian Byways*, 1883.

Architecture is the bridge between the practically useful and the visibly beautiful,* between the prose and the poetry of human activity. Building becomes art so soon as the builder's mind endeavors to move our minds by something beyond utility. We may note in Architecture three ascending stages of art. Mere mass in a building is the first and easiest form of expressiveness. Beauty felt in the proportions of the mass, even without decoration, follows, until Architecture reaches its highest and noblest point as a fine art, when massiveness, moulded into general beauty of form, is united with the grace and life of appropriate ornament. Here the same laws govern Poetry and Architecture. True proportion in a building answers to the general scheme or plot of a poem (as exemplified especially in narrative or dramatic works), and, further, to the sense of unity which all good art conveys; whilst the ornamental details in each should always be felt by eye and mind to bud and flower out, as if by necessity, from the main object of the design. They should be like the trees in a native forest described by an old poet, "born of their own impulse, not planted."† Let me dwell on this for a moment.

Architecture, at the first glance, presents to the eye utility transforming itself into beauty. Hence every beautiful element thus interfused should not only be appropriate to the purpose of the building, but should express and emphasize it. The obvious difficulty of this union between use and ornament adds, also, the further pleasure which arises always when we are conscious of obstacles vanquished by patient skill or imaginative invention. In the finest buildings we find nothing merely decorative; the one-sided demand, "Art for Art's sake," here, at least, can have no place. The mysterious creatures which guarded the palace-gates of Nineveh—the severe power of the Doric column in the Parthenon—the lovely capitals and wreaths which we see in the earlier

structures of Venice—the figured-peopled front of Rheims or Wells—nay, every pinnacle and parapet in the days of living architecture, all, as a rule, serve to accentuate straightforwardly the functions of the building. And rightly so: for the eye is soon satisfied with seeing; any decoration beyond that which is really needed, any ornament which does not justify its existence, vexes us with satiety, rouses a sense of the intrusive, and weakens the very effect on the spectator's soul at which the designer aimed.

Here we meet with another law, one of the few—the very few, I am disposed to say—really common to all the Fine Arts, but in none more stringent than in architecture, what may be termed the law of Climax. It is generally agreed that every true work of art must form a whole, must lead us to a definite and perceptible end, should, in a word, have unity. In Architecture, this law is often neglected. We find buildings, public and private (as, it must be confessed, we find poems), so lavishly clothed with decoration that eye and mind are oppressed only by a general sense of perplexing profusion. All ornament is little more satisfactory, little more effective, whether in poem, picture, or building, than *no* ornament. Here the law of climax has its place. Decoration should always be so managed as to carry us up to moments of intenser interest. These may be more or fewer, in proportion to the scale of the work. But such moments, in turn, must lead, with always increasing delight and wonder, to the last climax of significance and beauty. The end, in the old phrase, should crown the work.

But each Fine Art works with closely limited materials, sparing us, we should remember always, whether as artists or as beholders and judges, "narrower margin than we deem."‡ These conditions, if I may use words not too lofty or serious for the matter, are, in fact, part of the ever-surrounding chains and mountain-walls of Necessity, in the battle between which and man's Free Will all human life is involved; and, with it, all fine art, which is always and everywhere a mirror held up to life. Archi-

* The sense of *moral* beauty which is roused when we see works of eminent usefulness, unless it be translated by art into word or form, belongs to another sphere of thought.

† *Ingenio arbusta ubi nata sunt, non obsita.*—Naevius, *Lycurgus*.

‡ M. Arnold; *Sonnet V.*

ture, as the one fine art directly subserving utility, has special limits of its own. The employer, doubtless, invites art when, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he wishes not only for a shelter from rain and wind, but also for an object which should please his eye." "Non tantum eo vult tecto tegi quod imbrem ac ventum arceat, sed etiam quod visum et oculos delectet." The builder becomes artist when into the language of arch and wall, roof and spire, he "translates emotion; vague, perhaps, but deep, mute but unmistakable. When we say that a building is sublime or graceful, we mean that sublimity or grace is inherent in it."* But it is the practical purpose of the building, imposed from without upon its designer, which, in general, must govern also the spiritual or poetical impression it conveys. The architect is not, like poet or painter in modern days, free to choose his subject. Palace and cottage, town-house, or country-house, castle and church, railway station and inn, each embodies one great phase of human existence, with all its array of thought and feeling and activity; for the prose of life is always inextricably intertwined with its poetry. This it is the artist's business to put into visible form. And this practical aim, while determining his materials, determines also, in a great degree, the character of the emotion which the architect is able to excite. Mass, solidity, permanence; these are the first ideas which his materials carry with them. If he can render these ideas only with visible appropriateness and in satisfying proportion, the plainest work will be a work of art. Hence the masterpieces of architecture will generally be found expressive, and not so much of beauty pure and simple, as of elevation of soul and sublimity, upon which last quality I can here only pause to remark that the Sublime, although often contrasted with the Beautiful, seems to me rather to be one form or mode of beauty. But the limit thus straitly fixed by the physical conditions, as ever is the case, adds to the vital force of the art, "turning its necessity to glorious gain." The permanent sublimity of a noble building appeals to one of the deepest cravings of the heart—

The universal instinct for repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward :*

to "that peace which is at the centre of all agitation." This is the feeling expressed by those famous lines in Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, describing the interior of some Gothic cathedral, which Johnson said that he placed above any single passage of Shakespeare;—finding in them, doubtless, a tone in harmony with the pensive loftiness of his own mind.

The sense of aspiration and sublimity thus called forth is vague and general, compared with the more definite thought or emotion which we may owe to pictures or to poetry; the moral impressed upon us more remote. It is a sort of counterpart to the delightful sense of unrealized desire, of the longing that cannot be put into words, which is, perhaps, the peculiar privilege of music. The German critic, Schlegel, *aut quis fuit alter*, who spoke of a Gothic Cathedral as "frozen music," may have had in his mind this sublime vagueness. But, if architecture thus falls short of her sister fine arts, in clearness and variety of pleasurable effect, she finds a charm which they are all but without, in the permanence due to her purpose and her materials. The charm I speak of, in its best recognized form, lies in that union of the work of time with the work of beauty, which every one of ordinary taste and education knows as Picturesqueness. This is probably the most common source of the pleasure which architecture gives; it is this which, in the popular mind, most connects it with art. But architecture brings often a further charm, also specially inherent in this fine art; which, to those who can feel it, is deeper far than picturesqueness; what I should call the magic of antiquity, the actual and tangible presence of the past. Statue or picture may also be ancient; yet their age is apt to impress us rather as a source of regret for the inevitable wrongs wrought by Time, than as a direct source of pleasurable interest. Between us and the poet the distance is wider still. Sophocles or Dante or Milton are not face to face with the modern reader in their works. It is through words,

* J. A. Symonds; *Italian Byways*.

[* *Excursion*; Book iii.

the full meaning of which no student can fully hope to penetrate, that they reach us—through words which, even if our own language, are but the symbols of the poet's thought, not the thought itself. But the building which entrances us by its grace or grandeur is not only the authentic creation of an artist long since passed from earth ; it must be also the living handiwork of a whole crowd of others, those who set up and carved it—artists too, in their degree, all in some strange but real way surviving in their own creation.

This thought, if we consider it rightly, is deeply pathetic. As, when looking on some mountain-top or valley such as the poet describes,—

Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,*

most men, in their imaginative moments, feel with Wordsworth somewhat of the presence of—

The Visions of the hills,
And Souls of lonely places ;

similarly the spectator, if he has rendered himself worthy of the spectacle by a reasonable amount of knowledge, in dome or spire, arch or buttress, stable and motionless as the mountain, sees the souls of men, their thoughts and emotions and fancies, as it were making silent appeal to his sympathy from their prisons of stone, praying to be understood, and felt with as men by man, and gently handled, and spared from needless injury. And such a spectator hears not only thus the sweet, melancholy music of the long-vanished days. What to the uneducated or prejudiced eye is a bare skeleton, to him is a living organism of the past. He will be aware how the style of the building before him was evolved from those that preceded it by laws, imperative almost as the laws of Nature, under the combined pressure of the material wants, the moral tone, the imagination and art of its own age : how that style, in turn, gave way to another which more accurately embodied and petrified the needs and wishes of a later period. He will hence learn patience with each, and be able to take an open-minded enjoyment in its beauty, even while maintaining the rights of a just

judgment to give every style its due place in art. One cathedral shall thus bring before us that long evolution of human intelligence and invention which passes successively through Renaissance, Gothic, Romanesque, Roman, Greek ; arrested only before Assyria and Egypt, like Geology when classifying the steps in organic life by the failure of our evidence.

Thus, from any single work of art avenues, as some one has said, go forth to the Infinite. The building which to the uneducated eye is but a voiceless if impressive mass, to the informed taste will be a short history of art, a chronicle of human progress. And it would be idle to say that the pleasure which we may hence receive will be twenty-fold deeper, higher, and more permanent than that of the uninstructed passer-by : it will be something out of all comparison with it.

Architecture thus " connects itself indissolubly with the life, the character, the moral being of a nation and an epoch." The very fact that it subserves utility compels it, as it were, to follow and to represent more closely than the other fine arts the spirit of its age : history here carves itself before us in broader lines, and covers more of human life in every rank and condition than even painting or poetry.

I wish that space allowed me to vivify these perhaps too general reflections by the example of some one famous building ; by such an imaginary walk, for instance, as Addison led the men of his time through the Abbey of Westminster, or, in our own time, some of those present may have enjoyed with our accomplished and lamented Stanley. But my subject recalls me. I must linger no more on this favorite art, lest, as Virgil feared, I should fatigue my hearers,—

Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.

Sculpture and painting, formative arts which represent to us human life, landscape, and all other appearances of Nature, bring us nearer Poetry. Their sphere is much wider, their appeal more direct and special, than that of Architecture. In place of the general sense of grace or sublimity, they present, not indeed imitations of Nature, as is sometimes said, but her forms as seen through

* Keats ; *Hyperion*, Book ii.

the glass of the artist's own soul ; individualized by its varying tints and degrees of translucency, combined in new shapes and new meanings by fancy and imagination. But upon these points we need not dwell : Oxford has heard much eloquent teaching upon them. I pass on to my own immediate subject, the special character of the formative arts in comparison with poetry.

Every Fine Art, let me repeat, may be said to conquer its specific character by the artist's incessant battle with its physical conditions ; he becomes master of his craft by turning his own limitations into victory. Sculpture connects itself here with architecture, using stone or metal, and expressing thoughts in solid, tangible form ; it also is the natural exponent of repose, of dignity, of permanent beauty. The subjects in a high degree suited for sculpture—those in which the special limits are best tenable—are hence comparatively few. They must be, first, expressible by pure form, without the interpretative aid of color, and with little aid from background or accessories. Hence, more than any other art, they require the spectator to bring knowledge of the subject treated with him. Sculpture rarely explains itself, as painting often does, and poetry should always. Landscape is wholly denied to her. Living forms, pre-eminently human forms, are almost her whole province.

This, truly, is but a small field compared with the world of thought and feeling, of tale and landscape, free to poetry. Yet from this limitation springs the peculiar power of Sculpture. What she offers are the great elementary passions common to mankind through all the ages ; the actions which are most widely known ; the features which, through their intrinsic beauty or the lives of their wearers, have a world-wide significance. The proper appeal of Sculpture is to those thoughts and feelings which are highest or deepest in us ; to those which seem by nature to have most of immortality in them. These the artist must render through colorless human form. This brings before us another general law of fine art—that the most important feature in every work must be the most perfectly realized and rendered. We have here another form

of the law of climax. Hence ingenuities of carving which attempt an absolute illusion of the sight, the veils that look as if we could lift them, the fruit we might pluck, are but caricatures of the true art. The sculptor, that he may render human form and human thought and feeling through it, with the highest perfection, is compelled to render abstractly or conventionally every minor, less important feature in his work. It is to Nature that he returns, through deviations from Nature.

This law of abstraction in sculpture, I note in passing, seems to find its counterpart in what Keble and other authorities have spoken of as the law of reserve in poetry. All fine verse suggests while it reveals : the poet leaves much generalized or incomplete that he may give us the sense of completeness : his reticences enable him to speak more forcibly.

Sculpture being thus narrowly restricted, at once in her methods and her subjects, has to rely more than any other art on that common basis of them all—absolute beauty. Even when-creating forms of grandeur and sublimity, she can hardly, like painting or poetry, place us in presence of the simply fearful or the unalloyedly grotesque : no form distinctly not beautiful being, I think, ever admitted in sculpture of high class, at least without great peril. And if, going beyond the familiar word "beauty," we ask which of the elements composing it (so far as they are definable) do really move and charm us most, our answer, it seems to me, must be these two—intensity and tenderness. All the highest work, if I do not dogmatize too much in saying it, in all the fine arts, has this note of perfection. It is a truth which I greatly wish to impress upon you : it is, at least, the underlying thought in all I have to offer.

Now sculpture, as the most concentrated of the fine arts, presents this mode of the beautiful in the highest degree. From her natural conditions she can, as it were, give but one stroke. But it is decisive. And this intensity and tenderness of beauty is not, as with painting, to be sought mainly in the human features ; it must be felt living through the whole figure, infused in every limb, inherent in every fold of drapery. To

name these conditions is enough to make us feel, in some small degree, the amazing difficulty of the art ; enough to explain why true success in it is so rare. But hence, also, the strange, deep, mysterious pleasure which first-rate sculpture gives. Hence, again, in combination with its material, the permanence of its appeal to civilized man. Sculpture shares with architecture this prerogative of duration. It is through a frail and impalpable film that we know Titian or Raphael. It is only through serious toil that the symbols through which the poetry of Hellas or Rome is preserved become living words and thoughts to the modern reader. But the gods of the Acropolis and of Olympia are before us, as they were before Sophocles or Theocritus.

I might go on till all but I were weary upon this magical art, so cold to the careless spectator, so informed, I might almost say so white-hot, with inward passion to the soul of the true student. But we must return to the relations between sculpture and poetry. Close analogies are not here to be looked for. But where poetry gives the sense of sublimity in human character, of that rare pathos which is roused, not by pathetic words, but by the simple setting forth of a pathetic situation, where details are suppressed in favor of human interest ; where, in fine, beauty is mainly presented through tenderness and intensity—there we may recognize the statuesque elements in poetry. Homer was long since known as the Master of Phidias. In their style, Æschylus and Sophocles have the sculptural quality ; Pindar (to me) far less constantly. Petrarch occasionally, Dante and Milton oftener, show it. Modern verse, however, is not rich in this quality. Even Keats, of all our poets since Milton the most richly endowed with plastic genius, failed, and with his exquisite modesty confessed his failure, in *Hyperion*. In point of Form, the impersonal, or national ode, is nearest to a work of sculpture. Dryden (in a coarse, Renaissance style), Manzoni, Schiller, Wordsworth, here may supply examples. But in this region also, as in sculpture itself, success is of the rarest.

The material and technical differences between painting and sculpture reveal

the nearer approach made by Painting toward poetry. The sculptor gives his thoughts to us in actual form. Color is the only natural element which he requires the spectator to supply. The painter requires us, by a farther effort of imagination, to take a flat surface for solidity and distance, showing us his impression of Nature in that magical mirror of the mind, without which he himself could not have received the impression which he transfers to us. Painting here approaches Poetry, the fine art which has most of the symbolical, least of the sensuous, in its material. The painter also, although his canvas can only exhibit forms co-existent in space, not progressive in time, like those which pass before us in poetry, can indicate combined movement more than the sculptor ; can imply the immediate before and after of the one moment which he has chosen. He can exhibit more of a connected story, more subtle and complicated feeling than sculpture, and can connect his work into a whole through landscape, through multitude of detail, through color. Painting, hence, has a wider range of character than sculpture, and depends less upon absolute beauty. In all these points pictures come near to poems. Color in particular, which, I think, answers in some respects to metre, allows the painter to give his work at the first glance a general tone of feeling, putting us in the right mood to understand and enjoy the scene which he offers for our study. Hence a likeness, true though shadowy, may be traced between the main currents of painting and poetry. Words such as epic, dramatic, idyllic, and even lyrical (as, for example, in the case of Correggio) are applicable to individual pictures, and to certain schools of art.

The natural limit which confines painting to presenting one moment, one aspect only, in completeness, gives this art, even more than sculpture, a great advantage, of which every poet must be conscious. The painter exhibits at one glance to the mind the beauty of face or figure or landscape which the poet can only exhibit in succession by separate touches. And, however skilfully he may select and arrange his words, he cannot help knowing that no reader will ever be able to recombine them in the whole

which was before his own inner vision. But I must not allow myself to be tempted here into discussing that very curious subject, the limits of Descriptive Poetry.

Painting is nearest among the arts to poetry in the range, variety, and definiteness of its subjects ; it is also the art, if we include light-and-shade designing, which lends to poetry the dubious aid of illustration. Why, then, is it natural to take Music for our final comparison ? In her appeal to us music calls forth emotion even more general and indefinite than architecture, with less representation of nature, less power to supply or to arouse thought. The forms through which music speaks to the ear not only present none of those natural appearances which sculpture and painting and poetry imitate or suggest, but have scarce any real prototypes in the very sounds of Nature. The orchestra is as little indebted to the nightingale as the cathedral aisle to the forest avenue. The most limited of the fine arts, by her technical conditions, the most conventional in material and method, what right has Music to a place next to Poetry—of all arts the freest, the most varied in range of subject, the most intellectual—in short, the highest ? I may reply in a single word, which I hope will not be considered too rhetorical : Music speaks. Further answer is scarcely needed : *causa finita est.*

As, however, I have tried in case of the other fine arts, let us attempt to compare with poetry this evanescent and impalpable spirit of music, which here I shall, so far as possible, think of as separated from the words of a song or the action of an opera—absolute music, according to the modern phrase. We have granted that it is nearest to poetry in its essence and in its effect on the hearer. But the reason often given for this, that music acts more immediately and closely upon the nerves than the arts which we have examined—and has, hence, a more absolutely spiritual influence over us—cannot, I think, be sustained. Hearing is known now to be a nervous function in no essential respect different from that of Sight, through which architecture, sculpture, painting, move our souls. The wave of sound has not, hitherto at least, been shown to

penetrate the consciousness by any finer or closer channel than the wave of light. The true reason why music has this magical and entrancing power, why it seems to steep us in the essence of poetry, lies more deep ; it must be sought in a region where words, I fear, cannot enter without peril to the speaker. Analyze and define how we may, no one has ever caught and imprisoned in words the volatile vital element which makes poetry poetry. Could we define it, it would be that magical thing which we call poetry no longer ; the spell would be broken by the word ;—the fairy gift would fly. The poet himself cannot seize this essence. "I feel it only"—*sentio tantum*—is his last utterance. He is, at most, dimly conscious of a spirit moving in him, he knows not how. And we, the readers, may define and describe the outward, formal circumstances of poetry ; may reckon and weigh the part which imagination and fancy, pathos and sublimity, heart and head, contribute to a poem ; but this inner soul, this inspiration, remains always indefinable. Intensity with Tenderness is only the phrase in which I have tried to find an imperfect expression of it.

Now it is, I think, precisely this mysterious element, this soul of soul, which music offers to the sensitive nature. The spirit of poetry which we hear in music is even less embodied than that "half-graspable Delight" in the air above him, which Keats describes his Endymion as conscious of when he first meets his unknown goddess in the enchanted forest. Its invisibility is part of the magic and the entrancement ; invisibility to the senses answering to the vagueness with which music appeals to the soul. It is the triumph of a poem to offer us definite images, distinct pictures ; of music to dispense with them, and pass beyond to the inmost animating spirit which renders picture and imagery poetical. If any attempt at definition be not too hazardous, might we not, hence, define music simply as poetry without words ?

But hence, also, this Fine Art differs essentially from the rest ; they move us actively, they call forth our latent thoughts and feelings, they interpret our higher nature to ourselves. Music (speaking always now of music abso-

lute), in place of leading, follows the moods of the mind, clothes them with poetry, soothes or exalts them accordantly with the temper of the moment. The melody which brings tears to one hearer shall give another consolation, beyond the reach of philosophy or poetry. A slight change in expression, even in time, will turn into a song of despair the symphony of triumph. This adaptive, living quality, this *immediateness* of music, if I may use the word, seems to arise from the material conditions of the art which here, as ever, secretly confine and govern it. Seemingly the most natural, music is, in fact, the most artificial of the arts, the most conventional. Our scale, our melody, our harmony, are meaningless if not discordant to the majority of human ears. Even among the races which employ them, they have proved arbitrary and fluctuating. Mathematics show that the very intervals of the scale are irreconcilable with natural law. The European ear is gradually learning new rules of harmony. Hence, perhaps, music is the most modern of the arts, not, of course, in its practice, but in the forms which now speak to us musically. Despite a few fragments, surviving rather as curiosities than as works of art, we can hardly realize what was the music which Dante heard in Paradise more than the music which accompanied the verse of Homer or Sophocles. Yet in this paradoxical art the peculiarities of music bring it nearer to the soul of poetry; they make it more fit to follow, to invest, to deepen our emotion; dis severing it from the associations of the past, they render it more immediately and purely pleasurable, make it a more pervading atmosphere of intensity steeped in tenderness: the interpreter of that sadness which lies always at the heart of joy. An old poet has sung this aspect of melody in two lines which have in them no little of the art they describe: The mellow touch of music most doth wound The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.*

But I must linger no more in these Elysian fields; *Quid multa*—to take the words of the most musically gifted among my predecessors—*Quid multa? Communis est hominum sententia, Musi-*

*cam omnium plane artium proxime ad Poesin accedere.** "Why say more? It is the common sentiment of mankind, that of all the arts music clearly comes nearest to poetry."

Much of interest has perforce been passed over in this comparison of the arts. But if, step by step, I have made the meaning clear, the special province of each art, the special powers of each to please and to move us, will also have defined the area left for poetry, while showing us, at the same time, what poetry cannot do. We have seen that the spell of every art over our souls is always limited by its material conditions, and by the technical rules which they necessitate. Through its conformity to these conditions, fine art gives pleasure; it rules, because it obeys. What, then, are the materials, the limits, and the laws of Poetry as an art?

The brief statements of two great poets will be our best starting-point here. Milton defines poetry as "simple, sensuous, and passionate." Coleridge defines it as consisting of "the best words in the best places." Enlarge this, with what he would have been the first to add, into "The best words in the best places, for sense and sound and metre," and the definition of what we are seeking will be complete. With such words poetry "does the work in turn of architecture, sculpture, painting, music." But while the material of these arts is tangible or audible, the very material of poetry is, if I may be allowed the phrase, immaterial. Words are signs only of things, not images; light and airy beings, as Plato unkindly describes the Poet himself; breath mysteriously blended with thought. The mind only—head and heart, but heart through head—is addressed by poetry. The single strictly sensuous element which she has in common with her sisters is found in so far as something remotely like music is felt or heard in rhythm and rhyme,—and through these the poet's material mainly takes its form.

When painting was before us I compared rhythm and rhyme to color, because the metre chosen for a poem tints it at once and throughout with a peculiar tone. But the comparison has a

* Herrick, *Hesperides*.

* J. Keble, *Præf.* III.

deeper significance. Color, it is generally agreed, is the element which divides painting from sculpture; it is the outer limit of the art. And I cordially agree with those who similarly hold metre, rhymed or unrhymed, as that material form which parts prose from poetry, which bounds it, which is of its essence. This view obviously excludes at once the extension of the name Poetry to prose writing. The "unheard melodies" which the sight of his Grecian Urn suggested to Keats might as well be termed actual music. Prose may be poetical, but remains always prose. I regret sincerely to find myself here opposed to many modern authorities, for it is doubtful whether the phrase, Prose-poetry, occurs till late in the eighteenth century. Shelley* speaks of Plato and Bacon as poets, and draws no line between them and Homer or Dante. This seems to me to turn metaphor into fact. But against Shelley in his youth may be set the mature judgment of Goethe and of Schiller, in one of the too-rare passages of helpful criticism which give value to their *Correspondence*.† And Schiller, in another letter, has a phrase which goes deeply, if somewhat obscurely, into the nature of metre. "Purity" (by which he means *strictness*) "of metre," he says, "serves as a sensuous representation of the inner necessity of the thought."‡ As I understand the passage, fixed metrical form answers to that inward impulse, that inspired movement or madness, as Plato calls it, which constrains the poet, in proportion to the force of his genius, to think, feel, and express himself as he does. Here, again, from another side, we find ourselves confronting that insoluble problem, what, namely, forms the innermost essence of poetry. This presence of necessity, though, perhaps, little noticed, is felt in all really fine art. It is implied in Wordsworth's profound criticism on Goethe, "that his poetry was not sufficiently inevitable." Rhythm and rhyme—our substitute for the ancient verse-systems framed upon quantity—rhythm and rhyme, by the inevitable bonds which they impose upon the poet, im-

press us with that silent sense of difficulty vanquished, of perfect freedom within the strictest bounds, which is one great source of poetical effectiveness and pleasure. Nor is this law confined to the poet. The artist's triumph always is when he can thus identify liberty with necessity, when his work strikes us at once as inevitable and spontaneous.

To conclude. My first lecture attempted to sketch the vast palace of art at which poets have been toiling almost from before the dawn of history; "that great poem," as Shelley called it in his brilliant essay, "which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." To-day we have had less of the work than of the workman; the formal conditions which the poet and his fellow-artists must obey; the natural system of Art, if I may take the phrase from Science. Form as contrasted with substance, body with spirit, idea with realization, style with matter—these and other phrases express, but express imperfectly, the two great elements which are found together in all the arts. The more intimate the union, the more equal their proportions, will the work be finer, more pleasurable, more durable. Probably, indeed, in all masterpieces the two elements have been given together; soul and body have been born to the poet's mind at once; Pallas has leapt forth, armed and perfect, from the head of her divine parent. An old remark which I have seen quoted, I know not whence, ingeniously expresses this balance between style and matter, as it should make itself felt in the finest works of art: *Simul, denique, eluceant opus et artifex*. As the last result, the work and the workman should shine forth on us together.

But this union of form and substance is often unequal and incomplete. Few, comparatively, are the poets who have steered true the narrow course midway between these opposing attractions,—led astray by the impulse to teach, or the impulse to display skill. Hence the endless battles which artists and students are always waging over this problem. Yet the dispute would hardly exist if beauty—beauty in its highest sense—were accepted, as it was by the Greeks, as the first and last word in art; if poets

* *Defence of Poetry*.

† See Goethe's letter of November 25th, 1797.

‡ Schiller, August 9th, 1799.

and critics had taken to heart the single line in which Horace, with his exquisite skill in the use of words, has summed up the aim and method of poetry—

Animis natum inventumque Poema iuvandis—

where *iuvare* carries with it at once the image of aid and of delight to the soul. Greek criticism and taste, and Roman following Greek, held the balance true between style and matter. But the restless and fever-weakened world, which in its heart prefers doubt and debate to truth, the novel to the beautiful, will not have it so. Hence the quarrels and instabilities of criticism—the one-sided judgments of literary coteries,—until the outer world scornfully pushes aside the question with the proverb that we cannot dispute about taste,—called forth

by the eternal disputes about it. Is the painter to aim at art for art's sake, or for his subject's sake? Is the poet to satisfy himself with beauty devoid of substance, or with matter imperfectly informed with charm of imagery or language? All judgment on poetry is constantly moving between these opposite yet eternally united poles. We can trace the fluctuation in our own minds, as well as in our schools of art and of criticism, as we are attracted in turn by the pole of style or the pole of matter. But the final judgment, the central estimate, poised and unwavering, and bringing with it the highest and most endurable pleasure, will always be that which is evenly balanced between them.—*National Review*.

THE NOVELISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.

BY ALEX. INNES SHAND.

THAT nobody buys books nowadays may seem to be a sweeping assertion, nevertheless it is not very far from the truth. Necessarily there are exceptions to every rule; the railway bookstalls drive a flourishing business, and Mr. Smith can show satisfactory balance sheets. I presume that the retail booksellers pay their way, what with Christmas gift books and the help of chance customers, though I suspect they have fallen upon evil times. The fashionable poets of the day may be exceptionally favored, and of course the circulating libraries buy largely. But all that scarcely affects the broad proposition that few private individuals "squander" money in books. In many a venerable country house there is an excellent old-fashioned library. It is well provided with standard works on divinity and history, and with the travels and the *belles lettres* of former generations. Possibly the shelves were rarely disturbed, as now they are seldom visited save by the housemaid, who sweeps the cobwebs and clears away the dust. The collection may have been started by some nobleman or squire of literary tastes; and you may trace the turn of his mind in the books he has left behind him.

But however that may be, and though his successors might have been gay men of fashion, or hard-riding fox-hunters, they seem generally to have recognized the responsibilities he bequeathed. Even in this present century, if they did nothing more, they scrupulously bound the *Edinburgh* or *The Quarterly*, and when a famous traveller broke fresh ground, or when a gifted novelist became the lion of the London drawing-rooms, his books found their way down to the country. But as a rule we remark that the squire of the day stopped buying just as the rents of his farms were rapidly on the rise, and when he had less occasion to tax the credit of the county banker. And the explanation is simple. The better the social position which had set up a library as well as a stable as necessary appendages to a great country mansion, the more certain it was that the landowner would come to London in the season. Once in town, whether in Parliament or no, he bustled through his busy days among a hundred distractions; his expenses were increased out of proportion to his rent-roll; while as for reading, when he or the ladies of his household read at all, they wanted their books of the lightest, and only cared to

skim. A man of sagacity and real initiative genius was quick to mark the opportunity and profit by it. Mr. Mudie, who must have been a very Carnot for prompt imagination, built up his big business out of small beginnings, and succeeded in revolutionizing for several generations at least the whole course and manner of English reading.

It is Mr. Mudie and those who imitate him who cater for the public ; and very well they do it on the whole, since it is their interest to anticipate the needs it is their business to consult. But the question is whether the present system is the best for the public, the writers, the publishers, or even for the circulating libraries themselves. Confining myself to the lightest literature, and chiefly to fiction, I doubt whether the system is profitable to any class, either intellectually or pecuniarily, though much may be said on the other side. Beginning at the sources whence the books are set in circulation, the popular idea is that the libraries thrive principally by novels. That I believe to be doubtful, to say the least. The libraries are compelled to take an enormous quantity of new novels, which they buy at comparatively fancy prices. Six hundred copies may be a common order for a new work by a novelist of established reputation. When Lord Beaconsfield brought out a *Lothair* or an *Endymion* the copies contracted for in advance must have been five times as many. The first rush of the subscribers must be met more or less ; but the demand subsides as quickly as it arises. Then, and in view of the inevitable cheaper issue, many thousand volumes become pretty nearly so much waste paper, notwithstanding the drain to the provinces. The librarians having met, more or less satisfactorily, an imperative demand, may have to reckon their losses instead of their gains. Where they more probably do make the profits is by more solid yet popular books, which continue in some demand for an eternity—in other words, for a year or two ; while even with these it is to be feared that usually it is a case of quick returns and speedy profits. It would be interesting to know how often Trevelyan's *Life of Fox* is asked for at present, or Froude's *Carlyle*, or Cross's *George Eliot*.

The feverish life of "society," which,
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after all, keeps the intellect in some measure awake, may be an excuse for much, although it is the victims who are the sufferers. The men who seem to have the most leisure will assure you that they are the hardest worked of mortals. What with politics or chatting politics in the parliamentary session ; what with perpetual dinners and evening entertainments through the season ; what with hunting in hard-won holidays through the winter, and salmon-fishing, shooting, or yachting through the rest of the year ; what with recruiting their energies and restoring digestion by the sea or at the German baths—how can they possibly find time for pleasant hours with popular authors ? They come back from the daily labor of work or play, drop asleep, dress for dinner, and so always *da capo*. Should they ever snatch an hour or so for quiet thought, it will come when they are broken down or stretched on their death-beds. But the men and women who lead duller and more methodical lives might be expected to read for recreation or excitement. Possibly they do read, to a certain extent ; but they eternally revolve in the same narrow circle, and the guinea subscription to some book society contents them, with the desperate chance of getting what they ask. I am not talking now of what is called the upper middle class, refined for the most part and fairly well educated, but rather having its affinities with the world of fashion. I refer to the households, the heads of which are in a moderate way of business, devoted to well-remunerated drudgery, who swarm in the suburban villas, and who command springs of money that, if once they were tapped, might flow for the authors and publishers like the petroleum wells of the Pennsylvanian Pactolus. They must kill the evenings somehow and break the monotony of lives of routine. They read, but they read from hand to mouth, as they get the rolls each morning from the baker round the corner. Except that the baker, being liberally dealt with, always serves them as they wish ; while in return for the starved subscription to the library they must often put up with stones for bread in the most unwholesome of badly-baked pastry. Not that the library should be blamed, for what

can be given for a guinea? It can hardly be said that either the intellect or literary taste deteriorates under a course of inferior works, for neither one nor the other have ever been cultivated. But having never learned to distinguish between good and evil, many of these cheap subscribers have actually come to prefer mawkish sentimentalism or highly-spiced sensation. Naturally these good people have no transactions with the booksellers, unless when they buy a boy's story or a tale of a religious tendency, which are the safest and most economical of Christmas presents. We know the look of the central table in the drawing-room. As the room is seldom used except on festal occasions, so the arrangements of that table are never disturbed. Side by side with the brilliantly bound volumes and photographs lie the *Beauties of Byron* and the Illustrated Tennyson, contemporary with the table itself, for they came into the household as wedding gifts.

In fact, borrowing books instead of buying them has become so ingrained in our habits, that even when an illiterate *nouveau riche* is furnishing and lavishing money in vain show, it never occurs to him to decorate with book-bindings. He buys "veritable" old masters and more authentic moderns at fanciful figures; he sets up marble nymphs and fauns on his stair landings, and garnishes his salons with questionable china; but it never strikes him that well-furnished book-shelves give a homelike air to his house. Possibly, as he has made his money by looking after the main chance, there may be some reason in that seeming inconsistency, for if the old masters were genuine they should fetch their prices at a sale. The authenticated moderns might mount in value, like the vintage clarets he has laid down in his cellars; while if he were to bring the promiscuous contents of his book-shelves to the hammer, they must be thrown away at a tremendous sacrifice. Perhaps the best or only customers of the booksellers, in the department of light literature at least, are to be found among overtasked men. There are hard-working barristers, doctors, and writers who seek refreshment for the jaded but craving brain by losing themselves for a time in the world of imagination. They are

fastidious or capricious in the tastes they have ample room for indulging, as they have no leisure to spend money on "amusements," and no inclination for social dissipation. So sometimes they positively buy the fictions they fancy, though even these intellectual sybarites may fall into the fashion of the day, and make special arrangements, on exceptional terms, with the libraries.

As for the authors and publishers, who have a deep pecuniary interest in the question, it seems evident that the restricted sale must be injurious to both alike. The nominal cost of the British novel is absurd and prohibitory. It varies in most cases from thirty-one shillings and sixpence to twenty-one shillings, and as a rule the feebleness of the production the higher are these nominal figures. For the same sum, or a smaller, we may buy a new work of standard history or biography, which is sure to be generally read, and has a chance of surviving among our classics. Every one knows that the advertised price of the novel is purely fictitious. The best of them may be sold to the libraries, with the usual trade reductions; but probably in nine cases out of ten the terms are matters of bargain. Yet should some generously impulsive friend of "a new writer" hurry off to a bookshop to supply himself with *The Bloody Hand* or *The Sorrows of a Spinster*, he is bound to pay down the quoted price, though he may bargain for the trade discount. So that, as a matter of fact, there are no private sales, and the author absolutely depends on the purchases by the libraries. The general rage for reform has never touched the novel market. Its prices perpetuate the traditions of the good old golden days, when novel writers were relatively rarer than novel readers, which is saying a great deal. But when Constable could afford to give Scott £6,000 or £8,000 for a *Guy Mannering* or an *Old Mortality*, he had the assurance of "being brought handsomely home" by the sales. The public, if it was eager to read, had no option but to pay; and on the announcement of some new masterpiece by the magician of the north, the guineas and the half-guineas came rolling across the counters. Scott lived to see many imitators, who matched him at his own weapons, as he

modestly complained. But it was a crucial test of a writer's capacity when he had to find a thousand or more private buyers with thirty shillings to spare ; and the art, submitted to that searching pecuniary test, could scarcely fall far beneath a certain level. Much later in the century, although the libraries had begun to flourish, the field was still left comparatively open. As yet there was no great crush of competition, and rich profits were to be reaped. There were still fresh veins to be struck, and men of talent might practically patent the privilege of working their "claim." So Bulwer made a great success with *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, when he masked a muscular athlete under a man of fashion, and took him into the thieves' dens of Eastern London. Harrison Ainsworth did extremely well with the thrilling sensations of his highwaymen and housebreakers, and with what Thackeray called his light and playful fancies of his plague-stricken patients on their death-beds and his torture-chambers in the Tower. Nay, even our good old friend, G. P. R. James, with the mild historical romances, which he multiplied at will, fixed the taste of a capricious public for his lifetime ; though now it is to be feared he is well-nigh forgotten, or is only recalled to mind by his *Heidelberg*, which sells in the Tauchnitz collection. The veteran Ainsworth, who was writing only yesterday, lived to witness a lamentable change. The publishers who had freely drawn cheques for thousands in his prime, had come to hesitate over hundreds, or suggest depressingly speculative ventures in half-profits, when he offered them his latest wares. Yet, in the meantime, an immense though ephemeral impulse had been given to the sale of novels by issuing them in shilling serial form. Dickens and Thackeray had deservedly become the rage. The new numbers of the *David Copperfields* and the *Vanity Fairs* were to be seen upon every drawing-room table. We know from Forster's *Life* that the sales of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and of *Barnaby Rudge* mounted to sixty thousand and seventy thousand. Even then, on second thoughts, it seems to have struck the public that, binding included, those masterpieces in twenty numbers were

dear at the money. For the sale of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which Dickens asserted to be by far the best of his books, had fallen at the start to twenty thousand, though it was subsequently increased when he shipped his hero to America. The fashion did not last, though Lever imitated it, and indeed it could only be carried on by first-rate men, who at the same time were rival popular favorites. The only recent example has been the issue of *Altiora Peto* in four successive instalments, which was certainly successful ; but then the author of *Piccadilly* has made his mark in many ways, and is so far an exceptional man. The market for costly serials has been destroyed by the competition of the cheap shilling or sixpenny magazines, which give marvellous value for the money, and are sometimes most artistically illustrated. Mr. Black or Mr. Besant would make a desperate venture now, even if they brought out a more charming *Princess of Thule* or a more original *Chaplain of the Fleet* in the familiar shape of the shilling monthly issue.

For the fact is, that the conditions of novel-writing and novel-selling have changed altogether, and unless we may look for another revolution, sooner or later, some future annalist will have to write the history of the decline and fall of English fiction. The question of money is at the bottom of the whole thing, for novel-writing is become a business like any other. There is an infinite charm, no doubt, in novel-writing when you feel the vocation. You can detach yourself from earthly cares in a bright world of the fancy ; you live with the creations you shape at your will, and pleasant company they ought to be, because they should have the fascinations of infinite variety. When the saints and the people of high principle begin to pall upon you, you may seek relaxation in the society of your sinners, and even mix familiarly with criminals of the deepest dye, without the fear of compromising your character. Then, as Trollope pointed out in his autobiography, the professional novelist is a chartered libertine, enjoying exceptional privileges and immunities. He needs no capital and superintends no staff. He can choose his own time and do the work at

propitious seasons. That at least is the ideal, and to some extent the practical, view of the career. Yet the pursuit has its drawbacks like every other profession. Dickens complains of being kept awake night after night by the half-defined phantoms of importunate characters, that haunted him till the flesh would fail under the feverish struggles of the fancy, and he had to fly to the coast or the Continent for rest and change of scene. As for Trollope, for a man of his talent, he was an extraordinary exception to ordinary rules. Like Mr. Payn, he could do regular mechanical work, daily turning out the fixed quantity of copy. But most men of brilliant imagination will rather sympathize with Dickens. There are days when, for no obvious reason, imagination refuses to answer to the call; and nothing can be more fretting to ambition or to patience than to suffer from an indefinite paralysis of the powers. Moreover the writer who lives by his pen finds that the precious time is being wasted, while rent and taxes are running on relentlessly, and the bills must be met at the end of the half-year. The author must make his income like other professional men, and in these days the clever author aspires to live well. Had he gone to the bar he might have attained to the dignity of the Bench, after feathering his nest comfortably with retainers and refreshers. Had he taken to medicine and become a famous physician, he would have seen his waiting-rooms crowded with patients. But as a novelist nowadays he finds it an uphill game from the first to the last. He must exercise himself in calm resignation, and be prepared to face many disappointments in any case. He should have some private means to hold out upon if he hopes to "stay." Failure and growing discouragement are more than probable; while at the best the prizes are few, precarious, and not very lucrative.

The successful novelist who goes forward with reasonable confidence must have gradually formed a public for himself, who are sure to ask for his books in any case. His reputation may stand the strain of an occasional feeble story, but he dare not take a succession of liberties or make a series of mistakes. He must have a certain versatility, for the

public is capricious. His health may break down of a sudden, and then his occupation is gone when the magic wand is broken. All these things the prudent aspirant to success will carefully weigh and consider; and when he sums up, the conclusion of the whole matter is, that some three or four writers of the first distinction do fairly well, although far less well than formerly; that even the novelists of well-established popularity hold it on a nervously precarious tenure; while behind and beneath them is the swarming and hustling ruck who, even if they be "placed" in one heat, land but a trifling stake, and may be nowhere on the next public appearance. That view of the situation is not overcolored, and certainly it is noways encouraging.

And the state of things as I have sketched it is the justification of the publishers, whom authors have been grumbling at from time immemorial. We are all familiar with the sarcasm launched at the egotistical and grasping purveyor of literature, who drinks his champagne out of the skulls of popular authors. In reality the metaphor is as unjust as most metaphors that aim at being epigrammatic. No doubt the publisher, like other men, desires to drive a good bargain, but after all he must be held in check by keen competition. A sagacious publisher is always glad to retain his connection with a promising author, even at considerable immediate risk; but he knows by the traditional experience of his firm that ability is not everything, and that in light literature, beyond all other things, the really profitable author must recognize and anticipate the popular fancies. He has burned his fingers so often that he has necessarily become wary. He is so alive to the difficulty of getting an edition off his hands, that he glances at the manuscript of a new writer with a prepossession, if not a prejudice, against it. Like the insurance companies, he can only do well in the end by carefully distributing his risks and trading on the hard certainty of averages. And it must be remembered that he makes his profits in the novel market rather by doubtful though hopeful bids than in what seem to be certainties. A George Eliot could practically command her own price; and

the publisher would rather publish a *Romola* at a loss than lose the connection which is an invaluable advertisement.

The two or three writers who have climbed to the top of the tree may be said to be independent. They can afford to consider their reputations and whims; though the more complete and artistic their work, the better it will pay them in the end—for I am looking at the novel business for the moment primarily from the pecuniary point of view. But with the rising author it is very different. In contemplating the sale of his book he must count with a variety of chances. He is told that the only way to make it pay is to pass it through a serial of some sort. The editors even of the most literary of the monthlies prefer on the whole to have a monthly sensation; and in any case they insist that the opening numbers of a story shall give promise of the interest to come. The editors of the weekly journals, who arrange for popular novels nowadays by forming syndicates, naturally demand incessant action, sharply drawn scenes, and crisp, telling dialogue; while the editors of illustrated journals seek chiefly for subjects for dramatic illustrations. The unfortunate speculator is bound to consider all that, and he stretches his favorite characters on a Procrustean bed, while he subordinates his plot and his episodes to conflicting calculations. Nor is that the worst. The novel, with an eye to independent publication in book form, must be spun out to the regulation length. In the first place, the public have been brought to expect it. In the second place, the book has to bear a heavy load of advertising. It costs as much to advertise three volumes as two or a single one; but in the case of a one-volume issue, the profits are nearly swallowed by the advertising. Were a man to write with a single eye to pleasure and fame, we suspect he would seldom publish in serials at all, though by not doing so he not merely sacrificed money, but missed his best opportunity of advertising himself. But if the ablest of second-class novelists were to publish straight off in book form, he would have small cause for congratulation over his publisher's balance-sheet, unless his novel had gone to a second edition. In

which case he would probably be lured away to the serials by editors who were eager to *exploiter* the latest of the lions. For if clever debutants in want of money must face grave difficulties, on the other hand any one can bring out a novel. Novel-writing has become the dream of the impecunious, the first resource of the gifted destitute, a short cut to notoriety for the obscure and ambitious. As has been forcibly pointed out by many American humorists, it is the only trade which needs no apprenticeship. It is open to any one to try their luck, and the fair sex, having much time on their hands, and being impressionably sentimental and constitutionally sanguine, have been dipping freely into the lucky bag. As each French conscript might be carrying the marshal's *baton* in his knapsack, so any lady may turn out a Charlotte Brontë or a George Eliot. Unfortunately, an acquaintance with the school-room and nursery, with some experience of flirtations at garden parties and dinners, cannot go very far without the genius of creation and imagination. For it must be remembered that women with their more limited knowledge of life must often imagine what a man might reproduce, and, moreover, they ought to be more reserved as to sketching life in its shadier aspects. So that the failures by lady writers for the most part are more ludicrous or more commonplace than failures by men. Be that as it may, from the one sex and the other we have a number of works that are really unreadable. It is understood that the manner of their publication is this. The author finds out a publisher with no particular reputation, for the names of certain firms on a title-page are so far a guarantee of merit. The bargain is struck; a first issue of, say, two hundred and fifty copies is to be made, on the author paying down a sum to guarantee the publisher against loss. A few copies are bought for the libraries, tentatively, at a large reduction on the nominal price. These copies, having been purchased cheap, may come in usefully as padding for country boxes. Should there be any demand for the book more copies will be bought; but in the meantime the librarian is well within the limit of his rights. He is bound to give every

new author a fair chance, and he offers his customers the opportunity of differing from his own opinion, however unfavorable that may be. He is quite justified in covering inevitable risks or losses by occasionally saving some sovereigns when he can. It is the vice of the system. But the upshot is, that works of genuine merit by novices or by writers but little known are swamped in masses of superficial or sentimental rubbish ; and it makes all the difference of sufficient profit, or the reverse, to the author, who might have given pleasure to many thousands had he met with encouragement to persevere.

It would be a long step in the right direction were it possible to suppress the alluring publishers, who tempt authors—whose books are weak or worthless—to try their fortune in the novel market at their personal risk. There are firms who use stereotyped circulars in reply to aspirants ambitious of the honors of print. Precise terms are formulated in these as to the conditions of publication and the rate of payment, the date, and amount of successive instalments. A sum of £40, more or less, is usually demanded from an author to cover the expense of publishing a single-volume novel, and the returns, if any, on the sale are divided between author and publisher, two-thirds to the former and one-third to the latter. The chances of lucrative profits are rather remote, it is to be feared.

By way of illustration, I may give the approximate results of an arrangement of this kind, actually carried out. There the author advanced £90 for the publication of a three-volume novel, which had merit enough to command a fair circulation. The proceeds of the sale were £200. Deducting £40 for expenses of advertising, £160 were left for division. The publisher took his third—say, £53—so that the net gain to the author was £17, although he might perhaps think himself exceptionally fortunate in recovering his guarantee money. Yet £17 seems but a modest return for the time, the thought, and the labor expended ; and it is hard to conceive how writers should try again and again, who, having met with nothing but discouragement from readers and reviewers, have repeatedly sacrificed their deposits into

the bargain. But that many of them must persevere is tolerably certain, for no fewer than seventy-five novels were published this year, between New Year's Day and the middle of April, while the unlucky number of thirteen appeared, in a single week, in the month of May.

Undoubtedly we seem to be fixed hard and fast in a groove ; the question is, whither or how we are to get out of it. And if there is to be a revolution it can only come in the direction of a general lowering of prices, for all the tendency of the trade of the day is toward smaller profits and quicker returns. For the moment we have a fashion of shilling volumes ; but that can hardly last, since it will certainly never pay. Republication in shilling shape of the works of some eminent man may be all very well. It is understood that Messrs. Longmans have had cause to congratulate themselves on the success of their admirable shilling edition of Lord Beaconsfield's novels. Whether they and Mr. Louis Stevenson got fair value for *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* is more doubtful, yet that marvellously ingenious little inspiration had an enormous and exceptional sale. It is easy to calculate the gains on every original shilling issue, starting from the fact that there is twopence of profit on each copy, to be shared between publisher and author. And to begin with, the publisher as a man of business must protect himself, since the extent of any sale must be wildly speculative. If a novelist of some note sells fourteen thousand copies—as *Dr. Jekyll* or *Called Back* are altogether exceptional—he does extremely well. Yet that only leaves £116 to be divided. Thus the shilling issue can never pay ; and already the publishers have come to that conclusion. It may be taken for granted that there is no middle course between the present ridiculously fantastical prices and really cheap works. Yet the result of what would be a revolution in the trade must be mere matter of guesswork ; and there are the widest differences of opinion among the men who have the best means of forming an opinion. There are publishers of great experience who maintain that cheap publications can never succeed in England, and that the authors in the event of the change would see

their profits dwindle and vanish. Others are more hopeful, but these say that in any case success could only be brought about by a general combination which would be difficult or impossible to arrange. We are told that cheap reprints of fairly popular books barely clear their expenses. I cannot say how that may be; and yet there is one striking example to the contrary. George Meredith is perhaps the most brilliant of living novelists. He is a poet as well as a writer of romance, and his pages invariably sparkle with bright and subtle fancy. Consequently he never seemed to have hit the taste of a public which neither appreciated nor comprehended him. He long refused to make an appeal in more popular form, on the principle. I presume, of not throwing his pearls to the pigs, though he was not so uncivil as to say so much. At last he gave a reluctant consent, and it is much to the credit of English readers that he has had no reason to regret his decision, for, very much to his own surprise, the cheap edition of his novels is selling wonderfully well.

After all, however, the sale of cheap reprints proves little or nothing one way or another. If we are to argue from analogies we must look to France, where the novel in yellow paper at three francs and a half monopolizes the market. The only exception we remember of late years were the wide-printed and broad-margined folios of Victor Hugo; and the poet who was buried with national honors in the Pantheon stood above and apart from the most brilliant of his *confrères*. Gaboriau, Alphonse Daudet, Zola—all the writers who expect to be read by everybody—have been content with the immense circulation at the ordinary tariff for French novels; as they well may be, since the sums they receive must make the mouths of our most successful novelists water. Before the issue of one of their books has well been announced it seems already to be in its tenth or twentieth edition; nor can that swift succession of editions be a simple trick of the trade, for no mystery is made of the sums paid to the authors. Yet it cannot be said that the French are a reading people. There are no circulating libraries as with us, and what books they want they must buy. Baccarat or

dominoes—the life in the *cercles* or the *cafés*—is fatal to the long, slow evenings at home, when the novel is most naturally in demand. Who ever saw a Frenchman prepare for a long railway journey by supplementing his handful of journals with a stock of light fiction? Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that French novels sell freely in foreign countries. If the author has made a name, and if his books are popular, from two thousand to three thousand are disposed of in Russia, one thousand to two thousand are exported to England, while the United States, South America, and other continental countries besides Russia, all become customers to a considerable extent. But that foreign demand does not help the beginner; and every Englishman has a better chance of making his way among the English-speaking races in the wealthy British colonies. Anglo-Indians have ample time on their hands; Australians and Canadians have both time and money. Surely it follows that if cheap novels sell so freely across the Channel, the sale ought to be at least as great with ourselves. We are told that hard-headed and rough-handed Englishmen detest the flimsy paper covers, which seem to swindle them by involving the necessity for rebinding. That is a minor though it may be an important detail; and strong boards might be substituted for those slight wrappers. But if a variety of reasonably fascinating novels were to be launched simultaneously in an attractive uniform we believe that they would have a good sale from the first, and that the sales would increase in arithmetical progression as people became familiarized with the custom. The bright volumes would force themselves into notice everywhere; they would be arranged in tempting rows on every bookstall and in each bookseller's window. What well-to-do admirer of Mr. Besant, Mr. Black, or Mr. Payn, with a spare three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, could resist the temptation of securing the company of his favorite author to beguile the hours of solitary travel? When once he had been reconciled to the new extravagance the practice would grow upon him, like the habit of smoking or the vice of drinking. As for ladies, with the less calculating im-

pulsiveness of their temperaments, they would be still safer customers within the limits of their means. Were the example once set we may assume, from our knowledge of human nature, that it would be almost universally followed. Every one would be asking every one else, "Have you read Mr. So-and-So's new novel?" and an answer in the negative would imply not only want of taste, but a want of ready money, which is far more discreditable.

It may be said that the system might work very well for men whose reputation is made already, and whose books would be in general demand; but that struggling authors would be pushed to the wall, and that the flashes of their hopes would die down in discouragement. If we go to France, again, the arguments are all the other way. Writers in France who have really the stuff of the romancer in them come to the front and to fame more quickly than in England. So we should expect to find it. Not being in the secret of French publishers, I cannot tell what may be the profits on average maiden attempts. But it is certain that if an author is to make a profession of literature, always assuming that he has a real vocation for it, the first condition of success is that he should be broadly advertised. Can there be any better advertisement than setting his book into wide circulation? With the name of Dentu or Hachette on the title-page, the French novice has a voucher that ensures a considerable sale. Say that five thousand copies are printed to begin with, in place of five hundred or even fewer as in England, if there is promise in the work it advertises itself, advertising itself in the most effectual way. When he follows up that maiden work with another, he finds the soil all prepared for freely sowing; and even if he get less than an Englishman for his first ventures, which is doubtful, he arrives more quickly at an assured position and income.

And regarding the matter on intellectual grounds, cheap circulation should improve the quality of fiction. First novels that were either dull or absurd,

showing neither imagination, nor dramatic power, nor knowledge of society, nor even superficial acquaintance with human nature, as they would drop still-born, would seldom be followed up. There, again, we may turn to the experience of France. Too many of the French novels may be morally bad, but most of them are tolerably good artistically, or at any rate are decidedly above the average of the English standard. Nor is that only to be attributed to the survival of the fittest in the keen struggle for place. The Frenchman plans and writes in absolute freedom, while the unfortunate Englishman, hampered by the imperative conventionalities, must extend or contract his work to the three-volume form. Sometimes he must pull up with a premature conclusion, after spinning out his episodes through his second volume; more often he makes his half-baked bricks without straw. Not to speak of the other exigencies on which I have remarked already, when he hopes to prelude by publication in the monthlies or weeklies, genius or even respectable talent can never step out freely in curb and bearing-rein. While, to go back to the grand point of advertising, since these cheap publications would advertise themselves, as in France, we should be saved the indispensable expenses which cut into profits, like the mortgages on the rental of an embarrassed landlord.

My belief is that cheap publication would pay, while it would raise the average quality of fiction. Of course, there is the very serious primary difficulty that it could only be fairly tried by a general agreement on the part of many of the publishers. And while the convictions or impressions of so many of them are against the change, any concert of the kind seems to be out of the question. But that the change must come sooner or later is shown by the recent drift in the direction of the shilling failures; and when it does come they must resign themselves to make the best of their long experience for the joint benefit of the authors and themselves.—*Fortnightly Review*.

EDMUND BURKE.

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who among other things has written two admirable books about Edmund Burke, is to be found in the Preface to the second of them apologizing for having introduced into the body of the work extracts from his former volume—conduct which he seeks to justify by quoting from the Greek (always a desirable thing to do when in a difficulty), to prove that though you may say what you have to say well once, you cannot say it twice.

A difficulty somewhat of the same kind cannot fail to be felt by every one who takes upon himself to write on Burke; for however innocent a man's own past life may be of any public references to the subject, the very many good things other men have said about it must seriously interfere with true liberty of treatment.

Hardly any man, and certainly no politician, has been so bepraised as Burke, whose very name, suggesting, as it does, splendor of diction, has tempted those who would praise him to do so in a highly decorated style, and it would have been easy work to have brought together a sufficient number of animated passages from the works of well-known writers all dedicated to the greater glory of Edmund Burke, and then to have tagged on half-a-dozen specimens of his own resplendent rhetoric, and so to have come to an apparently natural and long-desired conclusion without exciting any more than usual grumble. This course, however, not recommending itself, some other method had to be discovered. Happily, it is out of the question within present limits to give any proper summary of Burke's public life. This great man was not, like some modern politicians, a specialist, confining his activities within the prospectus of an association; nor was he, like some others, a thing of shreds and patches, busily employed to-day picking up the facts with which he will overwhelm his opponents on the morrow; but was one ever ready to engage with all comers on all subjects from out the stores of his accumulated knowledge. Even were we

to confine ourselves to those questions only which engaged Burke's most powerful attention, enlisted his most active sympathy, elicited his most bewitching rhetoric, we should still find ourselves called upon to grapple with problems as vast and varied as Economic Reform, the Status of our Colonies, our budding Empire in India, our relations with Ireland both in respect to her trade and her prevalent religion; and then, blurring the picture, as some may think—certainly rendering it Titanesque and gloomy—we have the spectacle of Burke in his old age, like another Laocöon, writhing and wrestling with the French Revolution; and it may serve to give us some dim notion of how great a man Burke was, of how affluent a mind, of how potent an imagination, of how resistless an energy, that even when his sole unassisted name is pitted against the outcome of centuries, and we say Burke and the French Revolution, we are not overwhelmed by any sense of obvious absurdity or incongruity.

What I propose to do is merely to consider a little Burke's life prior to his obtaining a seat in Parliament, and then to refer to any circumstances which may help us to account for the fact, that this truly extraordinary man, whose intellectual resources beggar the imagination, and who devoted himself to politics with all the forces of his nature, never so much as attained a seat in the Cabinet—a feat one has known to be accomplished by persons of no proved intellectual agility. Having done this, I shall then, bearing in mind the aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield, that it is always better to be impudent than servile, essay an analysis of the essential elements of Burke's character.

The first great fact to remember is, that the Edmund Burke we are all agreed in regarding as one of the proudest memories of the House of Commons, was an Irishman. When we are in our next fit of political depression about that island, and are about piously to wish, as the poet Spenser tells us men were wishing even in his time, that it were not

adjacent, let us do a little national stock-taking, and calculate profits as well as losses. Burke was not only an Irishman, but a typical one—of the very kind many Englishmen, and even possibly some Scotchmen, make a point of disliking. I do not say he was an aboriginal Irishman, but his ancestors are said to have settled in the county of Galway, under Strongbow, in King Henry the Second's time, when Ireland was first conquered and our troubles began. This, at all events, is a better Irish pedigree than Mr. Parnell's.

Skipping six centuries, we find Burke's father an attorney in Dublin—which somehow sounds a very Irish thing to be—who in 1725 married a Miss Nagle, and had fifteen children. The marriage of Burke's parents was of the kind called mixed—a term which doubtless admits of wide application, but when employed technically, signifies that the religious faith of the spouses was different; one, the father, being a Protestant, and the lady, an adherent to what used to be pleasantly called the "old religion." The severer spirit now dominating Catholic councils has condemned these marriages, on the score of their bad theology and their lax morality; but the practical politician, who is not usually much of a theologian—though Lord Melbourne and Mr. Gladstone are distinguished exceptions—and whose moral conscience is apt to be robust (and here I believe there are no exceptions), cannot but regret that so good an opportunity of lubricating religious differences with the sweet oil of the domestic affections should be lost to us in these days of bitterness and dissension. Burke was brought up in the Protestant faith of his father, and was never in any real danger of deviating from it; but I cannot doubt that his regard for his Catholic fellow-subjects, his fierce repudiation of the infamies of the Penal Code—whose horrors he did something to mitigate—his respect for antiquity, and his historic sense, were all quickened by the fact that a tenderly loved and loving mother belonged through life and in death to an ancient and outraged faith.

The great majority of Burke's brothers and sisters, like those of Laurence Sterne, were "not made to live," and out of the fifteen, but three, beside him-

self, attained maturity. These were his eldest brother, Garrett, on whose death Edmund succeeded to the patrimonial Irish estate, which he promptly sold; his younger brother, Richard, a highly speculative gentleman, who always lost; and his sister, Juliana, who married a Mr. French, and was, as became her mother's daughter, a rigid Roman Catholic—who, so we read, was accustomed every Christmas Day to invite to the hall the maimed, the aged, and distressed of her vicinity, to a plentiful repast, during which she waited upon them as a servant. A sister like this never did any man any serious harm.

Edmund Burke was born in 1729, in Dublin, and was taught his rudiments in the country—first, by a Mr. O'Halloran, and afterward by a Mr. Fitz-Gerald, village pedagogues both, who at all events succeeded in giving their charge a brogue which death alone could silence. Burke passed from their hands to an academy at Ballitore, kept by a Quaker, from whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin. He was thus not only Irish born, but Irish bred. His intellectual habit of mind exhibited itself early. He belonged to the happy family of omnivorous readers, and in the language of his latest schoolmaster he went to college with a larger miscellaneous stock of reading than was usual with one of his years; which, being interpreted out of pedagogic into plain English, means that "our good Edmund" was an enormous devourer of poetry and novels, and so he remained to the end of his days. That he always preferred Fielding to Richardson is satisfactory, since it pairs him off nicely with Dr. Johnson, whose preference was the other way, and so helps to keep an interesting question wide open. His passion for the poetry of Virgil is significant. His early devotion to Edward Young, the grandiose author of the "Night Thoughts," is not to be wondered at, though the inspiration of the youthful Burke, either as poet or critic, may be questioned, when we find him rapturously scribbling in the margin of his copy:

"Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung,
But God himself inspired Dr. Young."

But a boy's enthusiasm for a favorite poet is a thing to rejoice over. The

years that bring the philosophic mind will not bring—they must find—enthusiasm.

In 1750 Burke (being then twenty-one) came for the first time to London, to do what so many of his lively young countrymen are still doing—though they are beginning to make a grievance even of that—eat his dinners at the Middle Temple, and so qualify himself for the Bar. Certainly that student was in luck who found himself in the same mess with Burke; and yet so stupid are men—so prone to rest with their full weight on the immaterial and slide over the essential—that had that good fortune been ours we should probably have been more taken up with Burke's brogue than with his brains. Burke came to London with a cultivated curiosity, and in no spirit of desperate determination to make his fortune. That the study of the law interested him cannot be doubted, for everything interested him, particularly the stage. Like the sensible Irishman he was, he lost his heart to Peg Woffington on the first opportunity. He was fond of roaming about the country during, it is to be hoped, vacation-time only, and is to be found writing the most cheerful letters to his friends in Ireland, all of whom are persuaded that he is going some day to be somebody, though sorely puzzled to surmise what thing or when, so pleasantly does he take life, from all sorts of out-of-the-way country places, where he lodges with quaint old landladies who wonder maternally why he never gets drunk, and generally mistake him for an author until he pays his bill. When in town he frequented debating societies in Fleet Street and Covent Garden, and made his first speeches; for which purpose he would, unlike some debaters, devote studious hours to getting up the subjects to be discussed. There is good reason to believe that it was in this manner his attention was first directed to India. He was at all times a great talker, and, Dr. Johnson's dictum notwithstanding, a good listener. He was endlessly interested in everything—in the state of the crops, in the last play, in the details of all trades, the rhythm of all poems, the plots of all novels, and indeed in the course of every manufacture. And so for six years he went up and down, to

and fro, gathering information, imparting knowledge, and preparing himself, though he knew not for what.

The attorney in Dublin grew anxious, and searched for precedents of a son behaving like his, and rising to eminence. Had his son got the legal mind?—which, according to a keen observer, chiefly displays itself by illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. Edmund's powers of illustration, explanation, and expatiation could not indeed be questioned; but then the subjects selected for the exhibition of those powers were very far indeed from being obvious, evident, or commonplace; and the attorney's heart grew heavy within him. The paternal displeasure was signified in the usual manner—the supplies were cut off. Edmund Burke, however, was no ordinary prodigal, and his reply to his father's expostulations took the unexpected and unprecedented shape of a copy of a second and enlarged edition of his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," which he had published in 1756 at the price of three shillings. Burke's father promptly sent the author a bank-bill for £100: conduct on his part which, considering he had sent his son to London and maintained him there for six years to study law, was in my judgment both sublime and beautiful. In the same year Burke published another pamphlet—a one-and-sixpenny affair—written ironically, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and called "A Vindication of Natural Society; or, a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind from every species of Civil Society." Irony is a dangerous weapon for a public man to have ever employed, and in after-life Burke had frequently to explain that he was not serious. On these two pamphlets' airy pinions Burke floated into the harbor of literary fame. No less a man than the great David Hume referred to him, in a letter to the hardly less great Adam Smith, as an Irish gentleman who had written a "very pretty treatise on the Sublime." After these efforts, Burke, as became an established wit, went to Bath to recruit, and there, fitly enough, fell in love. The lady was Miss Jane Mary Nugent, the daughter of a celebrated Bath physician; and it is pleasant to be able to say of the mar-

riage that was shortly solemnized between the young couple, that it was a happy one, and then to go on our way, leaving them — where man and wife ought to be left—alone. Oddly enough, Burke's wife was also the offspring of a "mixed marriage"—only, in her case it was the father who was the Catholic; consequently both Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke were of the same way of thinking, but each had a parent of the other way. Although getting married is no part of the curriculum of a law student, Burke's father seems to have come to the conclusion, that after all it was a greater distinction for an attorney in Dublin to have a son living amongst the wits in London, and discoursing familiarly on the "Sublime and Beautiful," than prosecuting some poor countryman, with a brogue as rich as his own, for stealing a pair of breeches; for we find him generously allowing the young couple £200 a year, which no doubt went some way toward maintaining them. Burke, who was now in his twenty-eighth year, seems to have given up all notion of the law. In 1758 he wrote for Dodsley the first volume of the "Annual Register," a melancholy series which continues to this day. For doing this he got £100. Burke was by this time a well-known figure in London literary society, and was busy making for himself a huge private reputation. The Christmas Day of 1758 witnessed a singular scene at the dinner-table of David Garrick. Dr. Johnson, then in the full vigor of his mind, and with the all-dreaded weapons of his dialectics, kept burnished by daily use, was flatly contradicted by a fellow-guest some twenty years his junior, and, what is more, submitted to it without a murmur. One of the diners, Arthur Murphy, was so struck by this occurrence, unique in his long experience of the Doctor, that on returning home he recorded the fact in his journal, but ventured no explanation of it. It can only be accounted for—so at least I venture to think—by the combined effect of four wholly independent circumstances: *First*, the day was Christmas Day, a day of peace and good will, and our beloved Doctor was among the sincerest, though most argumentative, of Christians, and a great observer of days. *Second*, the house was David

Garrick's, and consequently we may be certain that the dinner had been a superlatively good one; and has not Boswell placed on record Johnson's opinion of the man who professed to be indifferent about his dinner? *Third*, the subject under discussion was India, about which Johnson knew he knew next to nothing. And *fourth*, the offender was Edmund Burke, whom Johnson loved from the first day he set eyes upon him to their last sad parting by the waters of death.

In 1761 that shrewd old gossip, Horace Walpole, met Burke for the first time at dinner, and remarks of him in a letter to George Montague:

"I dined at Hamilton's yesterday: there were Garrick, and young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days."

But great as were Burke's literary powers, and passionate as was his fondness for letters and for literary society, he never seems to have felt that the main burden of his life lay in that direction. He looked to the public service, and this though he always believed that the pen of a great writer was a more powerful and glorious weapon than any to be found in the armory of politics. This faith of his comes out sometimes queerly enough. For example, when Dr. Robertson in 1777 sent Burke his cheerful *History of America* in quarto volumes, Burke in the most perfect good faith closes a long letter of thanks thus:

"You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production made for the occasion of the day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work."

I have no desire to say anything disrespectful of Principal Robertson; but still, when we remember that the temporary production he got in exchange for his *History of America* was Burke's immortal letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the American War, we must, I think, be forced to admit that, as so often happens when a Scotchman and an Irishman do business together, the former got the better of the bargain.

Burke's first public employment was of a humble character, and might well have been passed over in a sentence, had

it not terminated in a most delightful quarrel, in which Burke conducted himself like an Irishman of genius. Some time in 1759 he became acquainted with William Gerard Hamilton, commonly called "Single-speech Hamilton," on account of the celebrity he gained from his first speech in Parliament, and the steady way in which his oratorical reputation went on waning ever after. In 1761 this gentleman went over to Ireland as Chief Secretary, and Burke accompanied him as the Secretary's secretary, or, in the unlicensed speech of Dublin, as Hamilton's jackal. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory to Hamilton, who found, as generations of men have found after him, Burke's brains very useful, and he determined to borrow them for the period of their joint lives. Animated by this desire, in itself praiseworthy, he busied himself in procuring for Burke a pension of £300 a year on the Irish establishment, and then the simple "Single-speech" thought the transaction closed. He had bought his poor man of genius, and paid for him on the nail with other people's money. Nothing remained but for Burke to draw his pension and devote the rest of his life to maintaining Hamilton's reputation. There is nothing at all unusual in this, and I have no doubt Burke would have stuck to his bargain had not Hamilton conceived the fatal idea that Burke's brains were *exclusively* his (Hamilton's). Then the situation became one of risk and apparent danger.

Burke's imagination began playing round the subject: he saw himself a slave, blotted out of existence—mere fuel for Hamilton's flame. In a week he was in a towering passion. Few men can afford to be angry. It is a run upon their intellectual resources they cannot meet. But Burke's treasury could well afford the luxury; and his letters to Hamilton made delightful reading to those who, like myself, dearly love a dispute when conducted according to the rules of the game by men of great intellectual wealth. Hamilton demolished and reduced to a stony silence, Burke sat down again and wrote long letters to all his friends, telling them the whole story from beginning to end. I must be allowed a quotation from one of these letters, for this really is not so

frivolous a matter as I am afraid I have made it appear—a quotation of which this much may be said, that nothing more delightfully Burkean is to be found anywhere:

"MY DEAR MASON,

"I am hardly able to tell you how much satisfaction I had in your letter. Your approbation of my conduct makes me believe much the better of both you and myself; and I assure you that that approbation came to me very seasonably. Such proofs of a warm, sincere, and disinterested friendship were not wholly unnecessary to my support at a time when I experienced such bitter effects of the perfidy and ingratitude of much longer and much closer connection. The way in which you take up my affairs binds me to you in a manner I cannot express; for to tell you the truth, I never can (knowing as I do the principles upon which I always endeavor to act) submit to any sort of compromise of my character; and I shall never therefore look upon those who, after hearing the whole story, do not think me *perfectly* in the right, and do not consider Hamilton an infamous scoundrel, to be in the smallest degree my friends, or even to be persons for whom I am bound to have the slightest esteem, as fair and just estimators of the characters and conduct of men. Situated as I am, and feeling as I do, I should be just as well pleased that they totally condemned me, as that they should say there were faults on both sides, or that it was a disputable case, as I hear is (I cannot forbear saying) the affected language of some persons. . . . You cannot avoid remarking, my dear Mason, and I hope not without some indignation, the unparalleled singularity of my situation. Was ever a man before me expected to enter into formal, direct, and undisguised slavery? Did ever man before him confess an attempt to decoy a man into such an alleged contract, not to say anything of the impudence of regularly pleading it? If such an attempt be wicked and unlawful (and I am sure no one ever doubted it), I have only to confess his charge, and to admit myself his dupe, to make him pass, on his own showing, for the most consummate villain that ever lived. The only difference between us is, not whether he is not a rogue—for he not only admits but pleads the facts that demonstrate him to be so; but only whether I was such a fool as to sell myself absolutely for a consideration which, so far from being adequate, if any such could be adequate, is not even so much as certain. Not to value myself as a gentleman, a free man, a man of education, and one pretending to literature; is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms? Will the law suffer a felon sent to the plantations to bind himself for his life, and to renounce all possibility either of elevation or quiet? And am I to defend myself for not doing what no man is suffered to do, and what

it would be criminal in any man to submit to ? You will excuse me for this heat."

I not only excuse Burke for his heat, but love him for letting me warm my hands at it after a lapse of 120 years.

Burke was more fortunate in his second master, for in 1765, being then thirty-six years of age, he became private secretary to the new Prime Minister, the Marquis of Rockingham; and by the interest of Lord Verney was returned to Parliament for Wendover, in Bucks; and on January 27, 1766, his voice was first heard in the House of Commons.

The Rockingham Ministry deserves well of the historian, and on the whole has received its deserts. Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Cavendish, Mr. Dowdeswell, and the rest of them, were good men and true, judged by any ordinary standard; and when contrasted with most of their political competitors, they almost approach the ranks of saints and angels. However, after a year and twenty days, his Majesty King George the Third managed to get rid of them, and to keep them at bay for fifteen years. But their first term of office, though short, lasted long enough to establish a friendship of no ordinary powers of endurance between the chief members of the party and the Prime Minister's private secretary, who was at first, so ran the report, supposed to be a wild Irishman, whose real name was O'Bourke, and whose brogue seemed to require the allegation that its owner was a Popish emissary. It is satisfactory to notice how from the very first Burke's intellectual pre-eminence, character, and aims were clearly admitted and most cheerfully recognized by his political and social superiors; and in the long correspondence in which he engaged with most of them, there is not a trace to be found, on one side or the other, of anything approaching to either patronage or servility. Burke advises them, exhorts them, expostulates with them, condemns their aristocratic languor, fans their feeble flames, drafts their motions, dictates their protests, visits their houses, and generally supplies them with facts, figures, poetry, and romance. To all this they submit with much humility. The Duke of Richmond once indeed ventured to hint to Burke, with exceeding delicacy, that he

(the Duke) had a small private estate to attend to as well as public affairs, but the validity of the excuse was not admitted. The part Burke played for the next fifteen years with relation to the Rockingham party reminds me of the functions I have observed performed in lazy families by a soberly clad and eminently respectable person who pays them domiciliary visits, and, having admission everywhere, goes about mysteriously from room to room, winding up all the clocks. This is what Burke did for the Rockingham party—he kept it going.

But fortunately for us, Burke was not content with private adjuration, or even public speech. His literary instincts, his dominating desire to persuade everybody that he, Edmund Burke, was absolutely in the right, and every one of his opponents hopelessly wrong, made him turn to the pamphlet as a propaganda, and in his hands

"The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew Soul-animating strains."

So accustomed are we to regard Burke's pamphlets as specimens of our noblest literature, and to see them printed in comfortable volumes, that we are apt to forget that in their origin they were but the children of the pavement, the publications of the hour. If, however, you ever visit any old public library, and grope about long enough, you are likely enough to find a shelf holding some twenty-five or thirty musty, ugly little books, usually lettered "Burke," and on opening any of them you will come across one of Burke's pamphlets as originally issued, bound up with the replies and counter-pamphlets it occasioned. I have frequently tried, but always in vain, to read these replies, which are pretentious enough—usually the works of deans, members of Parliament, and other dignitaries of the class Carlyle used compendiously to describe as "shovel-hatted"—and each of whom was as much entitled to publish pamphlets as Burke himself. There are some things it is very easy to do, and to write a pamphlet is one of them; but to write such a pamphlet as future generations will read with delight is perhaps the most difficult feat in literature. Milton, Swift, Burke, and Sydney Smith are, I think, our only great pamphleteers.

I have now rather more than kept my word so far as Burke's pre-parliamentary life is concerned, and will proceed to mention some of the circumstances that may serve to account for the fact, that when the Rockingham party came into power for the second time in 1782, Burke, who was their life and soul, was only rewarded with a minor office. First, then, it must be recorded sorrowfully of Burke that he was always desperately in debt, and in this country no politician under the rank of a baronet can ever safely be in debt. Burke's finances are, and always have been, marvels and mysteries; but one thing must be said of them—that the malignity of his enemies, both Tory enemies and Radical enemies, has never succeeded in formulating any charge of dishonesty against him that has not been at once completely pulverized, and shown on the facts to be impossible. Burke's purchase of the estate at Beaconsfield in 1768, only two years after he entered Parliament, consisting as it did of a good house and 1600 acres of land, has puzzled a great many good men—much more than it ever did Edmund Burke. But how did he get the money? After an Irish fashion—by not getting it at all. Two-thirds of the purchase-money remained outstanding on mortgage, and the balance he borrowed; or, as he puts it, "With all I could collect of my own, and by the aid of my friends, I have established a root in the country." That is how Burke bought Beaconsfield, where he lived till his end came; whither he always hastened when his sensitive mind was tortured by the thought of how badly men governed the world; where he entertained all sorts and conditions of men—Quakers, Brahmins (for whose ancient rites he provided suitable accommodation in a greenhouse), nobles and abbés flying from revolutionary France, poets, painters, and peers; no one of whom ever long remained a stranger to his charm. Burke flung himself into farming with all the enthusiasm of his nature. His letters to Arthur Young on the subject of carrots still tremble with emotion. You all know Burke's "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." You remember—it is hard to forget—his speech on Conciliation with America, particularly the magnificent passage beginning,

"Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together." You have echoed back the words in which, in his letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the hateful American War, he protests that it was not instantly he could be brought to rejoice when he heard of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those whose names had been familiar in his ears from his infancy, and you would all join with me in subscribing to a fund which should have for its object the printing and hanging up over every editor's desk in town and country a subsequent passage from the same letter:

"A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play without any knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I cannot conceive any existence under heaven (which in the depths of its wisdom tolerates all sorts of things) that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, and contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise. . . .

"If you and I find our talents not of the great and ruling kind, our conduct at least is conformable to our faculties. No man's life pays the forfeit of our rashness. No desolate widow weeps tears of blood over our ignorance. Scrupulous and sober in a well-grounded distrust of ourselves, we would keep in the port of peace and security; and perhaps in recommending to others something of the same diffidence, we should show ourselves more charitable to their welfare than injurious to their abilities."

You have laughed over Burke's account of how all Lord Talbot's schemes for the reform of the king's household were dashed to pieces because the turnspit of the king's kitchen was a member of Parliament. You have often pondered over that miraculous passage in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts describing the devastation of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali—a passage which Mr. John Morley says fills the young orator with the same emotions of enthusiasm, emulation, and despair that (according to the same authority) invariably torment the artist who first gazes on "The Madonna" at Dresden, or the figures of "Night" and "Dawn" at

Florence. All these things you know, else are you mighty self-denying of your pleasures. But it is just possible you may have forgotten the following extract from one of Burke's farming letters to Arthur Young :—

"One of the grand points in controversy (a controversy indeed chiefly carried on between practice and speculation) is that of *deep ploughing*. In your last volume you seem on the whole rather against that practice, and have given several reasons for your judgment which deserve to be very well considered. In order to know how we ought to plough, we ought to know what end it is we propose to ourselves in that operation. The first and instrumental end is to divide the soil ; the last and ultimate end, so far as regards the plants, is to facilitate the pushing of the blade upward, and the shooting of the roots in all the inferior directions. There is further proposed a more ready admission of external influences—the rain, the sun, the air, charged with all those heterogeneous contents, some, possibly all, of which are necessary for the nourishment of the plants. By ploughing deep you answer these ends in a greater mass of the soil. This would seem in favor of deep ploughing as nothing else than accomplishing, in a more perfect manner, those very ends for which you are induced to plough at all. But doubts here arise, only to be solved by experiment. First, is it quite certain that it is good for the ear and grain of farinaceous plants that their roots should spread and descend into the ground to the greatest possible distances and depths? Is there not some limit in this? We know that in timber, what makes one part flourish does not equally conduce to the benefit of all ; and that which may be beneficial to the wood does not equally contribute to the quantity and goodness of the fruit, and, *vice versa*, that what increases the fruit largely is often far from serviceable to the tree. Secondly, is that looseness to great depths, supposing it useful to one of the species of plants, equally useful to all? Thirdly, though the external influences—the rain, the sun, the air—act undoubtedly a part, and a large part, in vegetation, does it follow that they are equally salutary in any quantities, at any depths? Or that, though it may be useful to diffuse one of these agents as extensively as may be in the earth, that therefore it will be equally useful to render the earth in the same degree pervious to all? It is a dangerous way of reasoning in physics, as well as morals, to conclude, because a given proportion of anything is advantageous, that the double will be quite as good, or that it will be good at all. Neither in the one nor the other is it always true that two and two make four."

This is magnificent, but it is not farming, and you will easily believe that Burke's attempts to till the soil were more costly than productive. Farming, if it is to pay, is a pursuit of small economies, and Burke was far too

Asiatic, tropical, and splendid to have anything to do with small economies. His expenditure, like his rhetoric, was in the "grand style." He belongs to Charles Lamb's great race, "the men who borrow." But indeed it wasn't so much that Burke borrowed as that men lent. Right-feeling men did not wait to be asked. Dr. Brocklesby, that good physician, whose name breathes like a benediction through the pages of the biographies of the best men of his time, who soothed Dr. Johnson's last melancholy hours, and for whose supposed heterodoxy the dying man displayed so tender a solicitude, wrote to Burke, in the strain of a timid suitor proposing for the hand of a proud heiress, to know whether Burke would be so good as to accept £1000 at once, instead of waiting for the writer's death. Burke felt no hesitation in obliging so old a friend. Garrick, who, though fond of money, was as generous-hearted a fellow as ever brought down a house, lent Burke £1000. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has been reckoned stingy, by his will left Burke £2000, and forgave him another £2000 which he had lent him. The Marquis of Rockingham by his will directed all Burke's bonds held by him to be cancelled. They amounted to £30,000. Burke's patrimonial estate was sold by him for £4000 ; and I have seen it stated that he had received altogether from family sources as much as £20,000. And yet he was always poor, and was glad at the last to accept pensions from the Crown in order that he might not leave his wife a beggar. This good lady survived her illustrious husband twelve years, and seemed then for the first time to have some success in paying his bills, for at her death all remaining demands were found to be discharged. For receiving this pension Burke was assailed by the Duke of Bedford, a most pleasing act of ducal fatuity, since it enabled the pensioner, not bankrupt of his wit, to write a pamphlet, now of course a cherished classic, and introduce into it a few paragraphs about the House of Russell and the cognate subjects of grants from the Crown. But enough of Burke's debts and difficulties, which I only mention because all through his life they were cast up against him. Had Burke been a moralist of the calibre of Charles

James Fox, he might have amassed a fortune large enough to keep up half a dozen Beaconsfields by simply doing what all his predecessors in the office he held, including Fox's own father, the truly infamous first Lord Holland, had done—namely, by retaining for his own use the interest on all balances of the public money from time to time in his hands as Paymaster of the Forces. But Burke carried his passion for good government into actual practice, and cutting down the emoluments of his office to a salary (a high one, no doubt), effected a saving to the country of some £25,000 a year, every farthing of which might have gone without remark into his own pocket.

Burke had no vices, save of style and temper ; nor was any of his expenditure a profligate squandering of money. It all went in giving employment or disseminating kindness. He sent the painter Barry to study art in Italy. He saved the poet Crabbe from starvation and despair, and thus secured to the country one who owns the unrivalled distinction of having been the favorite poet of the three greatest intellectual factors of the age (scientific men excepted), Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Cardinal Newman. Yet so distorted are men's views that the odious and anti-social excesses of Fox at the gambling-table are visited with a blame usually wreathed in smiles, while the financial irregularities of a noble and pure-minded man are thought fit matter for the fiercest censure or the most lordly contempt.

Next to Burke's debts, some of his companions and intimates did him harm and injured his consequence. His brother Richard, whose brogue we are given to understand was simply appalling, was a good-for-nothing, with a dilapidated reputation. Then there was another Mr. Burke, who was no relation, but none the less was always about, and to whom it was not safe to lend money. Burke's son, too, whose death he mourned so pathetically, seems to have been a failure, and is described by a candid friend as a nauseating person. To have a decent following is important in politics.

A third reason must be given : Burke's judgment of men and things was often both wrong and violent. The story of

Powell and Bembridge, two knaves in Burke's own office, whose cause he espoused, and whom he insisted on reinstating in the public service after they had been dismissed, and maintaining them there, in spite of all protests, till the one had the grace to cut his throat and the other was sentenced by the Queen's Bench to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine, is too long to be told, though it makes interesting reading in the 22nd volume of Howell's State Trials, where at the end of the report is to be found the following note :—

"The proceedings against Messrs. Powell and Bembridge occasioned much animated discussion in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Burke warmly supported the accused. The compassion which on these and all other occasions was manifested by Mr. Burke for the sufferings of those public delinquents, the zeal with which he advocated their cause, and the eagerness with which he endeavored to extenuate their criminality, have received severe reprehension, and in particular when contrasted with his subsequent conduct in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings."

The real reason for Burke's belief in Bembridge is, I think, to be found in the evidence Burke gave on his behalf at the trial before Lord Mansfield. Bembridge had rendered Burke invaluable assistance in carrying out his reforms at the Paymaster's Office, and Burke was constitutionally unable to believe that a rogue could be on his side ; but indeed Burke was too apt to defend bad causes with a scream of passion, and a politician who screams is never likely to occupy a commanding place in the House of Commons. A last reason for Burke's exclusion from high office is to be found in his aversion to any measure of Parliamentary Reform. An ardent reformer like the Duke of Richmond—the then Duke of Richmond—who was in favor of annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and payment of members, was not likely to wish to associate himself too closely with a politician who wept with emotion at the bare thought of depriving Old Sarum of parliamentary representation.

These reasons account for Burke's exclusion, and jealous as we naturally and properly are of genius being snubbed by mediocrity, my reading at all events does not justify me in blaming any one but the Fates for the circumstance that Burke was never a Secretary of State.

And after all, does it matter much what he was? Burke no doubt occasionally felt his exclusion a little hard; but he is the victor who remains in possession of the field; and Burke is now, for us and for all coming after us, in such possession.

It now only remains for me, drawing upon my stock of assurance, to essay the analysis of the essential elements of Burke's mental character, and I therefore at once proceed to say that it was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and the business of life. Arnold says of Sophocles—

"He saw life steadily, and saw it whole."

Substitute for the word "life" the words "organized society," and you get a peep into Burke's mind. There was a catholicity about his gaze. He knew how the whole world lived. Everything contributed to this: his vast desultory reading; his education, neither wholly academical nor entirely professional; his long years of apprenticeship in the service of knowledge; his wanderings up and down the country; his vast conversational powers; his enormous correspondence with all sorts of people; his unfailing interest in all pursuits, trades, manufactures;—all helped to keep before him, like motes dancing in a sunbeam, the huge organism of modern society, which requires for its existence and for its development the maintenance of credit and of order. Burke's imagination led him to look out over the whole land: the legislator devising new laws, the judge expounding and enforcing old ones, the merchant dispatching his goods and extending his credit, the banker advancing the money of his customers upon the credit of the merchant, the frugal man slowly accumulating the store which is to support him in old age, the ancient institutions of Church and University with their seemly provisions for sound learning and true religion, the parson in his pulpit, the poet pondering his rhymes, the farmer eying his crops, the painter covering his canvases, the player educating the feelings. Burke saw all this with the fancy of a poet, and dwelt on it with the eye of a lover. But love is the parent of fear, and none knew better

than Burke how thin is the lava layer between the costly fabric of society and the volcanic heats and destroying flames of anarchy. He trembled for the fair frame of all established things, and to his horror saw men, instead of covering the thin surface with the concrete, digging in it for abstractions, and asking fundamental questions about the origin of society, and why one man should be born rich and another poor. Burke was no prating optimist: it was his very knowledge how much could be said against society that quickened his fears for it. There is no shallower criticism than that which accuses Burke in his later years of apostasy from so-called Liberal opinions. Burke was all his life through a passionate maintainer of the established order of things, and a ferocious hater of abstractions and metaphysical politics. The same ideas that explode like bombs through his diatribes against the French Revolution are to be found shining with a mild effulgence in the comparative calm of his earlier writings. I have often been struck with a resemblance, which I hope is not wholly fanciful, between the attitude of Burke's mind toward government and that of Cardinal Newman's toward religion. Both these great men belong, by virtue of their imaginations, to the poetic order, and they both are to be found dwelling with amazing eloquence, detail, and wealth of illustration on the varied elements of society. Both seem as they write to have one hand on the pulse of the world, and to be forever alive to the throb of its action; and Burke, as he regarded humanity swarming like bees out and in of their hives of industry, is ever asking himself, How are these men to be saved from anarchy? while Newman puts to himself the question, How are these men to be saved from atheism? Both saw the perils of free inquiry divorced from practical affairs.

"Civil freedom," says Burke, "is not, as many have endeavored to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy and of those who are to defend it."

"Tell men," says Cardinal Newman, "to gain notions of a Creator from His works, and if they were to set about it (which nobody does),

they would be jaded and wearied by the labyrinth they were tracing ; their minds would be gorged and surfeited by the logical operation. To most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful and considerably less impressive. After all, man is not a reasoning animal ; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal."

Burke is fond of telling us that he is no lawyer, no antiquarian, but a plain, practical man ; and the Cardinal, in like manner, is ever insisting that he is no theologian—he leaves everything of that sort to the Schools, whatever they may be, and simply deals with religion on its practical side as a benefit to mankind.

If either of these great men have been guilty of intellectual excesses, those of Burke may be attributed to his dread of Anarchy, those of Newman to his dread of Atheism. Neither of them was prepared to rest content with a scientific frontier, an imaginary line. So much did they dread their enemy, so alive were they to the terrible strength of some of his positions, that they could not agree to dispense with the protection afforded by the huge mountains of prejudice and the ancient rivers of custom. The sincerity of either man can only be doubted by the bigot and the fool.

But Burke, apart from his fears, had a constitutional love for old things, simply because they were old. Anything mankind had ever worshipped, or venerated, or obeyed, was dear to him. I have already referred to his providing his Brahmins with a greenhouse for the purpose of their rites, which he watched from outside with great interest. One cannot fancy Cardinal Newman peeping through a window to see men worshipping false though ancient gods. Warren Hastings' high-handed dealings with the temples and time-honored if scandalous customs of the Hindoos filled Burke with

horror. So, too, he respected Quakers, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and all those whom he called Constitutional Dissenters. He has a fine passage somewhere about Rust, for with all his passion for good government he dearly loved a little rust. In this phase of character he reminds one not a little of another great writer—whose death literature has still reason to deplore—George Eliot ; who, in her love for the old hedge-rows and crumbling moss-grown walls, was a writer after Burke's own heart, whose novels he would have sat up all night to devour ; for did he not deny with warmth Gibbon's statement that he had read all five volumes of "Evelina" in a day ? "The thing is impossible," cried Burke ; "they took me three days doing nothing else." Now, "Evelina" is a good novel, but "The Mill on the Floss" is a better.

Wordsworth has been called the High Priest of Nature. Burke may be called the High Priest of Order—a lover of settled ways, of justice, peace, and security. His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, not the cheap shrewdness of the mere man of the world, but the noble, animating wisdom of one who has the poet's heart as well as the statesman's brain. Nobody is fit to govern this country who has not drunk deep at the springs of Burke. "Have you read your Burke ?" is at least as sensible a question to put to a parliamentary candidate, as to ask him whether he is a total abstainer or a desperate drunkard. Something there may be about Burke to regret, and more to dispute ; but that he loved justice and hated iniquity is certain, as also it is that for the most part he dwelt in the paths of purity, humanity, and good sense. May we be found adhering to them !—*Contemporary Review*.

THE OWL AND THE LARK.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

A GRIZZLED owl at midnight moped
Where thick the ivy glistened ;
So I, who long have yearned and groped
For wisdom, leaned and listened.

II.

Its perch was firm, its aspect staid,
Its big eyes burned and brightened ;
Now, now at last, will doubt be laid,
Now hope will be enlightened.

III.

"Tu-whit ! Tu-whooh !" the bird discoursed,
"Tu-whooh ! Tu-whit !" repeated :
Showing how matter was, when forced
Through space, condensed and heated ;

IV.

How split, but spinning still, 'twas sphered
In star, and orb, and planet,
Where, as it cooled, live germs appeared
In lias, sand, and granite :

V.

And, last, though nothing 'neath the sun
Escapes material tether,
How life must end, when once begun,
In scale, and hoof, and feather.

VI.

Then, flapping from the ivy-tod,
It slouched around the gable,
And, perching there, discussed if God
Be God, or but a fable.

VII.

In lumpish scales Free Will and Fate
Were placed, and poised, and dangled,
And riddles small from riddles great
Expertly disentangled.

VIII.

It drew betwixt "Tu-whit," "Tu-whooh,"
Distinctions nice and nicer :
The bird was very wise, I knew,
But I grew no whit wiser.

IX.

Then, letting metaphysics slip,
It mumbled moral thunder ;
Showing how Reason's self will trip
If Virtue hap to blunder.

X.

Its pleated wings adown its breast
Were like a surplice folded ;
And, if the truth must be confessed,
It threatened me and scolded.

XI.

I thought the lecture somewhat long,
 And feared 'twould have no ending ;
 When sudden came a burst of song !
 It was the lark ascending.

XII.

Dew gleamed in many a jewelled cup,
 The air was bright and gracious ;
 And away the wings and the song went up,
 Up through the ether spacious.

XIII.

They bubbled, rippled, up the dome,
 In sprays of silvery trilling ;
 Like endless fountain's lyric foam,
 Still falling, still refilling.

XIV.

And when I could no more descry
 The bird, I still could hear it ;
 For sight but not for soul too high,
 Unseen but certain Spirit.

XV.

I knew what all in vain my brow
 Had sought, its wings were finding ;
 And heavenlier pierced the music now
 Heaven's light had grown so blinding.

XVI.

Then brief as lightning-flash,—no more,—
 I passed beyond the Finite ;
 And, whirled past Heaven's wide-open door,
 Saw everything within it.

XVII.

Slow showering down from cloudless sphere,
 The wanderer Elysian
 Dropped nearer, clearer, to the ear,
 Then back into the vision.

XVIII.

On his own song he seemed to swim ;
 Diving through song, descended :
 Since I had been to Heaven with him,
 Earth now was apprehended.

XIX.

O souls perplexed 'twixt hood and cowl !
 Fain would you find a teacher,
 Consult the lark and not the owl,
 The poet, not the preacher.

xx.

For me, whene'er I fret or grieve
 'Neath load of futile thinking,
 I mount up with the lark, and leave
 The bird of wisdom blinking.

—*National Review.*

MODERN CHINA.

BY J. N. JORDAN.

CHINA is rather a vast field to cover in a single article, and I cannot pretend to do more than touch upon a few prominent features of that hoary and time-honored country. A land which contains at the least computation some 250,000,000 of the human race must surely be destined to play no unimportant part in the history of the world. China is no longer the isolated nation she once was, and now that she has frequent communication with Europe, her people may hope to be better understood in the West. Until quite lately everything Chinese was the butt of ridicule: a nation whose mourning garb was white, whose books were read from right to left, and whose every action was almost the exact opposite of ours, was naturally considered somewhat eccentric. Closer acquaintance has, however, gradually removed earlier impressions, and Europeans are now beginning to realize that in the far East there exists an empire which was civilized when their ancestors were rude savages, and whose language, civilization, and morality, surviving the wreck of centuries, have still much that will bear comparison with modern Europe. It is only within the last forty years that our knowledge of China has attained any degree of accuracy. For a century or more before that a sort of desultory intercourse had been maintained with Southern China, but the movements of Europeans were so restricted and hampered that there were few opportunities of acquiring knowledge. England's only representatives were the members of the East India Company who lived and traded in Canton, while France had her missionaries in Peking, and to the latter we owe almost all we know of China before 1840, the year of our first war with China, the war which Mr. Justin McCarthy

calls the Opium War, but of which opium was only one of the many causes. English bayonets soon gained what years of diplomacy had failed to attain, and China consented to admit Europeans on terms of equality with her own subjects. Twenty years passed away, and in 1860 we were again involved in a war with China. With the help of the French we reached Peking, and, striking a blow at the very heart of the Government, we sacked and levelled to the ground one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, and concluded a treaty which still forms the charter of all our privileges in China. Since then things have gone on fairly smoothly, and China's respect for Western nations, especially the English, has considerably increased.

That China did not receive us at first with much eagerness is scarcely to be wondered at, nor is it strange that she still at times shows a desire to revert to her former state of isolation. China produces in abundance all that its people require; the Chinese are of an eminently conservative turn of mind, and for some three thousand years they had got on tolerably well without us. Dynasties had been overthrown and revolutions often attempted; emperors had passed away by the score, and rebellions past number had swept over the face of the country, but still their old institutions, their moral codes, their language, and their habits of thought had scarcely been affected all through the centuries. All at once they found the European trader obtruding himself with his go-ahead notions of material progress, and saw looming up in the distance visions of the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and all the other accompaniments of modern civilization. All these things jarred sorely with their ideas of a philo-

sophic life. Confucius, who lived 500 years before Christ, and whose teachings and precepts form the Chinese Bible, held worldly advancement of little account, and sought to attain rather the moral than the material elevation of mankind. Even now, few Chinese will admit that the European standard of morality is equal to their own.

Christianity they consider to be a good enough religion in as far as, like Buddhism and other native cults, it teaches men to do good, but they cannot see that in practice it has made much impression upon the nations of Europe. Their own country has seldom waged an offensive war, while all Europe appears to them an armed encampment. England prides herself upon her religion and her big ships of war; France sends her missionaries far into the interior, and her torpedo boats cruise round the coast and sink all the unoffending junks that come in their way. This is, of course, the unfavorable side of European character as it presents itself to the ordinary Chinaman. He does not, however, fail to discern our good as well as our bad points. That we are truthful he knows well by experience, and that no bribe will ever tempt an Englishman is a thing he often regrets, but never fails to admire. Though he does not altogether accept our ideas of progress, still he is willing to adopt some of our inventions. Steamers are rapidly supplanting the clumsy junks, and one very large and flourishing line is entirely supported by native capital and conducted by native talent.

Telegraph lines connect the principal cities in the Empire, and even Peking itself now condescends to hold communication through this medium with the rest of the world. To the introduction of railroads, however, China has hitherto offered a most decided opposition. Their history in China is a brief one, but not without interest. One was constructed about ten years ago from Shanghai to Woosung, a distance of about eight miles. The land was purchased by a British firm under the pretext of making an ordinary carriage-road, and the goodwill of the local officials having been secured, the railway was in working order before the Peking

authorities got wind of what was going on. When it became known that the "fire-carriage" was actually running and puffing on the Flowery Land, and that natives were flocking from all parts to have a ride on the mysterious flying coach, the indignation of the Peking Government passed all bounds. Efforts were made to move the British press on the subject, and a Chinaman having been killed on the line, it was suspected that he had been induced by the payment of a sum of money to his family to forfeit his life for the purpose of involving the company. Human life is, it must be remembered, sometimes a marketable commodity in China. At all events the British engine-driver was indicted for manslaughter, and at last things became so bad that the British company consented, on the payment of a heavy indemnity, to give the line over to the Chinese Government. The latter no sooner assumed possession than they tore it up and carted away all the material. It now lies crumbling to decay in the forests of Formosa, and the track is only frequented by wheelbarrows and pedestrians. Such is the history of the first and only passenger line of rail that has yet existed in China.

The Chinese are by no means blind to the advantages of railways, but they see many obstacles to their introduction at present. Foreign engineers and foreign capital would be required for the purpose, and they prefer to wait until they are in a position to command the men and money themselves.

The water communication is excellent in most parts of the Empire, and the sudden introduction of railways would, they imagine, throw a vast number of people out of employment, and cause an economic shock which might lead to a general rebellion—a comparatively frequent occurrence in China.

There are silent influences at work which impel China onward in the path of progress, and foremost amongst these in the future will be the teaching of the native press. As in most other things, China is a standing anomaly in the matter of newspapers. She can boast of having the oldest paper in the world, and altogether she has only three at the present day—the *Peking Gazette*, which was first issued nearly eight hundred

years ago, and two papers published at Shanghai, both of which are of very recent origin. The *Peking Gazette*, as it is called in Europe, can scarcely be considered a newspaper in our modern sense of the term. Like the *London Gazette*, it is purely an official publication, containing little but imperial decrees and memorials from the high provincial authorities on State affairs. It is the source from which we get our most reliable knowledge of the working of the national machinery, of the financial condition of the country, of the movements of officials, and of the whole government of China. As all the documents it contains have been presented to the Emperor, its phraseology is extremely stilted and formal. The first two or three pages generally open with Court announcements and Imperial decrees which are couched in a very commanding and majestic tone, for the Emperor does not spare his abuse in dealing with his servants. The highest Viceroy in the Empire may rise one morning and find that his imperial master has decreed his removal from office, or some obscure country girl may learn with surprise and pleasure that imperial honors have been showered upon her for having tended her aged parents during a long illness. Her name will be handed down among the brilliant examples of filial devotion, and no young lady in this country could be prouder of her university degrees than her Chinese sister is of this mark of imperial favor. In times of national calamity the Emperor often issues a special decree, dwelling upon his own shortcomings and the great crime he has committed in failing to secure the favor of Heaven for his suffering people. Despotism as the Chinese Government is, the right of freedom of speech is well recognized, and there is a class of officers stationed at Peking whose special duty it is to keep watch over the doings of the Emperor and all his Court, and their representations seldom go unheeded. Foreign affairs rarely find any mention in the *Gazette*, and all secret documents are carefully excluded from its pages. Of late, however, the *Gazette* has been less reticent than usual, and during the recent crisis with France the Emperor frequently used it as a medium for letting the French know his opinion

of them as a nation. When Mr. Margary was murdered in 1875, the British Government made it a condition of the settlement of the case that the apology tendered to the Queen of Great Britain should be inserted in the *Gazette*; and no more effectual means could have been taken of informing the Chinese people of the humiliating position their Government had been obliged to assume.

About ten years ago an enterprising Englishman in Shanghai started a newspaper with the object of educating the Chinese on European matters. The experiment proved a decided success, and has now become a very valuable property. This paper has its correspondents and agents in most of the principal cities of the Empire, and for variety of information and curious details respecting the life of the people it is a mine of wealth to the foreign student. Its publication is, however, a thorn in the side of the official classes, for it often contains disclosures of a nature little complimentary to them. The Empress is said to peruse its columns daily, and to learn therefrom a deal about the conduct of her servants in the provinces. No other publication has done so much to stir up the inert mass of Chinese indifference. The *Shên-pao* and the *Hu-pao*, another native paper recently established under still more favorable auspices, stand alone as the pioneers of journalism in a country whose population numbers nearly a third of the human race!

It is now perhaps time to glance at the social life of the people, and here our knowledge is necessarily very scanty. The separation of the sexes is rigidly maintained in China, and no Chinese gentleman would ever dream of introducing his wife or daughters to his most intimate male friend. That would be a shocking breach of etiquette which no respectable family would tolerate. When the last Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James, H. E. Kuo Sung-t'ao, returned to his native country, it was made a serious charge against him that, while in Europe, he had allowed himself to be photographed, and had encouraged his wife to move in the society of barbarian lands. Every house in China has a special wing called the inner hall, which is exclusively appropriated by the

ladies. Here they spend their days in such occupations as become their sex, and nothing more shocks a Chinaman's sense of propriety than to see a foreign lady dancing a quadrille, mounting a horse, riding a tricycle, pulling an oar, or even playing an innocent game of tennis. Europeans, with their deference to the weaker sex, seem to them to be the slaves of their women. Despite the drawbacks attending their sex, Chinese women occasionally display remarkable ability, and some of the most accomplished minds the country has produced were among the female sex. At the present moment the destinies of the Empire are guided by the Empress Dowager, and few women have shown greater skill in statecraft. As a rule, however, girls are supposed to make better wives without any training, except in needlework and housekeeping.

Marriage is a very important element in Chinese family life, and is arranged in a manner which would scarcely satisfy European notions. Lovers' sighs, hidden interviews, and all the other preliminaries which go to swell the romance of courtship in more civilized lands, are quite unknown in China. A very prosaic arrangement takes their place. In every village and town there is a class of women, generally widows, who act as intermediaries in these delicate questions. A girl generally gets married about seventeen, a man about twenty. A father, for instance, has a son whom he wants to see settled in life; he looks around among his acquaintances, and comes to the conclusion that So-and-so's daughter would form an eligible partner. Etiquette forbids him broaching the question directly to the girl's parents, and so he employs one of these lady intermediaries to undertake the task. She is furnished with full particulars in writing of the boy's antecedents and prospects, and, armed with these, she goes to the young lady's parents, and presses the suit with all the persuasion that long practice in such matters confers. If successful, the parents meet and arrange the details, and the parties most interested in the whole affair generally see each other for the first time on the wedding-day, to live, it is to be hoped, happily ever after. Often the first proposal comes from the girl's

family, and in that case a direct refusal is never given. A previous engagement is always pleaded, and regret expressed that such a fine offer cannot be accepted. Marriages are most expensive ceremonies in China, and it often takes a man a long while to clear off the debts he has contracted on this festive occasion. I have known men who were earning about 2*l.* a month spending as much as 40*l.* or 50*l.* over the affair.

The Chinese have a firm belief in marriages being made in heaven. A certain deity, whom they call "the Old Man of the Moon," links with a silken cord, they say, all predestined couples. Early marriage is earnestly inculcated, and one of their maxims states that there are three cardinal sins, and that to die without offspring is the chief. As in other countries, spring is the time when young people's minds turn to thoughts of love, and most marriages are celebrated in February when the peach-tree blossoms appear. Among the marriage presents are live geese, which are supposed to be emblematical of the concord and happiness of the married state. A Chinaman may divorce his wife for seven different reasons, and in the list are ill-temper and a talkative disposition. The birth of a son is the occasion of much rejoicing, for without sons a man lives without honor and dies unhappy, with no one to worship at his grave and none to continue the family line. The boy is lessoned in good behavior from his earliest years, and commences to read at the age of four or five. The Chinese language is by far the most difficult in the world, and even Chinese boys make but slow progress in its acquisition. All the sacred books composed by Confucius, Mencius, and other sages of the past, have to be committed to memory, and commentaries without end have to be waded through, analyzed, and carefully digested. After days and nights of weary study a Chinese youth is fortunate if he gets his first degree at the age of twenty. This gives him only an honorary title, and if he aspires to a more substantial rank, he must compete again at the provincial capital against some thousands of his fellow provincials. When he gets through this, as he seldom does until after four or five trials, an-

other and still more severe ordeal awaits him. He works hard for three years more, and goes to Peking to pit himself against all the rising talent of the Empire. There some ten thousand of the ablest students from all parts of the country are closeted in separate cells in an immense hall for nine days, during which they undergo all the agony attending the severest examination in the world. The list of successful candidates appears a few days later, and some three hundred out of the large number who have entered find themselves the fortunate possessors of a degree which at once opens up to them the path of official distinction. The first on the list is a far greater celebrity in his own country than a senior wrangler of Cambridge is with us, and if he is not a mere bookworm, he is pretty certain to rise in the course of years to be the ruler of millions of his fellow-subjects. There is no limit of age for the examination, and instances have occurred where the grandfather, father, and son were all candidates at the same time. At nearly every one of these examinations one or more deaths occur amongst the candidates, and so strict are the regulations against unfair practices that the dead body is lowered by a rope from the wall of the building to prevent any ingress or egress. A few years ago one of the examiners went mad during the holding of the examination, and rather upset things generally.

The Chinese attach the greatest importance to ceremonial observances, and the impetuous European whose duties bring him frequently into contact with them finds it often rather irksome to go through a good quarter of an hour's bowing and scraping before proceeding to discuss business. If your visitor be an official whom you are meeting for the first time, and of whom you may have heard little or nothing before, Chinese politeness requires you to open the conversation by assuring him that his great reputation has reached your ears, and that you have been long yearning to see him. He returns the compliment by observing that your younger brother deems himself highly honored by being admitted within your stately mansion, and expresses delight at the prospect of being a recipient of your in-

struction. You then ask his honorable surname, to which he replies that the debased one is called Chang. How many young gentlemen his family contains may elicit the rejoinder that he has seven young brats at home; and so the conversation continues until the stock of terms is exhausted. If the interview is an official one, a table has been laid containing a certain number of dishes according to the rank of the guest. After a little while tea is brought in, and on receiving your cup you rise, walk round to your guest, and, raising it up in both hands, present it to him in as respectful a manner as possible. He repeats the same ceremony to you with the cup which has been handed to him, but your position as host makes it incumbent upon you to offer a show of opposition to such a proceeding on his part. A favorite exclamation on such an occasion is: "Do you really, my dear sir, consider yourself a stranger, that you treat me thus in my own house?"

After these preliminaries, business commences, and then the real word-fencing is called into play. The business may be of the simplest nature, still it cannot be transacted without a great deal of finessing. Let us take as a common instance the following:—The Chinese *employé* of a British firm has absconded with a lot of dollars, and you go to demand his arrest. The man's name is Chang, and he belongs to the district of Lo. There are in all probability half-a-dozen places in the district called Lo, and after a careful scrutiny, in which the Chinese official gives little help, you find the identical one to which the guilty Chang belonged. The difficulty does not end here, for you will find that there are at least a dozen Changs in the place, all of whom, according to their own account, have led highly respectable lives from their youth upwards. If you persevere still further, you may find at last the real and veritable Chang, but not the dollars, for these have been spent in bribing the officials to screen him from punishment.

Prince Bismarck complained not long ago of the way our Foreign Office inundated him with despatches, but even the writing powers of Downing Street would not be a patch upon those of Chinese statesmen. A masterly policy of in-

action is there studied to perfection, and it is rare that any case is settled until reams of paper have been covered in threshing out every detail. A Chinese despatch must be written in a certain stereotyped form, and in acknowledging a despatch you must first begin by quoting *in extenso* all the documents to which you are replying. This system of reproducing all the previous correspondence proves very cumbersome as the case gradually develops. Like a lady's letter, however, the pith of a Chinese communication generally lies in the postscript, and a practised hand will grasp the meaning at a glance. The viceroy of a Chinese province peruses some hundreds of these documents every day, and attaches a minute to each in a business-like style which is not excelled by our best organized departments at home.

In social life Chinese officials are pleasant companions, and are often only too glad to make their escape from work and have a chat with a foreigner who takes an interest in their country. No official is allowed to be seen walking on foot within his own jurisdiction, and as their only mode of locomotion is by covered sedan-chairs, their range of vision is somewhat limited. Often they learn little things from the foreigner which would never have reached their ears in the manipulated reports of their subordinates. They are generally deeply read in the history and literature of their own country; and when it is stated that China has been a country of book-making for thousands of years, and that the art of printing was introduced there several centuries before it was known in Europe, it can easily be imagined that Chinese literature is far more bulky than that of any other nation. As an instance of the size of a single book, I may mention that, when leaving Peking some years ago, I brought down an encyclopædia, which formed a cargo for two moderately sized boats, as far as Tientsin, whence it was shipped to the British Museum. The Chinaman makes a laudable effort to meet the foreigner halfway. As a rule, he knows no European language, but he makes up for the defect by evincing the deepest interest in the student of his own tongue. If you are reading a Chinese work and have stumbled upon a disputed passage,

you have only to mention your difficulty to an educated native, and he will take no end of trouble to assist you. When you quote the passage, his eye brightens and a smile passes over his whole countenance to find that an outer barbarian is dipping into his own favorite studies. He not only throws light upon the difficulty under review, but treats you to a long disquisition, quoting passage after passage in a way that makes one surprised at the tenacity of the human memory.

No notice of China would be considered complete in this country did it not contain some reference to opium, pig-tails, and small feet. At home mention of China seems always to suggest visions of opium, and the very vastness of opium literature has given rise to rather confused opinions on the subject. Several eminent medical authorities both in India and China maintain that the use of opium is a comparatively harmless enjoyment, while others, whose opinions deserve equal respect, hold that it is the cause of untold evil to the Chinese. As usual in such cases, the truth probably lies between the two extremes. In China I have visited scores of opium shops, have seen hundreds of smokers in all stages of intoxication, and observation has convinced me that physically they are an inferior class. The sunken eye, haggard look, and lack-lustre expression of countenance too often clearly mark the habitual smoker; still, withal, he is certainly no worse than the dram-drinker in this country, and it may be as well to commence at home and put our own house in order before trying to reform that of our Chinese friend at a distance. It must be remembered that, opium apart, the Chinese are eminently a sober race, and few are the people who have no indulgence. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the British Government can now no longer be charged with forcing its Indian opium on the Chinese. The Chinese Government receives a very handsome revenue from the import of the article, which it has frequently shown a desire to retain and increase as far as possible. The amount of opium grown in China equals, if it does not exceed, the total imported from India, and were the trade stopped to-morrow, the only result would be an immense in-

crease in the cultivation of the poppy in China. The Chinese Government, fully appreciating the importance of establishing a good reputation in the West, does not object to pose as a martyr in the matter of opium before the British public, and this explains the contributions which its officers occasionally send to the Anti-Opium Society's publications. There are, it must be admitted, a few statesmen in China, like H. E. Chang Chih-tung, who are earnestly anxious to put a stop to the consumption of opium of every kind, but their action has no more influence on the policy of the Government than has that of the advocates of total abstinence in the direction of affairs in England. The practice of opium-smoking is undoubtedly increasing. Chinese will tell you that twenty years ago no respectable person would be seen smoking; now every fashionable young fellow prides himself on his pipe, and no social meeting would pass off well without it. High and low, nearly all take a whiff of the seductive drug. Some members of the imperial family are said to be hard smokers, many of the royal princes smoke, the majority of officials do the same, and workingmen squander a good deal of their hard earnings in the opium shop.

Of small feet and pigtails it is not necessary to say much. Both are considered ornaments in their way, and a nation whose sons wear bell-toppers, and whose daughters go in for a variety of distortions, must be chary of criticising other people's peculiarities. Pig-tails, it may not generally be known, are not in their origin Chinese. When the present rulers of China, who are Manchus, seized upon the Empire over two centuries ago, they issued an edict commanding all Chinese to shave their heads and grow a tail like themselves. There was a good deal of trouble at first in enforcing such an order, but the Chinese have long ago forgotten that the appendage of which they are now so proud is a badge of conquest. It would be hard to find anywhere a more submissive subject or a more thoroughly good-natured being than the Chinese peasant. His hard struggle for existence scarcely leaves him time to grumble with his lot. No mechanical inventions have yet re-

lieved him from the burden of toil. His rice-fields have to be irrigated by the old-fashioned water-wheel, the fields themselves are ploughed by a primitive wooden plough which he carries home on his shoulder when his day's work is over, and his crop is reaped with the rudest of sickles, and brought to the stackyard on wheelbarrows. Night and morning he worships the tablets of his ancestors, and twice in the year—once in spring and once in autumn—he repairs to the graves of his family, and communes in spirit with the forefathers of his race. His knowledge of the world extends only to the next market town. No newspaper brings him intelligence from other lands, and to him China is the first and only nation in existence. All other countries are subordinate to the Emperor of China, and all the princes of the earth owe allegiance to the Court of Peking. Tell an ordinary countryman in the North that there are nations in Europe independent of China, and he smiles at your thinking him so innocent as to believe such a story. Peking itself still remains the head-quarters of Celestial ignorance and prejudice. Nearly every state in Europe has its representative there, and in the streets you meet jolly, broad-faced, grinning Mongolians from the bleak North, stately yellow-robed Lamas from Thibet, the puny white-clad Corean from his forbidden land in the East, Anamese and Siamese from the South, and Nepaulese from the confines of our Indian Empire. The spectacle presented by such a motley variety of all nationalities only confirms the ordinary native in the belief that they have, one and all, come to pay their respects and offer their tribute to the "Lord of all under heaven." In Southern China knowledge is a little more widely diffused, for emigration has there introduced a slight leavening of foreign influence. Still, its effect has been minimized as much as possible, and the natural prejudices of the people too often assert themselves on their return to the Flowery Land. The Cantonese go in large numbers to America and Australia; while abroad they dress as foreigners, but once they set foot again on their native soil the foreign dress is discarded, and the returned exile, with

his loose trousers and flowing garments, meets his friends with as much ease and grace as if his limbs had never been encased in the tight-fitting barbarian costume. No length of residence abroad ever naturalizes a Chinaman. High and low, rich and poor, they all long to get back to China and have their bones mixed with those of their ancestors. About two years ago I came across a Chinaman who had left his native village when a boy of ten, and had re-

turned a wealthy man after thirty years' residence in Boston, having almost entirely forgotten his native dialect. At first he despised his native surroundings and boasted of American freedom, but after a few months he settled down to the life of his neighbors, took great pains to cultivate a pigtail, married, Christian that he was, a couple of wives, and became a model citizen of the Celestial Empire. *Ex uno discite omnes.* —*Nineteenth Century.*

THE CHILD-GOD IN ART.

BY CHARLES NEWTON SCOTT.

THE world has perhaps never been blessed with a more winning religious conception, one more grateful to undepraved human instincts, than that of an infant god—of a sweet, tender little being, nestling in a mother's fond embrace, and lovely with all the charm of bodily frailness no less than of innocence, and who yet may be legitimately worshipped as King, Saviour, and God most holy.

To the mere student of the "science of religions," the God-child and His worship have a special interest, on account of points of contact which he will expect to find there between Christianity and Paganism, between the "religion of the Cross" and religion mainly dependent on some kind of æstheticism. Indeed, were such a conception allowed to get isolated from other religious truths, as it certainly would in the absence of a rigorously imposed creed, it could hardly fail to become idolatrous in the worst sense of the word. Nor is there reason for surprise that the worship of the infant Saviour should have inherited something of what was best in Paganism, seeing that the revelation which demands it is not the last word of Christianity but its first, the revelation needed for uniting in a common heart-worship the rough untutored shepherd of the hill-side and the sage initiated into the mysteries of Eastern religion or the subtleties of Eastern thought. Here, in fact, we find, on the one hand, such an appeal to our purest and healthiest feelings, that, as Mr. Ruskin has said in

one of the most charming of his recent Oxford lectures, "from the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul ;"* while, on the other hand, in the Babe nursed by its mother, the sterner aspects of Deity are veiled—one may almost say dormant. The soul is won by the charm of innocence and purity to the beauty of all the fruits of the Spirit ; but the still unshriven feel that they may join without much compunction, at any rate without hypocrisy, in the *Venite adoremus*, and at the top of their voices, if they have a mind. The atmosphere, moreover, of Bethlehem is as much of the nursery as of the sanctuary. Before the Divine Babe, it is hardly unseemly to dance like the choir-boys of Seville or Luca's *fanciulli*, to skirl the bagpipes of Abruzzian shepherds, or to revel in the din which rejoices the honest hearts of our Salvation Army people. Nor does a still more materialistic and no less pagan mode of celebrating the Nativity show any sign of ceasing to recommend itself to the most uncompromising Puritan, the Christmas dinner being an uncommonly near approach to what was really the principal observance required by well nigh all the old religions of the Aryan race from the Bay of Bengal to

*; *The Art of England.* Lect. iv.

the Atlantic.* The lesson, in fact, of the earliest great festival of the Church's year is not that of Holy Week. There is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." It is at the feet of the Saviour crucified that is to be learnt the supreme truth of Christianity—that nothing is of value but self-sacrifice, that suffering, the curse of the lower creature, is the vocation and glory of the higher; and, in the procession to Calvary, he will cut a sorry figure who has any pretension to follow as a disciple, but no mind to take a share in bearing the cross. But the stable of Bethlehem, with its place of honor even for poor dumb animals, is open to all, to every one, at any rate, who is not too proud to "receive the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child." The very angels, who figure in the lovely group of the Nativity, have to be children—children, too, who would be hardly less angelic if they found their loving service not incompatible with a good romp. And it is not a little due to there being no sentinel requiring a pass-word at the gate, and no punctilious master of the ceremonies within, that the blessed influences of Bethlehem are diffused, widely diffused, far beyond the inner circle of orthodox believers and true disciples. Hence is it that, on the Continent, nothing is neglected to make the midnight mass attractive to the million, and the million, alas! means here the unconverted; so that, once in the year, the good church-goers, jostled by a rough crowd, must cheerfully make up their minds to stretching their capability of not talking scandal to the utmost point

* M. Boissier, for instance, on the innumerable religious confraternities of the Roman empire, says:—"Dès les temps les plus reculés, le repas commun avait été l'occupation la plus importante des collèges. Les sodalités qu'on institua quand on fit venir la mère des dieux de Pessinunte n'avaient rien trouvé de mieux pour honorer la déesse. Caton, qui était alors questeur, prit part aux dîners qui furent célébrés à cette occasion. Cicéron lui fait dire que la table des associés était frugale et que ce que l'attirait dans ces festins 'était moins le plaisir de manger et de boire que celui de se trouver avec ses amis et de converser avec eux.' Mais tous les convives n'étaient pas aussi sobres que Caton, et l'autorité fut bientôt obligée d'intervenir pour modérer les dépenses excessives qu'on faisait aux fêtes de Cybèle." —*La Religion romaine d'August aux Antonins*, vol. ii. p. 282.

of endurance. Hence, too, in England, our Puritanism has not been equal to defending Yuletide from a triumphant invasion of pagan customs and rites; so that strict Evangelicals, who are shocked at the idea of their churches being decorated with the flowers of the season at Easter, would yet be sorry to miss there the scarlet berries of December; so that exclusive cultivators of the austere plain song will tolerate, even in church, Christmas carols full of quaint conceits or wild mirth; so that joviality is not deemed out of place at the family banquet, which is so far a sacred one, that it is a kind of sacrilege to be seated thereat without being in charity with all present, or without having liberally paid tribute to the new-born Saviour in the persons of His fellow-poor.

Now such a subject as the meeting of Heaven and Earth in the Nativity—a subject which may draw to any amount on the highest aspirations and imaginations of mysticism, on all that is brightest, sweetest and tenderest in home affections and associations, and on what is most brilliant and effective in pagan æstheticism—was there ever a more glorious one for art in general and for plastic art in particular? Apollo leading the choir of the Muses, the Birth of Athene, the War of the Gods with the Titans, these are subjects as noble in themselves as was their treatment by Greek art; but, even for a purely æsthetic purpose, they cannot vie with the Nativity—at once so realistic and so idealistic, so joyful and so solemn, so homely and so sublime, so clear to the simplest mind and so unfathomably mysterious, so austere and yet lending itself to the most magnificent displays of Venetian or Flemish color, Florentine composition, or Byzantine decoration. That it has been equal to such a subject suffices to prove that Christian art need not fear comparison with any other, even had it left unsolved, as it certainly did for centuries, the most difficult problem it had to deal with, the representation, to wit—not of a divine being never limited by anthropomorphic conditions and with his divinity not yet manifested, such as the infant Zeus or Dionysus, or again as an infant Bodhisatva, nor of the symbol either of a mere abstraction, such as the child Eros,

or of an occult filial relation, such as Horus, nor of an infant incarnation of a god, worshipped indeed as supreme, but with a humanity falling far short of the highest type, such as Krishna—but of a perfect human child, who is to be made known as the great God of the Universe.

A child-god of some kind has indeed had a place, generally, if not always, as a late development, in several pagan religions; and it is not unlikely that further archæological and palæographical research will bring to light more instances of such a conception than the not very large number we know of at present; but, although the Greek, the Egyptian, the Hindu, and the Buddhist artist, each in his way, had an infinitely less difficult problem to solve than the Christian, what they achieved in that line is certainly not what has most redounded to their glory.

The Greek world has left very few traces of actual child-worship; but there seems to have been, according to Otfried Müller,* at least a tendency in that direction in one of the most interesting and beautiful cults of antiquity, that of the "great goddesses," whose mysteries are associated with so much of what was really progressive and spiritualistic in the religion of Hellas, and with the biography of so many of Hellenism's noblest representatives. Müller, however, is not able to mention any extant representation of Cora as a child, and moreover this conception of her was probably evolved at too late a period to obtain a really religious treatment from Greek art, which, after its apogee in the divine work of Phidias, soon began to be sadly affected by the prevailing materialism and sensuality of a secularized and democratic age; for, although its degradation was but gradual and

never came to be utter, although the stamp left on it by the gods invoked at Delphi and Olympia was never quite obliterated (to the last, the grandeur, one may almost say the sanctity, of its *style* could allow it to place a dance of raving mænads and drunken satyrs without æsthetic incongruity on a tomb), it became less and less equal to the creation of a new religious type.

It must not, however, be supposed that religion was altogether lost, that there was not even religious progress in a right direction all through that age of general decadence, not so unlike our own, when the craze for "science"—that is, for what may be more specifically termed the low sciences—dried up the soil, in which alone poetry and art, as well as religion, can spring and thrive, and when the idea of justice as the basis of legislation was as much held to be an outworn superstition as in any modernized state of contemporary Europe or America.* Such a vigorous and magnificent growth as Hellenism could not wither away all at once; and there were still undercurrents of genuine piety, spirituality and ideality, in which would be found the sweet waters, welled in the golden age of Hellas, from sanctuaries of the Olympian gods, and which came up again to the surface on the great religious revival in the upper classes, heralded if not aroused by the Sibylline voice of Virgil, and culminating in the lives of an Epictetus and an Aurelius.†

* "There is," says an alarming leader of the *Times* in March, 1883, "a pretty general feeling that it is of very little use to rely upon principles of any kind. From time to time certain things come to be regarded as necessary and inevitable. They may be absolutely condemned by the principles formerly and recently held among us, and they may clearly lead to results which the holders of these principles regard as pernicious. But they are done all the same, and done with the tacit consent or active assistance of the very men who predict public misfortune. . . . The things are done, not in obedience to any principle, not in the belief that they are demanded by justice, but simply from the feeling that they cannot be refused." What a similar state of things brought the once so happy and prosperous, no less than glorious, Greek cities to, has been well described by M. Fustel de Coulanges, after Polybius, Plutarch, Aristotle, etc., in *La Cité Antique*.

† "Un lecteur qui passerait brusquement de l'étude des lettres de Cicéron à celle de la correspondance de Marc Aurèle se trouverait

* "The daughter of Demeter, Cora, has attained little individuality in art, but is for the most part determined by the more clearly characterized beings with whom she stands in relation. On the one hand she is only a Demeter in tender youth and virgin attire; on the other she is, as the consort of Hades, the stern empress of the nether world, a Stygian Hera; but, after her return to the upper world, she is in mystic religion the bride of Dionysus (Liber et Libera), from whom the crowning with ivy and the Bacchian escort pass over to her."—*Ancient Art and its Remains*, by C. O. Müller, translated by John Leitch.

But if Greek art was still beholden to the *δαισιδαμονία* of the past, that of the time—between Alexander and Augustus—had as little effect on it as the austerity of a Deacon Paris, and countless other true followers of Christ in the eighteenth century had on the *style rococo*, which I remember being much amused to find in full bloom of frivolity in, of all places, one of the Jansenist churches of Amsterdam. So that it is to votive inscriptions, such as those recently made known by Mr. Newton, that we must turn in order to realize how much religious vitality survived all through the period, when the *zeit-geist* pointed only to the influence of Epicureans and scientists—of such as had set their hearts on “base luxury” or on “base knowledge.”*

Of a date not before this relatively debased period are the extant and most probably even the earliest representations, or at least types, of the infant Dionysus, the infant Zeus suckled by a goat, and the infant Hercules strangling serpents, the two latter subjects of not very frequent occurrence. None of these creations are known to have been the object of any worship, public or private; they were consequently executed without any attempt at *θεοποίησις*, and seem to have been mere artists' fancies. Nor are they at all remarkable even as studies of juvenile humanity, being, indeed, perhaps the only subjects touched by Greek art which are altogether disappointing. In which art, says Mr. Ruskin, “I noted to you the singular defect, that it never gives you any conception of Greek children. Neither—up to the thirteenth century—does Gothic art give any conception of Gothic children; for, until the thirteenth century, the Goth was not perfectly Christianized, and still thought only of the strength of humanity as admirable in battle or venerable in judgment, but not

as dutiful in peace, nor happy in simplicity.”*

The child Eros, however, cannot be dismissed so summarily, this conception having been a favorite one in every branch of plastic art, and having left specimens of sufficient merit and charm to be repeated with no intentional modification by the neo-pagan art of the sixteenth and following centuries; and it only remains to be seen if the chubby little Cupid can be quoted as a real god-child or child-god. The only sanctuaries of Eros, at least of any importance, hitherto known, were at Thespiæ in Bœotia, where his idol was a rough stone, and, apparently, dating from a much later time, and, not improbably, owing its existence to Bœotian colonists, at Parium in Mysia. The ancient Eros of Thespiæ seems to have been a variety of Hermes, the great intermediary between heaven and earth, day and night, etc.,† and to have been only identified with the son of Aphrodite, a creation of poetry rather than of religion, when the latter's type as a youth was given by Scopas, Praxiteles, or Lysippus, at any rate in the fourth century B.C. The child type is of still lower date, and, unlike the youth type, there is no trace of its having been anywhere worshipped as a god or used for anything else than as the symbol of an abstraction, Desire, in every octave of the scale of being, from the lowest to the highest—in compositions “allied to the toying poetry of later Anacreontica and the epigrammatic sports of the Anthology,”‡ as in mystical allegories suggested by the Platonism and kindred systems revived toward the close of the first century B.C.§ “In the

dans un monde nouveau. En deux siècles, la société romaine est entièrement changée; et de tous les changements qu'elle a subis, l'un des plus remarquables et des moins attendus, c'est qu'elle a passé de l'incrédulité à la dévotion.”—*La Religion romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*, by G. Boissier. On the religious influence of Virgil, see also *Essays, Classical*, by Fred W. H. Myers.

* Herbert in *The New Republic*.

* *The Art of England*, lect., iv., on Kate Greenaway and Mrs. Allingham.

† See *Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique*, vol. ii. p. 149, by Alf. Maury; and *Eros, Etude sur la Symbolique du Désir*, by L. Ménard (Claye, Paris, 1872), a short but excellent and exhaustive treatise.

‡ Ottfried Müller in *Ancient Art and its Remains*, translated by J. Leitch.

§ “Le groupe d'Eros et Psychè se trouve quelquefois sur les tombeaux chrétiens dans les catacombes de Rome. La philosophie Alexandrine avait fait pénétrer dans tous les esprits cette allégorie du Désir céleste qui ramène les âmes vers les hauteurs. . . . La légende de Psychè a inspiré à Raphaël un ensemble de chefs-d'œuvre, la décoration de la Farnésine. Mais, dans cette suite de fresques, et surtout

shape of a blooming child," says Ottfried Müller, "but never disagreeably soft in configuration, Eros, and more frequently Erotes, are to be seen in numberless reliefs and gems, dragging forth and breaking in pieces the insignia of all the gods, caressingly subduing the wildest brutes, and converting them into riding or draught animals, boldly and wantonly roving about among sea-monsters, and playfully mimicking every possible occupation of man, whereby art at length degenerates into a sport and completely surrenders all significance."* And, if it is true that personifications of divine attributes at certain stages of Polytheism passed easily enough into persons, at this time, when personification—that is, anthropomorphic symbolism—was the rage, the tendency was all in the opposite direction. At any rate the ancients were just as well aware as ourselves of the difference between a person, whether god, dæmon or man, and a mere symbol.

In ancient Egypt, on the contrary, a child-god was only represented for strictly religious purposes, being very common either as a single figure or in the arms of a mother-goddess; but apparently not from an earlier date than the period of Egyptian history which is characterized by great power in the

hands of a learned and initiated clergy, and by intensely spiritualistic tendencies, and which hardly began before the eleventh or twelfth dynasty. We then find in the pantheon of every or almost every division of the kingdom a supreme triad, consisting of a father, mother and child, though varying in names and attributes; and, by the side of the great temples, special sanctuaries, "Mammisi," were built for the mysterious birth of the latter.*

This was also the greatest period of Egyptian plastic art, which culminated under the great eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties.

"Never," wrote the late M. François Lenormant, "in the art of any nation has a greater success been obtained by truth and perfection of modelling, and by calm grandeur in the expression of features, than the heads of the colossi at Ibsambul. Winckelmann has not otherwise defined that placid beauty, which he held to be the acme of art. The Ludovisi Juno, at least not a fourth in size, does not surpass them in harmonious relation of the parts to each other and to the whole. Phidias himself has not stamped the brows of his gods and heroes with more majesty. The age of the first dynasties consequently, by whatever charm of truth and life its productions be characterized, was not the greatest age of Egyptian art, which reached a higher level through the influence of religion and the impulsion given to it by the priesthood."†

But among the innumerable masterpieces which Egyptian antiquity has left us, in vain do we seek a really happy rendering in sculpture or painting of the little figure representing the idea of Deity conceived as perpetually born anew. In the arms of Isis, Maut, Hathor, etc., the child is only to be known as such by his relative size, or by the conventional and stereotyped gesture, anything but graceful, which made the Greeks take Horus sucking his finger for a god of silence. These figures are indeed as little interesting as specimens of what the Egyptians could do to make their art devotional, as for showing any sympathy for or understanding of child-life. It makes no æsthetic difference, if a grand Egyptian goddess be suckling crocodiles (Neith was often thus represented), or the son

dans une autre série de compositions sur le même sujet qui figure dans l'œuvre de Raphaël quoiqu'elle lui soit sérieusement contestée, l'union d'Eros sous les traits d'un enfant avec Psyché qui garde les formes d'une femme offre une disproportion aussi choquante pour le goût que pour la morale et que la chasteté de l'art grec avait toujours évitée. D'ailleurs, dans toutes les œuvres ou l'art moderne emprunte ses motifs à la religion des anciens, il s'arrête à l'enveloppe des symboles. La science cherche à en pénétrer le sens intime, et toutes les fois qu'elle y parvient, on doit reconnaître que cette religion morte, à laquelle chaque génération a jeté en passant sa part d'injures, avait su, même aux jours de sa vieillesse et de sa décadence, revêtir de formes inimitables des conceptions d'une haute moralité et d'une mystérieuse profondeur."—*Eros, Etude*, &c., by L. Ménard.

However, some, if very few, of the great artists who have sought inspiration from classic antiquity have surely had a deeper insight into Hellenism: for instance, Mantegna at the close of the fifteenth century; Prudhon, at the close of the eighteenth; Watts and Burne-Jones, with Henry Holiday and others of the same noble school, at the present day.

* *Ancient Art and its Remains*, translated by J. Leitch.

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* On "Mammisi," as Champollion called them, see Perrot's *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité l'Égypte*, p. 440, and Fergusson's *History of Architecture*, vol. i.

† *Les Premières Civilisations*, vol. i. p. 275.

of Osiris. The third member of the triad, in fact, though more of a divine *person* than the child Eros, and certainly an object of worship, figures *in art* rather as the symbol of a mysterious filial relation than as a real child-god.*

It is in India that we might expect to meet with the nearest approach to the God-child of Christianity, seeing that not only are the human avatars of Vishnu incarnations of a divinity worshipped as supreme, but also that Krishna and Rama have become the objects of about the most popular cults of modern Hinduism, mainly from their being embodiments of the idea of "God with us" in a human form. Unfortunately, however, for the parallel, Vishnu, the great god of the warrior caste, was little concerned with any element of saintliness except valor, although the sagacious policy of the Brahmins was, according to circumstances of time and place, either to accept him with little or no modification, in order to oppose the worship of so easy-going a divinity to the austere but not unfascinating saint-worship of Buddhism, or else to try to do with him, as the Orphici with Bacchus, making his name and mere external attributes the envelope and vehicle of a pantheistic mysticism quite foreign to his original conception. It was in all probability during the great struggle with Buddhism, subsequently, by several centuries perhaps, to the Christian era, that the avatar system was concocted and developed from legends of various dates, the two great and already highly popular heroes of Indian song being impressed by it for incarnations of Vishnu, and, although it is far from impossible that there may have been here at one time or another some slight infiltration or influence of Christian tradition or more likely of Christian art, the Krishna and the Rama of the popular worships, ministered to by art, have ever, like the Vishnu of the same, been of a very low moral order, the former especially,† in spite of the quite different

conception of an avatar covered by his name in the *Bhagavat Gita*. Now, the child-god of Hindu art is Krishna invoked as Gopala (the cow-herd), or as Gopinatha (the lord of the milkmaids), because he had already seduced the wife of the cow-herd Ayana-Ghosha and sixty thousand milkmaids in the wilderness of Vrinda, though one who looked into this prodigious infant's mouth had a vision there of the three worlds, with Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva sitting on their thrones. As Gopala, he is represented as "resting on one knee and, with his right hand extended, craving sweetmeats from his mother,"* and as Gopinatha he is the special patron of courtezans.

But if Hinduism, for all its unquestionably lofty aspirations and speculations, its sublime lengths of asceticism, and the genuine tenderness of its devotional spirit (*bhakti*), has never been able to part company with a religious consecration of the grossest immorality and sensuality, Buddhism is generally free from this reproach; and we might expect great things of its plastic treatment of the new-born Gautama, "pointing," not to sweetmeats, but "with one hand to heaven and with the other to the earth he wished to save," or of the saintly infant Zen-Zai, so often met with in the arms of female representations of the singular androgynous divinity, Quanon of the Chinese, or Quenin of the Japanese, although this latter does not seem to be a quite orthodox conception of the religion in question. It can hardly, however, be asserted that the Buddha child is known to have received any much happier treatment from Asiatic art than the child Horus from Egyptian; and this is probably in great part due to the fact that the birth—the re-birth rather—and the infancy of a Bodhisatva, or Buddha elect, are far from offering the same interest to his worshippers as other incidents and stages of his career,

velopment or variety of the warrior Krishna (the black). This monstrous thesis has been disposed of by Professor Max Müller's declaration, in his *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, that any one with a fair knowledge of Sanskrit and its literature, would have detected at once the quite recent and apocryphal fabrications for the European market of the texts quoted by M. Jacolliot as authorities.

* Small's *Handbook of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 154.

* See in Perrot's *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité, l'Égypte*, the plates representing typical statuettes of Horus suckled by Isis, p. 87, and alone, p. 748.

† A French magistrate of Chandanagor has tried to make a sensation by undertaking to prove that Christ (the anointed) is but a de-

such as, for instance, his renunciation, his preaching, or his attainment of perfection under the sacred tree.

I must not, however, be too confident that we may not one day come across an exquisitely lovely rendering of a Bodhisatva-child by some artist of Japan, another of so many delightful surprises from the charming country which the folly or cupidity of a political faction has just delivered over to the tender mercies of Western philistinism, since the time, not very distant, when it was generally supposed that its plastic art would hardly get beyond the fabrication of grotesque monsters. But there is a strong reason why Asiatic, even Buddhist, art has ever been at a disadvantage in dealing with a type required to be perfectly human as well as perfectly divine; and this is, that its main pre-occupation is to get decorative effect. The most anthropomorphic conceptions of the Hindu and Buddhist pantheons, for instance, will have their faces painted bright red, blue, yellow, or green; and we know that it was the same with the old *ἑόανα*, carved in wood for the sanctuaries of Greece, before its art was emancipated from Asiatic traditions and influence. It is highly probable that the first image maker who gave a green face—now, it is true, become conventional—to Rama was chiefly concerned with his color scheme, and its requirement of a hue that would match better than flesh-color with the idol's garments or its surroundings. Are we therefore justified in accepting on æsthetic grounds the Abbé de Broglie's verdict—to quote one of the best and most recent authorities on the science of religions—that "the neo-brahminical pantheon, comparable only to that of the Chinese Buddhists, is the most revolting collection of monsters that can possibly be imagined"?* Granted that this would be no exaggerated statement of certain idols produced in barbarous, or even semi-barbarous, countries, it would be strange if in India, China, or Japan, where almost every human being has the making of an artist in him, there should be found habitual any gross violation of the laws of beauty in color, or even in form. Certainly

there is no end to the productions of Oriental plastic art which, if they existed in flesh and blood, would indeed be hideous monsters; but in flesh and blood they are not; nor are they even intended to be portraits. It is in stone, wood, or metal that their deviations from the canon of human proportion and other monstrosities are so conducive to decorative effect; and decorative effect, as every lover of architecture or of stained glass knows, is one of the most powerful means of manifesting the Divine in art. A Juggernath by a Hindu artist, even of little or no reputation, will not only be admitted by the most fastidious European connoisseur into his collection, but, in its own country, will awaken feelings sufficiently strong to make a man cheerfully submit to walk barefoot on burning embers, or to be crushed to death; whereas, the pretty-faced, simpering Madonnas of Carlo Dolce, or the modern *styleless* Parisian images, proportioned and colored to look like life, which are now the eyesore of most Roman Catholic churches, are known to have little effect on the devout in comparison with the humanly impossible black-faced Virgins (black because nothing goes so well with the gold of a nimbus or crown), which have at one time or another been imported into France, Italy, and Spain from the East. One has only to notice, to be assured of the fact, how crowded are the sanctuaries of these black Madonnas with ex-votos, often costly, testifying to manifestations of supernatural power—answers to a faith of some kind—which modern science with its blinkers may ignore, but would find hard to disprove. The most cultivated Greeks, too, could not resist the æsthetic charm of Asiatic images, such as the many-breasted and but vaguely human Diana of Ephesus, whose worship was introduced into the Peloponnesus by such a representative Hellene as Xenophon,* the enthusiastic biographer and disciple of Socrates, and this at a time when the art of his own country was in all its glory.

Now, the late M. Victor de Laprade has well shown† how the religious effect of the best of man's decorative art is

* *Anabasis*, l. v. c. iii.

† In *Le Sentiment de la Nature avant le Christianisme*.

* *Problèmes et Conclusions de l'Histoire des Religions*, p. 158.

much the same as that of God's decorative art in extra-human Nature, and how, reciprocally, architecture — and architecture apart from the utilitarian purposes is but one of the decorative arts—has ever been the æsthetic outcome of that impression, that revelation of Deity, which, warped into a heresy, tends to confound the Creation, both visible and invisible, with its Author, to the great prejudice of morality and of the exercise of free-will; and from this Pantheism, as well as from its æsthetic results, the Asiatic world (wherein the Aryan and even the true Shemitic elements of its population is not numerically very considerable) has never been able to get quite clear, in spite of antagonistic movements as strong and widespread as Buddhism or Islam. The perpetual cropping up of Pantheism in the Moslem world has been well described by the late Count de Gobineau,* and what Sufism has been in Mahometanism, Kabbalism has been in Judaism, and Gnosticism in Oriental Christianity. Buddhism also has nowhere been able to keep itself practically free from Pantheistic notions, connected with magic and Nature-worship, however discordant with the teaching of its founder, who always proclaimed that the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than the greatest *deva* or Nature-power.

In Europe the emancipation of religion from Pantheism (involving that of imitative art, not necessarily from all dependence on decorative effect, but from absorption by it) was the great work of Hellenism—of Homer, the Pythia, Phidias and Socrates.

"In history," wrote the late M. Victor de Laprade, "Christianity is the only revolution greater than that which is represented by Greece. . . . Greece means the advent of man, of human liberty, of the idea of the human race's vocation, in the midst of the crushing Pantheism of Asiatic religions. . . . Between the Pantheistic mysticism of the East and the mysticism of Christianity, Greece was destined to begin the work of conscience and free-will taking possession of themselves. . . . During several centuries, Greece adored deified man, to free herself from the oppressive worship of Nature; her paganism was less monstrous than that of Egypt and India, for in allowing the idea of liberty to reside in her idols, she kept up the idea of free-will, of a moral

sense in Man, the idea of the distinction between good and evil, the idea of the possibility of a struggle with fatality, all those foundations of morality, which had been undermined by Oriental Pantheism. Greece brought minds to the gate of the true religion. When the Christian idea of the God-man shall be diffused, it will find its way prepared by the Greek religions and philosophies; it will take its seat quite naturally in the temples and in the schools founded by the genius of Hellas. . . . Thus the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity, which was so long regarded as the principal adversary of the Gospel, was, on the contrary, its most powerful ally. To the disciples of Plato and the disciples of Jesus there was only time needed for entering into communication and for learning to understand each other, before embracing in the name of the eternal *Δεός*. In a very few centuries Athens and Rome were reconciled to the Gospel, to the doctrine of the Word; whereas, still to this day, Christianity has not succeeded in extending on the map of the ancient world beyond the frontiers of Greek philosophy and the Roman empire."†

But anthropomorphism has its heresies no less than Pantheism, so Europe had to lose entirely the plastic art of Græco-Roman paganism before being allowed to possess in sculpture or painting a really human manifestation of Deity as revealed by Christianity. To this end, the ugly doings of the Iconoclasts were not without their use; and, long before the fall of the Western Empire, had begun that revenge of Asia upon Europe for the results in the former of Alexander's conquests, this influx of Orientalism, already signalized by Juvenal,‡ gradually reducing the imitative arts to mere accessories of architecture. Indeed, during the many centuries that Constantinople was the artistic, intellectual, and practically even the religious capital of all Europe, it required nothing short of a special intervention of Providence, of a great permanent miracle, to preserve the creed and theology of Catholic Christianity from making any concessions to Oriental Pantheism.

The plastic art of the Byzantine period must not, however, be despised; its mosaics,‡ icons, ivories, enamels, gold-

* "*Le Sentiment de la Nature avant le Christianisme*," pp. 253-55.

† "Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes," *Sat.* iii.

‡ "Dans un grand nombre des églises du VI^e et du VII^e siècle, la mosaïque, comme à Sainte-Sophie, prodigue toutes les richesses de sa décoration et se manifeste par des œuvres magistrales. Les artistes se plaisent à repré-

* In *Les Religions et les Philosophies de l'Asie centrale*.

smith's work, illuminated manuscripts, embroidered tissues, etc., are often extremely beautiful, and always devotional; only there is in most cases so little that is human in them that they must be judged as much from a decorator's point of view as a good opera, whatever the subject of its libretto, from a musician's. A Byzantine or Romanesque church will make much the same solemn impression if it is ornamented with angels or with devils; and, whatever the figures, they have all the appearance of having been made for the places they occupy rather than the places for them, so that if the architect has required his niches, for instance, to be unusually depressed or elongated, their occupants have had to be adapted thereto with Procrustean rigor, and little or no regard for the normal proportions of the human body; just, too, as the shape of the "Greek" cross was determined by purely decorative considerations.

It was not before the twelfth century, after what Mr. Lilly has so well called "the Turning-point of the Middle Ages,"* the pontificate, to wit, of the great Hildebrand, that Western Europe began to shake off the artistic yoke of

sender de vastes compositions dont tous les détails se détachent nettement, ils évitent les sujets où un grand nombre de figures se mêlent les unes aux autres; ils s'attachent de préférence à ceux où l'action est presque nulle, les attitudes calmes et régulières, où l'on peut ranger les personnages de manière à ne point troubler la disposition uniforme de l'ensemble. Quelquefois même ils en placent autant d'un côté que de l'autre, afin de ne point rompre l'équilibre de la composition. Ce principe de symétrie devait se maintenir dans l'art byzantin. L'esprit des peintres en fut si pénétré qu'ils l'appliquent sans cesse et jusque dans les moindres œuvres: ce fut par là que cet art, tout en perdant parfois du côté de la vie et de la liberté, convient si bien à la décoration des grands édifices.

"Au point de vue technique, les mosaïstes byzantins n'avaient pas moins bien compris les conditions de leur art. Tandis que, depuis le moyen âge, on a multiplié les tons afin de rapprocher de l'aspect de la fresque, ils ne les employèrent qu'en petit nombre, juxtaposant les couleurs tranchées, négligeant les nuances intermédiaires. Comme la mosaïque est faite pour être vue de loin, la dureté de ces oppositions se perd dans l'harmonie générale de l'œuvre, mais, en revanche, tout se détache avec une vigueur et un éclat incomparables."
—*L'Art byzantin*, by C. Bayet.

* See his *Chapters in European History*, vol. i. chap. ii.

Constantinople. This was the true Renaissance of the Western world to its own æsthetic life. Already, in the thirteenth century, the imitative arts, if happily not yet daring to turn mutinous toward architecture, were beginning to aim at other than decorative effects; though it must be admitted that their earliest efforts in a new direction were often so clumsy that, for instance, if in the work of Cimabue we did not see a promise of Giotto, it would ill bear comparison with that of equally gifted contemporaries strictly adhering to Byzantine traditions. It was consequently fortunate that the new school had the half Pantheistic religiosity of Byzantine "high art," in which it was cradled, to fall back on, while struggling with types which it required really superhuman efforts to create, as well as with many other problems, both æsthetic and technical, which had to be solved before plastic art could cease to depend on decorative effect for its success. Cimabue, for instance, has no idea of *pictorial* composition: to give prominence to a group to his Madoqna, he has to make her the largest as well as the strictly central figure; and, even of a date as low as the fourteenth century, Italian pictures are to be met with which almost suggest Hindu prototypes.*

In our galleries, those "necropolises of art," as M. Taine has so happily called them, we come across many an old painting which only strikes us at first sight by the quaint uncouthness of its figures; yet, if we succeed in imagining it isolated from its present incongruous neighbors, and restored to its own place over an altar, with due accompaniment of tapers, hanging lamps, etc., immediately it is beautiful, not, indeed, always pictorially, but as a piece of architecture or music is beautiful. Alas! that plastic art should have come in the sixteenth century to disdain and throw off all dependence on such powerful resources that the Pre-Raphaelites are able so often to bring us face to face with the Divine, in spite of their whole work hardly offering an instance of what we would particularly not only desire, but expect, to find there: a satisfactory

* E.g., a small seated Virgin with Child and surrounding figures, No. 194 in the "Salle des sept Métres" of the Louvre.

presentation of the God-Man!* One type, indeed, certainly much less difficult to cope with, but far from easy, or rather many types, all successful and lovely, were soon created of the Virgin-mother *deipara*, and some of the Pre-Raphaelite types of angels and saints are no less happy; but only more disappointing than the God-Man is the God-Child even of the *quattrocentisti*. From the Renaissance of Western art in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to about the end of the fifteenth, the *bambino* is either a mere human child with nothing but that immense acquisition from the East, the gold glory, to mark its Divinity, or else it is a strange piece of deformity. Indeed, in the former case, few are the instances (certainly here and there in the works of the della Robbias, as in the exquisite little piece of color, attributed to Margaret van Eyck, of the National Gallery,† where the body, though not unlike a frog's, is evidently meant to be graceful), which manifest any attempt at making it even attractive, as if the artist, counting on getting his devotional effect by other means, had shirked giving himself any trouble with the most difficult portion of his task. It is, however, for the abortive attempts during two or three centuries of the more painstaking masters that we must be grateful—such unpleasing ventures as the old-looking head on baby shoulders in the otherwise quite adorable “van Eyck” in the “Salon carré” of the Louvre; for to this long beating about the bush we must be not a little indebted for the manifestations in art, unhappily very few, of the God-Child, which belong to about the first quarter of the sixteenth century. It is, indeed, infinitely to be regretted that none such is to be found in the works of the half-century preceding, in the exquisite productions of Mantegna, Botticelli, the two Lippis, Perugino,

Donatello, Mino, or of their Venetian, Flemish and Rhenish contemporaries. But the creation came just in time not to miss the last great years of the Italian schools, one of the earliest being the infant Saviour blessing His little companion St. John in the glorious “Leonardo”* of our National Gallery, which must at any rate have preceded some no less divine presentations of the Holy Child by Andrea del Sarto and Luini, and the marble, attributed to Michael Angelo, at Bruges.

In the quite early productions of Raphael, to whom “the mediæval principles lead up,” and from whom “the modern principles lead down,”† the infant Saviour is always graceful, tender, and beautiful, but, except perhaps in the *Madonna del Cardellino* (in the Uffizi), where the movement of the arms is singularly noble, hardly more of a Divine being than the little St. John by his side. How different is, in the universally known *Madonna di San Sisto*, the Child-God, or rather the God-Child, with the whole scheme of the universe on His head! Though perhaps just a little wanting in tenderness, this wonderful creation probably never has been or will be surpassed for Divinity; but how comes it that it is unique in Raphael's whole work, and that in his later productions, such as the Holy Family in the “Salon carré,” painted for Francis I., the Child Christ is merely a fine academical study after a fine living original, and, apart from pictorial relation to the other figures of the group, as though the painter had had no aim beyond doing justice to his model?

From about the middle of the sixteenth century at latest, we must come down to our own time to find again real manifestations of the God-Child in art. At any rate in the long intervening period, except, possibly, in the Spanish wood-carving of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which is singularly mediæval for its time, there was hardly any attempt that will bear comparison with the Holy Child in Hébert's *Notre*

* I should be inclined to believe the face of the adult Christ beyond the reach of art, had I not seen a small carving in silver, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini (?), now in the collection of Viscount G. de Kervéguen, and seeming to have originally served for the pommel of a sword. The august face of the Saviour crowned with thorns is coupled Janus-wise with that of a skull. For beauty as well as for divinity it is at least not surpassed by anything known to me in Greek art.

† No. 708.

* No. 1093.

† Ruskin, in “Lectures on Architecture and Painting,” p. 215. See also, on the culmination of mediæval painting in the best work of Raphael and his contemporaries, Mr. Lilly's *Chapters in European History*, vol. i. pp. 228-9.

Dame de la Délivrance (an ex-voit for the church of his village, but so popularized by photography and engraving), or in several lovely paintings of the contemporary German schools. Nor is it a matter of reproach to the masters, whose endeavor has been to bring back plastic art to the point where it began to go astray through sacrificing ends to means, that they have not listened to the mischievous pride which would make originality the artist's chief aim, seeing that the Homeric epos, the types of the Greek gods, the mediæval cathedral, the Latin and Greek liturgies, the Ober-Ammergau passion-play—almost all the most perfect masterpieces of the world, were practically the work of many gen-

erations, each successive master taking it up, not seldom apocryphally, to improve by elimination, addition or correction on what had been achieved by the best, known to him, of his predecessors.

What is more to be feared for the nobler efforts of contemporary art than lack of originality is that the artificial soil of intellectual and æsthetic culture in which it is planted, however rich, may have but little depth, and that underneath there lies a stony substratum of materialism and unbelief; so that, although the good seed, as in the parable, has sprung up forthwith, the plants may be destined soon to wither away from lack of moisture for their roots.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

IN a field so wide as that of the English Novel, sport is spoiled both when too much and too little game is on foot. On every side the scent lies so fresh, that the morning might be wasted in choosing which to pursue. After sketching in bare outline the growth of the English Novel out of its ancient, mediæval, and Renaissance elements, we shall restrict ourselves to its development in the eighteenth century, before the Wizard of the North laid his spell on a listening world. "Après lui le déluge." The leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa fell not more thickly than modern novels fall from the press. To those who write for fame, or bread, or both, must now be added those who write from boredom. The world is the novelist's oyster; he has but to open it with his pen.

Nothing is new under the sun, not

even the Novel. The claim to its modern invention might be retorted by the assertion that Joe Miller himself was born at Athens, and educated at Bagdad by a Scandinavian Skald. One inquirer traces the origin of the novel to classic writers, another to the Norseman, a third to the Arabs; a fourth attempts to reconcile the conflicting theories. Prose fiction, if followed to its source through modern novels, ideal romances, mediæval tales of chivalry, and the ballads of ruder ages, will prove to be history told in metre. It is in truth an accommodation of the epic poem to the average capacity of numerous readers. Mediæval and Ideal Romances passed from fact to fiction; modern novels approximated from fiction to fact. In the eighteenth century novels were narrowed by the reaction against ideal romance into the realism of Defoe, then expanded into the real life of Fielding, and finally luxuriated in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe. But they still retained the characteristic by which they are distinguished from their romantic predecessors. Modern novels continue to be fictions founded on fact.

Classic Greece and Rome had no novels in the strict sense of the term. Among the ancients, the bard became a dramatist; among the moderns a romancer. The audience of the Greek bard was the concentrated intelligence

* 1. *Robinson Crusoe*. By Daniel Defoe, 1719. 2. *Clarissa Harlowe*. By Samuel Richardson, 1749. 3. *Tom Jones*. By Henry Fielding, 1749. 4. *Roderick Random*. By Tobias Smollett, 1748. 5. *Tristram Shandy*. By Laurence Sterne, 1759-67. 6. *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By Oliver Goldsmith, 1766. 7. *Evelina*. By Francisca Burney, 1778. 8. *Castle of Otranto*. By Horace Walpole, 1764. 9. *The Old English Baron*. By Clara Reeve, 1777. 10. *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. By Ann Radcliffe, 1794. 11. *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. By Jane Porter, 1803. 12. *Caleb Williams*. By William Godwin, 1794. 13. *A Simple Story*. By Elizabeth Inchbald, 1791.

of a city ; the mediæval minstrel addressed the less cultivated inmates of scattered baronial halls. It was once conjectured that slavery and the Oriental separation of the sexes robbed classic communities of the novelist's material. But slavery produced its *Dromios*, and the subordination of women a *Xantippe*. The complicated *causes célèbres* which exercised the minds of Roman jurists ; the life at fashionable health-resorts like *Baiæ* or *Sinuessa* ; the diary of a physician like *Musa* ; the swarm of Jews, Chaldeans, Greeks, and cutthroats, that fringed the borders of great cities, offered material enough in rich abundance for social satirists or painters of manners and morals. In the baggage of *Roscius*, a Roman officer serving in *Parthia* under *Crassus*, was found a version of the Milesian tales of *Aristides*. But, speaking generally, no novelists existed at Athens or at Rome, because there was no demand for that form of composition : the delight of the Greek was in the stage ; the diversion of the Roman consisted in spectacular shows.

In another sense it is true that novels, considered as pictures of actual society, are a product of modern civilization. Down to the close of the seventeenth century works of fiction dealt almost exclusively with ideal life ; they depended for their interest on the wilful extravagance of their incidents. The real world is the field of the modern novel ; the events of which it treats are such as might occur in ordinary experience. Novelists, as distinct from Romancers, "hold the mirror up to nature, and show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

The Ideal Romances which flourished after the Renaissance owed their origin to various sources, but chiefly to mediæval tales of chivalry and the Legends of the Saints. It would be impossible to trace to their historical origin the "*Chansons de Geste*" which *Taillefer* sang

"De Karlemaigne e de Rollant
E d'Oliver e des vassals
Qi morurent en Rencevals."

In these tales facts were overlaid by fiction ; tradition buried under imaginative accumulations. Epic undergrowths clustered round parent stems. The le-

gends that gathered about the names of Arthur, Charlemagne, and Amadis of Gaul, are embellished with classic decorations. Magic cups, enchanted rings, bleeding or talking trees, are common to Ovid and Ariosto. As *Daphne* was turned into a laurel, so *Astolfo* was transformed into a myrtle ; *Achilles* was the father of the invulnerable *Orlando*, *Circe*, the mother of the sorceress *Alcina* ; *Perseus* bequeathed to *Rinaldo* the invisible properties of *Mambrino's* helmet ; *Pegasus* begot the hippogriff, the Centaur the "dreadful *Sagittary* ;" *Bucephalus* was the sire of *Bayard*. In his sympathy with the Trojans *Shakspeare* represented the Latin tradition : by honoring *Hector*, he honored an ancestor. Mediæval romancers recognized their parent stock. Was not *Durindana* the very sword which *Hector* wielded, the King of France descended from *Marcomeris* the son of *Hector*, and the lineage of the Frankish nation commemorated in the city of Paris ? The older tales of chivalry are long, rambling stories, without unity of design or variety of incident ; but they praise knightly virtues of religious zeal, of generosity, bravery, and devotion to women. It is of the later and more degraded versions that *Ascham* spoke when he said, "their whole pleasure standeth in open manslaughter and bolde bawdrie." Besides aiding the minstrels in the composition of chivalrous tales, the monks put forward tales in which the Devil competed for popularity with the enchanters. In the wild legends of the Saints, which were gathered in collections like the "*Legenda Aurea*," serfs escaped the monotony of mediæval life. Monastic tales were more popular in hovels than in halls. Magic was always overcome by valor ; but the conclusion of a saintly legend was less flattering to the feudal baron. To these two main sources of Ideal Romances must be added late Greek and Latin fictions, like "*Theagenes* and *Chariclea* ;" or "*The Golden Ass*," French *fabliaux* and Italian tales of ingenious gallantry, such as those collected in the "*Cento Nouvelle Antiche*" or popularized by *Boccaccio* ; and, lastly, Oriental fiction which not only added an Eastern richness and profusion of coloring to the legends of Western Europe, but con-

tributed many of the details and incidents that ultimately became the common property of all romancers and dramatists.

Out of these different elements, as the influence of chivalry declined, were developed the various forms of Ideal Romances. In the prolific family of ideal fiction must be included Pastoral romances like the "*Astræa*" of D'Urfé; Political romances like Fénelon's "*Télémaque*;" the "*Gusto picaresco*" of Spain, or romances of roguery, which stimulated the imagination of Scarron, Le Sage, and Defoe; Comic romances like the masterpieces of Rabelais or Cervantes, which bristle with satirical allusions to the rhodomontade of knight-errantry, or veil under feigned names their derision of the men, manners, and morals of the day. Pantagruel and Dulcinea overthrew the empire of Amadis and Oriana, of Rogero and Bradamant. Later scions of the same stock were the Heroic romances of the seventeenth century. In these fictions, royal heroes all generosity, and royal ladies all chastity, maintain their imaginary virtues through endless folios of high-flown sentiment and complicated intrigue. Heroic romance borrowed from late Greek and Latin fictions its incidents and perhaps its amatory tone; from pastoral romance its insipid dialogues and tedious episodes; from tales of chivalry the magical embellishments of dwarfs, enchanters, and giants. From these last it differed mainly in the fact that love, rather than the spirit of adventure, forms the principal motive, and takes that form of sentimentality which affects to adore women as goddesses. It stands midway between the mediæval romance and the modern novel, without the vigor of the former or the views of real life and analysis of character that characterize the latter. Heroic romances, like the "*Pol-exandre*" of Gomberville, the "*Cassandre*" and "*Cléopâtre*" of Calprenède, are of portentous length, crowded with tedious dialogues, inflated compliments and wearisome digressions. The most famous writer of the Heroic school was Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the Sappho of the seventeenth century, round whom, in spite of her ugliness, gathered the wit and beauty of the day to dress dolls, read riddles of gallantry, write

madrigals, explore the "*Pays de Tendre*," and discuss the metaphysics of the heart. She published the "*Grand Cyrus*" in 1635. Artamenes is the assumed name of Cyrus, who makes wars to rescue Mandane. Even men like Major Bellenden, who knew the prowess of Corporal Raddlebanes, found it hard to believe that 'Artamines, or what d'ye call him? fought single-handed with a whole battalion.' M. Cousin has recovered the lost key to this allegorical work which contains sketches of contemporary celebrities. Mandane is Madame de Longueville; Cyrus is the great Condé, whose exploits at the siege of Dunkirk and the battles of Lens and Rocroy are commemorated in the siege of Cumæ, the battle of Thybarra, and the campaign against the Messagetæ. Calprenède's "*Cléopâtre*" was published in twelve octavo volumes; Scudéry's "*Clélie*" in ten octavo volumes of 800 pages each. These "*ponderous folios*," as Scott says in a note to "*Old Mortality*," "combine the dulness of the metaphysical courtship with all the improbabilities of the ancient Romance of Chivalry." The society which gathered in the Marais, the Rue de la Beauce, and the Quartier St. Honoré, was composed of the last knight-errants of an antiquated chivalry. They have written their own epitaph in these heroic unreal romances. But to their honor it will be remembered that the early *précieuses*, whom Molière and Boileau satirized, upheld the praise of knightly virtues against the depraved examples of the Court of the Louvre.

Hitherto works of fiction told protracted tales of ideal princes and princesses, without any attempt to paint mankind or reproduce the actual conditions of existence. But at the close of the seventeenth century arose a new form of fiction dealing with real life, with man and his ordinary emotions. Heroic and mediæval romances were valued in proportion to their extravagance; all that was common was regarded as commonplace. The time was rapidly approaching when novels would be esteemed for their truth to nature, and falsehood in fiction regarded as intolerable. The first in point of date of Realistic novels was the "*Princess de Clèves*" of Madame de la Fayette, which

was published in 1677. It was followed by the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, "Manon Lescaut" of the Abbé Prévost, afterward the translator and expurgator of Richardson; the "Marianne" and unfinished "Paysan Inconnu" of Marivaux. Crébillon's tales are full of allusions to the Court of the Regency and of Louis XV. They are profligate and licentious even for the time, and as such are condemned by Smollett. Marivaux, as Voltaire said of him, knew all the by-paths but not the high road to the human heart. He introduced that over-subtle analysis of emotions which led the same caustic critic to say of him, that he weighed fly's eggs in scales of cobweb. His elaborate style, with its fantastic turns of thought, attracted Gray. It was this, rather than truth to real life, that elicited his famous exclamation, contained in a letter to West, "mine be it to read eternal new romances by Marivaux and Crébillon."

But though France seemed prepared to meet Gray's demand for novels of real life, England, from the eighteenth century onward, ceased to depend for fiction on foreign production. England, like other European nations, had her own legions of the Saints, her own tales and ballads. But the greater part of her romances of chivalry, whether in metre or in prose, were borrowed from, or founded on, French and Spanish originals. Milton was a student of all that—

"Resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

These legends, with tales imitated or translated from the Italian, were the stock-in-trade of the wandering bands of minstrels against whom Elizabeth's legislation was directed. Metrical versions of tales of chivalry passed out of fashion in the reign of Henry VIII.; but the prose romances of Arthur and other knightly heroes, collected by Sir Thomas Malory and Lord Berners, held their ground for a longer period. In England of the sixteenth century existed pastoral romances like "Arcadia,"

political romances such as "Utopia" or "Argenis," and tales like Green's "Pandosto and the Triumph of Time," told in that euphuistic language which more or less corresponded in date or character with "gongorism" in Spain, "marinism" in Italy, and "l'esprit précieux" in France. Here, as elsewhere on the Continent, the decay of chivalric romance synchronized with the rise of the drama. At a single leap the chasm was traversed which separates barbarous farces, burlesque interludes, monkish mysteries and moralities, from the masterpieces of Shakspeare, Lope de Vega, Corneille and Molière. Occupied in dramatic literature, and distracted by civil war, England had neither leisure nor inclination for the production of heroic romances. Lord Orrery wrote "Parthenissa" in the style of Calprenède; Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Haywood catered for the prurient tastes of post-Restoration society. But, speaking generally, England borrowed her romances from France. As with novelists, so with painters. Hitherto England had imported from abroad her art as well as her fiction. A Holbein immortalized the reign of Henry VIII.: a Vandyke preserved the melancholy features of the patron of Rubens: Lely and Kneller carried on the foreign traditions into the extremes of frigid mannerism. But from the eighteenth century onward England produced her own artists and her own writers of fiction. Side by side sprang up a native school of painters and novelists, which included Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Romney, and Morland, as well as Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith. The modern novel, with its delineations of character, its views of real life, its studies after nature, is reached at last.

Four realistic novelists of genius, two of our greatest painters of lower life, and several of our best writers in middle class comedy, flourished almost contemporaneously. The coincidence is sufficiently striking to suggest an interesting topic of discussion. But, so far as the modern novel is concerned, a remarkable combination of circumstances favored its growth. Civilization was descending, and, as facilities of communication increased, spread from the town

to the country ; the middle classes, who since the Revolution had become social factors, were eager to hear about themselves ; in a peaceful country, where wealth rapidly accumulated, there grew up a miscellaneous reading public ; a new mode of expression was required for a changed form of society : prose was most congenial to the taste of the age, and a good prose style had been lately perfected. Ill-success in other directions turned the attention of two men of genius to the novel ; Fielding and Smollett, like Cervantes and Le Sage, failed as dramatists before they explored the fresh field which was opened for the display of their powers. As the new weapon was perfected, its width of range became more and more apparent. Life everywhere at every period, human nature in its most varied aspects, fell within its sphere. With extraordinary rapidity novelists annexed field after field ; to Defoe's realism of fact was laid Richardson's realism of character ; to the rich and varied pictures of real life which Fielding and Smollett painted, were added Sterne's subtle analysis of lighter shades of feeling, and Goldsmith's domestic idylls ; by her sketches of society Miss Burney opened out a sphere in which women writers have peculiarly excelled : lastly, the Romantic school spread out before the eyes of their readers an ever-widening range of historical fiction and novels of interest or of passion. As painters of the manners, satirists of the follies, or censors of the morals of mankind, novelists usurped the functions of the Addisonian essayist and the Johnsonian moralist. Except during the brilliant reign of Foote, they encroached upon the domain of the drama. More technical skill is required for the stage, while dramatists are excluded from many sources of interest which novelists may employ.

Eighteenth-century realism hastened the disappearance of Ideal Romances, fostered the growth and determined the character of contemporary fiction. Nothing was read which was obviously imaginative : the very name of Romance died out till the time of Horace Walpole. In one important respect the true province and scope of light literature was better understood by writers of the first half of the century than by their succes-

sors. Early novels were playthings, designed for mental recreation ; the writers had no moral or social thesis to maintain. In the hands of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, or Godwin, they became party manifestoes written to inculcate particular views of life or to create sympathy with some special course of action. When once the use of the novel as a polemical weapon was demonstrated, its character was changed. Instead of reflecting the face of Nature, novelists looked on the world through tinted glasses. Artistically this use of the novel was a retrogression ; but it obviously imparted a powerful stimulus to its growth. Every subsequent social change has tended to render the novel not so much a luxury as a necessity of life. Ascham denounced the follies of the old romances as unworthy the attention of wise or good men. In his boyhood Montaigne knew nothing of the "Lancelot of the Lake," "Huron of Bordeaux," "Amadis of Gaul," or any other of the "worthless books," which, in his maturer age, amused degenerate youth. Major Bellenden would have had "the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making." Though Olivia Primrose confessed to the study of logic from the arguments of Thwackum and Square, and Robinson Crusoe and Friday, it was not the Quakers only who forbade the reading of novels, or Sir Anthony Absolute alone who regarded "a circulating library as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge." The rural aristocracy discarded works of fiction. In their moments of enforced leisure Gwilim lulled to slumber the Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistones of the day : their wives and daughters were busied among the linen and the preserves. Novel-reading was treated as something between a moral frailty and a waste of time. For many years it was a stolen pleasure, bread eaten in secret. It was not only in the boudoir of Lydia Languish, or the hymnal of Thomas Trumbull, that "Peregrine Pickle," or books of looser character, were ambushed behind works of graver import. Acting on Olivia's hint, writers at first combined instruction with amusement, lured readers on false pretences from the chair to the sofa, offered the didactic powder in the

sweetmeat of a love-tale. Such shifts and disguises are now antiquated and unnecessary. A novel is a novel, as a play is a play. Its use in life is recognized. Everybody reads; women have more leisure and fewer occupations than formerly; men cannot always, as was said of Sir Roger de Coverley, have their roast-beef stomachs; exhausted in brain, nerve, and muscle by the struggle for existence, and crowded together in cities, they cannot, if they would, live the outdoor lives of their ancestors. Plays, operas, concerts, require money or an effort. Novels supply the easiest and cheapest form of relaxation.

The modern novel, though not necessarily "a smooth tale," is "generally of love." In the hands of Fielding and Smollett its sphere was not so limited; it presented a more miscellaneous and diversified picture of human life. At the present day the romantic element predominates. Novels deal almost exclusively with the passion of love: the sentimental aspect of life is throughout prominent. Other interests and aims may be used to heighten or diminish the coloring; but the principal object is to narrate the feelings and fortunes of the hero and heroine. With Walter Scott love is not necessarily the chief topic of interest; yet even he is compelled by the taste of his readers to interweave a thread of loving-making. Dickens's genius inclined to the wider range which Fielding and Smollett occupied; but his novels are marred by the necessity, fancied or real, which compelled him to hang his disjointed and detached episodes on the thread of a romantic plot. The eighteenth-century novel, in its first stage of development, may be defined as a continuous prose narrative, intentionally fictitious but consistent with nature, designed to develop character by means of a series of incidents in the life of an imaginary hero or heroine. Such a definition does not necessarily exclude the supernatural world, since to most men the domain of the unseen and miraculous is sufficiently real and inexplicable to afford a legitimate field for the novelist of ordinary life. But it excludes Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" or Johnson's "Rasselas," because such works are not primarily biographical, but allegorical or didactic, intended to

inculcate religious or moral teaching. It also excludes "Gulliver's Travels," because many of its incidents, like those of "Pantagruel" or Bergerac's "Voyage de la Lune," are wholly inconsistent with nature.

The essays in the "Spectator" do not, if taken one with the other, comply with the definition. On the other hand, the biographical portion, which develops the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, is an exquisite study of real life which, but for its form, ranks not only as the first, but as one of the greatest, of modern English novels. It gives a fresh and charming picture of old English manners with sufficient story to impress it on the mind of the reader. No characters of eighteenth-century fiction are better known than its *dramatis personæ*. It is the direct ancestor of "Bracebridge Hall," which, as a triumphant specimen of humorous portraiture, falls but little below the masterpiece of Steele and Addison. It is the work of a Spectator from the banks of the Hudson. Though the family likeness is sufficiently apparent, Washington Irving displays the independence of genius. Master Simon, who acts as equerry to the Squire's hobby-horses, is no copy of Will Wimble. Most of the works of fiction, which appeared subsequently to the "Spectator," were powerfully, though less directly, influenced by its keen and genial humor, its manly moral feeling, its indescribable art of mingling grave and gay, the pensive with the whimsical. Yet it cannot be legitimately classed among modern novels.

Daniel Defoe is the first of modern novelists, or, to speak more correctly, he is the connecting link between the Ideal Romance and the novel of real life. He was fifty-eight when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe." As Richardson all his life wrote letters, so "unabashed Defoe" throughout his career practised the art to which his novel owed its success. Realism was demanded by the age and was congenial to the character of the writer; an appearance of veracity was necessary to remove the prejudice to works of imagination. Taste had swung completely round in the violence of its recoil from Heroic Romance. Instead of choosing princes and princesses for heroes and heroines, Defoe, in his sec-

ondary novels, seeks his characters among the dregs of the population. He writes without fire or poetry ; makes little or no effort to analyze or develop character ; rarely appeals to passion ; creates no plot which his actors work out, and which by its evolution displays their motives and feelings. His greatest novel combines intense originality with the existence of commonplace. His power lies in producing illusion, in giving an air of authenticity to fictitious narration. The effect is produced by the frankness with which he takes the reader into his apparent confidence, the accuracy and superfluity of his details, his judicious silences, and the seeming carelessness with which he drops his unimportant stitches. Infinite pains are taken to divert the attention of the reader from the psychological and moral impossibilities of his stories, the mind of Robinson Crusoe or of the man Friday. A literary opportunist as well as a literary trader, he took a business-like view of his art. All his best compositions are *pièces de circonstance* based on recent or contemporary events. The "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and the "Journal of the Plague Year" were suggested by facts which fell almost within his own recollection, and which were fresh in the memory of the public. "Robinson Crusoe" was, of course, founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who was rescued from the island of Juan Fernandez in 1709. Defoe's talent is that of circumstantial invention. In his own limited field he is unsurpassed ; but the true novel could not thrive in soil which was barren of sentiment or of character. It was necessary to destroy before it was possible to build. In his object, and in his choice and treatment of subjects, Defoe stands in the baldest contrast to the writers of the Heroic Romance. The fantastic fabric of the old ideal tales of chivalry and sentiment was levelled to the ground ; the foundations of the new construction were laid in the barest possible realism.

The first great group of English novelists includes Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. "Pamela" appeared in 1740, "Joseph Andrews" in 1742, "Roderick Random" in 1748, "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones" in 1749 ; "Tristram Shandy" was pub-

lished from 1759 to 1767. Probably no one now reads Richardson ; few know much of Smollett or of Sterne ; even Fielding finds scanty admirers. These classics of our novel literature belong to those *bibliothèques*, which Lamb said "no gentleman's library should be without." A coarseness characterizes all four writers, which goes far to explain and justify the neglect with which they are treated by a society that has grown externally decorous. Lamb said that the world of fiction is exempt from the nuisance of moral laws ; experience shows that it cannot always neglect the laws of decency. All four novelists deal with the material side of love : but they do not touch upon it, as did Miss Brontë, with the unconscious purity of a delicate woman. In this respect Fielding, in our opinion, sins least offensively. There is a mawkishness about Richardson's sentiment which would be prurient but for his simplicity, and in Sterne a love of indecency for indecency's sake, the leer of a satyr from behind the vine leaves. Neither of these faults can be laid to the charge of the full-blooded animalism of Fielding and Smollett. It is no adequate defence of the coarseness of "Tom Jones" or "Peregrine Pickle" to urge that the writers are moralists : offences need not be stripped so bare even for the lash. Like the Dutch school, they honestly depict in matter-of-fact style the coarse boozy figures which moved before their eyes ; they do not perversely seek out disagreeable subjects or uncouth models ; they are not reticent, but they do not idealize vice or introduce details which are unnecessary to develop their story or their views of life. Their best and only justification is to be found in the facts, that the realistic truth with which they paint was characteristic of the period, that the material of their pictures is the society of their day, and that novels were written mainly for men, and not, as at the present day, *virginibus puerisque*.

Richardson works in the same manner as Defoe, but on different materials. His aim is to give an air of authenticity, not to fictitious incident, but to fictitious character. If Defoe copied his pictures of vagabond life from Le Sage or Scarron, Richardson has been called the

"English Marivaux." Marianne and M. de Climal reappear as "Pamela" and Mr. B. Past fifty when he wrote "Pamela," he was more impregnated than either of his younger rivals with the atmosphere of the realistic reaction; on the other hand, his boyhood was passed under the influence of the old Ideal fiction. Thus in his novels an air of minute reality is curiously blended with the interminable love intrigues of the Heroic romance. The language of gallantry remains; but in place of the incidents of combat there is analysis of character; instead of magical embellishments appear the accessories of ordinary life painted in the style of Mieris or Van Ostade. It is said that "Sir Charles Grandison" was originally written in twenty-eight volumes; if so, Calprenède or Scudéry were brief in comparison with Richardson. A gentleman at heart, Richardson possessed a nature which is almost childish in its simplicity. His *naïveté* carries the reader through scenes that would be repulsive if treated by a man of vulgar sensuality. "Clarissa Harlowe" is one of the marvels of literature. Every one knows that at the age of fifty a plodding, humdrum, methodical printer, the self-satisfied idol of the domestic hearth, proved himself an original genius. Not only did he discover a new world of literature, but he created a new tragic ideal. Prudent Pamela's most enduring monument is Fielding's parody: Sir Charles Grandison is a rose-water hero. Both are in keeping with the age and with the character of their author. But their existence only obscures the problem, how the most prosaic of writers in the prosiest of periods conceived the figure of Clarissa Harlowe. Nothing more commonplace can be imagined than the literary and domestic life of the elderly citizen. Richardson elaborated his story in the early morning in his grot at Hammersmith; in the evening, between tea and supper, he read aloud what he had composed to a critical party of young ladies, who sat round a table flowering muslin, drawing, or making ruffles and borders. The central feature of the story which he has to tell is disgusting; the details are wearisome, and the length portentous. Perhaps at first sight the figure of Clarissa in her pale primrose-

colored paduasoy, her flowered apron, her cap of Brussels lace, seems to modern eyes somewhat faded and old-fashioned. Yet, as the labored minute touches throw upon the canvas the picture of the tender maidenly girl, whose heart had barely begun to unfold with the spring-like warmth of an unacknowledged fancy, before it was numbed, withered, and frozen to death, we slowly recognize that Clarissa is no conventional heroine, but the highest imaginative effort of the eighteenth century.

Richardson's great achievement is that he has painted a true woman. The portrait is none the less valuable because it is drawn with that genuine admiration of his heroine, which female novelists rarely display towards their own sex. In all its surrounding circumstances the feat is not so wonderful as that of Charlotte Brontë, who penetrated and depicted the deep, ironical, inarticulate passion of a man: but it belongs to the same class. In one sense it is even greater. Women, in their more delicate shades of coloring, their retirement from action, and self-effacement in suffering, are more difficult to draw than men. Without a peculiar training and temperament Richardson must inevitably have failed. From his childhood Richardson had been the confidant of women: the silent bashful boy of thirteen was the writer of love-letters and the depositary of the love-secrets of the neighborhood. His conception of Lovelace and of Clarissa shows how habituated he was to regard human nature with a feminine eye. The points, on which his descriptions of either sex dwell with most particularity, are those which women naturally select. He has the female delicacy of perception, as well as that interest in small details which prompts him to "tell us *all* about it." His characters fail as the theories of closet-philosophers fail. No allowance is made for impulse or passion; his actors are developed with machine-like regularity from well-reasoned principles.

Johnson confessed that to read Richardson for his story would fret a man to suicide. But few persons now read him even for his sentiment. His amplitude of detail is not inartistic; it is a means to an end; it establishes the dominion of fancy. But the broader,

more vigorous touch of Fielding is the style of a greater master ; the one gives a minute inventory, the other a striking epitome, of nature : a microscope is needed for the pictures of the one ; those of the other are best seen at a distance. To impart to fiction the air of reality Defoe told his narrative in the first person, and Richardson adopted the device of letters. The true instinct of genius led Fielding to discard both methods. No one supposes a narrative told in the third person to be real : but it is infinitely more dramatic. Autobiographers become either offensive as egotists or uninteresting as secondary characters ; except in books for boys, novels told in the first person are novels without a hero. Letters enable each actor to describe his own feelings for himself : but a story told in this form inevitably becomes tedious, disjointed, and crowded with superfluous matter. Both in form and style the novels of Fielding and Smollett approximate to the modern type far more closely than those of Defoe and Richardson.

To Cervantes and Le Sage belong no inconsiderable share in the rapid development of the English novel. Fielding acknowledged his obligations to the former : Smollett avowedly imitated the latter. Cervantes makes the conduct of his actors follow from their dispositions ; his creations are living illustrations of universal principles. Le Sage, on the other hand, takes men as they are moulded by circumstances, and insists less on their internal dispositions than on the effect of their external conditions. The one is a painter of the manners which result from surrounding circumstances ; the other, of the deeper elements of character of which manners are the disguise or expression. Fielding has been often compared to Cervantes, Smollett to Le Sage. Speaking generally, the comparisons are just. In their delineations of character Richardson knows only the principles ; Smollett insists on the practical results ; Fielding, like Cervantes, knows the principles and observes the results ; he not only notes eccentricities, but treats character as a living whole. Richardson draws men only from within, Smollett only from without, Fielding from both. Hence, while Richardson's creations are me-

chanical and Smollett's typical, Fielding's have the reality of flesh and blood.

Walpole was bored by Richardson ; he called for an ounce of civet when jostled by Fielding. In taste and artistic skill Fielding is vastly superior both to Richardson and to Smollett. His grave irony and quiet satire are peculiar to himself. His novels inculcate no philanthropic reforms, no social crotchets ; they are truly classic, distinguished by excellence of composition and power of giving vigorous expression to broad average sentiments. Everything in "Tom Jones" is durable and substantial, as good now as in the day on which it was written. On the other hand, he has none of the sympathy of Richardson, or the rude pathos or sombre power of Smollett. His more subtle and delicate humor does not vie with that of Smollett in farcical breadth and force. Nor, with all his variety of active outdoor scenes, can he equal his northern rival in inexhaustible fertility of comic resource. But he has brought together a richer gallery of distinctly individualized figures. His knowledge of human nature, his wide experience of life, and close observation of men, gave him an accuracy in portraiture which equals that of Hogarth. Yet his characters are not servile copies, but original creations. They pass out of the mint of his mind into general currency, stamped with the superscription of their author. More than any of his contemporaries, he is a painter of essential nature. His women are less successful : they are matter-of-fact, commonplace, healthy young women, with nothing characteristically feminine in their composition. His robust, vigorous imagination was admirably adapted to reproduce the rough outlines of life, but it was too blunt in its sagacity to stoop to small details or the evanescent lights and shades of female character. He has none of the delicacy of Richardson ; Sophia Western is a far less subtle study than Clarissa Harlowe. Richardson had in this respect an advantage over him both in training and temperament. The boyish imagination of Fielding luxuriated, we should suppose, in horses and hounds, and the delights of sport. Till his marriage he formed no conception of the inner mind of women. Richard-

son, on the other hand, was, as we have seen, peculiarly fitted to portray female character. His idea of the inmost nature of women was a primitive ingredient, an essential element of his mental constitution. He conceived it before his faculties were fully conscious. It was not pieced together from the results of experience, but it was a constituent part of his mind, supplemented, corrected, and enlarged by fifty years' association and experience. Fielding drew from observation, Richardson from intuition. It is the difference between the first and subsequent proofs of an engraving. Richardson's are first impressions; Fielding's pictures were taken when the plate, blunted and worn, was no longer capable of producing delicate lights and shades. Johnson contended that Richardson knew more of human character than Fielding. In abstract knowledge Richardson may have been the greater: but in drawing men as they exist in ordinary life Fielding had no rival near his throne.

In the construction of his plots Fielding was infinitely superior to his contemporaries. Coleridge classed the plot of "Tom Jones" among the three best that were ever constructed. The praise is extravagant: the episode of the "Man of the Hill" is justly condemned as unwarrantable. Yet, with rare exceptions, every detail has a sufficient cause, every incident contributes to the catastrophe and develops character. The adventures form not the ground-work of the story, but, as in real life, the ornament. Compared with Fielding, Smollett is a literary mechanic, a builder not an architect, rather a joiner than a designer.

Fielding's genius is limited to the commonplace, and restrained by the common-sense of the day. His mind is prosaic. He is not sympathetic enough to attempt pathos; he is dull to the more enthusiastic side of human nature; scenery exercised no spell over his feelings. But his views of life are healthy and vigorous; his morality sturdy and unaffected. Tom Jones could never have become a Lovelace, in spite of all his faults. He would have worshipped Clarissa Harlowe with a manly devotion which Richardson could not understand. Fielding repudiated the sentimentalism of Richardson as Johnson scorned that

of Rousseau. "Joseph Andrews" is a protest against the tendency to subordinate principles to sentiment. Hypocrisy is his detestation: in the excess of his zeal against moral affectations, he is led, if not to excuse, at least to abstain from condemning, the vices of Tom Jones. In his hatred of shams he closely resembles Thackeray. But Thackeray's admiration of "handsome Harry Fielding" was elicited by the hearty buoyant nature of the man rather than by affinity of genius. Fielding's joyous energy had little in common with the anxious temperament of his nineteenth-century successor.

Smollett's weakness in comparison with Fielding appears in other points besides the delineation of character. Fielding writes a real history, based on fictitious facts; Smollett, like Dickens, strings together a collection of comic episodes. Fielding keeps his characters well in view from the first, and groups them with classic art. Smollett picks up his actors on his travels, and carries them through a medley of adventures and mishaps. His great merits consist in the irresistible force of his broad humor, his endless inventions of burlesque incidents and eccentric characters, his vigor and fertility of resource, the variety of forms of life which he depicts, and the rapidity with which his events succeed one another. The world, as he describes it, resembles the close of a pantomime. No such hurly burly of horseplay and boisterous roar of laughter could have arisen from any other society except that of the days of George II. Even at that period the accumulation of comic disasters is exaggerated. Like Dickens, Smollett has a keen perception of eccentricities, and disguises autobiography under the form of fiction. About both there is the same tone of vulgarity, the same tendency to lay on their color too thickly, to caricature rather than to paint portraits. Both largely depend for their humor on the comicality of external appearances; both incarnate particular traits and convert them into characters; both individualize their actors by their oddities. Smollett combines the coarseness of Rubens with that painter's large flowing style and force of coloring. Where he employs his own recollections, he has drawn

characters which deserve to be "everlasting possessions." As a picture of a Scotch compatriot, Lismahago, with a remote resemblance to Don Quixote, deserves to stand by the side of Dugald Dalgetty or Richie Moniplies; he uses his medical knowledge to draw the admirable sketch of Morgan, the Welsh apothecary: his nautical experience enabled him to paint inimitable, though somewhat caricatured, sailors like Trunion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Bowing. Between Le Sage and Smollett there are some instructive points of resemblance and of difference. Smollett travelled like Smelfungus, with a jaundiced eye, and the testiness of a Scotchman: Le Sage carries with him the gaiety of a Frenchman who regards the world as a theatre which offers him diversion. Both paint life, but Smollett is most dependent on his reminiscences. With the exception of Triaquero, Sangrado, and the Marquise de Chaves, Le Sage has few personal allusions, while Smollett's figures are almost all caricatures of living persons. Le Sage's great novel is a comedy; Smollett's a farce. Both are moralists; but Le Sage preaches virtue by laughing at Vice, Smollett by painting her in all her naked coarseness.

Fielding and Smollett belong to the same class among novelists. Both are vigorous painters of real life; and both increased the resources of their art. Their broad effective touches are in strong contrast with Defoe's minute realism of incident, or Richardson's equally minute realism of character. In humor and style Smollett shares the honors with Fielding. But, while Fielding enriched the treasury of the novelist with irony, skilfully constructed plots, accurate and varied delineations of character; Smollett's peculiar contributions are of a less important nature. They are confined to the rude pathos of the death of Trunion, the sombre power of the robber's cave in Count Fathom, the employment as a ludicrous effect of bad spelling, and the use of natural description as a background to his human figures.

Sterne is more difficult to classify than any of his predecessors. He applies old methods to modern life. But the special gift, with which he enriched the modern novel, is the subtle analysis of character, not in its more permanent or strongly

marked outlines, but in the faint and almost imperceptible shadows which play upon its surface. It follows that Sterne resembled Richardson rather than Fielding or Smollett. In the presentation of character his execution is more skilful and less apparently labored than that of Richardson; but, like him, he appeals to the sentiments. He was, however, no imitator of his contemporaries. His mind was stored with reminiscences of Rabelais and the old amatory romances. Acutely sensitive to the lightest impressions, his nature was not retentive of a lasting stamp. No one was so quick to catch, or more dexterous in preserving, the evanescent scent of every passing fancy or transient emotion; but he was incapable of that strong and deep feeling which imparts its own peculiar form to everything by which it is stirred. This combination of a soft, sensitive, shallow nature constitutes his peculiar gift. He represents that simple, elemental impression which events make upon the feelings without the slightest distortion of the intellect or the imagination. "Tristram Shandy" is a pure picture of the natural effect of the affairs of life as they act directly and immediately on the human heart. Sterne makes no attempt to rival Fielding in the construction of a plot. The only unity of "Tristram Shandy" is its continual advertisement of its author's sensitive nature. It is a loosely-strung chain of brilliant *morceaux*. Without plan or order, it is best read in selections. As a work of art the "Sentimental Journey" is superior. From the nature of its subject it is less open to criticism of incoherency. Full of Sterne's rapid observation and brilliant presentation of idyllic scenes, it resembles a series of exquisitely finished pictures on the delicate paste of old Sèvres.

Like Smollett, Sterne paints the eccentricities of mankind. It might be urged as a fault against the group of characters in "Tristram Shandy" that, like the original plan of "Pickwick," it forms a "Club of Oddities," a collection of grotesque persons who could never have existed without the intermixture of more commonplace characters. But, so far as each individual figure is concerned, his skill in using the points which he notices is infinitely more artistic than

that of Smollett. In a whimsical method he traces the relation of peculiarities to the universal principles from which they have diverged. He follows his anomalous characters to the border line where they imperceptibly shade off into common humanity, and shows how accident distorts natural types into abnormal exceptions, how every man is a potential oddity. Mr. Shandy's philosophy is based on a perception of these relations, and of the interference of trivial circumstances with the formation of monstrosities. It is thus that infinitesimal causes govern the world. Had Cleopatra's nose been longer, the destiny of the world had been different. But Sterne characteristically entrusts his views of character to a philosopher who, from a solitary life, and antediluvian studies, has converted his theories into paradoxes, which, like a moral astrologer, he has made the basis of an occult science.

Like Smollett again, Sterne derives his best work from his recollections. The quick, knowing boy, who with open eyes and ears haunted the mess-room, picked up a store of comic incident, traits of military character, adventures of garrison life. Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, who confer upon him his title to immortality, are painted from his boyish reminiscences. Though he makes a plaything of his affection, he retained a tender feeling for his father. Everything else about Sterne seems unreal, his indecency, his learning, his eccentricity, his pathos. He has none of the robust and hearty power of Rabelais, but, monkey-like, apes with prurient gestures the constitutional coarseness of his master. He imitates and plagiarizes freely. We bow to old acquaintances on every page. Passages are taken verbally from the "Anatomy of Melancholy," suggestions from Martinus Scriblerus, digressions and philosophical burlesques from Rabelais, the irony of cross-purposes, and the effective opposition of his principal characters from Cervantes. He entertains his company in the dressing-gown and slippers of intimacy, with his grammar in disarray, his constructions slipshod, his sentences down at heel. But this eccentricity of style is assumed, to heighten the effect he wishes to produce. His touches, though bold,

are singularly definite; nothing is left general. Thus his pages have the sparkle and the color of bright and lively conversation. He goes out of his way, like Dickens, to seek lachrymose effects, to dwell ostentatiously on the tenderness of his sympathy. Even the death of Lefevre is only used to heighten the impression of Uncle Toby's generosity. His changes are as capricious as those of April: sun, rain, and mud do not alternate more rapidly than do Sterne's laughter, tears, and dirt. He outrages the sympathy which he has elicited by an indecent gesture; he shoots his scholastic or irrelevant rubbish in a spot which he has a moment before consecrated. He is never unconscious. Like a mannered coquette, he invites the reader to play perpetual hide-and-seek with his meaning.

"Et fugit ad salices et se cupit esse videri."

Yet the result of all is a book which is not only unique in its delineation of character, but fascinating from its oddity. Sterne offered the ass at Lyons, not a bundle of hay or a thistle, but a macaroon. So he offers the reading public something it has never tasted either before or since.

One side of social life yet remained untouched. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, had painted no fireside pictures. In March 1766 was published the "Vicar of Wakefield." It is a prose idyll, the first domestic novel. It is also the first novel which contains no indecent expression. To critical eyes it appears full of absurdities, inconsistencies, and improbabilities. The maxims seem sententious, the villain a stage ruffian, the incognito of Burchell a theatrical mystery. Yet results only prove the truth of Goldsmith's advertisement, that a book "may be amusing with numerous errors." The "Vicar of Wakefield" is better known than many works of a more perfect character. Few books have furnished so many literary allusions. Full of practical wisdom, cheerful contentment, humorous observation, and without a touch of malice, it has the added charm of the unconscious ease of perfect simplicity. Dr. Primrose is one of those characters which posterity never allows to die. Sir Roger de Coverley, Parson Adams,

Uncle Toby, and Dr. Primrose, bear a strong family likeness, though each are distinct and individual, to their ancestor Don Quixote. The humor, at once ludicrous and pathetic, which each of the five creates, arises from the intrusion of rough realities into their imaginary world. In his simplicity and pedantry Doctor Primrose resembles Parson Adams. But Fielding's hero is without the dignity of the Vicar. So natural are the whole Primrose family, that had Mr. Shandy lived in that part of Yorkshire, he would have illustrated his theory of names by the instance of Olivia, and we catch ourselves wondering what would have been her fate had the Doctor had his way and called her "Grissel." No greater praise can be bestowed upon a book than Goethe's testimony, that it exercised a soothing influence over his mind at a crisis in his mental history, and inspired him with a new ideal of life and letters.

The great masters whose works we have discussed had their imitators. Of these, Cumberland, Johnstone, and Mackenzie are the least obscure. Cumberland, though he wrote three novels, is best known as a dramatist, memoir-writer, and the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary. Johnstone belongs to the school of Smollett. He published "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," in 1761. The idea is taken from Le Sage's "Diable Boiteux;" Chrysal plays the part of Asmodeus. It is a satire, in the form of a novel, on men of the day. It severely handles Whitefield, exposes the abuses of the army, the navy, and the law; the speculations of politicians, the horrors of the Havannah Expedition, and contains an account of the monks of Medmenham, and caricatured sketches of Wilkes, Dashwood, Kidgell, Martin, Garrick, Henry Fox, Churchill, the Duke of Cumberland, and other celebrities. Mackenzie's contributions to the "Lounger" and the "Mirror" gained him the title of the Addison of the North. As a novelist he resembles Sterne in style. But he also imitates Goldsmith. Sir Thomas Sindall, "The Man of the World," who ruins the son and seduces the daughter of the curate, is a second Squire Thornhill. "The Man of Feeling" is Mackenzie's best

known work; it formed part of the illicit library of Lydia Languish. Harley is a bashful, sentimental, sensitive hero, such as Richardson might have painted, and Fielding would have parodied. The novel is a purposely disjointed story, imitating in its disconnected and fragmentary chapters the style of Sterne. The author, who professes to be the editor, explains this incoherency in his preface by the fact, that the curate who was first entrusted with the manuscript had found it "excellent wadding." The anonymous publication of the "Man of Feeling," in 1771, was the occasion of a literary fraud like that which accompanied the appearance of George Eliot in literature.

Miss Burney's novels are valuable as pictures of fashionable society at the close of the eighteenth century. In her day she enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. "Evelina," which was published in 1778, and "Cecilia," which four years later Dr. Johnson sate up half the night to finish, are now unknown. "Evelina," unlike "Cecilia," has no plot; it is a fresh spontaneous story, which displays a considerable power of broad comedy: but the dialogue, with some pointed and lively exceptions, is tedious, the characters insipid, the sentiments artificial, and the contrivances for the introduction of the actors clumsy. Miss Burney has a woman's eye for peculiarities and unconventionalities, though she shows little perception of deeper shades of character; she rather describes single features than faces. She notes manners, not as they represent the sum total of our habits and pursuits, but only as they are displayed by behavior in company. Her conventional standard of propriety is false in its delicacy, and insipid in its conventionality. Her actors, though distinct, are uniform. They preserve their identity through superficial differences. Without real depth of observation Miss Burney inevitably became a mannerist, and copied from herself. Like the famous picture of the Flamborough family in the "Vicar of Wakefield," her types of fashionable frivolity, vulgarity, or family pride, are painted, each holding an orange in the hand. Her lovers are love-making machines, created to sigh, sentimentalize, propose, and disappear. Her powers

hardly pass beyond those of mimicry. If she attempts to paint feelings, she exaggerates. She is altogether deficient in that keenness of perception which stimulated Miss Austen or Charlotte Brontë to find in blankness of expression only a starting-point for investigation, a demand for more penetrating observation. Miss Burney's head was turned by her success. Though she was "royally gagged and promoted to fold muslin," light literature sustained no very serious loss. Yet it would be unjust not to bear in mind that to her, after Goldsmith, belongs the credit of raising the moral tone of light literature. Heroic Romancers professed to idolize women as goddesses; Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett treated them as beasts of chase, whom it is the pleasure of civilized man to hunt down; Goldsmith and Miss Burney regarded them from the point of view of family life. Miss Burney's best title to fame is that she led the way for Miss Austen and the long line of female novelists who have excelled in novels of society.

In the violence of their recoil from ideal extravagance, novelists of real life made truth the only province of fiction. Imagination, poetry, passion, were banished. Their excess in turn produced reaction. The Romantic School disregarded both truth and probability; they reproduced in different form the wilful exaggerations of the old Ideal romances. Heroic tales had fallen into disrepute; yet even after

"The talisman and magic wand were broke,
Knights, dwarfs and genii vanish'd into
smoke,"

it may be doubted whether they entirely lost their influence. Realism was but half-hearted. If heroes no longer clove giants to the chine, they passed in a single year through perils that scarcely environ the lives of twenty ordinary men; with all their permitted license they remained knights of love who never broke a vow. Though the bounds of possibility were no longer over-passed, probability was frequently transcended. Nor was it only the accumulation of the incidents that betrayed the influence of the proscribed Heroic Romance. The insipid sentiment of "tender tales" which recounted the fortunes of

"The Fair one from the first-born sigh,
When Harry past and gaz'd in passing by,"

recalled the protracted gallantries of the older school. The Romantic revival is therefore a less remarkable feature than it appears to the casual observer. If the mannerisms of sentimental novelists suggest the portraits of the Flamborough family, the improbabilities of the Minerva Press recall by their incongruities the companion picture of the Primrose group. The wild tales of Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and Maturin, and the still greater exaggerations of their imitators, revive the extravagances of romantic mythology; banditti and ghosts supplanted the giants and enchanters. Novelists of real life appeared too exclusively to the senses; the new school acted on Cabani's paradox, "*les nerfs, voilà tout l'homme.*" The disordered period with which the eighteenth century closed and the introduction of German literature multiplied the pictures, to quote Crabbe once more, of the Château:

"... the western tower decay'd,
The peasants shun it . . . they are all afraid;
For there was done a deed! Could walls
reveal,
Or timber tell it, how the heart would feel!"

Yet out of these wild, fantastic tales sprang the historical novel of Scott, as well as the novel of passion and incident of Lord Lytton and Charlotte Brontë.

Romantic fiction began, like novels of real life, in a burlesque. "The Castle of Otranto" is a piece of serious trifling which suited the taste of Horace Walpole. The difference between the two schools is, as it were, epitomized in the contrast between the coarse-grained vigor of Fielding and the affected diletanteism of the founder of romantic fiction. Architect, antiquary, geologist, traveller, Walpole had acquired a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge. He retired from prosaic realism to his Gothic castle on Strawberry Hill, where he could "gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass." The "Castle of Otranto" was published in 1764 under the pseudonym of W. Marshall, as a translation from the Italian of "Onuphrio Muralto." It is a Gothic Arabian Nights, which fails to stimulate the latent sense of supernatural awe, a half-serious attempt to combine a picture of mediæval

life with delineation of character. Walpole's success is limited to the reproduction of the external details of society in the Middle Ages. He does not transform his knights into living men. At the period he describes a belief in the supernatural was universal; its use as a motive is therefore in itself appropriate enough. But his machinery is, whether from design or accident, injudiciously employed. It is so paraded and obtruded, that all the vagueness and mystery which encourages faith is replaced by an undue familiarity, and at the same time the gigantic sword, helmet, and figure of Alphonso are not only supernatural but unnatural.

Miss Reeve fails where Walpole is most successful. The scene of the "Old English Baron," which appeared in 1777, is laid at the time of the minority of Henry VI. All the details and accessories of mediæval life are wholly false. Lord Lovel's sons apologize to Sir Philip Harclay for continuing their exercises with the hope that they may meet him at dinner; they retire with their tutor after the cloth is removed, leaving the two gentlemen over their wine. Edmund Twiford is called by a servant in the morning with the intimation that breakfast will be served in an hour. Sir Philip sups on poached eggs and a rasher, and goes to a comfortable bed in the house of his peasant host. It might almost seem that Mr. Jesse Collings ambushed the "Old English Baron" behind the pages of his ledger. On the other hand, Miss Reeve anticipated the reforms which Coleridge and Wordsworth projected in the "Lyrical Ballads." If ghosts are to form part of the romantic machinery, the verge of the possible must not be passed: their conduct and their stature must be that of mortals. She herself adheres strictly to her own rule: in the treatment of the supernatural the "Old English Baron" is infinitely superior to the "Castle of Otranto."

Neither Walpole nor Miss Reeve possessed a tithe of that infinite resource and exuberant imagination which characterized the "Romance of the Forest," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Italians," of Mrs. Radcliffe. These novels appeared respectively in 1791, 1793, and 1797. In them the rudeness,

which had marked previous efforts to arouse superstitious feelings, is replaced by the most consummate art. Mrs. Radcliffe is a mistress of hints, suggestions, minute details, breathless pauses, and the hush of suspense. Every agency that can work up the imagination and intensify the impression is carefully utilized. Her stories are essentially melodramatic; their only appeal is to the senses; the sole passion which she paints is Fear; in Love she wholly fails. She does not pretend to character. No human portraiture was needed; it is to the excitement of the incidents alone that she trusts. To this limited purpose her materials are skilfully adapted. Her plots, if monotonous, are firmly constructed; her language, though stilted and paraphrastic, occasionally rises to eloquence and poetry. Her landscape-painting is carried to excess, but it is carefully studied as an effect. It serves to attune the mind to the coming event. The atmosphere is charged with appropriate and well-contrasted coloring; the clouds are judiciously dropped; the thunder is always ominous; storms and sunshine are invariably opportune. Scenery in her hands, in fact, becomes a business character. On the other side, the human element is altogether wanting. All that Mrs. Radcliffe requires is that the outlines of her conventional actors should be vigorously drawn, the figures appropriately grouped, the scowl of the monk or the bandit marked with sufficient emphasis. Her villains, with the possible exception of La Motte, are mere stage ruffians. Nothing compensates for such unreal heroines as her Ellenas or her Adelines; it is impossible for the second time to follow their adventures with any degree of interest. Whatever chance her novels possessed of reperusal, she herself destroyed by attempted explanations of her machinery of terror. Her object was to bring her stories within the range of ordinary life, to adapt the magical embellishments of heroic romance to the realism of the modern novel. But such compromises proved an artistic defect. The reader is more irritated to find that the object of his terror is a trick, than to feel his curiosity baffled and unsatisfied.

Mrs. Radcliffe had many imitators. But for the most part they were content-

ed, like Shelley in his boyish novels of "Zastrozzi" or "St. Irvyne," to pile horror upon horror or extravagance upon extravagance. The fat, good-natured Lewis, who patronized Scott, and of whom Byron wrote

"I would give many a sugar-cane
Monk Lewis were alive again,"

published "The Monk" in 1795. With far less originality than Mrs. Radcliffe, he drew largely for his incidents on the horrors of German fiction. Abler than Monk Lewis was Maturin, an Irish popular preacher, novelist, and dramatist. His plots are incoherent, his characters unreal, his incidents improbable. But he has passages of wild eloquence, a power of invention, and a command of turbulent passions which at times approach irregular genius. His best known work is "Bertram," a play which owed its success to its Satanic character and Byron's patronage. None of his novels reached a second edition. The most powerful is "Montorio," which appeared in 1804, and was "misnamed (*sic*) by the bookseller," as he tells the reader in the preface to one of his later novels, "The Fatal Revenge."

To the keen, observant eye of Miss Austen Mrs. Radcliffe's melodramatic marvels appeared ridiculous. Catherine Morland, the heroine of "Northanger Abbey," is not an early riser, artist, skilled musician, and sonneteer. Consequently she found in the mysterious chest only the lists of linen sent to the wash, and a farrier's bill, beginning "To poultice chestnut mare," which had belonged to the previous occupant of the room. The weak features of the romantic novels are their neglect of character and the improbability of their incidents. Yet with all their extravagances they added to the resources of their Art. They gave to the tone of novelists the eloquence and impressiveness of poetic language; they developed the advantages of natural description; they raised fiction out of the dull circle of realistic pictures of everyday life; they showed that poetic feeling was essential to success in the highest forms of the modern novel.

Romantic fiction contained the germs of historical novels, and of novels of passion and incident which select as

their themes unusual rather than ordinary aspects of life. Before Walter Scott, the historical novel hardly existed. But the mine from which he drew his wealth had been discovered by previous explorers. Walpole and Miss Reeve have been already mentioned. Godwin achieved no success in historical romance. Among Scott's predecessors in the field, Sophia Lee, and Jane and Anna Maria Porter are perhaps the most important. Sophia Lee, sister of Harriet Lee, the author of the "Canterbury Tales," wrote the "Recess" in 1784. In 1793, at the age of thirteen, the younger Miss Porter wrote stories, which were published under the title of "Artless Tales." Except "Barony," all her numerous novels are as completely forgotten as her infantine productions. Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803) and "Scottish Chiefs" (1810) still hold their own. Thaddeus, a Polish refugee, once the brother-in-arms of Kosciusko, now a teacher of languages, is described by Sophia Egerton as "a soldier by his dress, a man of rank from his manners, an Apollo from his person, and a hero from his prowess." The influence of the extravagant Romantic school was still strong. Shelley, after his expulsion from Oxford, took lodgings in Poland Street, where he consoled himself by thinking of Thaddeus of Warsaw. A greater and more enduring distinction belongs to Miss Porter, if Scott was serious when he told her that her writings first suggested to him his own historical novels. He paid a somewhat similar compliment to Miss Edgeworth, and admirers of Lady Morgan have claimed for the "Wild Irish Girl" the parentage of Di Vernon.

Scott's predecessors either neglected the appropriate accessories of the period they professed to describe, or crippled their creative energies by slavish adherence to authenticated details. The material of the historical novelist is presented to him in a disjointed form; talent may piece together a mosaic, genius alone can fuse the elements into a harmonious whole. Mere study of detail often leads, like Mrs. Radcliffe's passages—nowhere. The spirit of the combat evaporates in the description of the trappings, till we exclaim with Trim, "Good God! one home-thrust with a

bayonet was worth it all." If the novel is crowded with antiquities, it becomes a didactic game; if it gives a bold sketch of facts, it is condemned as history assuming the license of fiction. Historical Romance is a field in which none have wholly succeeded. The historical novelist attempts a Herculean task. He has to reproduce to himself a past age so vividly, that it becomes the atmosphere of his mental life, and at the same time to throw this unreal self into the characters he creates, that they may live and move as real beings. Scott succeeded better than any other writer in the task. Shakspeare neglects one side of it altogether. He made no attempt to reproduce the manners, customs, or beliefs of past ages. A Greek father determines to send his daughter to a nunnery; Demetrius and Lysander go out to fight a duel: the fairies of the Middle Ages held their revels in classic Greece. Whether the novelist chooses some well-defined epoch, or some conspicuous personage, his treatment is necessarily conventional; he must follow the received view. In other words, he must deepen the colors with which popular imagination has exaggerated the features of the period or the hero. Looking to the superhuman difficulty of the twofold task, the relative success which has been attained, the repeated failures, and the necessary unreality of the presentation, it may be doubted whether, from an artistic point of view, the historical novel is a legitimate branch of fiction. Does "Woodstock" rank with "The Antiquary," "Esmond" with "The Newcomes," or "The Last Days of Pompeii" with "My Novel"?

From the Romantic school was developed the novel of incident or passion, in which truth was shown to be stranger than fiction. Partridge saw no merit in a man who behaved on the stage like any one else; he greatly preferred the "robustious perriwig-pated fellow," who threw his arms about like a windmill. In the "Storm and Stress" period which closed the eighteenth century a considerable section of society agreed with Partridge. Of this feeling Mrs. Radcliffe had taken advantage in one direction. For the wild extravagances of the "Minerva Press" were now substituted the no less strange possibilities

of real life. The new field of fiction was almost exclusively occupied by writers who sympathized with the doctrines of the French Revolutionists, and were inspired by the prevailing spirit of restlessness and discontent. Novelists like Holcroft, Bage, Godwin, and Mrs. Inchbald, labored by mental problems, moral paradoxes, or harrowing instances of the cruel operation of social laws to prove that whatever is, is wrong, that sympathy is never at fault, and hard cases cannot be right. It is impossible that novels written with such a purpose, however interesting as records of a passing phase of thought, can ever become classics of literature. "Hermesprong," the hero of Bage's best novel, is a young man, educated without the influence of the nurse or the priest, who enters upon life with reason for his guide. He inflicts his principles of social equality on Lord Grondale, and on Doctor Blick his views of religious liberty. By a marvellous display of presence of mind and courage he saves the life of Lord Grondale's daughter, and eventually proves to be the rightful heir to the Grondale estates and a baronetcy.

Incomparably the greatest of the new school of writers were Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald. "Caleb Williams" is a tale of sombre, dreary power, which stamped its harsh, severe features indelibly on the mind of society. "Hic jacet" was the title that critics suggested for a work which they foretold would be the sepulchre of Godwin's literary reputation. Yet "Caleb Williams" probably contributed more than all his other works to save his name from oblivion. The interest is excited by a striking contrast between the workings of the minds of Caleb Williams and Falkland. Godwin wrote the novel when the fire of "Political Justice" burned fiercely within him. Its principal element of success is the morbid skill with which the elements of the human mind are analyzed. It is a novel of crime: but it does not belong to the same class as those works of fiction which merely reproduce a page from the "Newgate Calendar." Like "Eugene Aram," it states a moral problem, and is a close study of the human mind. There is no attempt to attract by the factitious interest of ghastly details. Its faults and its merits are characteristic of

the author of "Political Justice." As in "Caleb Williams," so in his political and social theories, Godwin arrived at a conclusion first, and subsequently reasoned back step by step with remorseless logic to the necessary premises. The strength of both lies in the firmness with which he grasps his point, the logical pertinacity and uncompromising precision with which he works out his central idea. The weakness of both consists in his want of experience and disregard of the actual conditions of life. His characters are impersonations of the acute mental guesses of a closet philosopher: their conversations are stiff, unnatural, pompous. "Caleb Williams" is written with a twofold purpose. Godwin's first object is to prove that crime ought not to be punished by law; like "Les Misérables," the novel preaches the natural capacity of man for self-reformation. His second aim is to show that the law, as administered in England, favors real criminals, if men of rank and influence, to escape justice. Godwin took no pains to familiarize himself with the system he attacked, and throughout betrays his ignorance of legal rules and procedure. "Mandeville," "St. Leon," "Cloudsley," though in style they are perhaps superior to "Caleb Williams," are weaker in substance. In the character of Henrietta in "Mandeville," Godwin drew the portrait of his celebrated wife. Shelley considered her speech to Mandeville the finest that was ever penned, with the possible exception of that of Agathon in the "Symposium" of Plato.

In spite of his cold, passionless temperament, Godwin was the friend of "Perdita" Robinson, Harriet Lee, Mrs. Opie—then Miss Alderson—and Mrs. Inchbald. Mrs. Inchbald was one of the most attractive women of the day. The daughter of a Suffolk farmer, she married an actor, and remained on the stage till her husband's death in 1779. A slight impediment in her speech disqualified her from high success as an actress, and turned her thoughts to literature. A coquette, winning in manner, sprightly in conversation, quick in repartee, an admirable teller of stories, Mrs. Inchbald in society gathered all the men round her chair. "It was vain," said Mrs. Shelley, "for any other wom-

an to attempt to gain attention." Her praise of "The Giaour" delighted Lord Byron more than any other criticism; Miss Edgeworth wished to see her first among living celebrities; her charm fascinated Sheridan and overcame the prejudice of Lamb; Leigh Hunt was at her feet; Peter Pindar wrote verses in praise of "Eliza." From the age of eighteen she was wooed on and off the stage, but no breath of scandal ever tarnished her name. Had John Kemble proposed himself, she probably would have married him. He is the hero of her first novel. Mrs. Butler records that her uncle John once asked the actress, when matrimony was the subject of green-room conversation, "Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?" "Dear heart," said the stammering beauty, turning her sweet sunny face up to him, "I'd have j-j-jumped at you." With some irregular lapses into scepticism, she lived and died a zealous Roman Catholic.

Mrs. Inchbald wrote two novels—"A Simple Story" (1791) and "Nature and Art" (1796). "A Simple Story" wears the most modern air of any previously written novel. She curtails the conventional length, and her style is easy and unaffected. There runs through the book the charm of a true woman. Her dramatic experience stood her in good stead; she writes briskly and briefly; her conversations are lively and natural. Dorriforth, the priest, educated like Kemble at Douay, who is released from his vows of celibacy on succeeding to a peerage and marries Miss Milner, impressed himself upon Macaulay's mind as the real type of the Roman Catholic peer. The weak feature of the story is the disappearance of the heroine of the first portion of the novel, and the period of seventeen years which elapses between the two parts of the same story. On the other hand, it is creditable to Mrs. Inchbald's taste that she only devotes a sentence to the circumstances that had soured Dorriforth with life, and inspired him with hatred of his daughter. "Nature and Art" (1796) was written when Mrs. Inchbald was most under the influences of the doctrines of the French Revolutionists. It is a propagandist novel in praise of natural instincts as opposed to artificial character.

It recounts the adventures of two boys who come up to London to make their fortunes. Nature makes one a musician ; Art raises the other into a Dean. All real virtue is on the side of the former. The contrasts grow sharper in their respective children. The Dean's son becomes a Judge. In a very powerful scene he condemns Agnes, the woman he had ruined and betrayed, for the murder of his child. At the time, the novel succeeded by appealing dramatically to the spirit which permeated a large section of society. But as a whole it is inferior to "A Simple Story."

The novels both of Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald are pitched in a higher key than those of their predecessors. They appeal less to sentiment than to passion ; they deal with wild scenes of strong emotion ; paint dark pictures of sin and remorse, portray life not on its every-day side, but in its romantic aspect. They led the way for Lord Lytton and Charlotte Brontë. The obligations which the former owed both to Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald were considerable. "A Strange Story" resembles in some of its outlines "St. Leon ;" Godwin at one time meditated writing a novel on "Eugene Aram," and possibly suggested the subject to Lytton, who was an intimate friend of the then aged novelist. If this be so, it is more than a coincidence that the name of the murdered man in "Caleb Williams" is given to Sir James Tyrrel, whose murder on Newmarket Heath is described with such graphic force in "Pelham." The trial and condemnation of Agnes in "Nature and Art" so strikingly resembles the impressive scene in "Paul Clifford," where Brandon condemns his son, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Lytton owed the suggestion to Mrs. Inchbald.

The growth of the English novel in the eighteenth century epitomizes the characteristics of the period. It follows the change from the prose of its commencement to the poetry of its conclusion. In the realism of Defoe is represented the extreme of its reaction against the enthusiasm of religion, literature, and politics, whether chivalrous or republican. From the fatal effects of that sentimental disease which infected Richardson, England was saved by the

sturdy common-sense of men like Fielding, and the domestic virtues that are painted by Goldsmith. As the century drew to its close, the pent-up imagination, which here and there had trickled off in Della-Cruscan dilettanteism, finally burst its bonds, and flowed into new channels of historical romance, or moral, social, and political idealisms. If in its general outlines the novel represented the age, with still closer fidelity did it reflect its minute details. Life is presented in every aspect ; vivid side-lights fall upon manners and morals : from the thieves' quarter to Almacks no class is omitted. Never before was society so dramatically presented ; of no previous age do we possess a knowledge at once so detailed and so general ; in none exists so rich a gallery of contemporary portraits.

As the century advanced to its close, novels increased in power and in compass. To bare realism of facts were added the minute, concrete, or analytical presentation of character ; graces of style, careful construction of plots, humor—whether of the broad, farcical, or subtle kind—pathos both rude and tender, imagination, natural description, the fiery poetry and the glow of passion. Men brought to bear their masculine vigor, women their penetrating observation, upon the elaboration of the novel. Yet the instrument was not perfected. Even the novel of social and real life, on which the best intellects were concentrated, was incomplete. The real life of Fielding was real enough, but it was not the every-day world of Miss Austen ; Sterne's group of oddities had still to be shaded off, as in nature, by more commonplace characters ; the mimicry of Miss Burney overlooked the minute details of society by which women discriminate their own sex. New strings remained to be added. The full power of the novel of passion and of incident was undeveloped ; the historical novel was untried ; polemical romance was yet to be pushed in many and opposite directions.

What an influence for good and evil have novelists become ! Keen, sarcastic critics of life, genial partakers of its interests, observant students of its hopes and failures, they have imagined stories that strike a chord which vibrates for a

lifetime, painted pictures of life-struggles and their issues which indelibly brand themselves on the memory, or, with an insight that is born of intuition or experience, laid bare the inmost secrets of the human heart. They have formed conceptions so lofty as to be everlasting possessions, and created characters that are compliments to hu-

man nature. As the keen scimitar and nervous arm of Saladin accomplished a feat which the giant strength and ponderous blade of Richard could not perform, so novelists have enforced moral lessons more powerful than a wilderness of homolists, and taught effectively by parables where other teaching has produced only slumber. — *Quarterly Review*.

EVOLUTION IN ARCHITECTURE.

BY FRANCIS H. BAKER.

THE disciple of Darwin labors under one disadvantage. The periods necessary for maturing the changes which he investigates being so immeasurably superior to those relating to ordinary mundane affairs, he cannot verify the sequence of the events by the independent testimony of contemporary history. It would be interesting to apply the theories of development and natural selection to some department of knowledge in which we could have that aid.

Human society is so largely subject to the influence of emotions which appear to have little or nothing in common with the orderly operation of natural laws, and its course is so chequered with action and reaction, that it is often difficult to follow any particular line of progress for a length of time. Examples of regular development are, however, not wanting, and one of the most striking is to be found in the history of architecture. To a person ignorant of such history there would appear to be no connection between a Gothic cathedral and a Greek temple, beyond the facts that both were buildings of stone, and both had been dedicated to religious worship; yet that one has been evolved out of the other is a matter of simple demonstration. We can supply all the links of the chain by referring to edifices still standing, the times and circumstances of the erection of many of which have been detailed by the general historian.

To find the source from which the European nations have derived the art of building in stone, we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from

the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonization. The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts, of the ancient Greek buildings to some of those found in Egypt of older date, affords strong confirmation of the tradition that the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, and the reason for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but when, as in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks, with their eye for symmetry, provided for this by forming the roof with a central ridge, at an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus formed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the pediment, and this part of the façade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was thenceforth regarded as so essential to the artistic completeness of the work that it was said that if a temple were to be erected in the celestial regions, where rain would not be possible, the pediment could not be omitted.

Both the Egyptians and the Greeks were satisfied with bridging over the openings of doors and windows, and the spaces between columns, by means

of the architrave, a mode of construction which involved the necessity of using long blocks of stone. But the Romans, whose enterprise took a wider range, were not content to labor under such restrictions. In their engineering works they were familiar with the principle whereby blocks of comparatively small size, arranged in a semicircular form, can be made to hold together without support from beneath, except at the two ends of the series, by being arranged in the form of a semicircle; and applying this principle to architecture, they not only gave to art a freedom it never before enjoyed, but conferred on it a new element of beauty. The arch, unknown to the Greeks—or, if known, not made use of in their temples—and employed by the Romans in the first instance from utilitarian motives, has ever since been an important, often the most important, feature in architectural works.

The Roman architect was thus in possession of all the constructive elements—pillar, architrave, pediment, and arch—which distinguish an architectural edifice from a building merely made up of walls and a roof. Without speculating as to the origin of pillar and architrave, with their subsidiary elements of plinth, capital, cornice, etc., it is clear that the last two—the pediment and the arch—resulted from the pressure of new and external circumstances. Into the history of the orders we need not enter. Their function is that of ornament, and the choice of their forms was probably governed by considerations of taste rather than the requirements of situation. The Classic architecture in the best examples presents all the characteristics of a finished and matured art; and if the old civilization had been maintained, in the old places, though an additional order or two might perhaps have been invented for the sake of variety, there is no indication that there would have been any important change in the style of building. The disintegration of the Roman Empire, however, and the triumph of the barbarians, brought into play an entirely new set of forces, and prepared the way for that wonderful series of beautiful and ever-varying creations which we know by the name of Gothic architecture.

Can we discover what it was that inspired the mediæval builders in the production of forms of so much beauty, often at times when all other arts were dead, and gross ignorance abounded? One consideration may help us. The periods of the Gothic styles (including those which led up to the styles to which the term is sometimes restricted) are precisely those which are called the *dark ages*; and in the successive changes through which the art passed in those ages can we not perceive a *yearning for light*—light in a threefold sense—religious, artistic and physical?

First, moral or *religious* light. An upward tendency now begins to manifest itself. There is an evident disposition to make the buildings appear as if springing up from the earth, instead of resting upon it. In the temples of antiquity, all the principal lines are horizontal, in agreement with the surface of the earth; in the mediæval buildings the tendency of the prevailing lines is to assume a vertical position, pointing heavenward.

2. *Artistic lightness*. The Greeks and Romans appear to have paid little regard to economy of material in the construction of their public edifices. Many of their works seem to rely for their effect chiefly upon their massive grandeur. But the Gothic architects seem to have been distressed with the weight of the material in which they worked. They found means, from time to time, to diminish its weightiness, in appearance at least, by diapering, moulding, and tracery.

3. *Physical light*. Under the semitropical skies of Southern Europe, little regard had to be paid to this blessing, beyond providing against its excess. On the removal of the centres of civilization northwards the openings for the admission of the light of day became objects of solicitude, and thenceforth the windows are the principal parts of the wall in which they are pierced.

A naturalist of the new school might describe to us the changes which would be induced in a plant or other organism translated from the sunny climate of its birth to the cold and murky atmosphere of the north, and surviving, by virtue of its "fitness" for a place in its new home. Let us follow, as rapidly as

possible, the behavior of the art of building in like circumstances. In doing so we may conveniently take the examples to be found in our own island; for although the Gothic architecture prevailed throughout the greater part of Europe during the middle ages, it ran its course with greater regularity, and for a much longer period, in England than on the Continent. Owing chiefly to its geographical position, this country was the first to lose the connection with imperial Rome, and the last to feel the full force of the Renaissance.

The first effect of the new state of things was in a direction completely opposed to the aspirations to which we have referred. The general sense of insecurity which followed the withdrawal of the Roman legions made the strength of their walls the first care of the early builders, and windows and doors were necessarily reduced to the narrowest dimensions. Hence the heavy character of the styles denominated Romanesque, represented in this country by Saxon and Early Norman works. The relative measurements established by classic taste were everywhere ignored by the Christianized barbarians; and if even our rude Saxon forefathers could have appreciated them, they must have been abandoned through necessity. There are no complete buildings in this country which can be pronounced with certainty to be genuine Saxon works. For a description of the buildings of that period we are dependent on the accounts of early writers, aided by fragments which have been incorporated with works of later construction. The Saxon churches are described as low, small, and mean, with very thick walls, and floors sunk below the level of the ground.

For four hundred years our ancestors endured these dark, dismal stone erections—that is to say, where they enjoyed the luxury of a stone church, for probably at that time most of their religious buildings were, like their houses, of wood. Two interesting features, however, relieve this dreary period. One is the triangular-headed window, a remarkable anticipation of the pointed arch; and the other, the insertion of a small pillar in the centre of some windows, which is evidently the forerunner of the

mullion. An excellent example of a window in which both these peculiarities are combined is to be seen at Barton-upon-Humber. The date is about A.D. 800.

Toward the end of the tenth century a first step was made in the direction we have indicated, by raising the central portion of the building above the roof, in the form of a low, square tower. This served as a lantern for the admission of light. In the eleventh century, when the Norman period commenced, the upward tendency was much more marked. The buildings generally were more lofty, and the tower especially was heightened. The splaying of windows—a device evidently brought about by the desire to obtain the maximum of light through the narrow openings in thick walls—now became general. The early Norman buildings retain in general the Romanesque character of massiveness, but efforts to relieve this are apparent in the rich carving of doorways, the occasional wreathing or other decoration of heavy supporting pillars, and the use of light arcades for mere ornament. The circular section of the pillar is no longer strictly adhered to, but hexagonal and octagonal pillars are freely used, and sometimes four shafts are combined into one pillar, the commencement of the clustered form so conspicuous in later styles. But the most important invention of this period was the buttress, which rendered it possible to raise the height of a wall considerably without the necessity of adding uniformly to its thickness.

In the twelfth century architecture began to develop in well-defined forms the peculiar character which we distinguish by the term Gothic. With the view, doubtless, of providing more effectually against the inclemency of northern climates, the pitch of the roof had been raised, until, at the time to which we refer, the ancient pediment had grown into the mediæval gable. Another important change was the introduction of the pointed arch. Of the writers who have put forward their own particular views as to the origin of the pointed arch, it may be said their name is legion. The theory that it was suggested by the interlacing of the branching of trees is a pretty one, but, we fear,

must be relegated to the domain of poetic fancy. It would have had more force if it could have been applied to Classic architecture, and not to Gothic, as the worship in groves is intimately connected with paganism, whereas the Christian religion is associated in its early days with caves and catacombs. The hypothesis that it is an importation from the East, one of the results of the Crusades, has much to be said in its favor. Pointed arches had long been used in Oriental buildings, and they are even found in Assyrian remains. The intersection of arches carried to alternate pillars in ornamental arcades—a form frequently met with in Norman buildings—produces a perfect pointed arch. But whatever was the immediate cause of the adoption of this form, it is an expression in a high degree of the principles which governed the development of the art in the middle ages. It marks a distinct advance in the pursuit of light, in all the three senses mentioned above. Not only is the central portion higher than that of a semicircular arch, but the construction is such as to suggest that the support of the pillar is carried upwards through the imposts into the arch itself, instead of the force being directed downwards, as in the Roman arch.

The pointed arch made its appearance in the several countries of Europe almost simultaneously, but it took nearly a hundred years to entirely supplant the round arch. During that time pointed and round arches were used indifferently in the same building, as occasion might require or taste dictate; but in the thirteenth century the pointed form was finally established. Another change is now apparent, showing the application of a principle which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes the best examples of Gothic architecture—a desire to rely for the beauty of the work on the form and arrangement of the constituent parts, and to make it as independent as possible of added decoration. This is evidenced by the deeply cut mouldings, in continuous lines, strongly marking out the construction, which are so noticeable in what are called "Early English" buildings. More lightness is also obtained by means of clustered pillars, moulded arches, tra-

cery in the windows, and especially by the use of buttresses. The buttresses, first used to give additional strength to an already substantial wall, were completely altered in form. Instead of being, as in the Norman period, broad and flat, projecting but slightly from the surface of the wall, they were now placed with their breadth at right angles to the wall. They were also lightened by being divided into stages, and divided in their lower parts by arches. By this arrangement the weight of the roof and upper portions of the building was transferred to points outside the walls, and thus enabled immense progress to be made in the light-seeking principle by leaving a much larger portion of the sides of the building available for windows.

The art having now assumed a definite and decided character, the succeeding varieties of style show a steady progression on the lines established. The simple pointed arch was formed by describing it from two centres instead of one; by using more centres, trefoils and quatrefoils were obtained, and the intersection of the circles produced the cusp, another form of point. Points now appear everywhere; buttresses are prolonged into pinnacles, and towers are surmounted by spires. Ribs under arches and vaults are multiplied, to distract the eye from the weight of the material which they appear to support. Horizontal lines and divisions gradually disappear, or are broken up, until in some cases there is no line to mark where wall ends and roof begins. Even the beautiful geometrical forms of the fourteenth century had to give way to the perpendicular, which in the fifteenth century reigned supreme.

As an example of mediæval architecture at the highest point of development it was permitted to reach, we may take the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, one of the finest specimens of advanced Gothic art in Christendom. On entering the chapel the prevalence of the upward principle is at once apparent. On either side innumerable vertical lines lead the eye upwards from the richly decorated ground panels to the gorgeous walls, which are of crystal, for the stonework is seen only as the framing of the glass, as the division be-

tween the windows. The light of day is not admitted plain and undivided, to show up fresco or canvas, but, resolved into its constituent colors, it is forced itself to paint, in rainbow tints which no surface pigment could produce, the chief events connected with the religion of the worshippers. First we see depicted the scenes of old Bible story. Past these pictures—through them—the lines flow up, and show us the corresponding incidents and revelations of the New Dispensation. Type is succeeded by anti-type, and the dim teachings of the Law are seen perfected in the clear light of the Gospel. Still upward fly the lines. Drawn in dull, heavy stone as they are, they cannot lead us up to Heaven, but, having helped to point the way, they divide into branching curves, and bound our upward vision with a canopy or roof of spreading fairy fans. This roof is really a vault of solid masonry, in some places more than three feet thick, yet there is not a single pillar to indicate that it needs support from below. Not an inch of the material is hid, but by simply chiselling its surface the ponderous mass is completely veiled by the cobweb texture of the tracery. To appreciate the solidity of the structure, we must ascend and inspect the rough upper-surface of the stone. Only then do we become sensible of the weight of the huge blocks, some of them weighing over a ton, which, by the masterly system of vaulting, are made, simply by the force of their own gravity, to bridge over the awful abyss beneath. To find the source from which the enormous weight of this roof derives its support we must go outside the building and examine the buttresses which flank the building on either side. The strength of these is not apparent at first sight, for the lower parts, of course the most massive, are masked by connecting walls, and the intervening spaces thus enclosed are utilized as chantries, leaving only the upper and lighter portions visible. On comparing this chapel with some of the richest Italian interiors, the peculiar character of beauty already referred to as distinguishing Gothic art is at once perceptible; the decoration, instead of being superadded, is bound up with the construction; the parts themselves are made to provide the orna-

ment. From an æsthetic point of view this noble chapel is a consummate work of art; as an example of mechanical ingenuity it is a triumph of engineering skill.

This work was commenced in the middle of the fourteenth century, but not finished till the fifteenth century was far advanced. By this time, however, there were unmistakable signs that the reign of the upward-pointing principle was drawing to a close. Arches were depressed, right angles abounded, and square-headed windows were used, not only in situations where they might be convenient or appropriate, but in such important positions as the east end of a cathedral, as at Bath Abbey.

The perpendicular style was peculiar to England. On the Continent the fifteenth century gave birth to a variety of "after Gothic" styles, mostly remarkable for extravagance and want of taste, and which speedily disappeared before the classic form which had already been revived in Italy. In this country, however, Gothic architecture died hard. The English art continued to maintain its individuality for fully a century, though deprived in a great measure of its elevating spirit. The Tudor or Elizabethan manner, though very successful in baronial mansions, and peculiarly applicable to "domestic" purposes, has a distinctly "debasement" effect when applied to ecclesiastical edifices. The growing influence of the Renaissance also, in the attempts to graft classic ornaments and composition on mediæval forms of construction, produces often a mongrel effect. In a word, the natural development of architectural art was arrested. Before the end of the seventeenth century the triumph of the Italian school was complete. The mediæval art was opprobriously branded with its present name of Gothic, and the sublime fanes which it had produced became, in the language of Sir Christopher Wren, "mountains of stone, huge buildings, but unworthy the name of architecture." The feeling was, in fact, that we had been travelling along a wrong path, and should return to the point at which the art was left by the Romans.

At the present day the classic and the mediæval modes have each their parti-

sans. We will not here attempt to discuss the merits of the rival styles. We will only point out that while the classic art embodies the finished conceptions of the ancient schools of thought, the Gothic is associated with the chain of events which mark the struggle for national liberties. The one represents satisfaction with an existing state of

things, the other progress towards an ideal. Having won our liberties, we can study in peace the laws and usages of bygone ages. Having solved the problem of adapting the ancient art of building to the requirements of modern times, we can indulge our fancy in the selection of our models.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE DRAMA OF THE DAY.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE, AUTHOR OF "FAUCIT OF BALLIOL," ETC.

THERE are two classes of subject about which it is very difficult to write or speak. The one, that about which one knows too little; the other, that about which one knows too much. As to the first, of course, the remedy is easy. Unless you know enough of a subject, let it alone in that way until you do; a simple course which would, if enforced by social or other law, so instantly and startlingly reduce the number of us authors, orators, statesmen, actors, critics, gentlemen of science, and the rest of it, that the "irreducible minimum" would find itself a fact before we knew where we were. That would be very dreadful, for in these hard times more than ever, how should we all live? those of us, at least, who do live? And, if we didn't, would it matter much to anybody?

But then, if you know too much? If you happen to be like Bibb, when he thought fit from the world to retreat, as full of champagne as an egg's full of meat? What if, as in my case, one is a meat-filled egg where the Drama is concerned? If I may be forgiven the distinction, I do not of necessity mean the Theatre, which is too often very much less like the Drama than almost any institution I know: less like it far than History; less like it far than Truth; less like it far than the comedies and tragedies of life which work their own very scenes and acts out beneath our eyes, through an infinite mist of laughter or of tears; or, truer yet, of tears and laughter mixed. No, the Drama is not always the Theatre; but it is what the Theatre ought to be. It ought not to be content with holding the mirror

up to Nature; it should be Nature's mirror itself. "Quicquid agunt homines: votum, timor, ira, voluptas;"—to be mistranslated for the benefit of the un-Latined as: "All that men are, Desire, Fear, Anger, Sense;"—that is the Drama, as it ought to be. But in that same meaty egg, all depends on which end we chip first. Shall we begin with the thick end, the Drama as it ought to be—or with the thin end, the Drama as it is?

Now the pessimist or the cynic, no doubt, would give us the comfortable encouragement of assuring us, that whatever else may happen to us, we cannot on this subject run the worst of all human risks, the risk of being bored. For he would tell us that a paper on the Drama of the Day could not be long enough for that, because there is none. But I am myself neither pessimist nor cynic, thank Heaven, and none the worse for that. As far as the Drama is concerned, I have never been able to get over my youthful instincts, of loving "the play." In fact the first play I ever saw was the one I liked the least, and remember almost the best. It was the "Battle of Waterloo," at Astley's. In the sensation-scene of the day, the English army, drawn up in two lines in red, occupied the prompter's side of the stage. The French army, drawn up in two lines in blue, each line consisting of exactly the same number of men on both parties, occupied the O. P., or opposite side to the Prompter. Two vivandières, the French in blue and the English in red, each with a small drum round her waist, a drumstick in her right hand and a flask of spirits in her left, occupied the cor-

ners of the stage nearest the footlights, as corner-women. From them the van-lines of the two armies converged inwards to the back-cloth, each third man on either side having a cannon in front of him. The top-cannons, naturally, met mouth to mouth ; and behind them, with drawn swords pointed upwards to an uncertain kind of Futurity, stood on either side Napoleon Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington. After a deathly pause of expectation, consequent on the top cannon-man on the French side missing his cue, the signal was given. Every third man struck a match—

"To each gun a lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand ;"

and the battle of Waterloo was fought out then and there. The stage was filled with smoke and cries. When it cleared, both the armies were dead, or wounded. The cannon survived, though exhausted ; so did Napoleon and Wellington, for the purposes of history. So did the two vivandières, as the comic characters of the drama, for the private purposes of the plot. As for myself, an excessively nervous boy (this was about 1844, I think), with an extreme dislike to gunpowder, I trembled under the benches of the dress-circle when the firing began, stuck my fingers in my ears and howled, and was pulled out by my father, who was in fits of laughter, when the battle was over, in order to see that Wellington and Napoleon, and Molly the vivandière, had got through without visible injury. For some little time after this ordeal I regarded the theatre with some terror, I think ; and it must have been a little later that, as Charles Lamb writes in his own delicious way, "it became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of all recreations." Nobody was ever fonder of "The Play," as it is so pleasantly and familiarly called, than Thackeray. "Ain't you fond of the play ?" I well remember his saying to a club friend of the quite-correct type, as we were all going out of "Queen Victoria's own theayter" together. He had given me, a boy, dinner at the old Garrick in King Street, to take me there.

"Well, Thackeray," said the friend, "of course I am. I like a good play."
"Oh, go away," answered the dear

old kindly giant. "I said 'The Play ;' you don't even understand what I mean."

Every well-conditioned mortal loves "The Play." Never tell me that its mission is to educate. There is too much of education, Heaven knows ! It is much higher—it is to entertain. It is to relax the overtried nerves—it is to purify the world-mixed spirit—it is to get rid of that dreadful thing the Real, for a brief breath of the Ideal—to let you know, even when dealing most with the kind of drama most called realistic, that for a short hour or two of the strange mystery called life, the stories to which you listen do not happen, the sorrows even which touch you, are not true. It is never possible to honor the Play too highly. For since first Thespis started the business in a go-cart, never has God's infinite and varied mercy provided a more delightful outlet for the cares—the yearnings—the troubles of mankind. It was a London manager, a man of a kind heart under a rough outside, who told me once that his theatre was a charity. For his sixpenny gallery meant this. Its tenants understood, he thought, not over-much of what they saw and heard, and cared perhaps a little less. But the same tenants came, night after night. That sixpence meant, for them, three hours of light and warmth—of forgetfulness—and of home—to men whose home, may be, offered but little of the attractions connected, to luckier people, with that sacred name. I say luck—if luck there be—the which I doubt. But by many different names we men call the same thing. One evening, this manager told me, an excellent old woman came up the stairs of his theatre—not a thousand miles from the Strand—and presented an order of admission to the upper boxes, for Exeter Hall. With a presence of mind and a sense of humor for which I infinitely honor him, the acting-manager at once accepted the order. "Certainly, Madam," he said. "Show the lady and her friend two good seats upstairs." They were shown upstairs, and sate it out. On her way down, the dear old lady insisted on seeing that acting-manager, and shaking hands with him. "Thank you, my dear sir," she said ; "I have spent an exceedingly pleasant

evening." Exeter Hall, to her, was from that time a joy for ever. The performance had been a burlesque. And I should like to ask, why not? "The Play's" the thing. At the present point of theatrical art, the graceful combinations of form and color, the gentle influences of pleasant tune, the infinite rest to the brain, and pleasure to the eye, that these attractions give to the sensuous (not sensual) side which exists in all of us, through Him that made us and not we ourselves, are not to be denied or under-rated, surely. When we talk of drama, let us remember—"Tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux." All plays are good plays, which do not bore us. And, speaking as a dramatist, I can only say that if I write a play which bores my public—the which public I love, for they are my dearest friends—that play is a bad one. And when anybody talks or writes about such and such a thing—no matter what—picture, novel, play, what you please, being "too good for the public," I maintain that they are not to be listened to. To whom do we writers, painters, actors, anybody else appeal, except to the Public, which means my readers and me, and everybody? And if the Public won't have us, please where and what are we? The Public decided long ago, upon the broad lines, that of the existing wonders of nature Niagara is the first; of the existing wonders of art, the survival of the Roman Colosseum. I mean of course, as the Public does, of those within the Public's ken. Well! I have seen them both, and I agree. Amen. I am a Public, essentially. And when I read from such and such a writer of such and such a play, or such and such a book, that it is quite acceptable to the writer's mind, but far and away above the heads of the Public, I feel that were I the Public, I should be wanting to punch that writer's head. In the name of common-sense, I wonder to what other judgment do we all appeal, who profess art in its all and many forms, and to what other judgment can we?

So far, I have been a little "leading up." For I am writing as a dramatist, who, like other men, has known his losses and his gains. And I wax a little weary. As far at least as a man can,

who as he grows older grows more and more convinced of the humorous side of life, with all the blessings which are brought in its train; less and less inclined to quarrel; more and more inclined to forbear. Because, as a dramatist, I want the Public, and the Public wants me, here in England. I don't mean my little individual self, but me the English dramatist. The English dramatist wants the English public. The English public wants the English dramatist.

"Lord Chatham, with his rapier drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

But how are we going to get at each other, my Public and I? Again I say, that I speak of myself as a mere personal expression. I mean the English play-writer, about whom there is no more magic, as why should there be, than about the English novelist, the English painter, the English architect, or the English chemist. It is too silly to be told that there are no English dramatists. We haven't got a Shakespeare, of course, any more than an Isaiah, or a Dickens either, or a Turner. And who but the Elizabethans ever had a Shakespeare? The miracle of the man was so complete, all the more for the obscurity surrounding his life, that he has been explained away in all sorts of ways. He has been Bacon, Raleigh, and many things. I have myself never been able to get rid of the feeling that Shakespeare, like the Scriptures, may have been a collection of writings by many hands, gathered together by a common inspiration. Be that as we like to dream, however, Shakespeare has in one sense been a great trial to the dramatists of England. So hopeless is his superiority to all comers, that no other dramatist in this country, in common talk, takes rank as a poet at all. If the average Frenchman is asked to name his greatest poets, Corneille, Racine and Molière will rise to his lips at once. The German will tell you of Goethe and of Schiller; but the average Englishman, after beginning with Shakespeare, will talk of Milton, of Byron, of Shelley, or of Wordsworth, according to taste. But he will forget, or he will know nothing of, the grace

and charm of Fletcher, the humors of Ben Jonson, the grim power of Webster or the lofty pathos of Ford.

As for the *dii minores* of later days, how many Englishmen are aware of the fact that, after Shakespeare, the poet who wrote the greatest number of successful stage-plays was one Sheridan Knowles? For the actors also, Shakespeare is, as a rule, it always seems to me, too high. It is a curious fact that the memory of nearly all our leading tragedians, except those of the very greatest and most indisputable genius, is more closely connected with other characters than his. Macready's name suggests Richelieu, Charles Kean recalls Louis I., Phelps, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. In my own personal experience, the pieces of acting which have electrified me have never been Shakespearian. In the round of scholarly and poetical studies from Shakespeare which was given us by the American tragedian Edwin Booth, there was none that I saw, interesting as they were, which approached in power and stage effect his acting of Tom Taylor's "Fool's Revenge." Shakespeare is too complete. He leaves nothing to fill out, nothing to add, in his great leading characters. The language of lesser men leaves scope to the tragedian to bring out in his own way the eternal human passions with which all good plays alike must deal. But it never was in mortal—except, I suppose in Edmund Kean, or Mrs. Siddons—to add anything to the ineffable music of Othello's cry, to the awful intensity of the curse of Lear, to the infinite motherhood of Constance's despair. The speakers of such lines as those, through no fault of their own, are crushed like Tarpeia under the ornaments of gold.

If these remarks seem out of place, I must plead in the first place an irresistible tendency to wandering in discourse, into the various fields of Gossip or of Criticism; in the second, that, whatever else happens, we may safely venture to predict that Shakespeare in England will always be the Drama of the Day. To judge from the wonderful performance of "Muck-a-bet," which it was my fortune to behold not long ago at the Porte St. Martin, with the three witches—Lord, such witches—dancing

round and round the mulberry-tree about the figure of the hapless Thane, he will never succeed in taking root in France. But with us, every rising generation will demand at all events its own Shakespearian manager, and the man will be forthcoming for the purpose. I am not blind to the attractions of the form which the Shakespearian drama now takes in London, though it is not much consonant to my individual taste. It appeals too much to the eye, too little to the ear; but for effects of stage-management, and harmonious grouping of the characters, it has perhaps not been surpassed. No doubt that in that respect stage art has advanced wonderfully. There is all the difference in the world between the Field of Waterloo, as I beheld it at Astley's, and one of the battlefields of modern Drury Lane. And the pleasure of the eye is a great pleasure, after a hard day's work; a great recreation and a great repose. To be despised or under-rated in no way.

But—we want better plays; and we want English ones. There are signs, I think, that those detestable parodies of the French are nearly played out, with their one eternal weary, unsavory string—their tiresome variations of the Conjugal Discord. That lively description of marriage may or may not be the proper thing in France; but thank God I have not found it the besetting characteristic of an English home. These wives always running away from their husbands for no conceivable reason, and these husbands making hay of their domestic hearths out of a general desire to be uncomfortable about nothing, make up surely the dullest and foolishlest picture of life, apart from its other qualities, which mortal hand can waste its time on drawing. It certainly does not educate: it certainly does not amuse. It is a sin, to my mind, against Art, and against Human Nature. It passes the time, that is all; and it does so by pandering to a temptation which, like other temptations which exist in a certain class of mind, the mind should set itself manfully to stamp out, as it should all such weeds. That is what we are here for, in fact; and our various thorns in the flesh are not intended to be nursed, but to be got rid of. I am not protesting against all adaptation; a good play

should be for all languages, not for one, and none of the strong motives of passion and of life should be excluded from the author's province, if he deal with them humanly and to a good end. But if he has any mission at all, it is to remember that his end be good. This school of drama, whether in its original dress or in the too frequent English copies which have appeared of late years, does more harm to that healthiness and simplicity of mind which is true manliness and true womanliness, than all the much-abused shows of pretty faces and figures in pretty dresses, to a setting of bright music and harmonious color, which it is so much the fashion to turn up the whites of the British eye at—from the stalls; and through a good pair of glasses. I can preach no homily on that text; for, for the life of me, I could never see any harm in the thing. Those fairy shows are very pretty and restful, and if the dressing is sometimes in danger of being carried—I was going to say too far, but I suppose it should be not far enough—then the show becomes ugly, and punishes itself. But plays of the kind are but a small corner of the theatrical globe, and with all respect I will leave it to a certain reverend and distinguished Bishop, when asked his views of the Drama, to imagine at once that he was being consulted about the Ballet. I turn to the great need of the moment: English literary drama. I say again, and I maintain, that in order to get at that, the author and his best friend, the public, only want to get at each other. For between us and them—I am becoming quite personal, it would seem, but I want to make of this something in the nature of a personal appeal—there is a great gulf fixed; and the name of that gulf is this. It is the people who know all about it. Let me explain at once that I am not going to run amuck at the critics. I never could quite understand the Holy War which has seemed to last as long as the world between authors and critics, who ought to be allies if any men ought. But certainly, in connection with the stage at all events, they are as a rule, I think, a little too inclined as it were to take the part of the actor as against the hapless outlaw who is called an author. When admonished that I have written a part

quite unworthy of Miss Jones's genius, though she struggled her best under the depressing load, I reflect with sorrow that no doubt it is so; and that Miss Jones's genius (though I had not heard of it before) is established by the fact that throughout the play she preferred her own language to mine. I daresay she was quite right: but genius should bear its own responsibilities. We do suffer, sometimes. We are always being "made" by somebody's genius; but then there is always somebody else's to unmake us again.

I remember on the first night of a play of mine, when the atmosphere was electric, and actors and audience rather unusually excited, my hero had to leave the stage with this sentence—in answer to an appeal to him to be firm in an approaching interview with the evil genius of the play—"Don't be afraid," he should say, "to do her justice; she asks as little quarter as she gives." In his nervousness, the actor forgot the words—hesitated—stammered—pulled himself together, and with a majesty of gait and utterance quite in keeping with the occasion, he left the stage with this memorable sentiment in his mouth: "No matter! to—do her justice—she—she—gives as little trouble as she takes." Ever since, in my bad dreams, I have been beset with speculations as to what that phrase might be brought to mean. In this case it was a mere question of nervousness; for never in any piece of mine did I meet with any man who worked harder or played better; and in the excitement of the moment the remark passed without notice. But it was certainly severe upon an author who, of course, as we all do, prides himself upon the balance of his antithesis, to be credited in spite of himself with that astounding epigram. Perhaps, however, I did not suffer so much as the playwright, who not having had the opportunity of personal supervision over a country actor in a small part, whose educational standard was not of quite the highest, suddenly heard his Regent Orleans, or some other "incorrigible roué," denounced as an incorrigible roo.

But to return to the critics for a moment. I have no complaint against them, for they have been very courteous

to me, with the usual bilious exception of one or two among them whose notion of criticism is rudeness. These do really no harm except to themselves, and exercise my philosophic mind as to where they expect to go to. I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than live by giving pain—to those you live by, moreover. In that, as in other things, good nature is more akin to duty and usefulness than some folk wot of. And in some cases, certainly, a higher standard of knowledge should be required. I was much amused once by a letter from one of our northern capitals, from a young man, a stranger, who wrote to me in a very nice spirit about some work of mine, and asked me to give him some advice as to a sound critical training. I could only suggest that the two great essentials were, study and kindness. In writing again, he told me in the frankest way that he thought things were rather wrong in that way; for that on his paper, a leading provincial journal, when the editor, who had a taste in that direction, did not write the theatrical reviews himself, he left it to the police reporters! Well, if we were the mere conveyancers that Ouida says we dramatists all are—and as a matter of fact far too many are—we could certainly not be treated with scander ceremony than that. We have capital critics amongst us; but a sterner and more conscientious exercise of editorial discretion in the selection of their men in this direction, as well as in others, would be of great value to the art of the stage, sometimes even on some of the most prominent of the newspapers of the day.

But to return to my obstacle—the people who know all about it. They are an odd, strange, irresponsible, practically nameless body, for it would be impossible to say exactly who they are. They do not know. They are actors, they are friends of actors, they are men who write plays themselves, they are managers and acting-managers, they are mere hangers-on, they are people in Society, they are people out of it. And unfortunately the critics—certainly through no fault of their own, for the influences all round them must be very hard indeed to shake off—are too much apt, instead of guiding taste themselves, or of honestly reflecting the opinion of

the general public (that is my readers, or anybody), either course practical and fair, to let themselves become the mouthpiece of this irresponsible and floating tribunal, which is not the public, but a self-appointed committee of opinion, who have made for themselves certain laws, as far as they attain to that, which they insist upon applying to the plays before them. It doesn't matter a penny to them whether the true public like a play or not, but whether the public ought to like it, according to them. Over and over again have I been astonished by seeing some piece practically recorded as a failure, which the outsiders—in other words, everybody—have welcomed with delight; another as a success to be, though that same larger tribunal has unequivocally rejected it. For they will have their shibboleths. A play must have "action," they say. Of course it must; but by action they mean what used to be called "business," a mere kind of pantomime bustle. The true action of all art is passion; the whirlwind of human nature, the action and reaction of the laws of flesh and blood. I have seen "Othello" played through by a manager who knows his business as it was once understood, without an extra or a "super" in the cast, in a room no bigger than a lecture-room. I do not believe in a dramatist who can never write without pomp and crowds. Shibboleth the second; situation. Fudge. A fine story makes its own situations out of that same action and reaction, and the truest "situations" in the world are probably those which come out of two souls face to face together, not the technical conjuring-tricks which bring half the *dramatis personæ* of a play in at the nick of time from O. P. or from P. S., to witness some carefully-prepared complication which, in the friction of life and of human nature, could never have really come about at all. Shibboleth the third, Motive. The "motive" is not strong enough, they say. The motive of a play should be told in a line; and any motive which sets human nature to work is good enough for anybody. A man is told by his father's ghost that his uncle and stepfather was the father's murderer. That doesn't sound strong: but it produced "Hamlet." Take "Much Ado

about Nothing," for instance, and I do not for the moment see that it has any "motive" at all, as indeed its title indicates. It is not altogether a bad comedy, though. I might add other shibboleths, but will content myself with one more, a truly damnable and preposterous humbug, called "Construction"—a boa-constrictor and impostor of a thing which strangles good play after good play in its birth. It is the sum and summary of all the other humbugs, and so easy to appeal to, because anybody can put on the word any "construction" he likes, without being obliged to tell us so much as what he thinks he means by it.

As a matter of fact, no man can succeed as a dramatist at all without understanding it, any more than a man can succeed as an architect without understanding drawing. It is the A B C, the mechanism, the mere necessary of the art, and it means nothing in the world but this: to tell a plain story clearly. If an author does that, and holds his audience, who is to dictate to him in what way he ought to tell it, mechanically? His "construction" is essentially his own, and part of him. Yet I remember me of a young and airy gentleman, who had just made a success with a first play a short time ago, who wrote to one of the papers during some discussion or another, to inform the public, who have been very good friends of mine, that my misfortune was that I "knew nothing about construction." God bless my soul! My first piece was acted fifteen years before, and I knew Molière and Aristophanes by heart before the young gentleman was out of his swaddles. Well, perhaps he is more modest now. It was—as it is with us all when we are cutting our teeth—his purpose to reform the drama on his own account, especially in the matter of literature. Well, he writes good serviceable melodramas, very well put together—to return good for evil—but about as innocent of literature as of telegraphy. But now mark. Before it can be produced, a play runs the gauntlet of all this windy stuff, and the general result is, as the Londoners must be finding out, that as a rule the best plays and the best acting are nowadays to be found out of London. The author, who does

not want to waste his time and his patience, is beginning to look to the Provinces or to America altogether. That same middle body which knows everything is not yet formulated there. But whilst I am about it, this should be remembered. The French drama differs from the English altogether, in nature and in essence. The less you change your scene, the better a play suits the French instinct and their favorite theories of unity. The more you change it in reason, subject to obvious necessities, the better it tallies with the English instinct, be it bad or good. Our old plays prove that for us, as the old French plays prove the opposite for them. "The Rivals" of late years has never failed, comparatively speaking, but once, just recently, when its scenes were transposed and unified to suit this new and absolutely imaginary and artificial rule of construction, in deference to a supposed demand of the public, who proved their view of the matter by stopping away. French rules are one thing, English another; and an English drama by French rule is apt to be a hybrid and a bore. Some time ago, one of the most able and distinguished of living literary Englishmen was sitting by me, an old friend, in the stalls. The play before us was beautifully constructed. The furniture was perfect, and undisturbed by rude change, or the frivolities of human passion which require it occasionally. After an act he said to me: "Plays are not half as well put together as they used to be; they never change the scene." I have often thought what a lesson that should be to the people who "know all about it;" for the speaker—there is no breach of decorum in saying so—was the Lord Chief Justice. His is a literary judgment, to which personally I should not be ill content to appeal. But, poor man, he is only a public, after all, and knows nothing about it. He has got to be told.

Now out of these same foolishnesses (which the public can stop and have done with if it makes up its mind—and though good dramatists are not more remarkable phenomena than good anything else, it won't get better plays till it does), rises that dangerous person, the actor-playwright. The result of all this windfulness, which wants the epi-

thets of a Carlyle to deal with, is that an actor is in too many instances regarded as the ideal dramatist, because he is bound to know all about construction ; that is, about side scenes. There is no conceivable reason why an actor should not be an author like anybody else, through gift, wit, scholarship, anything. But *because* he is an actor ? Why—does a newspaper editor, if he wants a telling article for his journal or Review, go down to the printer's office and ask a compositor to write it, because he knows all about the length and the leading, and how to set up the type ? Nonsense. If we want English plays, encourage English authors. For from these causes springs the illiterate drama ; which is rapidly leading to the conclusion among "those who know," that the English language is rather an offence than not. Managers also, with us, are also nearly always actors, and they should not be. A skilled critic or man of letters, nor actor nor dramatist, is the true manager, as in France. Hence a drama, which, with all its moral faults, is literary. In English dresses, when "*une femme abandonnée*" becomes, for instance, an abandoned woman, the literature is apt to evaporate. "*J'ai mis M. de Chavigny à la porte avec son petit meuble,*" says Musset, in his exquisite "*Caprice*." Quoth the British renderer, who dropped Musset, and dubbed himself "author," as indeed I think he was : "I have put M. de Chavigny at the door with his little piece of furniture." But oh, my poor dear mother tongue ! There are dramatists enough, I sincerely believe, if the public could get at them. Meantime, we put up with unvernacular translations even of plays that failed in their own tongue. Better to have failed in French than to have a chance of succeeding in English. And revivals are always safe, more or less, judgment not being required. Indeed I remember how a clerk of mine, years ago, once took to forging my name to checks ; and, growing bold with impunity, overdrew my bank account largely. One day I drew a check myself for the first time for many months, and it was promptly dishonored. The bank-people knew my young gentleman's hand so well, that they properly resented mine. So with

the drama. The authorities are so accustomed to their dissecting-puzzles of construction, that if anybody brings them anything depending upon other kinds of attraction, they cry out as with a voice, "Good Heavens ! this thing is in English ! Take it away !"

I particularly wish to avoid anything in this paper which can look like egotism, because it is my wish to point out evils which I believe to be capable of remedy. But for that very reason, I wish to say, once for all, that I do not write as what is called a disappointed dramatist. On the contrary. My life is full of many and varied interests, of which the drama is but one. But though the author of but few plays, I have had my ample measure of success, as well as my share of failure, and it is by that right only that I write these lines. Artistically disappointed ? Well, yes, I own it. For I have had aspirations which fade with years. The "*Drama of the Day*," up and down always, I suspect, and much the same on the whole, teaches one one's aims in time. But financially disappointed ? Dear me, no—or I don't see why I should go on with it. No line of writing, nowadays, "pays" so well.

But, is there nothing in the thing but pay ? Do not even managers, even tragedians, owe a certain duty to Art and to themselves, beyond making it pay ? Ought they not to encourage native authorship (there are great exceptions, for I am not speaking of all, remember), and to feel some ambition to link their names with original characters, and with original plays ? And, is not the mania for advertisement, in one form or another, passing bounds ? Is Notoriety the only object, instead of what it once was, Fame ? The second is so hard to win—the first, so easy. Pears's Soap in Art is surely wrong, and Dame Tragedy looks but ill at ease in the guise of a trade-mark. Men of the Macready and Kemble type did not want dramatists. Poor old Muse !

"Must we see, in quiet sorrow,
Tragedy her dark wings fold,
While her gracious name men borrow
For a figure not of old ?

"She, who gave her honors stately,
Through the test of mimic scenes,
Gravely won, and worn sedately,
By the Kembles and the Keans—

"She, whose majesty a charm meant
To the bearers of her train,
Mystic Æschylean garment,
Wrought of the Romance of Pain—

"Overborne, she whispers lowly
To the ears yet juggle-free,
Why profane me? I am holy,
And my grace is—Modesty!" *
—*Temple Bar.*

THE CLOUD.

(*From GAUTIER.*)

BY H. G. KEENE.

ON the horizon, bathed in light,
A cloud begins its place to take,
So shines a maid with bosom white
Fresh from a clear and windless lake.

Erect upon her pearly shell,
She sails along the azure there,
A Venus, shaped by magic spell
Out of the mist-wreaths of the air.

Her wavering shape eludes the eye
In languid postures, fancy-drawn,
While on her sheeny shoulders lie
The roses scattered by the dawn.

No gleam of marble or of snow
More amorously blent could be,
Nor, imaged by Correggio,
More softly sleep Antiope.

She floats in splendor large and warm
Higher than Alp or Apennine,
Reflection of primæval form,
Type of "the eternal Feminine."

Vainly to this poor body tied
My passionate soul from prison passed
Wings upward to its winged bride,
And, like Ixion, holds her fast.

Quoth Reason :—" Vapor ! where one sees
The vague designs our dreams display.
Shadow ! that changes with the breeze.
Bubble ! that bursts and melts away."

The Muse makes answer :—" What of that ?
What, after all, does Beauty mean ?
Fair spectre, which a breath lays flat,
And which is nothing, having been !

Rather, before the ideal bowed,
Wide in thy heart let sunshine fall ;
Love !—be it woman or be it cloud—
Love only ! Love is all in all."

—*Belgravia.*

* This essay was originally a lecture delivered to the Art Society, in Conduit Street, on March 18, 1886.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

STRICTLY speaking, there is nothing really and truly British ; everybody and everything is a naturalized alien. Viewed as Britons, we all of us, human and animal, differ from one another simply in the length of time we and our ancestors have continuously inhabited this favored and foggy isle of Britain. Look, for example, at the men and women of us. Some of us, no doubt, are more or less remotely of Norman blood, and came over, like that noble family the Slys, with Richard Conqueror. Others of us, perhaps, are in the main Scandinavian, and date back a couple of generations earlier, to the bare-legged followers of Canute and Guthrum. Yet others, once more, are true Saxon Englishmen, descendants of Hengest, if there ever was a Hengest, or of Horsa, if a genuine Horsa ever actually existed. None of these, it is quite clear, have any just right or title to be considered in the last resort as true-born Britons ; they are all of them just as much foreigners at bottom as the Spitalfields Huguenots or the Pembrokeshire Flemings, the Italian organ-boy and the Hindoo prince disguised as a crossing-sweeper. But surely the Welshman and the Highland Scot at least are undeniable Britishers, sprung from the soil and to the manner born ! Not a bit of it ; inexorable modern science, diving back remorselessly into the remoter past, traces the Cymry across the face of Germany, and fixes in shadowy hypothetical numbers the exact date, to a few centuries, of the first prehistoric Gaelic invasion. Even the still earlier brown Euskarians and yellow Mongolians, who held the land before the advent of the ancient Britons, were themselves immigrants ; the very Autochthones in person turn out, on close inspection, to be vagabonds and wanderers and foreign colonists. In short, man as a whole is not an indigenous animal at all in the British Isles. Be he who he may, when we push his pedigree back to its prime original, we find him always arriving in the end by the Dover steamer or the Harwich packet. Five years, in fact, are quite sufficient to give him a legal title to letters of naturalization, unless

indeed he be a German grand-duke, in which case he can always become an Englishman offhand by Act of Parliament.

It is just the same with all the other animals and plants that now inhabit these isles of Britain. If there be anything at all with a claim to be considered really indigenous, it is the Scotch ptarmigan and the Alpine hare, the northern holygrass and the mountain flowers of the Highland summits. All the rest are sojourners and wayfarers, brought across as casuals, like the gipsies and the Oriental plane, at various times to the United Kingdom, some of them recently, some of them long ago, but not one of them (it seems), except the oyster, a true native. The common brown rat, for instance, as everybody knows, came over, not, it is true, with William the Conqueror, but with the Hanoverian dynasty and King George I. of blessed memory. The familiar cockroach, or "black beetle," of our lower regions, is an Oriental importation of the last century. The hum of the mosquito is now just beginning to be heard in the land, especially in some big London hotels. The Colorado beetle is hourly expected by Cunard steamer ; the Canadian roadside erigeron is well established already in the remoter suburbs ; the phylloxera battens on our hothouse vines ; the American river-weed stops the navigation on our principal canals. The Ganges and the Mississippi have long since flooded the tawny Thames, as Juvenal's cynical friend declared the Syrian Orontes had flooded the Tiber. And what has thus been going on slowly within the memory of the last few generations has been going on constantly from time immemorial, and peopling Britain in all its parts with its now existing fauna and flora.

But if all the plants and animals in our islands are thus ultimately imported, the question naturally arises, What was there in Great Britain and Ireland before any of their present inhabitants came to inherit them ? The answer is, succinctly, Nothing. Or if this be a little too extreme, then let us imitate the modesty of Mr. Gilbert's hero and

modify the statement into hardly anything. In England, as in Northern Europe generally, modern history begins, not with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but with the passing away of the glacial epoch. During that great age of universal ice our Britain, from end to end, was covered at various times by sea and by glaciers; it resembled on the whole the cheerful aspect of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla at the present day. A few reindeer wandered now and then over its frozen shores; a scanty vegetation of the correlative reindeer-moss grew with difficulty under the sheets and drifts of endless snow; a stray walrus or an occasional seal basked in the chilly sunshine on the ice-bound coast. But during the greatest extension of the North-European ice-sheet it is probable that life in London was completely extinct; the metropolitan area did not even vegetate. Snow and snow and snow was then the short sum-total of British scenery. Murray's Guides were rendered quite unnecessary, and penny ices were a drug in the market. England was given up to one unchanging universal winter.

Slowly, however, times altered, as they are much given to doing; and a new era dawned upon Britain. The thermometer rose rapidly, or at least it would doubtless have risen, with effusion, if it had yet been invented. The land emerged from the sea, and southern plants and animals began to invade the area that was afterwards to be England, across the broad belt which then connected us with the Continental system. But in those days communications were slow and land transit difficult. You had to foot it. The European fauna and flora moved but gradually and tentatively north-westward, and before any large part of it could settle in England our island was finally cut off from the mainland by the long and gradual wearing away of the cliffs at Dover and Calais. That accounts for the comparative poverty of animal and vegetable life in England, and still more for its extreme paucity and meagreness in Ireland and the Highlands. It has been erroneously asserted, for example, that St. Patrick expelled snakes and lizards, frogs and toads, from the soil of Erin. This detail, as the French newspapers

politely phrase it, is inexact. St. Patrick did not expel the reptiles, because there were never any reptiles in Ireland (except dynamiters) for him to expel. The creatures never got so far on their long and toilsome north-westward march before St. George's Channel intervened to prevent their passage across to Dublin. It is really, therefore, to St. George, rather than to St. Patrick, that the absence of toads and snakes from the soil of Ireland is ultimately due. The doubtful Cappadocian prelate is well known to have been always death on dragons and serpents.

As long ago as the sixteenth century, indeed, Verstegan the antiquary clearly saw that the existence of badgers and foxes in England implied the former presence of a belt of land joining the British Islands to the continent of Europe; for, as he acutely observed, nobody (before fox-hunting, at least) would ever have taken the trouble to bring them over. Still more does the presence in our islands of the red deer, and formerly of the wild white cattle, the wolf, the bear, and the wild boar, to say nothing of the beaver, the otter, the squirrel, and the weasel, prove that England was once conterminous with France or Belgium. At the very best of times, however, before Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel had killed positively the last "last wolf" in Britain (several other "last wolves" having previously been despatched by various earlier intrepid exterminators), our English fauna was far from a rich one, especially as regards the larger quadrupeds. In bats, birds, and insects we have always done better, because to such creatures a belt of sea is not by any means an insuperable barrier; whereas in reptiles and amphibians, on the contrary, we have always been weak, seeing that most reptiles are bad swimmers, and very few can rival the late lamented Captain Webb in his feat of crossing the Channel, as Leander and Lord Byron did the Hellespont.

Only one good-sized animal, so far as known, is now peculiar to the British Isles, and that is our familiar friend the red grouse of the Scotch moors. I doubt, however, whether even he is really indigenous in the strictest sense of the word: that is to say, whether he

was evolved in and for these islands exclusively, as the moa and the apteryx were evolved for New Zealand, and the extinct dodo for Mauritius alone. It is far more probable that the red grouse is the original variety of the willow grouse of Scandinavia, which has retained throughout the year its old plumage, while its more northern cousins among the fiords and fjelds have taken, under stress of weather, to donning a complete white dress in winter, and a gray or speckled tourist suit for the summer season.

Even since the insulation of Britain a great many new plants and animals have been added to our population, both by human design and in several other casual fashions. The fallow deer is said to have been introduced by the Romans, and domesticated ever since in the successive parks of Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman. The edible snail, still scattered thinly over our southern downs, and abundant at Box Hill and a few other spots in Surrey or Sussex, was brought over, they tell us, by the same luxurious Italian epicures, and is even now confined, imaginative naturalists declare, to the immediate neighborhood of Roman stations. The mediæval monks, in like manner, introduced the carp for their Friday dinners. One of our commonest river mussels at the present day did not exist in England at all a century ago, but was ferried hither from the Volga, clinging to the bottoms of vessels from the Black Sea, and has now spread itself through all our brooks and streams to the very heart and centre of England. Thus, from day to day, as in society at large, new introductions constantly take place, and old friends die out for ever. The brown rat replaces the old English black rat; strange weeds kill off the weeds of ancient days; fresh flies and grubs and beetles crop up, and disturb the primitive entomological balance. The bustard is gone from Salisbury Plain; the fenland butterflies have disappeared with the drainage of the fens. In their place the red-legged partridge invades Norfolk; the American black bass is making himself quite at home, with Yankee assurance, in our sluggish rivers; and the spoonbill is nesting of its own accord

among the warmer corners of the Sussex downs.

In the plant world, substitution often takes place far more rapidly. I doubt whether the stinging nettle, which renders picnicking a nuisance in England, is truly indigenous; certainly the two worst kinds, the smaller nettle and the Roman nettle, are quite recent denizens, never straying, even at the present day, far from the precincts of farmyards and villages. The shepherd's-purse and many other common garden weeds of cultivation are of Eastern origin, and came to us at first with the seed-corn and the peas from the Mediterranean region. Corn-cockles and corn-flowers are equally foreign and equally artificial; even the scarlet poppy, seldom found except in wheat-fields or around waste places in villages, has probably followed the course of tillage from some remote and ancient Eastern origin. There is a pretty blue veronica which was unknown in England some thirty years since, but which then began to spread in gardens, and is now one of the commonest and most troublesome weeds throughout the whole country. Other familiar wild plants have first been brought over as garden flowers. There is the wallflower, for instance, now escaped from cultivation in every part of Britain, and mantling with its yellow bunches both old churches and houses, and also the crannies of the limestone cliffs around half the shores of England. The common stock has similarly overrun the sea-front of the Isle of Wight; the monkey-plant, originally a Chilian flower, has run wild in many boggy spots in England and Wales; and a North American balsam, seldom cultivated even in cottage gardens, has managed to establish itself in profuse abundance along the banks of the Wey about Guildford and Godalming. One little garden linaria, at first employed as an ornament for hanging-baskets, has become so common on old walls and banks as to be now considered a mere weed, and exterminated accordingly by fashionable gardeners. Such are the unaccountable reverses of fortune, that one age will pay fifty guineas a bulb for a plant which the next age grubs up unanimously as a vulgar intrud-

er. White of Selborne noticed with delight in his own kitchen that rare insect, the Oriental cockroach, lately imported; and Mr. Brewer observed with joy in his garden at Reigate the blue Buxbaum speedwell, which is now the acknowledged and hated pest of the Surrey agriculturist.

The history of some of these waifs and strays which go to make up the wider population of Britain is indeed sufficiently remarkable. Like all islands, England has a fragmentary fauna and flora, whose members have often drifted toward it in the most wonderful and varied manner. Sometimes they bear witness to ancient land connections, as in the case of the spotted Portuguese slug which Professor Allman found calmly disporting itself on the basking cliffs in the Killarney district. In former days, when Spain and Ireland joined hands in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, the ancestors of this placid Lusitanian mollusk must have ranged (good word to apply to slugs) from the groves of Cintra to the Cove of Cork. But, as time rolled on, the cruel crawling sea rolled on also, and cut away all the western world from the foot of the Asturias to Macgillicuddy's Reeks. So the spotted slug continued to survive in two distinct and divided bodies, a large one in south-western Europe, and a small isolated colony, all along by itself, around the Kerry mountains and the Lakes of Killarney. At other times pure accident accounts for the presence of a particular species in the mainlands of Britain. For example, the Bermuda grass-lily, a common American plant, is known in a wild state nowhere in Europe save at a place called Woodford, in county Galway. Nobody ever planted it there; it has simply sprung up from some single seed, carried over, perhaps, on the feet of a bird, or cast ashore by the Gulf Stream on the hospitable coast of Western Ireland. Yet there it has flourished and thriven ever since, a naturalized British subject of undoubted origin, without ever spreading to north or south above a few miles from its adopted habitat.

There are several of these unconscious American importations in various parts of Britain, some of them, no doubt, brought over with seed-corn or

among the straw of packing-cases, but others unconnected in any way with human agency, and owing their presence here to natural causes. That pretty little Yankee weed, the claytonia, now common in parts of Lancashire and Oxfordshire, first made its appearance among us, I believe, by its seeds being accidentally included with the sawdust in which Wenham Lake ice is packed for transport. The Canadian river-weed is known first to have escaped from the botanical gardens at Cambridge, whence it spread rapidly through the congenial dykes and sluices of the fen country, and so into the entire navigable network of the Midland counties. But there are other aliens of older settlement among us, aliens of American origin which nevertheless arrived in Britain, in all probability, long before Columbus ever set foot on the low basking sandbank of Cat Island. Such is the jointed pond-sedge of the Hebrides, a water-weed found abundantly in the lakes and tarns of the Isle of Syke, Mull and Coll, and the west coast of Ireland, but occurring nowhere else throughout the whole expanse of Europe or Asia. How did it get there? Clearly its seeds were either washed by the waves or carried by birds, and thus deposited on the nearest European shores to America. But if Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace had been alive in pre-Columbian days (which, as Euclid remarks, is absurd), he would readily have inferred, from the frequent occurrence of such unknown plants along the western verge of Britain, that a great continent lay unexplored to the westward, and would promptly have proceeded to discover and annex it. As Mr. Wallace was not yet born, however, Columbus took a mean advantage over him, and discovered it first by mere right of primogeniture.

In other cases, the circumstances under which a particular plant appears in England are often very suspicious. Take the instance of the belladonna, or deadly nightshade, an extremely rare British species, found only in the immediate neighborhood of old castles and monastic buildings. Belladonna, of course, is a deadly poison, and was much used in the half-magical, half-criminal sorceries of the Middle Ages.

Did you wish to remove a troublesome rival or an elder brother, you treated him to a dose of deadly nightshade. Yet why should it, in company with many other poisonous exotics, be found so frequently around the ruins of monasteries? Did the holy fathers—but no, the thought is too irreverent. Let us keep our illusions, and forget the friar and the apothecary in “Romeo and Juliet.”

Belladonna has never fairly taken root in English soil. It remains, like the Roman snail and the Portuguese slug, a mere casual straggler about its ancient haunts. But there are other plants which have fairly established their claim to be considered as native-born Britons, though they came to us at first as aliens and colonists from foreign parts. Such, to take a single case, is the history of the common alexanders, now a familiar weed around villages and farmyards, but only introduced into England as a potherb about the eighth or ninth century. It was long grown in cottage gardens for table purposes, but has for ages been superseded in that way by celery. Nevertheless, it continues to grow all about our lanes and hedges, side by side with another quaintly-named plant, bishop-weed or gout-weed, whose very titles in themselves bear curious witness to its original uses in this isle of Britain. I don't know why, but it is an historical fact that the early prelates of the English Church, saintly or otherwise, were peculiarly liable to that very episcopal disease, the gout. Whether their frequent fasting produced this effect; whether, as they themselves piously alleged, it was due to constant kneeling on the cold stones of churches; or whether, as their enemies rather insinuated, it was due in greater measure to the excellent wines presented to them by their Italian *confrères*, is a minute question to be decided by Mr. Freeman, not by the present humble inquirer. But the fact remains that bishops and gout got indelibly associated in the public mind; that the episcopal toes were looked upon as especially subject to that insidious disease up to the very end of the last century; and that they do say the bishops even now—but I refrain from the commission of *scandalum magnatum*. Anyhow, this

particular weed was held to be a specific for the bishop's evil; and being introduced and cultivated for the purpose, it came to be known indifferently to herbalists as bishop-weed and gout-weed. It has now long since ceased to be a recognized member of the British Pharmacopœia, but, having overrun our lanes and thickets in its flush period, it remains to this day a visible botanical and etymological memento of the past twinges of episcopal remorse.

Taken as a whole, one may fairly say that the total population of the British Isles consists mainly of three great elements. The first and oldest—the only one with any real claim to be considered as truly native—is the cold Northern, Alpine and Arctic element, comprising such animals as the white hare of Scotland, the ptarmigan, the pine marten, and the capercaillie—the last once extinct, and now reintroduced into the Highlands as a game bird. This very ancient fauna and flora, left behind soon after the glacial epoch, and perhaps in part a relic of the type which still struggled on in favored spots during that terrible period of universal ice and snow, now survives for the most part only in the extreme north and on the highest and chilliest mountain-tops, where it has gradually been driven, like tourists in August, by the increasing warmth and sultriness of the southern lowlands. The summits of the principal Scotch hills are occupied by many Arctic plants, now slowly dying out, but lingering yet as last relics of that old native British flora. The Alpine milk vetch thus loiters among the rocks of Braemar and Clova; the Arctic brook-saxifrage flowers but sparingly near the summit of Ben Lawers, Ben Nevis, and Lochnagar; its still more northern ally, the drooping saxifrage, is now extinct in all Britain, save on a single snowy Scotch height, where it now rarely blossoms, and will soon become altogether obsolete. There are other northern plants of this first and oldest British type, like the Ural oxytropé, the cloudberry, and the white dryas, which remain as yet even in the moors of Yorkshire, or over considerable tracts in the Scotch Highlands; there are others restricted to a single spot among the Welsh hills, an isolated skerry among the outer Hebrides.

des, or a solitary summit in the Lake District. But wherever they linger, these true-born Britons of the old rock are now but strangers and outcasts in the land : the intrusive foreigner has driven them to die on the cold mountain-tops, as the Celt drove the Mongolian to the hills, and the Saxon, in turn, has driven the Celt to the Highlands and the islands. But as late as the twelfth century itself, even the true reindeer, the Arctic monarch of the glacial epoch, was still hunted by Norwegian jarls of Orkney on the mainland of Caithness and Sutherlandshire.

Second in age is the warm western and south-western type, the type represented by the Portuguese slug, the arbutus trees and Mediterranean heaths of the Killarney district, the flora of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles, and the peculiar wild flowers of South Wales, Devonshire, and the west country generally. This class belongs by origin to the submerged land of Lyonesse, the warm champaign country that once spread westward over the Bay of Biscay, and derived from the Gulf Stream the genial climate still preserved by its last remnants at Tresco and St. Mary's. The animals belonging to this secondary stratum of our British population are few and rare, but of its plants there are not a few, some of them extending over the whole western shores of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, wherever they are washed by the Gulf Stream, and others now confined to particular spots, often with the oddest apparent capriciousness. Thus, two or three southern types of clover are peculiar to the Lizard Point, in Cornwall ; a little Spanish and Italian restharrow has got stranded in the Channel Islands and on the Mull of Galloway ; the spotted rockrose of the Mediterranean grows only in Kerry, Galway, and Anglesea ; while other plants of the same warm habit are confined to such spots as Torquay, Babbacombe, Dawlish, Cork, Swansea, Axminster, and the Scilly Isles. Of course, all peninsulas and islands are warmer in temperature than inland places, and so these relics of the lost Lyonesse have

survived here and there in Cornwall, Carnarvonshire, Kerry, and other very projecting headlands long after they have died out altogether from the main central mass of Britain. South-western Ireland in particular is almost Portuguese in the general aspect of its fauna and flora.

Third and latest of all in time, though almost contemporary with the southern type, is the central European or Germanic element in our population. Sad as it is to confess it, the truth must nevertheless be told, that our beasts and birds, our plants and flowers, are for the most part of purely Teutonic origin. Even as the rude and hard-headed Anglo-Saxon has driven the gentle, poetical, and imaginative Celt ever westward before him into the hills and the sea, so the rude and vigorous Germanic beasts and weeds have driven the gentler and softer southern types into Wales and Cornwall, Galloway and Connemara. It is to the central European population that we owe or owed the red deer, the wild boar, the bear, the wolf, the beaver, the fox, the badger, the otter, and the squirrel. It is to the central European flora that we owe the larger part of the most familiar plants in all eastern and south-eastern England. They crossed in bands over the old land belt before Britain was finally insulated, and they have gone on steadily ever since, with true Teutonic persistence, overrunning the land and pushing slowly westward, like all other German bands before or since, to the detriment and discomfort of the previous inhabitants. Let us humbly remember that we are all of us at bottom foreigners alike, but that it is the Teutonic English, the people from the old Low Dutch fatherland by the Elbe, who have finally given to this isle its name of England, and to every one of us, Celt or Teuton, their own Teutonic name of Englishman. We are at best, as an irate Teuton once remarked, "nozzing but second-hand Chermans." In the words of a distinguished modern philologist of our own blood, "English is Dutch, spoken with a Welsh accent."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE SECRET OF YARROW.

BY J. B. SELKIRK.

"WAS ever stream or valley so besung!" exclaimed Dr. John Brown, when, coming down the southern slopes of Minchmuir, he beheld the famous Border river twinkling in the sun. Nor was the exclamation an unreasonable one, but rather just such a question as would naturally suggest itself to the ballad and Border-loving author of the "*Horæ Subsecivæ*;" for if ever "the poet's consecration and the dream" shed its imperishable fascination on any particular locality, investing its landscape with that "light which never was on sea or land," surely Yarrow can claim pre-eminence in such a case. Not alone in modern times, but for centuries it has been a favorite shrine of the muses—a kind of Scottish Forest of Arden—where, on every hawthorn and every thistle, the poets, Orlando-like, have hung their odes and elegies.

When Lockhart claimed for Yarrow the title of the most romantic of Scottish rivers, he was possibly thinking less of its indebtedness to modern poetry than to the lustre and distinction it inherits from the exquisite ballads with which its name will always be associated. No doubt every river of the Scottish Border is more or less suffused with this inherited after-glow, gilding with its heavenly alchemy every stream and valley of that legend-haunted land; for even in a country which can boast the names of Scott and Burns, the historical and romantic ballad-poetry of the Border still keeps its place, and remains now, as ever, the supreme and unapproached characteristic of Scottish literature.

Although the Tweed and the Teviot, the Ettrick and the Yarrow, the Liddel and the Esk, each and all can lay claim to the reflected glory of the ballad period, amongst these the Yarrow must always be credited with a unique claim of its own. Not only by the abundance, but by the distinctive quality of its poetical associations, Yarrow has more right to be regarded as the veritable Hippocrene of the Border Helicon than any other stream in the district.

The pagan belief that every river and every fountain had its own presiding deity, may now, we suppose, be considered an exploded superstition, and yet underneath the classic myth lay a certain significance which our *soi-disant* civilization has not been able altogether to dispense with; for although we no longer offer our oblations to Naiad or Dryad, nor propitiate their favor as of old with offerings of milk and honey and oil, it is almost as common to apostrophize a favorite stream among our own poets, as it was in the days of Virgil. These fair humanities of old religion have borne fruit in the spirit if not in the body: the ritual has disappeared, but the homage remains. Many instances of this river fascination occur over the whole field of English poetry, from Spenser's "silver streaming Thames," to Wordsworth's Duddon Sonnets. Burns evidently regarded running water as one of the most powerful awakeners of the poetic faculty:—

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learnt to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander."

The peculiar power exercised by Yarrow on her votaries is very significant. The result is not only the highest of its kind, but the whole product is permeated and characterized by a uniform local color of pathetic passion which invests everything that has issued from that mint with a distinctive and unique individualism. Other influences seem to have been kept out on purpose. The historical ballad, with one exception, that of the "Outlaw Murray," finds no place in Yarrow. "The Dowie Dens," "The Lament of the Border Widow," "The Douglas Tragedy," "Willie Drowned in Yarrow," and many others, grow out of the social conditions and accidents of the times, and appeal to the ordinary emotions and instincts of humanity; and these have given the initial pathetic melancholy to everything that has followed. The more warlike heroes of the other valleys of the Border—the Johnnie Armstrongs, the Kin-

mont Willies, the Jamie Telfers, etc.—would be out of place in Yarrow, and would introduce a jarring note, inconsistent with its tender solemnity. These old pathetic singers have passed away and left no sign. They have crossed the river of death, and taken their secret with them. Unnamed and unknown as they are, they have, however, left behind them a magnetic witchery of vague and passionate regret that cannot be shaken off or separated from the scene of their inspiration. No man of average sensibility ever entered that valley alone without coming to some extent under the weird fascination and endemic glamour of the place. Under its mysterious influences poets have been made and moulded like clay out of a cast. Hamilton of Bangour's only genuine inspiration was derived from this source, and his poetic fame rests mainly on the accident of his having come under the spell of the "dowie houns." The same may be said of Logan; for neither of these names would have found any abiding place in literature but for the "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bonnie bride," of the one, and "Thy braes are bonnie, Yarrow stream," of the other. These, it may be said, are, after all, only the masterpieces of minor poets; but it must not be forgotten that greater men than these, the masters themselves, have come under the same unaccountable and irresistible fascination.

To those who have made the life of Sir Walter Scott a loving study—and to some degree who has not?—it will be unnecessary to point out that ballad-poetry, and more especially the ballad-poetry of his beloved Border, was the nursery-ground of that wonderful genius. At the age of thirteen, on the day in which, in his aunt's house at Kelso, he stumbled upon a copy of Percy's "Reliques," the seed was sown that gave root and character and direction to all his poetical afterwork. While yet young in literature, it bore fruit in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" but it did not cease there. He was a ballad-hunter to the end: it was indeed the literary ruling passion of his life, and only ceased with life. His charming and skilful biographer tells us that in the year, destined to be his last, when he went to the Mediterranean to seek

rest and restitution for a frame unhappily shattered beyond recovery, no sooner had he settled down in Naples than, ill as he was, he set about forming a collection of Neapolitan ballads and broadsides. In the distraction of foreign travel, however, and the classic associations of the Bay of Naples, he never forgot the poetry of the country he had left behind. Lockhart relates that, when he visited the Lake of Avernus with his illustrious kinsman, while as cicerone he was expatiating on the beauty and classic richness of their surroundings, he overheard the old man eloquent, crooning to himself—

"Up the rocky mountains and down the mossy glen,
We daurna gang a milkin' for Charlie and his men."

In the passionate estimation with which Scott held the ballads of his native country, Yarrow and its romantic associations held by far the most conspicuous place. The first important poem he gave to the world, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—in the introduction to which he makes his first claim to be considered an original poet—was set in a frame of Yarrow. Leaving behind him the conventional methods of the eighteenth century, he appealed to the elder romanticism of the ballad period, and deliberately chose to recite his first inspiration under the tutelary Muse of the valley he used fondly to refer to as "the shrine of his ancestors;" and with what success he did so, it is unnecessary to say. Again, in "Marmion," his descriptions of St. Mary's Lake and the valley of the Yarrow, contain perhaps the most memorable and most imperishable verses he ever wrote. Consciously and unconsciously, Yarrow had stolen into the dream of his life in many ways. Later on, when he sat to Raeburn the second time for that beautiful family portrait still at Abbotsford, the background of the picture is his much-loved valley; and in the autumn of 1831—the year before his death—on revising the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for the last time, he must have felt the prophetic power of the words he had written more than a quarter of a century before—

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way."

And that Yarrow, which had been the poet's first love, had somehow unaccountably crept into his last prayer.

In the autumn of the same year, it will be remembered, the day before he left for that sojourn to the South in search of the health he was fated never to get, and from which he returned a dying man, Sir Walter accompanied the greatest of his contemporaries to Newark Castle, on the Yarrow : that sunny September day which gave occasion to Wordsworth's "Yarrow Revisited," as well as to one of the finest of his sonnets.

In Wordsworth's case, it is curious to mark the influence of Yarrow on one who, along with the possession of other eminent faculties, was without doubt the subtlest exponent and interpreter of the moods of nature that ever put thought into verse. As a young man, he had represented himself in his "Yarrow Unvisited" as arguing with the companion of his Scottish tour, that it was quite unnecessary to waste a day on Yarrow, that there were a thousand rivers elsewhere equally worthy of their wonder, and that in the meantime they would take the boasted charms of Yarrow for granted. When the Queen of Elfland, riding down by the Eildon Tree to the music of another world, clad in the shimmer of her unearthly vesture, and still more unearthly beauty, accosted her mortal lover in the Woods of Huntlyburn, and dared him to take the consequences of saluting her as a lover should, True Thomas, with the chivalrous Border spirit his fairy paramour had probably counted upon, gallantly protested—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me"—

although we all know that his temerity cost him seven years' penal servitude in the fairy Hades. No doubt Wordsworth thought himself as securely guarded against the fascination of Yarrow, as his elder brother-rhymer of Ercildoune thought he was against the "glamourie" of Elfland ; but the self-confidence in both cases was equally misplaced and illusory. When Wordsworth put the matter to a personal test, no sooner had his feet entered the fairy ring of Yarrow than he succumbed to the unseen sorcery. He argued, he expostulated, but

the pastoral melancholy would not be shaken off. He reasoned with himself, but he had counted without his host, for he had inhaled an atmosphere that, acting on sensibilities such as his, takes the reason prisoner. He protested he had never seen greener hills, or sunnier skies, or a more silvery stream, and that it was the very ground for happy lovers, but all to no purpose. Like Balaam, he could only give utterance to what an overruling power had put in his mouth, and the whole color and keynote of "Yarrow Visited" is struck in the first stanza, in which the poet confesses his subjugation, and cries out, like Saul in his trouble, for some cunning harper to come—

"And chase the silence from the air
That fills his heart with sadness."

Scott himself had long before felt, and in "Marmion" had given poetical form to this almost oppressive silence of Yarrow—

"Your horse's foot-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude."

And when he took his friend Southey across the hills from Ashiestiel to make the acquaintance of Yarrow, it is curious to note how that poet's mind also caught the same unvarying impression. That impression we find recorded in his journal for the day in these words : "A quiet and beautiful vale, a solitary and a sorrowful country." But these impressions are only a continuation of the feeling which, centuries before, had been expressed in the old ballad. When King James and his five thousand followers came down upon the country of the Outlaw Murray, we are told, as they approached the valley,

"They found it *awesome* for to see."

It has been frequently pointed out in history that both the political and religious predilections of men have been largely influenced by the accident of their physical environment, but that this general truth is capable of a local and particular application in its relation to poetry, is, in many cases, quite as certain, and in proof of it we may use the words of Wordsworth—

"Bear witness *rueful* Yarrow."

Humboldt declares that "the poetical works of the Greeks, and the ruder

songs of the primitive Northern races, owe much of their peculiar character to the forms of plants and animals, to the mountain-valleys in which their poets dwelt, and to the air which surrounded them." And he adds: "This influence of the physical on the moral world—this mysterious reaction of the sensuous on the ideal—gives to the study of nature, when considered from a higher point of view, a peculiar charm which has not hitherto been sufficiently recognized." But this higher point of view, this effect of the seen world upon the unseen mind of man, is a subject full of difficulty. As long as one is dealing with the visible phenomena of nature there is much to say.

The geologist delights to point out the prehistoric action of frost or fire, the causes of the upheaval of this mountain-mass, or the depression of that fertile valley; the track and scar of the grinding glacier, or these green shelving terraces across the hillsides—nowhere more marked or more beautiful than in the valley of the Yarrow—that show, step by step, the tidal footprints of a gradually retreating and now long-forgotten sea. Records that speak to him in a language which cannot lie, and which existed before language was; the silent evidence of those everlasting hills that hold up their unchanging and eternal testimony in the eye of heaven, while the conflicting creeds of men, made for the hour, one after the other fall out of the world like cast-off raiment. When we come, however, to the landscape itself, whose harmonious lines, and color, and proportion these forces have brought about, and attempt to analyze and interpret its effect on men's minds, we pass from the visible to the invisible world, where exact definition becomes impossible. The action of the sensuous world upon the ideal is borne in upon our conviction as a fact, but the *modus operandi* is a secret.

It may doubtless be said, with a certain show of reason, that the intrinsic beauty of the poetical associations of such a valley as Yarrow are quite enough to have bestowed a deathless charm on any locality, altogether independent of any extrinsic fascination the landscape might possess. Unquestionably in the case of Wordsworth, or Scott, or Dr.

John Brown, Yarrow is more than a mere spectacle. It becomes a vision, and to them the very word is transfigured by a kind of nimbus, gathered from the glory of the past, invisible to the uninformed eye. In Yarrow, as in everywhere else—

"It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object; but the Mind describes."

And yet this is but a general truth, applicable to every locality having a poetical or historical interest of any kind attached to it, and does not in the least explain why a particular place should produce a poetical result of a unique and distinctive character. In the beautiful tributary burns of Yarrow, you will find a certain coincidence and uniformity among the mosses and lichens that clothe their gray boulders with a green and yellow velvet; but the fact does not throw any light upon the elective affinity subsisting between the rock and the plant. We accept the circumstance of their coexistence, on the simple ground that the plant imperatively requires nourishment of a particular kind, and can only exist where it finds it. This law of interdependence between life and its environment is everywhere observable both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, even to a minute degree. The distinctive flavor of honey is altogether regulated by the flora of the bees' feeding-ground; and so much so, that what is a delicacy in Scotland cannot be eaten in some other countries without great danger. The honey of Brazil is only used as a medicine, while in some parts of the tropics it is actually poisonous. Xenophon, it may be remembered, mentions in his "Anabasis" that in the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, many of the soldiers were so affected by eating honey, that they lay down as if to die. Other examples of this curious correspondence in nature suggest themselves in animal life. There are caterpillars which change color with the lichens on which they feed, like the larva of the moth (*Noctua alga*), which turns to gray or yellow, according to the color of the lichen from whence it derives its nourishment. Finding, then, this unvarying law of adaptation in nature, may we not carry the principle from the world of sense to

the world of mind, and conclude that the poetical flora of the "Dowie Dens" has been produced under analogous conditions? Shakespeare teaches us that—

"Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished ;"

and certainly the honey does not more clearly possess the flavor of the heather, the lichen does not cling more closely to its native rock, than the solemn tender melancholy of Yarrow clings about the song of its native valley. It would be difficult to conceive poetry more thoroughly self-evolved than that of Yarrow. It is indebted to the outer world for almost nothing. The actor and the action commemorated, song and singer, subject and object, are alike indigenous. Everything produced there possesses the typical flavor of the soil. It was no doubt a clear recognition of this indigenous integrity of the poetical product of the district which induced Sir Walter Scott to frame his great Border poem in a Yarrow setting, not only selecting one of its old Border peels as the scene of its recital, but putting the poem itself into the mouth of a native minstrel, who, to an intense love of country, brings a poet's appreciation of the chivalrous deeds of his heroic fellow-Borderers. As was to be expected from such a master, the whole scheme was in well-conceived conformity with the local traditions.

In computing the relative gains and losses of different stages of civilization, it is difficult not to look with some sort of regret on the complete disappearance of the ancient Court official, revived in the fabled minstrel of Scott's "Lay." It would be impossible in our day to form any adequate idea of the effect of the impassioned recital of our old metrical romances and ballads, by a master of his art, on the courtly audiences he usually addressed, in an age when as yet he held an important and influential position, the companion, and sometimes the trusted ambassador of kings; before that sweeping Act—the 39th of Queen Elizabeth—had relegated his order to that limbo of sturdy rogues and vagabonds—a statute which Ritson used to quote with such wicked glee as a set-off against Bishop Percy's ideal *jongleur*. Long prior to the age of Elizabeth, how-

ever, the Bishop's ideal was a flesh-and-blood reality, and a very important personage. Centuries before

"The bigots of an iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime,"

he held an office, the importance of which it would be difficult to form any proper estimate of, in our days of books and printed matter. In addition to his musical faculty, he was a kind of reference library, and the sole repository of the *belles lettres* of his time and country; and in his frequently double capacity of poet and musician, as in Scott's poetical fiction, he must have exercised an influence, and represented an intellectual force, quite unparalleled in his otherwise barbarous age. Nor are we sure there is anything in our modern civilization which exactly fills his place. The laureateship may be considered, in some respects, the historical continuation of the office of the Court minstrel, but between the holders of the post there is no longer any historical parallel. From Lord Tennyson back to Ben Jonson, the first to hold the office under royal letters patent, there has been no representative of such men as Taillefer, the *jongleur* of William the Conqueror, or Blondel, the minstrel of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, according to tradition, sang his royal master out of prison. Many of these were men of means and prowess—rich enough, like Raher, of the Court of Henry I., to endow a hospital; and brave enough to follow their king on a war expedition, like the minstrel of Edward I., who accompanied that monarch to Palestine, was quartered in the royal tent, and was instrumental in saving his master from assassination. The evolution of history, with the help of the printing-press, has thrown this antique type of artist out of the world; but it is surely to be regretted that his art is as completely lost as he himself is. In an age that has seen so many mediæval restorations, it seems strange that it has never occurred to any enterprising *impressario* to rehabilitate the heroic Skald, the mediæval *jongleur*, or, at all events, that less remote variety of him that proved so attractive to the Courts of our own early English and Scottish kings. Mediæval revivals have certainly not been the least important factors in

the education of the last half-century. Whether for good or evil, they have powerfully affected both our art and our religion. The Church is yet floundering in the trough of that great tractarian wave which carried so many rarely gifted minds from their moorings, and left too many of its victims tossing on the troubled waters, between the Scylla and Charybdis of atheism or the Vatican. The pre-Raphaelite movement in painting—another of its revivals—was hardly less striking in its effect on art; while more recently the same influence has left its distinctive mark on modern poetry, culminating in the works of the elder Rossetti and his school.

Scott, and through him the romanticism of Yarrow and the Border, had more to do with the earlier direction of the movement than is generally recognized; for what, indeed, was the revival of our ballad literature but a calling together of the dry bones of our own dark ages, and as the editors can attest, requiring sometimes considerable skill in fitting up, bone to its bone, before they could constitute an organic whole? Judging from these more or less successful revivals of the past, one might presage a favorable acceptance for the restoration of the art of the *jongleur*. The splendor of the Court of the Plantagenets, with its old-world costumes, would itself lend that spectacular charm which seems to be a necessary feature in all modern representations; while the impressive intonation of some of our best old ballads to a sweet and low *recitativo parlante* accompaniment, such as would admit of no interference with the clear enunciation of every syllable, would at all events offer a pleasing variety, if not a refreshing deliverance from the trivial rubbish which in too many cases still does duty as the *libretti* of our operas, and which, happily for the audience, is usually smothered in an orchestral din, through which nothing short of the hammer of Thor could make itself heard.

But to return to the subject from which the minstrel has tempted us; the power of a district such as Yarrow to give a distinctive character to its intellectual outcome, difficult as it may be to explain, is capable of illustration from many quarters. Without going back with Humboldt to the Greek poets, or

the primitive Northern races, the subject may be illustrated by examples lying nearer home, and as regards time, almost contemporaneous with the production of the earlier ballad-poetry of the Border. One of the most remarkable instances of a district dominating its poetical product will be found in the case of that body of song which from time immemorial has been associated with the valley of the Vire in Normandy, and popularly known as the *Vaux-de-Vire*. The Vire, indeed, may be said to be the Yarrow of its distinctive poetry; for although the two valleys have many points of difference, they possess much in common. Their early singers in both cases are all but forgotten. Olivier Basselin, the traditional poet of the Norman Bocage, is almost as mythical a character as Thomas of Ercildoune, or the equally mythical "Minstrel Burne" of our Border ballads. An orchard and an old wooden erection on the banks of the river are still pointed out to the tourist as the dwelling-place of Basselin, the old poet-patriot of Vire, who is said to have fallen, in 1450, at the battle of Formigny. Longfellow, with a poet's sympathy, enters into the whole feeling of the situation, in one of his happiest efforts, when he tells us—

"But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire."

Basselin, however, is little better than a name as far as his productions are known; and it was not until nearly the end of the sixteenth century that the *Vaux-de-Vire* finally crystallized themselves in the songs of Maistre Jean de Houx, and with which Mr. Muirhead's masterly translations have made us familiar. To what extent De Houx was indebted to his predecessors, whose praises he sings, it would be difficult to determine with accuracy; but that he was the inheritor and mouthpiece of the characteristic genius of the Vire, there can be no doubt.

The poetry of the Vire does not afford any less striking an instance of genius conditioned by its environment, al-

though its poetical result, compared with Yarrow, is about as diverse in character as it is possible to conceive. The productions of both localities are always true to their type, although one produces nothing but what is suggestive of solitude and melancholy, while the other is an Arcadia of happy song and joyous *camaraderie*. The presiding deity of the Vire is, in fact, the god of pleasure; and Jean de Houx himself dedicates his poems to Bacchus, and naïvely apologizes for any inequalities in his work, on the plea that the bad verses were produced by the bad wine, and the good ones by the better.

The poets of the Vire, though carefully discountenancing everything like habitual abuse, clearly belonged to that section of their brotherhood which Coleridge used to compare to musical glasses, because, "to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet."

The *genius loci* of Yarrow, on the other hand, is a sombre and solemnly draped figure—

"Sole sitting by the shores of old romance,"—

her dreamy eyes big with the memory of love and death, her only song the music of that "wan water" which has carried the blood of her Douglasses and Scotts down her narrow valley, out into the infinite ocean, just as the nameless charm of her tragic verse has been floated across dividing seas, far away into the hearts and homes of the great English-speaking race, in every continent and corner of the world, to mix and mingle with their speech as long as language lasts.

Although there may not be many instances where the poetry evolved from and associated with particular localities is more completely *sui generis* than in the valleys of the Yarrow and the Vire, many examples exhibiting the same features, more or less strongly marked, will readily suggest themselves to students of poetical literature. The circumstances, however, under which this unique correspondence between place and thought is produced are fast disappearing. As the poet becomes more cosmopolitan, poetry as a consequence becomes less special and more general. Local influences gradually cease to exercise their old control, and the special

charm they possessed passes away with them. So much is this the case, that there are phases of poetical thought which have as completely passed out of a present world as the school of architecture which produced the Sphinx or the Pyramids. The poetry of the Border ballads, which Yarrow exhibits at its best, present a case in point. These poems belong to an extinct species and an extinct era, and no amount of genius is able to reproduce anything resembling them. The very best modern attempts, however successful they may be regarded as poems, have one and all been only moderately successful as ballads. Scott's "Eve of St. John," Leyden's "Lord Soulis," Hogg's "Witch of Fife," Wordsworth's attempt to modernize "Burd Helen," Lady Wardlaw's "Hardyknute," good as these are—and some of them are the best of their kind—all carry on their face the fatal finger-marks of the modern manipulator. You feel when you read these poems that they are clever, and their very cleverness ruins them. Comparing these productions with the most fragmentary of the original ballads, is like placing the finished and flawless work of Flaxman or Canova beside the broken but sublime torso of Milo's Venus. The serene grandeur, the unconscious and massive simplicity of the older work is not to be approached. Old and new, each after its kind, doubtless possess many points of merit, but they are not in the same category. Such failure, however, does not lie at the door of the poets who have made these attempts to reproduce the old ballad. It is not that the poetical genius is wanting, but that the essential condition, the physical and social environment in which alone these productions were possible, has passed away forever from the earth.

That these productions themselves have not passed away, we owe it to that reverend regard for the past, which happily is the invariable instinct of all true civilization, and which never was more alive than at the present day, both at home and abroad. In America, the *magnum opus* of Professor Child* of

* The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: Henry Stevens.

Boston—by far the most exhaustive and important work of its kind ever attempted—proves what interest is being taken in the ballad literature of the mother country, and in which the poetry of the Scottish Border, with Yarrow for its central shrine, holds so conspicuous a place.

In a time when the incidence of inheritance, and the rights and duties of proprietorship in almost any kind of estate are being so closely questioned from the socialistic stand-point, there may be some consolation in knowing that there is a kind of possession to which no one will dispute our title. The

patrimony of our great writers is brought down to us from generation to generation, peacefully and steadily, and, to use a phrase of Emerson's, "as if God had brought it in His hand." Whatever modern politics has in store for us, it is so far satisfactory to think that our reversionary interest in this kind of estate is beyond cavil, and that no one will question our claim even to what may be called unearned increment on the inheritance left us in Yarrow and elsewhere by—

"The Poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A HAZARDOUS EXPERIMENT.

BY LUKE LOVART.

"Ein ganz besond'rer Saft."—*Faust.*

I.

A DOCTOR has necessarily some strange experiences. To me the most interesting of such experiences have always been those which hover, as it were, on the borderland between the mind and body, so that from first to last it is impossible to be quite sure how much is to be set down to a disordered state of the physical organism; how much to a morbid mental impression. One of the most curious of such experiences happened to me a good many years ago on this wise.

I was at that time house-surgeon at one of the smaller London hospitals, and was sitting one evening in my cosily-furnished room, enjoying the company of two of my friends, whom I will call Whitmore and Radford. They were both medical students in their last year. Whitmore was very clever, but unfortunately in delicate health. In my opinion he read too much and smoked too much. Radford was of a commoner type—a tall, robust fellow, very good at football and all manly exercises, and without any further ambition than to pass his examinations satisfactorily, and thus to become qualified to succeed to his father's practice in the country.

Of course we were smoking, and, between the puffs, we were engaged in an argument such as most people like—an argument, namely, in which it is impossible for either side to score a decisive victory. This keeps up the interest, and the conversation becomes a kind of verbal game of battledoor and shuttlecock, each disputant keeping it up at his end when his turn comes, and skilfully returning it, until it is at last dropped from mere exhaustion.

It was just at the time when the minds of some people were a good deal exercised on the subject of the alleged miracles associated with the name of Louise Lateau. According to eye-witnesses of credit and acumen, there appeared on the girl's hands and feet and side, at certain times, the stigmata of the Crucifixion. At other times they either disappeared, or at any rate ceased to bleed. This is the account, as I recall it, but nothing for my purpose hinges on the precise accuracy of these details.

Of course, the question we were debating was (1) whether these appearances were what may be called spontaneous, or the result of a mere clever imposture; and (2), if spontaneous, how they could possibly be accounted for on scientific grounds. We were all

of us agreed that the age of miracles was over, but beyond this our agreement did not go. Radford, in his blunt, matter-of-fact way, roundly asserted that the whole thing was humbug from beginning to end, and that it was altogether too much to expect any man endowed with his proper share of common sense to believe it. I, on the contrary, on the evidence, leaned to the opinion that the manifestations might be genuine, but confessed myself unable to give any rational explanation of them. And Radford was just about to take advantage of this logical inconsistency on my part when Whitmore intervened. He told us a curious circumstance which had come under his own observation, and which certainly seemed to throw some light upon the subject we were discussing. A party of which he was one were assembled one winter at a country house, and were sitting late at night round the fire in a room otherwise not lighted. Among the party was Whitmore's cousin, a fair-complexioned girl of seventeen, of very nervous and sensitive disposition. As often happens in such circumstances, the talk took the direction of the awful and the uncanny. The young girl listened with the intensest interest. At last one of the speakers related a story of special and peculiar horror, and, being a man of much dramatic talent, invested it with all the semblance of reality. When the story was at an end, one of the party chanced to look at the girl and gave a cry of astonishment and concern. She was sitting on her chair, pale as death, with the lips parted and the hands tightly clenched. But the ghastliest thing was that her forehead seemed streaked with blood. The candles were hurriedly lighted, and a closer inspection showed that there was no blood actually on the surface of the skin. But just below it there were blood-red streaks, and these streaks were exactly in the lines which the brow assumes when contracted with pain and horror. They did not altogether disappear for a week, during the whole of which time the girl remained too much disfigured to show herself.*

"Here," added Whitmore in con-

clusion, "was, as it seems to me, a clear case of a strong mental impression causing a direct physical effect, the mind stamping suddenly an image of its horror visibly on the flesh. In the same way, why may not the intensified consciousness of the Belgian mystic, directed ecstatically to certain portions of the body, produce the marks described?"

"Yes," I said, "and we all remember, too, the case of the man who was sentenced to be beheaded. They merely grazed his neck with the knife, and poured a few drops of lukewarm water over it, but the poor fellow was taken up dead all the same."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Radford, "but that was merely fright. Of course people can be killed by fright; I never denied that. That's hardly to the point, you know."

"I think it is," said Whitmore. "The point is—as far as our discussions ever have a point—that the imagination can do anything. It can visibly mark and derange any part of the organism, as in the case I have given you, or it can destroy the organism altogether, as in the case just mentioned by Lovart. My uncle says he knew a man who gave himself an aneurism merely by persistently believing he had one, and concentrating his thoughts on the particular spot where he imagined it to be. In time one came, in response, as it were, to his appeal—a real thing created by mind out of matter—and it ultimately killed the man."

"I can't swallow that," said Radford. "I should prefer to doubt your uncle's original diagnosis, especially as the complaint is often difficult to detect in its early stages."

"Well, when you come to practise, Radford," said I, a little oracularly, as became one who had already reached that stage, "you will find that you will have to allow something for the imagination."

"In some cases, everything," remarked Whitmore.

Just at this moment there was a knock at the door, and Jacques, the porter, put in his head.

"Accident, sir," he said.

Jacques was the very type of a cold, cut-and-dried official. I think he prided

* A fact.

himself upon his impassibility. If he couldn't be a doctor, he could at least imitate a doctor's manner. Only he overdid it a good deal. We doctors try to be calm; Jacques was stolid. It used to be a saying among us that, *if—per impossibile*—the Prince of Wales had chanced to be brought into the hospital, comatose, Jacques would not have got beyond his invariable formula, "Accident, sir."

Of course I went at once. There is always a certain interest in an accident. It suggests exciting complications, until you know exactly what it is. Whitmore went with me from professional curiosity. Radford, who had no curiosity in such matters, said "Good-night," and went off to a whist party.

When we reached the accident ward, we found the new arrival lying on the bed nearest the door, with a screen between him and the next patient. He was deadly pale, and the silk handkerchief tied round his head was saturated with blood. His pulse was extremely feeble, and he was unconscious.

I made a hasty examination. As far as I could make out, he had received no injury except the one to his head. This in itself did not appear to be dangerous, as the skull was not fractured. But there was a deep cut which had severed an artery, and it was clear to me that there must have been considerable delay in bringing him to the hospital, and that, meanwhile, he had lost a large quantity of blood. Hence his extreme exhaustion. It appeared on inquiry that he had been knocked down by a hansom cab, and had fallen on some sharp object—a broken bottle probably—which had cut his temple deeply.

I stanchd the hemorrhage, bound up his head, and attempted to revive him with stimulants. But it was pretty clear to me, as well as to Whitmore, that all our efforts would prove ineffectual, and yet it seemed very sad that he should die in this way—all the sadder that he was young and handsome, and was evidently a man of refinement and culture, and probably of wealth as well. He was in evening dress, and the make and material of all his clothes, as well as his general appearance, left no doubt on my mind that he was a gentleman.

I searched in his pockets for a clew

to his identification, in order that I might send a message at once to his friends. I soon found his card—

MR. LLEWELLYN VAUGHAN,
Llantrissant Hall, —shire.

There was no London address. It was impossible to communicate with his friends in the country, as it was already too late to telegraph. He was entirely in my hands until the morning, and I felt the responsibility keenly.

I exchanged glances with Whitmore. We would willingly have done anything in our power for the poor sufferer, but there was absolutely nothing more to be done. There was no complication in the case. He was dying from sheer exhaustion, and all the doctors in England could have done no more for him than we had done. So, leaving directions with the nurse to continue administering the stimulants at certain intervals, I left the ward and returned to my room accompanied by Whitmore.

"Sad case," I said.

"I take it," said Whitmore, "that the poor fellow is naturally delicate and nervous and, like myself, a little anæmic—highly-strung organization, as they say. Not at all the man who could bear any great loss of blood."

"Exactly," I answered, "just my idea of the case."

"Looks a clever fellow," remarked Whitmore. "What a noble forehead—almost Shakespearian—and finely cut mouth too."

"'Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,' etc.," I said, not heartlessly but rather with an affectation of unconcern to hide the pain I really felt.

"But must he really die?" asked Whitmore, thoughtfully. He seemed to be revolving something in his mind. At last he added, "Is not this just such a case as might be saved by transfusion of blood? No real organic injury, simply exhaustion from loss of blood. Give him a fresh supply at once, and what is to hinder him from rallying?"

"H'm," I muttered cautiously. The same idea had crossed my own mind, but I had hesitated to give it expression. It was a satisfaction to me that Whitmore, whose cleverness in his profession was recognized by all at the hospital, should have thought of it also.

Still, I was the responsible person, not he.

"You see," continued Whitmore, "as matters stand, nothing can save him. He must be dead before morning. If the operation were to fail he would be no worse off than he is now, and it might succeed."

"No doubt it has been successful sometimes," I said. "But where find in time any one to give him what he requires? I must perform the operation, there is no time to send for any one else. You haven't an ounce of blood to spare, and, besides, I want you to help me. As to tampering with the staff, that would never do."

"Jacques is certainly too dry," said Whitmore, "and I really don't know whom to suggest. If only Radford had not bolted! He'd have done splendidly. It seems such a pity the experiment should not be made, and it would be so interesting, and get you such *κέρδος* too, if it proved successful."

All these thoughts were in my own mind. I really pitied the poor patient, but I had also a little scientific curiosity to gratify, and I was decidedly ambitious of a name in my profession. Of course, had not time been everything in a case like this, it would have been my duty to wait until the next day to consult my superiors; but, as things were, I felt I should be justified in performing the operation myself. Indeed, I had no choice, if it was to be done at all, and I did not distrust my own powers as an operator. I was recognized as possessing both skill and nerve.

"Let's have another look at him," said Whitmore.

We accordingly left my room. As we were crossing the hall to get to the wing in which the accident ward is situated, we overheard part of a conversation between the porter and a stranger. The latter was inquiring whether any one of the name of Dauntton was an inmate, and Jacques, in his usual automatic way, was telling him the days and hours when alone visitors were permitted to see the patients.

I was struck by the appearance of the stranger. He was a man of magnificent physique, over six feet high, and admirably proportioned. His broad shoulders and deep chest gave evidence of almost

herculean strength. His face had a healthy hue, as if tanned by exposure to all kinds of weather, but its expression was forbidding. There was a half-sneer on the lips, and the black eyes had a wild devil-may-care look in them. He was very shabbily dressed in a kind of poncho, which was torn and faded, and a soft felt hat with a high crown, the brim of which cast a shadow upon his forehead, and gave all the more effect to the glare of the eyes.

The instant he caught sight of us, he advanced towards us without taking off his hat or giving any other salute.

"I say," he exclaimed, "I can make nothing of your porter. He seems to answer by clockwork. But, I dare say one of you gentlemen can answer my question. I want to know if any one named Dauntton is here."

He spoke rudely, almost dictatorially, like one accustomed to carry his point without standing on ceremony. His accent had a certain roughness, and yet it was not the accent of one born and bred in the lower classes. It rather seemed to me to be the accent of a man who had once been a gentleman, but who, by long knocking about the world, and habitual association with men of lower social position than himself, had lost his original refinement.

In either case, I liked neither him nor his manner, and I was just about to refer him to the porter, who, conscious that he had received a slight but determined to bear it stolidly, was evidently waiting for my instructions, when Whitmore plucked at my sleeve and whispered:

"What a capital fellow to supply what we want!"

Of course I knew what he meant. And his exclamation was justified. No doubt that was exactly the physique required. This loafing giant would never miss a few ounces of blood, and the quality of the current in his veins was evidently of the richest. The thought made me more civil to him than I should otherwise have been.

"If," I said, to the evident astonishment of Jacques, to whom red tape was everything—"if you will step into the waiting-room for a minute I will look through the list and tell you if the name you mention is there."

In a few minutes I returned with the information that there was no one in the hospital of the name of Dauntton.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" I asked, casting about at the same time how I should broach the subject uppermost in my mind.

The man hesitated and seemed embarrassed.

"You'll think me a precious fool," he said at last, roughly, "and I must say, I'm ashamed of myself. But, as you ask me, why there is one other thing you could do for me, if you didn't mind—you could bleed me."

Whitmore and I, in spite of our professional training, could neither of us repress a little start. The coincidence was so very curious that it came upon us like a shock.

"Of course you'll think it very queer," continued the man. "I know people don't get bled nowadays as they used to be. Fact is, I've too much blood, and it goes to my head. Fancy I see things, you know, and all that, when there isn't anything there."

It seemed to me that, strong as he was, he gave a little shudder as he spoke.

"Now's your chance," whispered Whitmore to me. "Was ever anything so opportune?"

I suppose, when we are in doubt, we all of us cast about at times for something which shall give us, as it were, a hint for our guidance. At any rate, it seemed to me that such a coincidence as this was too marked to be disregarded. It must be accepted as a sign from fate itself.

"Certainly I will bleed you if you wish it," I said. "If it does you no good, it cannot do you any harm. I suppose you don't mind what is done with your blood?"

It was the man's turn to start now.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed almost nervously. "Why should I mind? I don't understand you."

I explained to him briefly how matters stood, that there was a poor fellow under that very roof whose life was ebbing away merely for lack of that whereof he (the new-comer) had a superabundance. But coarse by nature, or second nature, the man seemed to take very little interest in my account.

"Well," he said, "I don't mind, if the job doesn't take too long."

We went upstairs. The patient was to all appearance much the same, but the pulse was, as I knew it must be, weaker.

There was no time to be lost. Assisted by Whitmore and the nurse, I performed the operation. All went well, and the result was most gratifying. The patient's pulse improved almost immediately. He had been lying quite passive from exhaustion, with his left arm under the coverlet. As something of strength returned, he began to move uneasily. His eyes remained closed, but his left hand slowly raised itself, as if he would lift the hand to his lips. The coverlet fell off, and, as it did so, our eyes were dazzled by a magnificent ring which gleamed upon the third finger. In it was set a superb opal, with every variety of hue, surrounded by a circle of small diamonds.

Our volunteer, who up to this time had evinced very little interest in the proceedings in which he had been playing so essential a part, now all at once became strangely animated. He eagerly bent forward, as if to inspect the ring. He even seized the patient's arm, that he might scan the gems more closely. Then a scowl of baffled vindictiveness passed across his features, and a wilder glare came into his eyes.

"Gently! gently! my good sir," I said, as I saw him almost fling the patient's arm away from him. "What's the matter now?"

"Matter, indeed!" he answered fiercely. "I tell you what, it's precious little of my blood he'd have got, if I'd known who he was—curse him."

"Pray, control yourself," I said, in much astonishment.

"Oh, I'll control myself, never fear. There's nothing to be done now. But I'll be even with him yet."

There was something so strange in all this, that—as doctors involuntarily do—I scrutinized the man pathologically. Was he out of his mind? He had spoken of seeing visions, and there was a peculiar restlessness in his eye; and now his talk seemed to be very wild.

"Well," he said, after a pause, during which he had been taking another long look at the patient—"Well, I sup-

pose you don't want me any more, so I'll be off."

He turned to go, muttering to himself as he did so. When he had left the ward, Whitmore and I felt a sense of relief. The mere presence of the man had seemed to create an uncomfortable, oppressive atmosphere. I even fancied the patient breathed more freely for his absence.

"Well, that's a good riddance," I said. "I only hope I've not done wrong."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Whitmore; "why you've done famously. Look how much better the poor fellow is already. I call it a triumph of science."

We stayed up a little longer, and before I turned in for the night I satisfied myself that my patient was making decided progress. As I fully hoped that by the morning he would be able to converse, I thought it best to warn the nurse not to tell him the nature of the operation performed upon him. "Should his curiosity," I said, "be aroused by the incision, leave him to imagine that he has merely been bled. He is so weak that any surprise might be injurious to him."

II.

THERE is no need to enter into the details of Mr. Vaughan's convalescence. Suffice it to say that he rapidly recovered his strength, and in a few days was sufficiently well to be moved into his apartments at the West End. He was extremely grateful to me for my care and attention, and begged me to call upon him, which I did. This was the beginning of an intercourse which soon ripened into intimacy.

I found that, as I had from the first suspected, he was a man of exceptionally nervous and sensitive temperament. With this there was combined, as is so often the case, an extraordinarily vivid imagination, so that a mere floating idea or fancy would sometimes seem to affect him with all the force of a fact. Perhaps as a consequence of this, he possessed the poetic faculty to a high degree. I do not profess to be a critic, but any one of average intelligence and education can judge of force and originality, and I was struck by the power of the poems which Vaughan from time

to time read to me. But, as far as I know, none of them was ever given to the public. His fastidious taste was forever discovering blemishes in them, either wholly imaginary or, at least, greatly exaggerated; and it was often a real trouble to me, after listening to some beautiful composition, to hear him ruthlessly dissect it and finally toss it aside as a thing unworthy of further notice. In vain I used to remind him that absolute perfection is unattainable; that even Homer sometimes nodded; and that flaws had been found in the exquisite word-mosaic of Tennyson. "True," he would answer, "but I must get a little nearer to perfection than *that*."

I had always intended, when he should have entirely recovered his health, to tell him of the fortunate operation through which alone his life had been preserved; but the more I studied his temperament, the less inclined did I feel to make the communication. The benefit had been secured; why run even the slightest risk of impairing it? Imaginative as he was, he might get some fancy or other into his head, and worry himself about it. This was more especially suggested to me by the discovery that, amongst many other crotchets, he indulged an unreasonable antipathy to vaccination. And the discovery of another of his prepossessions finally decided me to allow the operation to remain a secret as far as he was concerned.

I knew him to be a man not only of considerable wealth, but also of very old family; and I found that he attached to this latter fact an absurdly exaggerated importance. It was not merely that his aristocratic tastes and sympathies thus received a kind of sanction; it seemed that he belonged to an old Welsh family which, according to his statement, had never intermarried with any but Welsh families. Thus he belonged to a perfectly pure race—his blood, as he told me, was absolutely unmixed (I could not help wincing a little at his use of this phrase). And he went on to discourse, somewhat in the manner of the late Lord Beaconsfield, on the priceless advantages of purity of race. In such persons there was, he said, a necessary harmony and continuity of development impossible in those of hy-

brid ancestry. There were no opposing strains of tendency ; no conflicting elements of any kind. The result was, that life to such natures had an exquisite and perfect savor ; for the capacity of enjoyment was without a flaw.

Much of this, I confess, seemed to me very fanciful. My own view is rather that a mixture of races brings with it an accession of power ; there is a healthy variety of elements not necessarily contradictory ; and certainly, if you limit intermarriage too closely, as has been the case in some aristocracies, the result is a distinct enfeeblement of mind and body.

But the discovery of this crotchet finally decided me, as I have already said, to keep secret the operation of which Vaughan had been the subject. It was, of course, known in medical circles, and I had been complimented on my readiness of resource in a case of such emergency. But I had cautiously stipulated that no account of it should be published in other than the medical journals, in which, of course, the full name of the patient is not mentioned. The actual spectators had been Whitmore, the nurse, and the stranger. The two former had been bound over to secrecy, and I knew that I could trust them implicitly. As to the third he had entirely disappeared, and it was certain that he moved in a very different social sphere from that of Vaughan. Altogether I felt certain that the secret would be kept, however ridiculous it might be to keep it.

It was a natural result of the intimacy that had sprung up between Vaughan and myself that he should tell me, as in time he did, of the most important event in his life. It seemed that he was engaged to a very pretty and graceful girl, descended from ancestors as select as his own. He told me that this girl—her name was Alma Morton—was suited to him in every respect ; that, imaginative as he was, he yet could not even in fancy picture to himself one more exactly answering to his ideal. Moreover, she was devotedly attached to him. It was true, as he hinted more than once, that this had not always been the case ; that at one time, before he had made her acquaintance, she had been engaged to a man who had turned out a regular

ne'er-do-well. In fact, this man had at last been compelled to leave England altogether, to avoid conviction for some offence, the exact nature of which Vaughan did not tell me. Since then he had been leading the life of a desperado in Texas and Mexico. But Alma had given him up entirely, and never so much as mentioned his name. In fact, Vaughan was convinced that the evil character of the man had long since created in her gentle nature a feeling of positive repugnance and loathing towards him. She had become attached to him under a delusion ; the delusion had vanished, and her whole and undivided affection was now bestowed on Vaughan.

No wonder that in these circumstances he was happy, and often talked of his happiness. What was poetic fame to him—though I am sure he might have had it—when he had so much to lift his life above the common level ? Rich, well born, handsome, healthy, and, above all, in the possession of such a priceless treasure as the heart of a beautiful and tender woman, he might well fancy as he did that the stars had marked him out for special happiness. And yet, in spite of all, I was sometimes astonished to notice that a cloud would occasionally gather on his brow when there seemed nothing in the world to vex him, and would hang there for five minutes at a time. "What is the matter, Vaughan ?" I asked him on one such occasion. "Oh, nothing," he said, "nothing ; I know no more than you. I'm sure I beg your pardon for being so dull and taciturn. You must add it to the long list of caprices for which the *genus irritabile* is already notorious."

III.

AND now I must pass on to detail the circumstances which made Vaughan's case so remarkable, though I am well aware that the mystery which seems to attach to it is capable, after all, of a very simple and natural explanation.

I was again sitting one night in my room at the hospital, but this time, as it chanced, alone. I had been reading a well known book by Dr. Abercrombie, which treats of morbid psychology. But I had laid it aside, and, at the moment I refer to, I was sitting in front of the

fire, watching the smoke of my pipe as it ascended in thin, gray clouds, but not exactly thinking of it, connecting it rather, in a kind of semi-conscious, dreamy way, with the thoughts which had been suggested by my reading. I thought how vague all human knowledge is, except knowledge of the lowest kind—that is, the merely practical. You may know the precise position of a nerve or muscle, you may even in these latter days localize, or fancy you localize, in the brain the parts on which depend certain specific capacities or functions; but when it comes to thought itself—to the point where matter becomes mind, or mind impinges on matter—what is our fancied knowledge but a wreath of smoke?

Thus dreamily meditating, I did not hear a knock, if such were given, but all at once I seemed to feel a presence in the room, and, looking round, I saw Vaughan standing near the door. He looked very ill. The face, always pale, was now ashen in its hue; the eyes seemed sunk unnaturally deep in their sockets, where they glowed with a strange fire; the mouth was half open, and I fancied I could see the lips quivering with suppressed excitement.

I started up.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear fellow?" I exclaimed. "Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

At first he seemed unable to speak, but he made a motion with his hand as if he would ask me to be silent. Then, at last, his voice, or a voice—for really it sounded quite unlike his—came to him, and he said:

"I have come to ask you a question, Lovart."

"By all means," I answered, trying by a kind of forced cheerfulness in my manner to dissipate the gloom which hung so painfully over him.

He sank into the nearest arm-chair, as it seemed to me, mechanically. Then, resting his left elbow upon the arm of the chair, and his chin upon his hand, he fixed his dark eyes upon me with an intensity of gaze which made me quail before it.

"It is but one question," he said, "but it is all-important. Promise me, on your honor as a gentleman, that you will answer it truly."

I own I hesitated. No man likes to be bound in this way beforehand respecting an unknown question—a doctor, perhaps, least of all men.

He noticed my hesitation, and added, "The question concerns me only. You know I would never ask you to betray a confidence."

Even then I could not guess what was coming, but I yielded to his intense desire.

"Yes," I said; "on my honor I will answer it truly."

"Well, then"—he hesitated painfully as he spoke—"is it true—can it be true—that, when I was lying helpless and unconscious in this hospital, you made me the subject of a horrible experiment—the transfusion of blood?"

I tried hard not to start as I heard this question—still more, not to appear as if I felt a particle of guilt in the matter. But his manner was so solemn, and the question itself so unexpected, that I felt I was not keeping my countenance as I could have wished.

"Answer," he said, "answer—you promised you would—But, oh, heavens! I see the answer already written on your face. Is it possible?"

I had already recovered myself, and had decided on the line I would take. There should be no mincing of the matter, no trying to extenuate it as a fault, or even a mistake. I had done a good deed, and, for his sake as well as my own, I was determined to assert this fact.

"You are quite right," I said, "in your supposition. No doubt, I did what you say, and you cannot be too thankful to me for it. Let me tell you that you wouldn't be here now but for that. It saved your life."

He waited with the intensest interest for the first words of my answer; then he gave a deep groan, and buried his face in his hands.

"As if," he murmured, "life were worth having on such terms!"

This was too much for me. I was conscious, not only that I had acted in what I did from the highest motives, but also that, at a moment of extreme crisis, I had done exactly the right thing—the only thing in the circumstances. It was provoking enough to meet with no gratitude for having saved a man's

life; but to be actually blamed for it was a little too much.

"I don't understand you, Vaughan," I said. "I must tell you plainly that I think it unworthy of you to talk in this way."

"Ah," he said mournfully, "you don't know all yet. Wait till I have told you. Then you will understand how awful is the kindness you have done me."

I thought it best to let him tell me what he had to say without further interruption. The mere telling would probably relieve his mind and render it more accessible to reason. Besides, I was curious to know how his suspicions had been aroused.

He made an effort as if to collect himself, and then said in the same hollow tone as before:

"It is not more than two hours ago that I had a visit from a man I had often heard of but never seen before—the man to whom Alma was once engaged. Though I had never seen him, I had always hated him. If half what I have heard of him is true, there is not a worse scoundrel on earth than Dredster Rawdon."

I thought I knew what was coming now and nerved myself to bear it without seeming to flinch. After all, what difference could it make in a purely physical operation?

"And," he continued, shuddering as he spoke, "this man—this horror—is the man whose vile, polluted blood you transferred to my veins. So he told me, but I could not and would not believe him. And now you tell me that it is true."

He seemed overwhelmed at the thought, and I could not but feel a kind of sympathy with him in his distress, however unreasonable this distress was.

"Surely you must see," I said soothingly, "that his character is absolutely beside the question. And, after all, what has he done?"

Vaughan shuddered again. "He told me himself that he was a murderer. Think of that! He boasted of it, gloried in it. And now there runs in my veins the blood of a murderer."

This was indeed a blow for me. No doubt it sounded horrible enough, as

Vaughan put it. As a matter of taste, one would not have selected a murderer. But, after all, from a scientific point of view it made not the least difference. The man was exceptionally sound and vigorous, and that was all that was wanted. A sickly saint would not have been so much to the purpose.

"My dear fellow," I said, "all this is mere imagination. The man's character makes not the least difference, as your own common sense must tell you. Besides, men do not usually boast of the murders they have really committed. You may be sure it was all mere swagger on the part of your visitor."

"I wish I could think so," said Vaughan, "though, even then, it would be intolerable to have his blood in my veins. But I cannot doubt his statement. The murders he boasted of were committed in the wilds of Mexico—he could talk safely of them. I had heard of them before on good authority. In fact, I was told of one by an unwilling eye-witness. But there was one murder—perhaps the worst—which he took care not to refer to, as it was committed in England. He was not convicted, it is true, but that was only because he managed to get beyond the reach of justice. Years ago he lived with his uncle, an old man and a bachelor, who had adopted him. But he behaved so shamefully that at last his uncle threatened to disinherit him. The morning after he had uttered this threat the old man was found dead in bed. There was an inquest and a *post mortem* examination. All the organs were perfectly healthy, but the face was purple, and there were marks as of fingers about the throat. Meanwhile Dredster Rawdon had disappeared, together with a large sum of money which his uncle was known to have had in the house. This, as I said, was years ago. Most of the witnesses are dead now, and I suppose he thinks that he is pretty safe. But he has never dared to claim the estate of his uncle."

All this was told so simply and clearly that I felt sure that there was no imagination here. Vaughan was merely recapitulating the terrible facts. This being so, I saw that they must be accepted, and that the only thing left to do was to convince Vaughan that, as far as he was concerned, they had not the

least significance. How, indeed, should they have any?

"Well," I said, as judiciously as I could, "of course I cannot dispute such facts as those you mention. Nor, except so to speak to oblige you, had I the slightest interest in disputing them. You dislike a certain idea, and, as a matter of taste, your dislike is perfectly natural. But in no other point of view are these facts of the slightest importance. It is true I did not know them at the time I performed the operation, but, had I known them, I should have performed it just the same. You were literally dying. Only one thing could save you. I did that one thing with the best possible subject. It is a thousand pities that you allow your common sense to be overridden by a mere figment of the imagination."

"I know I am imaginative," he answered, "but this is no figment of the imagination."

"Oh, yes it is," I said; "I am a doctor, and you may take my word for it."

"But as a doctor," he said, "you must allow that what you have done amounts to inoculation."

"Yes," I said, "as regards physical disease; but we are not speaking of that, and the subject was perfectly healthy."

"Oh, yes," he answered impatiently, "I don't dispute that. But have you never thought of the possibility of transferring moral characteristics in the same way?"

I laughed derisively, thinking it would be well to try to laugh him out of his absurd fancies; but he did not seem to notice my laugh.

"Is it not awful," he continued, "to see how, in hydrophobia, the actual characteristics of a dog are transferred to a human being through the contamination of the blood? The poor fellow goes on all-fours, he barks, he tries to bite—in short, a human being, the shrine of an immortal soul, is changed into a brute."

I did not dispute these symptoms—they are genuine enough—but I did dispute the conclusion he drew from them; and I was just beginning to give the approved scientific explanation when he interrupted me.

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. The virus paralyzes certain muscles of the back, so that the patient is unable to hold himself upright. In the same way, certain muscles of the throat and chest are paralyzed, so that when he breathes a barking sound is produced. All very plausible—science all over. But, the other day, a lad died, not from the bite of a dog, but a cat. What did the doctor say about him at the inquest? 'He hissed like a cat, and tried to scratch every one who came near him;—i.e. he too became a brute, but he assumed the characteristics of the particular brute whose nature had been introduced into his veins. I tell you, Lovart, my fancy, as you call it, is as true as it is horrible. Who shall now answer me this awful question, 'What shall I become?'"

"I will," I exclaimed, passing over without notice that awkward illustration of the cat, which indeed had already struck me, when I read it in the paper, as being beyond my power to explain. "I will. You will become no other than you are now. It is three months since this operation was performed, and until you unluckily heard of it this evening, and it took hold of your imagination in a morbid way, had it produced the slightest effect on you?"

I spoke triumphantly. 'This was, as it seemed to me, a convincing argument—a *reductio ad absurdum* that could not fail to carry conviction. Judge, then, of my astonishment and disappointment when he answered in a tone as decisive as it was melancholy:

"Yes!"

Still, this could only be the tenacity of a dominant idea tyrannizing over him, so I said:

"I should be curious to know how you can prove that."

"If I tell you," he answered, "that since then I have sometimes had feelings which I never had before, you will of course say that this, too, is fancy."

"No doubt of it."

"Though you have yourself noticed and commented on my fits of depression?"

"I may have done so," I answered lightly, "but what of that? Any one is liable to have an occasional fit of the blues—poets especially."

"I never had them before," he said.

"That only means, you fancy not—you do not remember them—you had not the same reason for noticing them."

"Well," he said, "I will not press the point, as I am sure you would not be convinced. But what do you say to this?"

He drew from his breast pocket a sheet of paper, unfolded it, and handed it to me.

"You know," he said, "something of my poetry. I have read you many pieces. You know my style—weak, imperfect, but at least refined in matter and form. Can you believe that this piece was written by me?"

I glanced at it curiously.

"Why, it is not in your handwriting," I exclaimed. But the words were hardly out of my lips before I saw that I was wrong. The handwriting was indeed his; the form of the letters was the same, but they were large and heavy, and clumsy, instead of being neat and delicate, and regular. But the poem itself! It really seemed incredible that Vaughan could have composed it: the subject too gross to mention—the language full of a sensual and reckless brutality—the whole thing, in short, as unlike the exquisite refinement of Vaughan's lyrics as it is possible to imagine. I was for the moment overwhelmed with astonishment; and looking back upon the whole case, I still think this the most curious episode in it, though, as I shall show almost immediately, even this admits also of a common-sense explanation.

"Well?" asked Vaughan, who had been watching my countenance as I read.

I tried for his sake to repress my surprise.

"I must allow," I said with a smile, "that I had no idea you could write anything so Rabelaisian. You are more versatile than I supposed."

He looked pained and indeed shocked.

"I am sorry you have such a low opinion of me, Lovart," he said, "as to suppose for a single moment that I could possibly, of my own will, and out of my own nature, have composed anything so degraded. It was done about six weeks ago, late one night. I had gone to bed early and had been asleep

awhile. Then the moonlight, shining upon me, woke me. I grew restless, and got up and went to the window. You know, you can see across the park from my room. I looked out, fascinated with the beauty of the scene. I felt lifted up towards heaven. Then all at once, in sharpest contrast, something seemed to work in my blood. I seized a pen, and by the light of the moon—that light so pale and pure, think of that, Lovart—these lines, these dreadful lines—were written. Then I went to bed again and to sleep, and forgot all about them. In the morning I was horrified to find them lying on my table. For an instant, like you, I thought it wasn't my handwriting, but it was. I have wanted ever since to show them to you—to ask you how they could possibly be explained—but I have been ashamed to do so. Now you have given me the explanation, and it is right that you should see the result of your action."

No doubt it was a singular mental aberration, but by this time I had found a reason to account for it—a reason which I have very little doubt is the right one.

"What you have told me," I said, "is no doubt curious, but it has nothing to do with the operation performed upon you. You must remember that your head was injured by your accident. It is well known that such cerebral injuries sometimes show their effects, as might be expected, in whimsical vagaries of the mind."

He seemed to catch at the explanation for a moment. Then he shook his head sorrowfully, and said:

"I wish I could think it. But I am sure there was no real injury to my head. It has always felt perfectly clear and right. No; it is that other awful thing. And, again, I ask: What shall I become? How can I protect myself against myself?"

In vain I exhausted all my powers of argument and ridicule. The terrible idea had taken such hold upon his mind that nothing that I could say could dislodge it. He would try, he said, to do me justice. I had intended no evil. On the contrary, I had meant to do the very best for him. But he should never be the same man again, and he would rather have died once for all than die

daily in the thoughts of horror that possessed his mind.

All this was extremely painful to me. I could only hope that time would make him more reasonable. Meanwhile, I strongly urged him to leave London—where he was living alone—and to pay a visit to some of his friends. I hoped he might go and see Alma, whose gentle influence would probably have soothed him. But this he would not hear of. He even said he was no longer worthy of her. But he consented to return home. His father was dead, but his mother and sister lived at the hall. It was a relief to me to know that he would be in the care of those who loved him, and who would, I hoped, in time persuade him that his fears were groundless.

When he had gone, and I thought over the whole matter quietly, I could not help asking myself why Dredster Rawdon had called upon Vaughan, and why, above all, he had thus boasted of being a murderer. Was he not a rival? And was it not more than probable that, having learned something of the imaginative, impressionable nature of Vaughan, he had made this communication in the most startling way with the very object of producing such a shocking impression on Vaughan's mind as to unhinge it if possible? The more I thought over the matter, the more certain did I become that this was the true explanation of Dredster Rawdon's conduct. It was a difficult thing to suggest this to Vaughan, and yet I felt that anything would be an advantage which should disabuse his mind of the idea that now possessed it, and I resolved to write and put my theory before him as delicately and judiciously as I could.

IV.

SOME weeks passed, during which I neither saw nor heard anything of Vaughan. I wrote to him as I had intended, but I received no reply. Then I had to undergo a yet more painful shock than even his last visit had caused me.

This shock occurred to me at breakfast, as I was reading the morning paper. My eye caught the heading—

"MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY AT THE WEST END."

I don't know that I should have read the account, as I have no special appetite for horrors, had I not noticed that the tragedy, whatever it was, had taken place in the very street in which were Vaughan's rooms. I cast my eye a little way down the column and saw his name. Then, with feelings shocked and agitated more than I can say, I read the account from beginning to end. It ran thus :

"Last night — Street, W., was the scene of a mysterious tragedy which is now awaiting elucidation. It seems that at No. 9 a Welsh gentleman of family and fortune, named Vaughan, has permanent apartments which he occupies when in London. About ten o'clock last night this gentleman received a visitor. Some loud talking was heard by the landlady proceeding from the room in which the interview took place, but she paid no special attention to it until she was suddenly startled by the report of two pistol shots fired in rapid succession. Calling to her husband for assistance, he and another man entered the room, when a shocking spectacle presented itself. The visitor lay stretched on his face near the door quite dead. By his side lay a revolver, one barrel of which had evidently just been discharged. Lying back in an arm-chair, with his face buried in his hands, at the other end of the room, was Mr. Vaughan, and near him on the table was another revolver, which inspection showed also to have had one barrel recently discharged. At first it was supposed that Mr. Vaughan was wounded, but this proved happily not to be the case. He was, however, so unnerved that he could give no coherent account of the transaction, but kept repeating over and over again, 'I had to do it! I had to do it!' Directly the serious nature of the case was realized, a doctor was called in and the police were sent for. However, as already intimated, the injured man was beyond the reach of medical aid. As Mr. Vaughan could give no connected account of the affair, he was arrested and taken in a cab to the police station

on a charge of manslaughter. Hardly had he been removed, however, before a discovery was made which tended to throw some light on the affair, and to point to the conclusion that, in what he had done, Mr. Vaughan had probably only acted in self-defence. It seems that the detective called in to investigate the case at once recognized the dead man as a notorious criminal named Dredster Rawdon, against whom some years ago a warrant was out for the murder and robbery of his uncle, a gentleman of property in Lincolnshire, and who since then has led the life of a cattle-stealer and outlaw in some of the wilder parts of America. On his return to England a few months ago the authorities contemplated his arrest, but were deterred by the fact that the principal witnesses who could have proved the murder of his uncle are all dead. What precise motive he had in visiting Mr. Vaughan it is impossible to say with certainty, but probably robbery. It seems pretty clear from a consideration of all the facts that the unhappy man must have drawn his revolver from his pocket and discharged it at Mr. Vaughan, but missed his aim, and that then Mr. Vaughan, in self-defence, shot him before he could discharge a second barrel. Mr. Vaughan will be brought up at Marlborough Street this morning, when, if not discharged, he will doubtless be admitted to bail pending the result of the coroner's inquest."

Such was the account I read with feelings of horror. How strange it all seemed. Poor Vaughan had certainly the stain of blood upon him now, however justifiably he might have acted. What a tangled web this life of ours is!

I would have gone to him at once, had it been possible. But I was inextricably tied by my professional duties. As soon as I could get out in the afternoon, I went straight to the police station. He had been already released on bail. I hurried to his rooms. He had just started for his home in the country. I tried to glean a few more particulars from the landlord and his wife, but all they knew had already appeared in print.

I wrote to Vaughan that evening, expressing my sincere sympathy with him in this unexpected trial, and asking if

I could be of any service. But again I received no answer. So I could only wait for what might happen next.

A day or two later the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. At this inquiry Vaughan was unable to be present owing to illness, but he was represented by counsel, who clearly showed that everything tended to prove that his client had acted merely in self-defence. A little later Vaughan surrendered to his bail at the police-court, and was at once discharged, the magistrate remarking that he seemed to have acted as any man of courage would have acted in the circumstances, and that he deserved the sympathy of the public as regarded the melancholy result.

Again, I did not succeed in seeing Vaughan, but about a week later I received from him a letter as nearly as possible to the following effect. It did not begin, as his letters to me usually did, "My dear Lovart." Nor did it end with any phrase of affection, or even with his signature. Without date and without address, it ran thus:

"You at least have a right to know the truth. For the sake of my family, for the sake of my sensitive self, I shrank from revealing it to others, and simply remained silent. But, as a matter of fact, I murdered that man. He came to me coarsely boasting of his former dalliance with Alma, and taunting me with sharing his nature and his blood. This maddened me. I have carried a revolver ever since I discovered what had been done to me at the hospital. I foresaw that I might find life too hard to bear—that I might have to kill myself to save myself. Would that I had done so before this wretch visited me the second time. I had the revolver on the table before me as he thus tortured me. It caught my eye—it was loaded—I knew it. A sudden impulse seized me—a something not myself—the same something that made me write that foul poem. I knew not what I did, but I heard a report, and I saw the monster fall forward on the floor. As he fell, his revolver (I fancy he always carried one) must have dropped from his pocket, and, falling on the floor, have gone off of itself. But mine was the first shot, his the second. I fired at him, he never fired at me.

There was no self-defence. I was in no danger. I did it because it was in my blood to do it. And now I forgive you, but never write to me again. My life is over. I could not ask Alma to become the wife of a murderer. Farewell!"

This appalling letter quite unnerved me. What could I say or do? I was forbidden to write, and I felt that no arguments I could use would have the least effect upon Vaughan in the face of the fact he now disclosed. And yet it was as clear to me as ever that it was all the result of a morbid mental impression. A dominant idea nursed and brooded over had wrought him up to this unhappy climax. I was miserable for my friend, but I could take no blame to myself. I had done the best I could for him; and had not a villain taken advantage of his sensitive temperament, and he himself indulged a wild imagination, all would have been well.

I destroyed his letter, and have quoted it from memory, where it stands out with painful clearness to this day. Then, knowing that it would be useless to write to him, I wrote to his mother, asking for some information respecting him, and giving her a hint as delicately

as I could that it was possible he might harbor plans of suicide. In reply she told me that her son had broken off his engagement, and gone abroad. When a year later I wrote again, I was inexpressibly grieved, though hardly astonished, to learn that he was in a lunatic asylum. I paid a visit to the place, intending to see him, but was dissuaded by the Superintendent. "In the first place," he said, "it is hardly safe, as Mr. Vaughan has a strongly-developed homicidal mania. In the second place, the thought of his past life is very painful to him, and any thing or any person that reminds him of it makes him worse." After this I could not press my claim to see him, and in fact I never did see him again. He lingered a year or two, and then died without recovering his reason.

I have never heard what became of Alma.

The whole affair was of course extremely painful to me, and, absolutely blameless as I am in the matter, I have yet never cared to repeat the operation which turned out so unhappily for my poor friend.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AN ORIGINAL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

SOME three or four years before the commencement of the Revolution, Paris counted among its floating population a considerable number of provincial adventurers, mostly of good family but slender means, attracted thither by the hope of bettering their social position, and disposed to profit by any chance of lucrative employment that might fall in their way. Of these not the least noteworthy was a certain Louis de Charliac, a native of Franche-Comté, who, after serving as a volunteer in a cavalry regiment, had quitted the army in a moment of pique, and, realizing the scanty remains of a small paternal heritage, had established himself in an inexpensive quarter of the city, determined to enjoy life while his money lasted, and philosophically leaving the future to take care of itself. He was a strange mixture of

audacity and imperturbable coolness, with a strong tendency to practical joking and an utter disregard of the consequences his indulgence in this favorite weakness might possibly entail upon him. His pranks soon became notorious, and innumerable anecdotes are related of him in the "ana" of the day, two or three of which, more particularly illustrating the peculiarities of this singular personage, are worth recording.

A prominent figure in Parisian society at that period was the Chevalier de la Guette, a Gascon by birth and a duellist by profession, who had literally fought his way into a rather equivocal celebrity, by sheer insolence and bravado. A perfect master of fence, and ready on the slightest provocation—or indeed without it—to display his skill at the expense of

some less accomplished adversary, he was an object of dread to peaceful citizens, who, whenever they chanced to meet him in his triumphal progress through the city, took especial care to give him as wide a berth as they possibly could.

One morning, while Charliac and a party of his friends were strolling along the Quai des Augustins, and devising among themselves how they could best employ the intervening hours between breakfast and dinner, their attention was suddenly attracted by the unwonted appearance of a *brouette*, or hand-carriage, in shape not unlike a modern Bath-chair, and drawn by a servant in gorgeous livery. In it complacently reclined the Chevalier de la Guette, magnificently attired and glancing right and left with as supercilious and self-satisfied an air as if he were occupying the place of honor in a coach and four. The incongruous spectacle of a man, evidently in the enjoyment of robust health, lazily assuming the recumbent posture of an invalid, naturally excited the astonishment of the few individuals scattered about the comparatively deserted quay; most of these, however, recognizing the Chevalier, who resided in the quarter, and fearful of incurring his resentment by any imprudent manifestation of surprise, scrupulously refrained from noticing his presence among them. Charliac on the contrary, who since his arrival in Paris had never seen or heard of the redoubtable *spadassin*, not only indulged in a prolonged stare as the latter passed him, but openly expressed his disgust at so ridiculous an exhibition.

"Who in the world is this original," he asked one of his companions, "who allows himself to be wheeled about like a paralytic?"

"Hush!" replied the other, whispering in his ear, "not so loud. The Chevalier de la Guette is not to be trifled with."

"So much the better!" exclaimed the ex-volunteer. "If he has a fancy for lounging in a *brouette*, so have I, and I intend making him vacate his seat in my favor. I consider it highly impertinent that he should presume to show off his airs and graces in this absurd manner, and I am going to tell him so."

"Take my advice and leave him alone," urged his friend. "After all, a man has a right to hire a *brouette* if he chooses."

"I maintain that he has no right whatever to make a fool of himself, and the best way to prove it to him is to put myself in his place."

"I bet you fifty crowns that he won't agree to that."

"Done," said Charliac. "Wait a moment and you will see."

And without more ado he quickened his pace, and, overtaking the obnoxious vehicle, addressed its occupant with studied politeness as follows:—

"A thousand pardons, monsieur, for interrupting you! But if I may be permitted to make a remark—"

"A remark?" echoed the Chevalier, at a loss to comprehend the speaker's meaning. "What may it be?"

"Simply to express my surprise that a man of your age, and in perfect health, should content himself with a conveyance only fit for a cripple!"

Utterly confounded by this audacity, and imagining that none but a madman could possibly venture on such a liberty, M. de la Guette surveyed the intruder with contemptuous indifference, and coolly replied,—"You will permit me also, monsieur, to observe that it is, to say the least, indiscreet to interfere in what does not concern you."

"Perhaps; but you must own that your caprice is a very singular one?"

"Singular or not, you will oblige me by standing aside, and allowing me to continue my promenade."

"No, monsieur!" persisted Charliac, laying his hand on the *brouette* as he spoke. "I cannot conscientiously suffer you to degrade yourself in the eyes of your fellow-citizens, and I insist—"

This was too much for the Chevalier's assumed equanimity. "Ah ça!" he retorted. "You will have it then!" And stepping leisurely out of his chair he drew his sword, while his adversary, who still wore the uniform of his old regiment, followed his example—and, before many passes had been exchanged, received a thrust in the sword arm sufficient to disable him.

"You have only yourself to thank for this," haughtily remarked M. de la

Guette, carefully wiping his weapon preparatory to resuming his seat.

"I am inclined to think that the blame rests on your shoulders rather than on mine," said Charliac, whose companions were engaged in bandaging the injured limb. "Either way, as things are, the least you can do is to offer me your place in the *brouette*."

"Anything to get rid of you!" angrily exclaimed the Chevalier, irritated by the other's ironical tone. "And remember, young sir," he added as he strolled majestically away, "that no one ever crosses my path with impunity!"

"A bad morning's work," grumbled the friend who had suggested the propriety of non-intervention.

"Worse for you than for me," philosophically replied Charliac, installing himself comfortably in the vacant seat: "for you owe me fifty crowns!"

During the first years of the Revolution, our adventurer, the remains of whose slender capital had been long since exhausted, found himself reduced to earn a precarious livelihood by contributing political squibs and paragraphs to the journals of the time. This resource proving insufficient for his wants, he subsequently utilized his imitative propensities by figuring on the boards of a minor theatre, where he obtained a temporary *vogue* by cleverly mimicking the peculiarities of the leading actors of the Comédie Française. His natural restlessness, however, soon induced him to throw up his engagement; and, having realized a few hundred francs by his histrionic exertions, he gradually drifted into a sort of hand-to-mouth existence—contenting himself with whatever waifs and strays he could contrive to pick up, and as utterly heedless of the future as La Fontaine's "Cigale." At the commencement of the Reign of Terror his chief occupation consisted in adopting the ultra-democratic phraseology then in fashion, and in frequenting the assemblies of the most advanced republican sections with the view of indulging his love of mystification at the expense of the *sans culottes*, whom he cordially hated. Nothing pleased him better than to excite the attention of a crowded meeting by the announcement of some pretended conspiracy, and after stimulating the curiosity of his auditors

to the highest pitch to turn the affair into a joke, and escape the consequences of his audacity by a timely retreat.

On such mischief intent, he repaired one evening, accompanied by several of his friends, to the Faubourg St. Marceau, where an important question was expected to be discussed, and, as was usual in such cases, everybody began to talk at once. In the midst of the "confusion worse confounded" arising from this Babel-like clamor Charliac gravely stepped forward and demanded permission to address the audience on a matter of urgent interest to the community at large; and this being unanimously accorded, the orator solemnly installed himself in the tribune and commenced his discourse as follows:—

"Citizens, it is my painful duty to astonish, I may say to horrify, you by a denunciation which even your sagacity—even all the combined intelligence of this august assembly—would be powerless to divine. With reluctance I accomplish the mission which my admiration of your enlightened patriotism enjoins me to delay no longer; I am bound in honor to speak, and I accept, I do not shrink from, the responsibility. ("Bravo!") Yes, citizens, it is my melancholy task to signalize to you the atrocity of a member of this section, who even in this sanctuary of liberty has not scrupled to commit an action deserving universal reprobation. ("Name, Name!") You insist on a full explanation; your admirable sense of justice forbids any further reticence on my part. Be it then as you will. The crime I have to denounce, not without hesitation, not without the deepest regret, is this. Within the last few minutes an individual here present, regardless of the sacred rights of property and blindly yielding to one of the basest impulses that disgrace our, alas! too imperfect human nature, has surreptitiously, and it is not too much to add infamously, appropriated to his own use—my pocket-handkerchief!"

In another moment, before his hearers had recovered from the stupefaction into which the unexpected termination of his harangue had plunged them, Charliac quietly stepped out of the tribune, and profiting by an opening in the crowd prepared for him by his companions,

succeeded in making good his retreat, leaving the assembly to digest its indignation as best it might.

A still more foolhardy exploit is recorded of him. While strolling with a friend in the garden of the Palais Royal, which at that period was toward evening the invariable resort of a mixed multitude eagerly discussing the latest political news, he conceived the idea of playing an active part in the crowd by assuming the attitude of an "alarmist"—a term then generally applied to that numerous class of individuals ever ready to credit the most absurd rumors, and instinctively disposed to imagine themselves either tottering on the brink of a precipice, or menaced by some mysterious sword of Damocles suspended over their devoted heads. After a brief conference with his associate, the chief conspirator immediately put his project into execution by slouching his hat over his eyebrows and enveloping himself in his cloak like a tyrant of melodrama; the two then commenced operations by walking at a rapid pace from one end of the garden to the other, Charliac talking in disjointed but perfectly audible phrases, and his *fidus Achates* gesticulating vehemently.

This was more than enough to attract the notice of the promenaders; in a very short time the couple were followed by a score of inquisitive idlers, striving to catch a word here and there, and not a little puzzled by the production from the speaker's pocket of what appeared to be a letter with an enormous red seal, the contents of which both strangers occasionally glanced at with horror and disgust, looking anxiously round as if desirous of escaping observation. Meanwhile Charliac continued his monologue, now quickening his pace, now suddenly stopping short, but taking especial care that every syllable he uttered should reach the ears of the listeners, while his companion strictly limited his share in the proceedings to an expressive pantomime. "An abominable plot!" indignantly exclaimed the mystifier. "A most diabolical attempt against the liberties of the nation! Read this—no, not now, we are watched!" Here he paused, and, retreating to the opposite extremity of the garden, closely followed by an increasing crowd, presently re-

sumed: "The news is only too authentic, despatched from Versailles by a *certain person*" [emphasizing the words] "intimately acquainted with the manoeuvres of the Austrian Cabinet." [Another pause, and a fresh change of place.] "It is still a secret—this vile conspiracy of the aristocrats, but the patriots will triumph in spite of them!"

By this time the number of his hearers, at first confined to a comparatively few individuals, had considerably augmented; and reports of a mysterious plot against the Republic having been industriously circulated throughout the precincts of the Palais Royal, those present naturally became impatient to ascertain their truth or falsity, and Charliac, surrounded by a dense mass of questioners, was enjoined, at first politely, and afterward imperatively, to communicate the information he was said to have received. "You insist, fellow-citizens," he replied with a faint show of hesitation, "on my complying with your demand, and force me to commit an indiscretion in revealing what has been confidentially disclosed to me. However reluctant I may be to betray a secret entrusted to my keeping, I have no alternative but to obey."

So saying, and taking up his position on a chair borrowed from the adjoining *café*, he unfolded with great deliberation the document he held in his hand, and, raising his voice so as to be distinctly heard by the main body of spectators, gravely proceeded to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. "Frenchmen," he began, "you desire to hear the contents of this paper; I leave it to you to appreciate its incalculable importance to the interests of our glorious and indivisible Republic." [Here the speaker paused, and glanced round as if to bespeak attention.] "Listen! At a moment when all Europe is leagued together against us; when treason, fomented by aristocratic corruption, lurks in every corner of the city; it is the duty of a true patriot to come forward and devote himself exclusively to the public welfare. Therefore Dr. Aristide Dufay, member of the faculty of Montpellier, announces that his universal medicine may now be obtained at a reduced price!"

Scarcely had he uttered this insolent

bravado, when he was interrupted by a general shout of indignation from the incensed assembly, and a determined rush was made to secure the offender's person; Charliac, however, was equal to the occasion, and, slipping between his assailants with the elasticity of an eel, succeeded in gaining the steps leading out of the Palais Royal; and, threading his way through the network of narrow streets issuing from the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, contrived to elude his pursuers. His companion was less fortunate; hemmed in by the crowd, and speedily recognized as the accomplice of the audacious mystifier, he was unanimously condemned to expiate his share in the proceedings by undergoing the penalty of a well-merited ducking in the circular basin conveniently situated for the purpose in the centre of the garden.

Shortly after this experiment on the credulity of the public, Charliac, having been repeatedly warned that he was already regarded with suspicion by the authorities, and that a longer stay in Paris would endanger his personal safety, resolved to profit by the offer of a passport secretly obtained for him under the name of Martin Leblanc, and repaired to Lyons, where he arrived only a few weeks before the commencement of the siege of that city. Escaping by a miracle from the massacre that subsequently decimated the population, he eventually succeeded in reaching the Swiss frontier disguised as a stonemason; then, having carefully husbanded the little capital he had originally brought with him, he took up his abode at Zürich, and turned his old military experience to account by adopt-

ing the profession of a fencing-master. He remained there several years, and only returned to France in 1807, when he was unexpectedly summoned thither by the death of a distant relative, who had bequeathed to him a small but well-cultivated estate in the neighborhood of Besançon. From this time we hear little more of the once notorious mystifier, who appears to have partially abjured the extravagant follies of his youthful days: only one instance of practical joking having—rightly or wrongly—been laid to his charge.

In 1812, the police authorities in Paris were informed by an unsigned letter, that an individual of negro origin was on the point of arriving in France with the intention of assassinating the Emperor Napoleon by means of a poisoned needle; and was, moreover, supposed to possess the faculty of modifying his complexion *ad libitum* from black to white. Ridiculous as it may seem, this absurd rumor was so far credited that the strictest injunctions were issued from headquarters, authorizing the different prefects, mayors, and other public functionaries, to arrest any suspected person within their respective jurisdictions—in consequence of which many harmless citizens underwent vexatious examinations and even temporary imprisonment, until they had satisfactorily proved that they had nothing in common with the mysterious negro. The anonymous author of the hoax was never discovered; but it was whispered by more than one of his old contemporaries, who had probably some good reason for their belief, that it could be no other than Louis de Charliac.—*Belgravia*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY OF TO-DAY. THE EMPIRICAL SCHOOL. By Th. Ribot, Director of the *Revue Philosophique*. Translated from the Second French Edition. By James Mark Baldwin, B.A., late Fellow Princeton College. With a Preface by James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Lit.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The peculiarity of the new method or branch of inquiry which M. Ribot has incorporated in

this book is that in the study of psychology, which is the science of man's intellectual and emotional phenomena, it proposes to use the same means as those so successfully used in physical research. Instruments are even used, and the results tested by measurements capable of being numerically compared.

The old method of psychological study was entirely by the medium of consciousness as the means by which mental phenomena could be

noted and studied, but even the most determined idealists, as Dr. McCosh, the American editor (himself one of the most ardent of the old school metaphysicians), admits in his preface, cannot ignore that the mind and body are so mutually dependent, that there is no emotion or action of the former that does not impress its action on the latter. Every thought and feeling has an influence on the gray matter of the brain. So, as substances are known by their acts, we may learn more of the mind by its action on the cerebro-spinal mass than can ever be learned by self-inspection through the agency of consciousness. These psychophysical experiments, of course, have a definite purpose and accuracy, which cannot be attained by the looser methods formerly in vogue. That any knowledge of the higher functions of mental action can be gained by this kind of experimenting is not very probable, but even the friends of the ideal schools of metaphysical research may admit that the new method may prove an important adjunct, and, perhaps, in many cases help to solve problems, not to be satisfactorily met by any self-communion or introspection.

The method of investigation claimed by M. Ribot as a new departure, perhaps cannot be justly called entirely new. It has been pursued in more or less degree for thousands of years as a useful aid to the study of problems of mind. Aristotle did this in a limited way by his investigation of the senses and their modes of operation. Descartes and Berkeley, both great idealists, did not neglect the same helps, and the Scotch school, such as Reid, Dugald Stewart, Brown, and Sir William Hamilton, laid stress on the importance of such help in metaphysical study. But the science of psychophysical study, as exploited by Ribot, while it follows the same theory of value, does it in a vastly more elaborate and systematic way, and perhaps lays much greater stress on the results.

The special directions in which this method of studying mental phenomena will have the greatest use are these: The bodily senses, including the sense of temperature, about which there is much speculation to-day, and also the solution of the problem as to whether each of the senses has its special seat in the brain; the relation of language as a mental exercise to the brain, specially to the third convolution of the left side of the brain, as discovered by M. Broca; the laws of the association of ideas, such as contiguity, resemblance, and contrast, as they are affected by physical excitement, fatigue, and sleep, with all the wonderful

phenomena of dreaming, in the latter of which may yet be found a key to some of the most puzzling psychological problems; the determination of the rapidity of thought and feeling in ordinary and extraordinary circumstances, and the approximate discovery of the time taken for the transmission of an excitation to the brain by the motor nerve, and the time taken by the motor nerve in reaction; and the discovery at what age certain acts begin to be performed and certain ideas to arise, as, for instance, at what age infants fix their eyes on objects, or think of time and space, right and wrong. Such are some of the directions in which physiological psychology will play a most important part.

Among those who have pursued these lines of study in England are Herbert Spencer, Hall, and Darwin. But in Germany we find far more enthusiasm and system. John Müller, Herbart, Weber, Fechner, Lötze, Hering, Delbœuf, Helmholtz, and Wundt have brought to bear on the method great penetration, industry, ardor, and discrimination. The name of the latter stands to-day specially high for the results which he has reached. In the evolution and proper grouping of all the facts bearing on the relation of the cerebro-spinal mass to mind, he has done wonders. A clear distinction must be made between what is known as phrenology and the newly developed science of physiological psychology, as the two have but little if anything in common.

M. Ribot has made an exhaustive and thorough digest of all the results so far achieved in this line of inquiry, and has added valuable contributions of his own. We most warmly commend the book to those who are interested in the study of mental problems as the latest and most suggestive addition to this important department of human knowledge.

REPRESENTATIVE POEMS OF LIVING POETS. AMERICAN AND ENGLISH. Selected by the Poets themselves. With an Introduction by George Parsons Lathrop. Edited by Jeannette Leonard Gilder. New York: Cassell & Company, Limited.

Miss Gilder, the accomplished editor of the *Critic*, who is responsible for this volume, is too modest to put her name on the title-page, but as it appears at the end of the general preface, we venture to include it in the descriptive title of the book. She tells us that the idea of the book was inspired by her desire to know what the poets themselves regarded as their own representative work. It was natural to

conclude that the public would also be interested in knowing this. Letters written to living poets on both sides of the ocean received encouraging answers, and so, after due course of time, this new anthology saw the light. We hardly need say that it is unusually interesting, if for no other reason that it is the choice of the authors themselves. Perhaps it is not always that the poet knows his own best work. That which the public loves the best, or, in other words, is the most popular, may not meet his own approval as reaching his highest pitch. The poet may be wrong or he may be right, but his selection cannot fail to shed some light on his own attitude to the world, society, and nature as a poet.

Miss Gilder, in pursuance of her purpose, has been obliged to quote the works of many poets who will not live. But this does not in the least lessen the interest of the book as a chronicle of the poetry of the age from the standpoint of the poets. The book merits a wide reading, and as it possesses a unique place among anthologies, will assume, we believe, a recognized rank among works of this description. The introductory essay, by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, himself an ambitious aspirant among the minor American bards, is scholarly, suggestive, and to the point.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

A FALLEN IDOL. By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa," the "Giant's Robe," etc. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

THE FALL OF ASGARD. A Novel. By Julian Corbett. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

FACE TO FACE. A Novel. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Mr. Anstey has made a considerable reputation among minor English novelists by working in a fresh field of extravaganza. His last work, or at least that which has given him his peculiar reputation, is always based on impossibilities; these he treats seriously, somewhat in the same manner as that which marks Gilbert's dramatic writings, and the humor is found in the serio comic situations which are inevitably worked out. In the present case the key of the story is an old battered Indian idol, which is supposed to be animated by the malicious spirit of the old Buddhist demigod, to whom it was once sacred. It falls into the hands of an English artist, who is presented with it by his young fiancée—a gift picked up at random from an old bric-à-brac shop. Instantly a series of most unaccountable misfortunes begin to

assail him, and he is the sport of the most fickle and perplexing fate. His love affairs go wrong, his business matters become badly endangered, and he is reduced to despair. All this is related with the most amusing sincerity, and the humor of the situations is heightened, of course, by the fact that the reader is behind the scenes and knows about the absurd agency of the ugly ebony image. The hero is finally made acquainted in an ingenious way with the dangerous character of his sweetheart's gift, and with her consent he rids himself of it, after which all goes well. The story is well told, and though it is not as good of its kind as "Vice Versa," it is well adapted to beguile a summer afternoon.

"The Fall of Asgard" is a piece of historical romance cut out of the wonderful and picturesque Norse life of the olden time, a fresh and prolific field for the romance writer at least in English. Some of the modern Scandinavian fiction writers have used this great treasure trove with good effect, but there remains behind a mass of literary treasure as rich and attractive as the Nibelungen hoard which dazzled the eyes of Siegfried. The old period of myth, however, is only incidentally drawn on. The historical epoch described in the book is that in which the last ramparts of paganism were being battered down by the fierce evangelist warrior kings, who preached Christ with the sword and battle-axe, and gave the lingering followers of Odin a choice between baptism and death. It was savage missionary work, but things were done so at that time, and Clovis and Charlemagne had used the same propaganda in France and Germany. Perhaps it was the only style available with the fierce, hard-headed men of the ninth and tenth centuries.

The hero of the romance is one of the last of the heroic Norse pagans, and the story relates his desperate and unavailing efforts to resist the attacks of Olaf the Swedish king, who was the Scandinavian Clovis. The delineations of old Norse life are wonderfully vivid and graphic, and the study of the powerful forces which convulsed the period one of considerable suggestiveness. It has often been said that the Waverley novels have been of priceless value in interesting young readers in the study of history. Such romances as "The Fall of Asgard" belong to this class. The literary work is done with not a little artistic sense, and the research into the history and social conditions of the age made with competent thoroughness. For those who have never be-

come fascinated with Norse legend and history, this little book, which is one of "Harper's Handy Series," will prove an admirable introduction.

"Face to Face," originally published anonymously, is now acknowledged to be the work of Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." It deals with the labor question and Socialism in an entertaining and suggestive way, and displays some ingenuity on the part of the author. Mr. Grant, however, not unfrequently falls into an unaccountable vein of feeble commonplace apparently without rhyme or reason. These arid sands, interspersed among the brighter portions of his books, may be designed for the artistic purpose of contrast, but one can't help observing that such flat, stale, and unprofitable places are always those in which the author gets to moralizing either in his own person or in that of one of his characters. The story deals with the attempts of a young heiress to establish a co-operative system of factory-working. She selects as her foreman a young Socialist, a man of strong mind and executive powers, but of sullen temperament and volcanic passions. Of course he becomes enamored of his brilliant young mistress, and the complications between the fierce proletarian, the heroine, and her lover, a gentleman of wealth, also a manufacturer, but not a believer in co-operation, makes the dramatic interest of the book. There is much in the novel to interest the thoughtful reader, but it is a book with which we think Mr. Grant himself will not be well satisfied. Its serious purpose and for the most part vigorous treatment entitle it to a very respectable place among the novels of the summer.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Historical Society of St. Petersburg has been asked by the Czar to prepare a biography of the Emperor Nicholas.

THE Society of Authors purposes to publish a volume embodying the experiences of the Society since its foundation with regard to various modes of publishing. This book will, it is hoped, show authors the dangers to be avoided and the precautions that ought to be taken. Draft agreements are being prepared by Mr. Basil Field, which, when ready, may be inspected by the members of the Society at the office.

THE first portion of Mr. Sala's autobiography will describe his boyhood, 1828-35, and

will then give an account of the ten years 1835 to 1845, and will contain reminiscences of Bellini, Grisi, Paganini, Lablache, Braham, Tom Moore, Theodore Hook, Dickens, Thackeray, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Mrs. Norton, the "mad" Marquis of Waterford, the Countess Waldegrave, the Duke of Brunswick, Harriet Duchess of St. Albans, Count D'Orsay, Napoleon III., Mark Lemon, Buckstone, Webster, Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Dejazet, and others. The book will be published by Mr. Bentley. Mr. Sala's account of his recent Australian experiences will appear before the autobiography.

It is proposed to perpetuate the memory of the late Principal Tulloch by the foundation of a theological fellowship in connection with the University of St. Andrews. It is hoped by the promoters of this undertaking that a sufficient sum will be raised "to make the proposed fellowship one of real value, to be held by a student after taking his degree of B.D., and before proceeding to the work of his profession, enabling him to go abroad for a year, and to continue his studies on the Continent of Europe, or in America, or England." It is also suggested that it might be a condition of tenure that the holder of the fellowship should, during a subsequent year, deliver in St. Mary's College, of which the late Dr. Tulloch was the head, a course of lectures which would be the outcome of his studies.

THE councils of King's College and of University College, London, have now both formally expressed their general approval of the objects of the association for promoting a Teaching University for London. The council of King's College last month passed a resolution to this effect, reserving, of course, their judgment upon the details of the scheme for carrying out those objects which had been laid before them by the executive committee. The council of University College, on July 10th, adopted a similar resolution, specifically approving of the objects aimed at by the association—(1) the organization of university teaching in and for London in the form of a teaching university, with the usual faculties; (2) the association of examinations with teaching, and the direction of both by the same authorities; (3) the conferring of a substantive voice in the government of the university upon those engaged in the work of teaching and examination; (4) the adoption of existing institutions in London of university rank as the basis or component parts of the university, to be either

partially or completely incorporated, with the *minimum* of internal change; and (5) an alliance between the university and such professional societies or corporations as the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

MR. BROWNING has received from America a new evidence of his Transatlantic popularity. It comes in the form of a scroll, such as that which is familiar in the waiting-rooms of many English railway stations, except that the American publisher has printed, in place of texts of Scripture, extracts from the poet's works.

It is proposed to hold in the autumn of 1887 an international congress of shorthand writers of all existing systems, and of persons interested in shorthand generally, to celebrate conjointly two events of importance: (1) The Jubilee of the introduction of Mr. Isaac Pitman's system of phonography, marking as it does an era in the development of shorthand on scientific principles; (2) the tercentenary of modern shorthand, originated by Dr. Timothy Bright, about 1587, continued by Peter Bales (1590), John Willis (1602), Edmond Willis (1618), Shelton (1620), Cartwright (1642), Rich (1646), Mason (1672), Gurney (1740), Byrom (1767), Mavor (1780), Taylor (1786), Lewis (1812), and many others in past generations, and, finally, by Mr. Pitman and other English and Continental authors of the present day.

A LETTER from Constantinople in a German journal states that Naïm Beis Phrassaris, an official of the Turkish Ministry of Education, is about to publish a Turkish translation of the Homeric poems. In the introduction the translator will give a sketch of the influence which the translation of Homer has exercised upon the development of popular culture among other peoples.

THE latest number of the Russian *Antiquary* (*Starind*) contains among other articles the first instalment of the memoirs of Admiral Tchitchagoff, who, as our readers will remember, was accused of dilatoriness and incapacity in the war of 1812. According to some writers, had he displayed more energy, Napoleon would never have reached Warsaw. The admiral, in consequence of the bitter enmity aroused against him, left Russia in 1814, and remained in exile till his death in 1849. He composed these memoirs in his old age, and much curiosity has been felt in the revelations which they contain.

DR. IGNÁČZ KUNOST, a Magyar philologist, having been commissioned by the Hungarian Academy, has been for some time engaged in studying in Asia the Kaba, common or spoken Turkish, which is purer than the Osmanli of Constantinople. During this mission he has been particularly occupied with the folk-lore of the Turkish provinces, of which he has collected four or five hundred tales. These are shortly to be published by the Academy, as well as the singular contribution of three plays of Karageuz, the Turkish Punch. He proposes to spend some months in Paris and London before returning to Pesth as Professor of the Turkish Language. No such professorship exists in England.

THE Magyars are now much occupied with Turkey. A large number of their literary men have clubbed together to make a visit about the 9th of July to Constantinople and Athens, under the leadership of Prof. Vambéry.

UNDER the title of the "Société Diplomatique" a society has been started at Paris which proposes to study the history of international questions and publish a quarterly journal. The President is the Duc de Broglie: the vice-presidents, M. Geffroy, M. de Beaucourt, and M. de Vogué. The secretary is M. R. de Maulde.

WE hear that Mr. Henry M. Stanley will lecture at several towns throughout Great Britain in October next in connection with Mr. G. W. Appleton's lecture bureau. Mr. Appleton has also on his list of lecturers for the coming season Mr. Archibald Forbes, Max O'Rell, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Will Carleton, Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Mrs. Florence Marryat, Mrs. Fenwick-Miller, etc.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's recent extensive tour on canals, of which we shall probably see good fruit in future stories, avoided the busy highways of our inland navigation. It was chiefly confined to the south and west of England, where the canals, being now almost entirely beaten by the railways, have come to present the aspect of natural rivers, save that they are much more solitary. A "house-boat," built upon a ship's long boat, was the craft selected, which made it practicable to venture down the roughish waters of the Severn.

IN order to supplement the great catalogue of the MSS. in departmental libraries now in course of publication, the French Minister of Public Instruction has applied to the various learned societies throughout France to supply

him with lists of their MSS., so that they may also be described in a printed general catalogue.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER's address to the Goethe Society, which is printed in the *Contemporary Review*, is to be circulated among the members.

MISCELLANY.

THE PALACE AND DOMAIN OF CHAMBORD.

—A great and vital question, which for some time past has been the theme of discussion in the Legitimist *salons* of Paris, is said to be about to be laid before the tribunals—nothing less than the restitution to the French nation of the domain and château of Chambord. The peculiarity of the domain of Chambord lies in its complete isolation. When the gates of the park are closed the population of the village is shut in. The rural inhabitants of the cottages are all tenant-farmers of the soil, and at night the whole Commune, with its dignitaries—mayor and municipal council—are guarded under lock and key as safely as in a garrison town of the Middle Ages. The area of the estate is exactly that of Paris, and the walled enclosure is of the same dimensions as that occupied by the fortifications surrounding the capital. Now comes the knotty point. The Count de Chambord was evidently so deeply impressed with the conviction of his whole and sole personal right to the estate bestowed upon him by the nation, that by his will, dated June 4, 1883, he bequeathed the whole of his property, including Chambord, to his widow for her life, and after her demise to his two nephews—to Duke Robert of Parma, the elder, two-thirds of all his possessions, and the remainder to Count Henri de Bardi, the younger. The registration of the Act concerning Chambord alone, amounting to 375,000 francs, was duly paid at Bracieux, on February 29, 1884, in the name of the Countess de Chambord, and, to all appearance, nothing was changed in the government of the château. The Royal hunt was still kept up, although but seldom employed. The servants still wore their ancient liveries of *Royal bleu de France*, laced with the tarnished silver which had not been renewed for a whole generation. But at the present moment it is felt that the possible occupation of the greatest monument in France by an Italian Prince would be regarded as an insult to the nation. Grandeur by far than Versailles, more regal than Fontainebleau, Chambord has always been quoted as the most perfect specimen of Renaissance architecture in

the whole of Europe. The Duc de Bordeaux, as a child, had always displayed the greatest predilection for Chambord. With the sentiment of possession so natural to childhood, he always called it *mon Château de Chambord*, to distinguish it from *our* châteaux of St. Cloud and Fontainebleau. It is recorded that when, on that fatal day in July, 1830, the Royal family were compelled to fly from the Tuileries, the young heir-presumptive could not be made to stir from his chamber, clinging to the curtains of his bed, and uttering the most piercing shrieks, which complicated the position greatly, as may be supposed. His sister, "Made-moiselle," who afterward became Duchess of Parma, alone found means to calm the fractious child by telling him that they were all going to Chambord. "What! To my own château? Then let us depart at once!" exclaimed the boy, and, clasping his sister's hand, suffered himself to be led away without a murmur. A touching story is told by one of the faithful friends who had accompanied the king in his exile concerning the visit made to France in 1848 by the Count de Chambord. During the short space which intervened between the flight of Louis Philippe and the proclamation of Louis Bonaparte as President, the heir of the Bourbons was seized with an uncontrollable desire to revisit France. He came *incognito* to Paris, but stayed there only a few hours, merely passing through the garden of the Tuileries to look up at the chamber whence he had been dragged so reluctantly as a boy. The next morning he went to Notre Dame, and inspected with great interest all the objects of sacred value preserved in the Trésor of the Cathedral. The guardian of the Trésor was careful to show the stranger all the particles of solid gold which had been used for the christening ceremony of "his Royal Highness Monseigneur le Duc de Bordeaux," which, according to that functionary, far surpassed in magnificence that preserved in memory of the same event in the life of the King of Rome. The Count de Chambord, who had refused to visit either Versailles or Saint Cloud, would not leave the country without paying a visit to Chambord. The account of the incident is sad and touching in the extreme. "We arrived at the château just as night was coming on," says the Prince de V—, who was his Majesty's travelling companion. "Rain had fallen during the day, and the road was in bad condition; a cold, moist wind was blowing, and the pale and watery moon was now and then hidden by passing clouds. The guardian of the château

had been secretly informed of his Majesty's intention of alighting there to visit the rooms he had inhabited in his childhood. The king had, therefore, expected that he would be waiting to receive us. We had left the carriage at a little distance, and had approached the château on foot. His Majesty seemed much excited during the walk, and observed that he could not approach the place without emotion. Above all things he wished to feast his eyes upon the great Fleur de Lis of sculptured stone which surmounted the Dungeon Tower, and which, he said, he often beheld in his dreams at Frohsdorff. This unique ornament had always been considered a *tour de force*—a marvel of scientific skill in the eyes of every architect who had beheld it. Its height was over 12 feet, and its bulk in proportion, the immense weight poised upon a stalk so slender and delicate that the wonder grew to conceive how it could have preserved its balance, resisting storm and tempest for three whole centuries! The king never mentioned Chambord without referring to the Fleur de Lis which had so struck upon his imagination when a child, that he had always regarded it as the great wonder of the place, never failing to speak with a kind of reverential awe of the phenomenal shadow thrown by the monument upon the windows of each apartment in turn as the sun veered round. When we had drawn near to the château his Majesty paused for a moment, and leaning against the wall looked up eagerly to catch a view of the Fleur de Lis. Presently a low cry of disappointment burst from his lips—the Fleur de Lis to which I felt convinced he had attached some superstitious interest had disappeared! Nothing remained but two straight wire bars showing dark and ghastly against the sky. The Great Revolution of '93 had spared the Fleur de Lis and left it standing, the Revolution of July had likewise respected this venerable talisman of Chambord, while the Revolution of '48 had seized upon the opportunity of destroying the only thing destructible at Chambord. In silence we approached the gate. Not a light was visible at any of the windows. Not a soul stood ready to receive the king. The loud clanging of the bell sounded with mournful echo amid the silence. The *concierge* of the château answered the summons by a loud, coarse shout from the oval window over the entrance. Yes, he had been told by 'Monsieur' that a foreign gentleman of distinction would visit the château, perhaps at night, on his way to the frontier—and if we would wait a minute he would let us

in. The ex-governor of the château was evidently a prudent man. He had absented himself after delivering his message to the *concierge*, thus avoiding all suspicion of Legitimist tendencies. The *concierge* himself was stupid, sleepy, and ill-disposed. He inquired what we could expect to see at that hour, and ushered us into the little square room near the gate where the tradesmen and peasants were wont to wait the good pleasure of the steward. His Majesty had sunk down upon the wooden settle by the fire, and remained for some time in deep reflection, with his head bent low and his arms folded on his chest. I whispered to the man that the 'foreign gentleman' would require to be lighted through the rooms on the first floor, and he reached down a little brass lamp from the mantelpiece. He was proceeding to light the wick when his Majesty suddenly started to his feet and seizing his walking stick exclaimed in a hoarse whisper:—'*Non, non ; inutile ; une autre fois, une autre fois ; peut-être, peut-être !*' then moved toward the door, and we departed without further parley. Not one single word was ever subsequently uttered by the king concerning this visit. But some time afterward, when walking with his Majesty beneath the chestnut trees of the avenue at Frohsdorff, he suddenly turned to me, and stood for a moment motionless upon the gravel path. He looked into my face earnestly, and said in a low, gasping voice, 'Do you know, Prince, who carried off the great stone Fleur de Lis of Chambord? It was B—, the rich cattle breeder—the Red Republican who now holds a conspicuous place in the Chamber as deputy for L—, who thunders against us on every occasion.' A bitter smile passed over his Majesty's usually calm features as he added:—'He has set it up in front of the red brick oven he has built for himself, and where he now resides. No architect nowadays could place such a monument upon the roof; and he now calls the hideous building his Château de Fleur de Lis!'—*Globe*.

WAGER OR PUZZLE JUGS.—These were once great favorites in village inns. They were made at least as early as the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the present century were still being produced. Mr. Solon and Mr. Willett possess some characteristic examples; others are in the museums of South Kensington and Jermyn Street. These tantalizing vessels, though not always equally complex, have generally some features in common. In spite of their many spouts, a perforated neck

usually prevented the abstraction of their contents in the ordinary way. But a secret passage for the liquor up the hollow handle and through one spout or nozzle afforded the means of sucking out the contents. Of course, all other spouts and a small concealed hole under the top of the handle had to be closed by the fingers judiciously employed during the imbibing process. The inscriptions found on some of these puzzle jugs usually relate to the difficulty of getting at their contents; the following is an example, written in "scratch blue," on a salt-glazed jug, formerly in the possession of Professor Church:

From Mother Earth I claim my birth,
I'm made a joke for man,
But now I'm here, fill'd with good cheer,
Come, taste me if you can.

—*Pottery Gazette.*

STEAMBOAT TRAFFIC ON THE THAMES.—Londoners, as well as visitors to the great metropolis, will hear with regret that there is some reason to apprehend that the river steamboats may ere long cease to run. A generation ago the Thames had an enormous steamboat traffic. The great silent highway was the favorite road to Ramsgate, Margate, Southend, and Sheerness. Two fleets of large paddle steamers—the Diamond and the Star Lines—were occupied with the Gravesend traffic. The Woolwich and Waterman's Companies had a smaller fleet plying constantly between London, Greenwich, and Woolwich. The Citizen boats ran every few minutes between London Bridge and Chelsea, and in the summer some of them ran up to Kew, Richmond, and Hampton Court, frequently being stranded in the higher reaches of the river. Another company had a fleet of penny boats running between Old Swan Pier and the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, and yet another—one of whose boats was at last blown up—took passengers from the Old Swan to a landing stage opposite Salisbury Street, from whence they emerged through the dark arches of the Adelphi into the Strand, for the modest sum of one halfpenny. Most of the river traffic in process of time fell into the hands of one company—the London Steamboat Company—which three years ago went into liquidation, the business being subsequently taken over by the River Thames Steamboat Company. Cheap fares, refreshment bars on board, and other devices have failed to secure a dividend, and the business has been carried on during the past twelve months at a loss of £11,600. The Company accordingly has offered to sell the whole of its property by

tender, but so far has not met with a suitable purchaser. The result has been mainly brought about by railway and tram-line extensions, which necessarily place the river steamers at a disadvantage. The rail is a quicker mode of travelling, the tram-car at least as quick, and as most of the passengers save a walk to the pier from which they would start, and another from the pier at which they would alight, it is not surprising that the boats are avoided by people, to whom time is money. The boats have lost the business traffic, and pleasure traffic alone is left. Some bold speculator may possibly make an offer for the fleet, and succeed where others have failed, but we can scarcely conceive that the most skilful management will restore to the river boats any considerable portion of the business traffic which they once enjoyed.—*European Mail.*

JEWEL LORE.—The superstitions that still linger round gems and precious stones represent a rapidly diminishing quantity. We no longer attribute as our forefathers did to each stone a special influence over each month, nor wear the sapphire in April, the agate in May, and so forth. We never think of appropriating to twelve kinds of precious stones the twelve signs of the zodiac or the twelve Apostles; and if there was any pious intent in making the chrysolite the symbol of St. Matthew, the jasper of St. Peter, or the uncertain beryl of the incredulous St. Thomas, we deem ourselves exempt from the need of such reminders. Surely it was no mean happiness to possess gems which, like the sapphire, insured the fulfilment of prayer, or, like the diamond and amethyst, reduced war to a safe and pleasant pastime. And any one who has known the agitations of a lawsuit might well think that the nervous reliance he placed in his solicitor would not have been badly exchanged for the faith which in an earlier age and a similar plight he would have placed in a morsel of chalcedony. Like botany, astronomy, or even theology, mineralogy had its roots and beginnings in the superstitions and searchings of magic; and perhaps, indeed, without superstition to foster observation, science of any kind would never have come to life at all. But be this as it may, so embedded in superstition is the older mythology, that notwithstanding the intrinsic beauty of the precious stones it may fairly be suspected that their original attraction lay less in their beauty than in their anticipated efficacy for magical and medicinal purposes. To this day the agates, emeralds, garnets,

heliotrope, and serpentine, that are so frequently found in the Tyrol mountains, are chiefly valued for their magical uses; the agate, for instance, rendering its wearer proof against serpent-bites, or making him a good speaker, while the emerald strengthens his sight and memory; and drinking-cups of serpentine are a security against poison. Take first the diamond, the king of stones. Besides its minor properties of averting bad dreams, insanity, and poison—all of them common dangers to royalty—it has the higher virtue, derived probably from its false derivation from *à* (*not*) and *δαμάω* (*to conquer*), of rendering its possessor invincible in war and of repelling his enemies; and as war has from time immemorial been the fashionable occupation of kings and nobles, the magical qualities of the diamond would alone suffice to give it the rank among gems that it still enjoys. Till the seventeenth century at least this aspect of gems constituted the chief interest of mineralogy. Marbodius is full of such things as the power of the chrysolite to drive away evil spirits, of the onyx to dispel sadness, of the heliotrope to confer the gift of prophecy, of the coral to avert storms and thunderbolts from fields, or houses, or ships. All these qualities go back, doubtless, to the remotest days of Paganism, for they correspond in character with those attributed to precious stones in the oldest extant poem on the subject, written by Onomakritus, a Greek priest of the fifth century before Christ, and by him ascribed to Orpheus. One can understand that next or equal in importance to the value of a stone as a pledge of victory in battle, would rank its capacity to insure to its possessor the fulfilment of his prayers addressed to the immortal gods, and this is what stands out in that work as their chief interest and purport. The supreme merit of the adamas, the crystal, the tree-agate, the jasper, the topaz, and the opal is that the gods are impotent to resist the spell of their influence. Only let a man go to the temple with a crystal in his hand, and none of the immortals will refuse to hear his prayer. Nothing is so conservative as superstition, or so little liable to freaks and fluctuations, and therefore it is strange that the sapphire, which, in addition to its power of obtaining an answer to prayer, had also the faculty of protecting its owner from fraud, fear, or envy, should have come in modern superstition to hold the position of an unlucky stone. The same puzzle meets us with regard to that most glorious of all stones, the opal, so justly valued in olden days, that after

ages applauded that Roman senator who, when Mark Antony coveted his opal ring, went into voluntary exile, preferring to part with his country rather than with his gem. There are numbers of foolish people nowadays who will actually refuse the gift of an opal or sell any they may possess rather than be the owner of so dangerous a source of bad luck and dispelled affection. Yet the opal was the reverse of an inauspicious stone in ancient days. It was classed by Onomakritus among those that insure the efficacy of prayer. According to Berquem, it made its wearer lovable and conciliated affection, it rejoiced the heart, preserved from poison and infection, dissipated melancholy, and strengthened the sight. Could one, then, wish for anything better, either as a gift or a possession?—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE HOMOGENEITY OF THE SLAVS.—The Slavs are one of the most widely spread peoples of Europe. They are also one of the most homogeneous in language and in faith, the dissenters among them—the Poles excepted—being few, and, with the exception of the latter also, there are not many discordant political elements in their midst. Yet this branch of the Aryan family has as yet exercised little moral or intellectual influence on the world at large. Being for the most part inland people, they have done little for commerce, or for maritime discovery, and having vast tracts of partially unoccupied land to settle, none of them have become the founders of colonies or of other Slavonias beyond the seas. To literature they have contributed comparatively little, and that little, owing to the small acquaintance of the world at large with their dialects, is even less appreciated. No great philosopher, or discoverer, or moralist, and, considering their number, comparatively few great soldiers or artists, have sprung up among them. They are imitators, not originators; doers, not thinkers. Nevertheless, a Slav thinks of a Slav in a very different way from what one of the Germanic or one of the Latin family regards the other members of his group. Most of them are of one faith, and many of them have a past not widely dissimilar, and a future toward which their common aspirations tend. A Russian, for example, has no other Russian nationality, with the exception of a few Ruthenians in Austria, to care for. All his race are subject to the Czar. He has no Lower Canada like the Frenchman; no *Italia irredenta*, like the Italians; no Courland and Livonia, like the Germans; no greater Greece, like the Greeks;

nor any Transylvania, like the Roumanians. Yet he regards the Slavs outside the bounds of the Russian Empire with a kindness which we cannot extend to the United States. They are his *protégés*, and he is their big brother. They are therefore to him what the Dutch in South Africa are to the Hollanders in the Netherlands, and almost as much as Australasia and British North America are to us.—*Peoples of the World*.

BOOKWORMS.—The present age is too full of haste and bustle to find time for that "leisurely reading of old folios" in which Coleridge delighted, or to be friendly to that total absorption in bygone literature which is the distinguishing mark of the bookworm proper. Still a few specimens of the genuine bookworm still survive. They are to be found in remote country places and in quiet nooks of our large towns, for the bookworm dislikes noise, which interrupts his studies. That a man must possess some education before he becomes a bookworm goes without saying, yet the bookworm is not always a genuine student, frequently not a clever man nor an accomplished scholar. The bookworm has generally some pet theory regarding the inscription on Apollo's Temple, or the authorship of Junius, or the influence of the Gulf Stream, which is the engrossing thought of his life, and of which he talks in all companies, regardless of the interest, or even the comprehension of his hearers. With all his learning, the bookworm is generally curiously ignorant of the history of the age in which he lives. Outside his peculiar range of studies, the bookworm is a man of few interests. It is this solitariness of disposition, "sitting alone, like a fly in the heart of a nut," as an old writer describes it, which distinguishes the bookworm from the large-hearted, large-brained scholar, who is eager to share his treasures of knowledge with all the world. "Gladly would he learn and gladly teach," wrote Chaucer of the clerk of the Canterbury pilgrimage—the typical scholar, not of his age alone, but of future generations. The bookworm has none of this expansiveness of mind. If, as is frequently the case, the bookworm devotes himself entirely to antiquarian researches, he wastes much time in the present in demonstrating how much other men wasted their time in the past. He loves to drag to light books deservedly forgotten, to discover the particulars of bygone worthless controversies, to form collections of literary trash, only interesting as examples of the way in which it is possible to

fritter away time and abilities. In his way, the bookworm is probably a happy man. He lives too much in the past to be disturbed by the events of the present, and the lapse of a few centuries deadens the acuteness of the feelings with which one surveys the greatest tragedies. We are naturally more touched by a mournful story among our immediate neighbors than by the remembrance of the woes of Dido, and a tale of outrage or oppression occurring in our own day stirs a sympathy which the wrongs of Boadicea might fail to wake. The bookworm, who only cares for the past, is consequently saved many strong emotions. The wrongs, the sorrows, the struggles, of the world in which he lives are all of a temperate character; their echoes come to him across the stream of time and are fainter than the sounds of the everyday life around him. It was a bookworm who, when his servant rushed into his study to tell him that the house was on fire, pettishly replied, "Why do you worry me with domestic matters? Always go to my wife about such things." The bookworm is generally fortunate enough to possess some friends or relatives who will take the sordid cares of life off his shoulders and leave him free to pursue his dreams in peace. He is generally possessed of private means, probably because without such good fortune he could never have developed into a bookworm at all, the necessity of working for daily bread being antagonistic to the life of the bibliophile. The bookworm's life is a peaceful if not a particularly useful one, and as it has been truly remarked, "learning is always of value—if only to form a kind of literary chest of drawers for the use of others who can make a better use of its contents." The bookworm himself believes that his labors are of incalculable service to his literary fellows. He is perpetually publishing some small discovery—of the discrepancy of a date in the life of some obscure writer who has been dead and forgotten for a couple of centuries; of the spelling of some name that was never of great renown—and is as proud of these petty corrections of received ideas as of some genuine and valuable "new light" in the field of scientific research. At least his hobby is a harmless one, though the bookworm can never take rank with the genuine scholar.—*London Standard*.

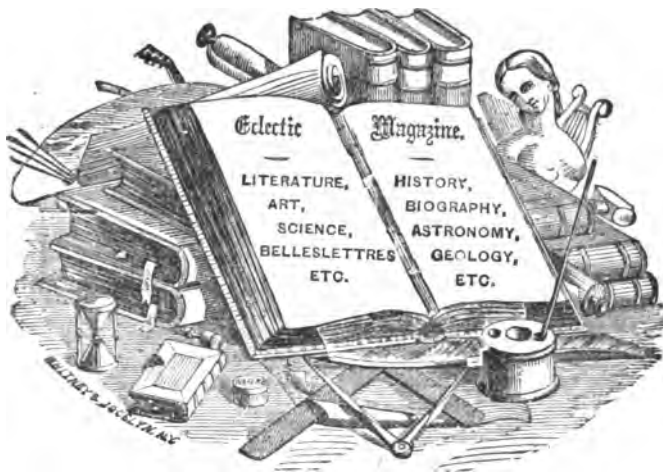
CRANKS AND CAPITALISTS.—"It is only his fun," was Lamb's excuse for Coleridge's metaphysical talk. The same apology is made by its spirited proprietor for the dog which snaps

at you and for the horse which kicks. "It is only playfulness." In the same way we are quite prepared to admit that it is only the playfulness of American citizens which makes it needful for Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt to guard their lives and houses by a cordon of police. According to the *Baltimore American* (which, of course, may be mistaken), the wealthy of New York are protected by bodyguards, just as if they were tyrants in a small Italian town of the middle ages. The Borgias and Medicis took their lives (and other people's too) in their hands. So do the Goulds and Vanderbilts. Not that the citizens are envious, bloodthirsty men, but that "cranks" are about, and are unwarned by the fate of Guiteau. The "crank" appears to be the kind of person who in England opposes vaccination, who is in favor of coercing nobody but loyal Protestants, and in whom, generally speaking, Gladstonianism is "chronic," like being possessed by a devil in the affecting case of Mr. Samuel Spoolin. The American "crank" finds a safety-valve in writing "cranky" letters to people like the late Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, in which he proposes to alleviate social inequality by taking the life of such citizens. Mr. Vanderbilt professed no fear of "rational evildoers;" but he does not know how far the playfulness of the crank may carry him. There is no satisfaction in being shot by a mere faddist, and then hearing, on a death-bed besieged by reporters, that it was only the poor fellow's playfulness. The houses of Vanderbilt, Astor, and Gould have therefore (still according to the Baltimore authority) organized a plan of protection and defence on the eight-hour system. Spies hover around them in relays, being relieved every eight hours. But spies cannot stop the postal service, and letters pour in charged with "appeals, demands, and threats." There are nine houses to be guarded, and no one can approach any of these houses without being observed by the sentinels. Do the Rothschilds and Barings of this country find more safety under monarchic institutions than the Goulds under the equal laws which are chanted by Mr. Andrew Carnegie? Or is capital in the States within more measurable distance of "ransom" than even at home? Mr. Jay Gould has a system more individual and characteristic. When he wants sentinels he does not go to a wholesale detective agency. He bosses the job himself. "For years he has always been accompanied by a stalwart young fellow." Why, a man might as well be an Irish Secretary on unfriendly terms with

Messrs. Egan, Sheridan, and Parnell, or Mr. Gladstone himself, as he was when opposed to rapine and dismemberment, and that kind of thing. Is it worth while to be so very rich under penalty of having to endure the constant companionship of a stalwart young fellow? An intelligent millionaire should, at least, engage young fellows who are not only stalwart, but educated and well-mannered. Here is a new profession for men who have taken first classes and rowed in their college boats. They might enlist as stalwart young fellows, and accompany millionaires, and marry their lovely and accomplished daughters. We perceive the elements of a new romance in the situation. After his University career a young fellow might pass a few months at Professor Donnelly's finishing academy, and then might get a really lucrative engagement. The advantages to Mr. Gould and other people as unfortunately eminent are obvious. The stalwart young fellow of the future will be presentable, and a charming companion. In addition to his present young fellow (who may be a Harvard or Yale man, for what we know), Mr. Gould keeps a few spies in the Windsor Hotel, opposite his house. Then he has patrols of his own, and is much better guarded than the British camp was at Suakim. Mr. Gould, in troubled times, visits his office in a cab, not in an elevated car, as formerly. In an elevated car, perhaps, a capitalist offers too good an aim to the sportive "crank" below. If you ring at Mr. Gould's door a watchman arrives at the door from without as soon as the servant from within. Nor are people permitted to chalk up "antagonistic sentiments" on his steps and house walls. Who are the people that have chalked G. S., with an arrow pointing westward, all over London? Are these marks meant to direct a Socialistic march, or are they for the guidance of the Friends of Dynamite in case the bill does not pass its second reading? Such questions, in New York, would engage the attention of the wealthy. Mr. Gould has epigrams of this sort written, in red chalk too, near his house:

"The Rich may shirk,
The Poor must work,
labor
neighbor."

The poet, when lagged, had only reached the rhymes, not the reason, of his final couplet, not can we pretend to complete what his inspiration left half told. Or is the passage a quotation from Mr. William Morris?—*Saturday Review*.



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ON THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN BIRMINGHAM ON THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF SIR JOSIAH MASON.

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

THE privilege of unveiling this statue, which you have conferred on me to-day, is one which I especially appreciate, as representing the University of London, with which I hope, as time rolls on, the College may be connected by closer and closer ties. Indeed, I am sure that, on behalf of the Chancellor and Senate, I may express to the Mason Science College our congratulations on the present, and most cordial good wishes for the future. It is only natural that we should do so, because, without making any invidious comparisons, it may fairly be said that the University of London has always taken a special interest in developing scientific education; and it gives no degree without insisting on a solid, though not of course extensive, knowledge of the foundations

and methods of science. In the Deed of Foundation your founder wisely provided that the instruction here given should have special reference to the science degrees of our University. Since the Mason College was opened in 1880 there has been much on which all its well-wishers may congratulate themselves, but there have been two great losses—that of the generous and sagacious founder himself, and quite recently that of Dr. Heslop, to whose energy and devotion it owes so much. Mr. Johnson, in forwarding me your invitation, sent with it the Life of Sir Josiah Mason by Mr. Bunce, which, I need hardly say, I have read with very great interest. One thing which cannot but strike us in his life, and may encourage those to whom success comes

late, is the very slow progress which he made for many years. Should any man feel discouraged if he does not make a good start—if at thirty he thinks his destiny is irrevocably settled, and that prosperity is denied him—let him take heart from the history of Sir Josiah Mason. Mason, indeed, had no great reverses, but he might well have been discouraged. After twenty-two years of incessant toil he had only been able to save £20. It was only when he was thirty that his turn came—not from any fortunate accident or lucky speculation, but as the well-earned reward of unremitting and well-directed labor. When we think of Sir Josiah's two splendid gifts—the Orphanage and the College—we must not measure them by the cost, great as it has been. He gave much more. His were not mere bequests of money which he could no longer enjoy; they were not gifts of superabundant wealth, which he found it impossible to spend. He devoted to these great objects years of labor and of thought. Sir Josiah once said of himself that he was "not a religious man." He did not belong to any church, or, as he himself expressed it, "to any sect or party." But he was an excellent representative of religion without dogma; a living illustration of the Persian proverb, that "he needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with the beads of love and thought." His creed would appear to have been that of Spinoza, that "there is a Supreme Being who delights in justice and mercy, whom all who would be saved are bound to obey, and whose worship consists in the practice of justice and charity toward our neighbors."

No less an authority than Aristotle has stated (almost as if it were a self-evident proposition) that commerce "is incompatible with that dignified life which it is our wish that our citizens should lead, and totally adverse to that generous elevation of mind with which it is our ambition to inspire them." I know not how far that may really have been the spirit and tendency of commerce among the ancient Greeks; but if so, I do not wonder that it was not more successful.

But whether a life is noble or ignoble depends not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is

followed. The humblest life may be noble, while that of the most powerful monarch or the greatest genius may be contemptible. What Mr. Ruskin says of art is to a great extent true of life generally. It does not, he teaches us, matter whether a man

"paint the petal of a rose or the charms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend on him as he labors and wait forever on his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months on a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace front with color in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose, that he have filled his heart with patience or urged his hand to haste."

Sir Josiah Mason, like Gresham and Colston, Grote, Peabody, and many others, proves to us—and we owe him as much for this as for his magnificent benefactions—not only that commerce is compatible, but I would almost go further and say that it will be most successful, if carried on in happy union, with noble aims and generous aspirations. Of the two noble "Mason's marks" which Josiah Mason has set upon Birmingham, the Orphanage and the Science College, we are here more immediately concerned with the College. You have indeed already in this city a most admirable and flourishing institution—I mean, of course, the Midland Institute—which does much to promote scientific instruction; but though the objects are so far the same, still the scope and nature of the two institutions are so far dissimilar that, far from being in any sense rivals, each will, I believe, benefit and strengthen the other. Such an institution is all the more needed on account of the extraordinary manner in which science is habitually treated in our schools and colleges.

The Royal Commission appointed in 1861, on the motion of Mr. Grant Duff, to report on the condition and management of our great public schools, reported that in their judgment

"to clergymen and others who pass most of their lives in the country, or who, in country and town, are brought much in contact with the middle and lower classes, an elementary knowledge of the subject, early gained, has its particular uses; and we believe that its value as a means of opening the mind and disciplining the faculties is recognized by all who have taken the trouble to acquire it, whether men of business or of leisure. It quickens and cultivates directly the faculty of observation, which in very many persons lies almost dor-

ment through life, the power of accurate and rapid generalization, and the mental habit of method and arrangement ; it accustoms young persons to trace the sequence of cause and effect ; it familiarizes them with a kind of reasoning which interests them, and which they can promptly comprehend ; and it is perhaps the best corrective for that indolence which is the vice of half-awakened minds, and which shrinks from any exertion that is not, like an effort of memory, merely mechanical."

The next Royal Commission—that of 1864, which comprised among its members Lord Taunton, Lord Derby, Lord Lyttelton, Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh), Dr. Hook, the Bishop of Exeter, Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. Forster, Dr. Storrar, and others—expressed their opinion as follows :—

"We think it established that the study of natural science develops, better than any other studies, the observing faculties ; disciplines the intellect by teaching induction as well as deduction ; supplies a useful balance to the studies of language and mathematics, and provides much instruction of great value for the occupation of after-life.

"Nor would it be wise, in a country whose continued prosperity so greatly depends on its ability to maintain its pre-eminence in manufactures, to neglect the application of natural science to the industrial arts, or overlook the importance of promoting the study of it, even in a special way, among the artisans."

Lastly, the Duke of Devonshire's Commission, some years subsequent, stated that,

"though some progress has no doubt been achieved, and though there are some exceptional cases of great improvement, still no adequate effort has been made to supply the deficiency of scientific instruction pointed out by the Commissioners of 1861 and 1864. We are compelled, therefore, to record our opinion, that the present state of scientific instruction in our schools is extremely unsatisfactory.

"The omission from a liberal education of a great branch of intellectual culture is of itself a matter of serious regret ; and considering the increasing importance of science to the national interests of the country, we cannot but regard its almost total exclusion from the training of the upper and middle classes as little less than a national misfortune."

Speaking two years ago at Bristol, I pointed out how much science is still neglected in our endowed schools. At the time this statement was much criticised. I was told I was speaking of a time many years back ; that the course of instruction had been greatly improved ; and some even went so far as to lament that classics were being neglected for science. Accordingly, I

moved for a new return, which has been issued within the last few months, and shows, I regret to say, but little improvement. Two hundred and forty schools have sent returns, and it appears that in fifty-four of them, or over 20 per cent., no science whatever is taught ; in fifty, one hour is devoted to it per week ; in seventy-six, two hours or less than three ; while out of the whole number, only six devoted to it as many as six hours in the week. It is clear, therefore, that in spite of all which has been said, very little progress has been made in this respect. Our schools are generally more industrious, but, remarkable as it may appear, Latin and Greek absorb more time than ever. In fact, in spite of all that has been said, our school system shows little improvement, and the distribution of hours is still that which has been condemned by a series of Royal Commissions, and which I believe hardly any one (not himself a classical master) could be found to approve. Commission after Commission—those of 1861, 1864, 1868, and 1873—have deplored the neglect of science and modern languages in our schools ; and yet, as Sir Lyon Playfair truly observed at Aberdeen, so far as this is concerned little improvement has been effected, and "generally throughout the country teaching in science is a name rather than a reality." There were, indeed, according to the Technical Commission, last year only three schools in Great Britain in which science is fully and adequately taught.

For this unsatisfactory state of things the Oxford and Cambridge School Examination Board seem to be in some measure responsible. The Public School Commission provided in their regulations (which have the effect of an Act of Parliament) that in all school examinations the proportion of marks to be assigned to natural science should be not less than one tenth. But the Oxford and Cambridge Board ignore this, contending that their examinations are not school examinations ; and, as a matter of fact, out of the whole number of schools examined by them, less than 200 boys passed in any branch of science.

I presume that the Boards are advised that they are not subject to the rules

laid down by the Public School Commissioners ; but it is evident that they are acting contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the regulations.

It is greatly to be desired that Oxford and Cambridge would require a knowledge of the elements of science from every candidate for a degree. Till this is done I fear that science will always be neglected in our public schools.

Perhaps there is no one of our great public schools in which more has been done than at Eton. Yet Mr. Cornish, one of the ablest of the masters there, himself tells us that

"at present the amount of science taught at Eton is the legal minimum, not very generously interpreted. All boys go through some scientific training, but they begin late, and, if they like, leave off early. No instruction is given in natural history, electricity, optics, astronomy, mechanics, etc., except to a select few in the upper part of the school. The utmost that is exacted is two hours a week in school as a written exercise, and the marks given in trials are one-tenth of the whole. This is not as it should be, and the public will look for some improvement in this respect. It is true that the scientific teaching which is given at Eton is all that can be desired in quality, but there is not enough of it. Those boys who take up science as a special subject are well trained, as university results show. They are real students, and justice is done to them.

"But the authorities of the school are not fully alive to the value of science as part of the mental training of all boys. The hours given to it in the school curriculum are not sufficient, the subjects taught not numerous enough, and sufficient care is not taken to select early those boys who ought to make it their special study. It is still possible for a boy to pass through the school without any real scientific training, and to leave Eton without ever having heard of Darwin or Newton." *

And we may add, what is still more extraordinary, to leave college after all without being able to speak either Greek or Latin.

Scientific men have no desire to exclude classics. Not only is there room for both, but it would be a mistake to exclude either. What they ask is, that out of forty hours, six should be devoted to science ; and allotting eighteen to modern languages, mathematics, and geography, that would still leave sixteen for Latin, Greek and ancient history. This is surely a moderate request. Moreover, it is not the view of scientific

men alone. Mr. Matthew Arnold, for instance, says :

"The mother tongue, the elements of Latin and of the chief modern languages, the elements of history, of arithmetic and geometry, of geography, and of the knowledge of nature, should be the studies of the lower classes in all secondary schools, and should be the same for all boys at this stage."

Mr. Grant-Duff has expressed the opinion* that a boy or girl of fourteen might reasonably be expected to

"read aloud clearly and agreeably, to write a large distinct round hand, and to know the ordinary rules of arithmetic, especially compound addition—a by no means universal accomplishment ; to speak and write French with ease and correctness, and have some slight acquaintance with French literature ; to translate *ad aperturam libri* from an ordinary French or German book ; to have a thoroughly good elementary knowledge of geography, under which are comprehended some notions of astronomy—enough to excite his curiosity ; a knowledge of the very broadest facts of geology and history—enough to make him understand, in a clear but perfectly general way, how the larger features of the world he lives in, physical and political, came to be like what they are ; to have been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants, or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects ; and to have gathered a general acquaintance with what is most supremely good in that portion of the more important English classics which is suitable to his time of life ; to have some rudimentary acquaintance with drawing and music."

However, I do not wish to-day to criticise other institutions, but rather, if you will permit me, to refer to the advantages which students will derive from being educated in a college where the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, and science all receive a fair share of attention. It is true that the Deed of Foundation expressly forbids "mere literary education and instruction"—not that these subjects should be themselves excluded, but that they should not exclude others quite as important.

In the first place, science adds immensely to the interest and happiness of life. It is altogether a mistake to regard science as dry or prosaic. The technical works, descriptions of species, &c., bear the same relations to science as dictionaries to literature. Mackay more justly exclaims :—

* "Eton Reform." F. W. Cornish. *Nineteenth Century*, 1884, p. 587.

* *Fortnightly Review*, 1877.

" Blessings on Science ! When the earth
seemed old,
When Faith grew doting, and our reason
cold,
'Twas she discovered that the world was
young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue."

Occasionally, indeed, it may destroy some poetical myth of antiquity, such as the ancient Hindoo explanation of rivers, that " Indra dug out their beds with his thunderbolts, and sent them forth by long continuous paths." But the real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking, and contain more real poetry, than those which have occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind. Botany, for instance, is by many regarded as a dry science. Without it one might admire flowers and trees as one may admire a great man or a beautiful woman whom one meets in a crowd ; but it is as a stranger. The botanist, on the contrary—nay, I will not say the botanist, but one with even a slight knowledge of that delightful science—when he goes out into the woods (whether they present the delicate tracery of winter, the tender green of spring, the richness of summer, or the glory of autumn) or into any of those fairy forests which we call fields, finds himself welcomed by a glad company of friends, every one with something interesting to tell. Dr. Johnson said that, in his opinion, when you had seen one green field you had seen them all ; and even a greater than Johnson, Socrates, the very type of intellect without science, said he was always anxious to learn, and from fields and trees he could learn nothing. It has, I know, been said that botanists

" Love not the flower they pluck and know it
not,
And all their botany is but Latin names."

Contrast this, however, with the language of one who would hardly claim to be a master in botany, though he is certainly a loving student.

" Consider," says Ruskin, " what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless, and peaceful spears of the field ! Follow but for a little time the thought of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rest in noonday heat, the joy of the herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd

life and meditation ; the life of the sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows, when else it would have struck on the dark mould or scorching dust ; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea ; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, softening in their fall the sound of loving voices."

Even if it be true that science was dry when it was buried in huge folios, that is certainly no longer the case now ; and Lord Chesterfield's wise wish, that Minerva might have three graces as well as Venus, has been amply fulfilled.

The study of natural history indeed seems destined to replace the loss of what is *par excellence* termed " sport," engraven in us as it is by the operation of thousands of years, during which man lived greatly on the produce of the chase. Game is gradually becoming " small by degrees and beautifully less." Our prehistoric ancestors hunted the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and the Irish elk ; the ancient Britons had the wild ox, the deer, and the wolf. Still we have the hare, the partridge, and the fox ; but even these are becoming scarcer, and must be preserved first, in order that they may be killed afterward. Some of us even now—and more, no doubt, will hereafter—satisfy instincts, essentially of the same origin, by the study of birds, or insects, or even infusoria—of creatures which more than make up by their variety what they want in size.

It is really astonishing how little we know of the beautiful world in which we live. Mr. Norman Lockyer tells us that while travelling on a scientific mission in the Rocky Mountains, he was astonished to meet a very aged French Abbé, and could not help showing his surprise. The Abbé observed this, and in the course of conversation explained his presence in that distant region.

" You were," he said, " I easily saw, surprised to find me here. The fact is, that some months ago I was very ill. My physicians gave me up, and in fact one morning I thought myself that I was already in the arms of the Bon Dieu, and I fancied the angels came and asked me, ' Well, M. l'Abbé, and how did you like the beautiful world you have just left ? ' And then it occurred to me that I who had been all my life preaching about heaven had seen almost nothing of the world in which

I was living. I determined, therefore, if it pleased Providence to spare me, to see something of this world ; and so here I am."

Few of us are free, however much we might wish it, to follow the example of the worthy Abbé. But although it may not be possible for us to visit the Rocky Mountains, and though I do not by any means say that descriptions of voyages and travels are equal to the voyages and travels themselves, they are the next best ; nay, though it may seem paradoxical, that there are some cases in which I am not sure they are not better. It is no doubt a great privilege to visit Canada, or to travel say in Mexico or Peru, or to cruise among the Pacific Islands ; but in some respects the narratives of early travellers, the histories of Prescott or the voyages of Captain Cook, are even more interesting ; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which now has been much changed and Europeanized.

Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another.

Few of us can be said to have learnt at all—none perhaps thoroughly—to enjoy the gift of life and the beautiful world we live in ; to appreciate the sacred trusts of health, strength, and time. We can indeed all say with Sir Henry Taylor, that the retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities. Yet surely it is our duty to be as happy as we can. Dante long ago pointed to the neglect of these opportunities as a serious fault :

" Man can do violence

To himself and his own blessings, and for this
He, in the second round, must aye deplore,
With unavailing penitence, his crime.
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light
In reckless lavishness his talent wastes,
And sorrows then when he should dwell in
joy."

For to be happy one's self is one step toward making others happy also ; and, to quote Ruskin, " each of us, as we travel the way of life, has the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing ; or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into

a crying out of her stones and a shaking of her dust against us."

Too many, however, still feel only in Nature that which we share " with the weed and the worm ;" they love birds as boys do—that is, they love throwing stones at them ; or wonder if they are good to eat, as the Esquimaux asked of the watch ; or treat them as certain devout Afreedee villagers are said to have treated a descendant of the Prophet—killed him and worshipped at his tomb ; but gradually we may hope that the love of Nature will become to more and more, as already it is to many, a " faithful and sacred element of human feeling."

Where the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however—let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature—and you have the opal. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain ; or if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water, purified and distilled, will become a dew-drop or crystallize into a lovely star.

Or, to quote another beautiful illustration from Ruskin, speaking of a gutter in a street, he well observes, that " at your own will you may see in it either the refuse of the street or the image of the sky."

Nay, even if we may imagine beauties and charms which do not really exist ; still if we err at all, it is better to do so on the side of charity ; like Nasmyth, who tells us in his delightful autobiography that he used to think one of his friends had a charming and kindly twinkle, till one day he discovered that he had a glass eye.

But I should err indeed were I to dwell exclusively on the importance of science as lending interest and charm to our leisure hours. Far from this, it would be impossible to overrate the importance of scientific training on the wise conduct of life. There is a passage in an address given many years ago by Professor Huxley to the South Lon-

don Working Men's College which struck me very much at the time, and which puts this in language more forcible than any which I could use.

"Suppose," he said, "it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son or the State which allowed its members to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and more or less of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity which with the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse."

I have elsewhere endeavored to show the purifying and ennobling influence of science upon religion; how it has assisted, if indeed it may not claim the main share, in sweeping away the dark superstitions, the degrading belief in sorcery and witchcraft, and the cruel, however well-intentioned, intolerance which embittered the Christian world almost from the very days of the Apostles themselves. In this she has surely performed no mean service to religion itself. As Canon Fremantle has well and justly said, men of science, and not the clergy only, are ministers of religion. Again, the national necessity for scientific education is imperative. We are apt to forget how much we owe to science, because so many of its wonderful gifts have become familiar parts of our every-day life, that their very value makes us forget their origin. At the recent celebration of the sexcentenary of Peterhouse College, near the close of a long dinner, Sir Frederick Bramwell was called on, some time after midnight,

to return thanks for applied science. He excused himself from making a long speech on the ground that, though the subject was almost inexhaustible, the only illustration which struck him as appropriate under the circumstances was the application of the domestic lucifer to the bedroom candle. Sir Josiah's life is itself a remarkable illustration of this, and one cannot but feel how unfortunate was the saying of the poet that

"The light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam."

The report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, which has recently been issued, teems with illustrations of the advantages afforded by technical instruction. At the same time, technical training ought not to begin too soon, for, as Bain truly observes, "in a right view of scientific education the first principles and leading examples, with select details, of all the great sciences, are the proper basis of the complete and exhaustive study of any single science." Indeed, in the words of Sir John Herschel, "it can hardly be pressed forcibly enough on the attention of the student of Nature, that there is scarcely any natural phenomenon which can be fully and completely explained in all its circumstances, without a union of several, perhaps of all, the sciences." The most important secrets of Nature are often hidden away in most unexpected places. Many valuable substances have been discovered in the refuse of manufactories: it was a happy thought of Glauber to examine what everybody else threw away. There is perhaps no nation the future happiness and prosperity of which depends more on science than our own. Our population is over 35,000,000, and is rapidly increasing. Even at present it is far larger than our acreage can support. Few people whose business does not lie in the study of statistics realize that we have to pay foreign countries no less than £140,000,000 a year for food. This, of course, we purchase mainly by manufactured articles. We hear now a great deal about depression of trade, and foreign, especially American, competition, which, let me observe, will be much keener a few years hence, when she has paid off her debt, and conse-

quently has reduced her taxation. But let us look forward one hundred years—no long time in the history of a nation. Our coal supplies will then be nearly exhausted. The population of Great Britain doubles at the present rate of increase in about fifty years, so that we should then, if the present rate continues, require to import over £400,000,000 a year in food. How, then, is this to be paid for? We have before us, as usual, three courses. The natural rate of increase may be stopped, which means suffering and outrage; or the population may increase, only to vegetate in misery and destitution; or lastly, by the development of scientific training and appliances, they may probably be maintained in happiness and comfort. We have in fact to make our choice between science and suffering. Mr. Hutton, president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, recently called attention to this. Our sons, he said, "should be fitted more by education for commercial life, and less for the amusements and luxuries so much in fashion." I need the less, however, enlarge upon this important subject, because it formed the main argument of Sir Lyon Playfair's valuable address to the British Association at Aberdeen. In fact, it is only by wisely utilizing the gifts of science that we have any hope of maintaining our population in plenty and comfort. Science, however, will do this for us if we will only let her. That discoveries, innumerable, marvellous, and fruitful, await the successful explorers of Nature no one can doubt. What would one not give for a science primer of the next century? for, to paraphrase a well-known saying, even the boy at the plough may then know more of science than the wisest of our philosophers do now. Boyle entitled

one of his essays "Of Man's Great Ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things; or that there is no one thing in Nature whereof the uses to human life are yet thoroughly understood"—a saying which is still as true now as when it was written. And, lest I should be supposed to be taking too sanguine a view, let me give the authority of Sir John Herschel, who says:

"Since it cannot but be that innumerable and most important uses remain to be discovered among the materials and objects already known to us, as well as among those which the progress of science must hereafter disclose, we may hence conceive a well-grounded expectation, not only of constant increase in the physical resources of mankind, and the consequent improvement of their condition, but of continual accession to our power of penetrating into the arcana of Nature and becoming acquainted with her highest laws."

Nor is it merely in a material point of view that science would thus benefit the nation. She will raise and strengthen the national, as surely as the individual, character. In the words of Epictetus, you "will confer the greatest boon on your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses." Let me congratulate you that the great gift which Minerva offered to Paris is now here freely tendered to all, for we may apply to the nation, as well as to the individual, Tennyson's noble lines:—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lend life to sovereign
power,
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by
law;
Acting the law we live by without fear."

—*Contemporary Review.*

PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA.

BY PROF. RAY LANKESTER.

THE public has very naturally and very rightly shown deep interest in the investigations into the nature and possible cure of hydrophobia now being conducted by the great French naturalist,

Louis Pasteur. Those investigations not only have a special value on account of the terrible nature of the malady which there is good reason to believe will be brought within the range of cura-

tive treatment as a consequence of their prosecution, but also are of extreme interest to those engaged in the task of ascertaining the laws of natural phenomena, and to all who wish to understand the methods by which a great discoverer in science arrives at his results.

M. Pasteur is no ordinary man ; he is one of the rare individuals who must be described by the term "genius." Having commenced his scientific career and attained great distinction as a chemist, M. Pasteur was led by his study of the chemical process of fermentations to give his attention to the phenomena of disease in living bodies resembling fermentations. Owing to a singular and fortunate mental characteristic he has been able not simply to pursue a rigid path of investigation dictated by the logical or natural connection of the phenomena investigated, but deliberately to select for inquiry matters of the most profound importance to the community, and to bring his inquiries to a successful practical issue in a large number of instances. Thus he has saved the silk-worm industry of France and Italy from destruction, he has taught the French wine-makers to quickly mature their wine, he has effected an enormous improvement and economy in the manufacture of beer, he has rescued the sheep and cattle of Europe from the fatal disease "anthrax," and it is probable—he would not himself assert that it is at present more than probable—that he has rendered hydrophobia a thing of the past. The discoveries made by this remarkable man would have rendered him, had he patented their application and disposed of them according to commercial principles, the richest man in the world. They represent a gain of some millions sterling annually to the community. It is right for those who desire that increased support for scientific investigation should be afforded by the Governments of civilized States to point with emphasis to the definite utility and pecuniary value of M. Pasteur's work, because it is only in rare instances that the discovery of new knowledge and the practical application of that knowledge go hand in hand. M. Pasteur has afforded several of these rare instances. They should enable the public and our

statesmen to believe in the value of scientific investigation even when it is not immediately followed by practical commercial results. These discoveries should excite in the minds of all those devoted to scientific research the profoundest gratitude toward M. Pasteur, since, by the direct practical application which his genius has enabled him to give to the results of his inquiries, he has done more than any living man to enable the unlearned to arrive at a conception of the possible value of the vast mass of scientific results—items of new knowledge—which must be continually gathered by less gifted individuals and stored for the future use of inventors and of those doubly-gifted men who, like M. Pasteur, are at once discoverers and inventors—discoverers of a scientific principle and inventors of its application to human requirements.

M. Pasteur's first experiment in relation to hydrophobia was made in December, 1880, when he inoculated two rabbits with the mucus from the mouth of a child which had died of that disease. As his inquiries extended he found that it was necessary to establish by means of experiment even the most elementary facts with regard to the disease, for the existing knowledge on the subject was extremely small, and much of what passed for knowledge was only ill-founded tradition.

So little was hydrophobia understood, and to so small an extent had it been studied, previously to M. Pasteur's investigations, that it was regarded by a certain number of highly competent physicians and physiologists (although this was not the general view) as a condition of the nervous system brought about by the infliction of a punctured inflammatory wound in which the action of a specific virus or poison took no part ; it was, in fact, by some physicians regarded as a variety of lock-jaw or *tetanus*.

The number of cases of hydrophobia reported in England, France, Germany, and Austria has varied a good deal each year since the time when statistics of disease were instituted by the Governments of these several countries ; but its occurrence is sufficiently frequent at certain periods to excite the greatest

anxiety and alarm. In England as many as thirty-six persons died from the disease in 1866 ; in France 288 persons were its victims in 1858, and in Prussia and Austria it is more frequent than in England.

The general belief, both among medical men and veterinary surgeons, as well as the public, has been that the condition known as hydrophobia in man does not follow from any ordinary bite or injury, but that in order to produce it the human subject must be bitten by a dog, wolf, pig, or other animal which is suffering from a well-marked disease known as "rabies." What it is which starts "rabies" among dogs is not known, and has not even been guessed at, but the condition so named is communicated by "rabid" or "mad" dogs to other dogs, to pigs, to cattle, and to horses, and to all warm-blooded animals—even birds. Any animal so infected is capable by its bite of communicating the disease to other healthy animals. Rabies in a dog is recognized without difficulty by the skilled veterinarian. The disease has two varieties, known as "dumb madness" and "raving madness ;" and it is held by veterinarians to have two modes of origin—viz. spontaneous, and as the result of infection from another rabid animal. It is quite permissible to doubt the spontaneous generation of rabies in any given case, although it must be admitted that the disease had a beginning, and that it is not improbable that whatever conditions favored its first origin are still in operation, and likely to result in a renewed creation of the disease from time to time. The disease was well known in classical antiquity, and is of world-wide distribution, occurring both in the tropics and in the arctic regions, though much commoner in temperate regions than in either of the extremes of climate. There are some striking cases of certain well-peopled regions of the earth's surface in which it is at present unknown : no case appears to be on record of its occurrence in Australia, Tasmania, or New Zealand. It is a mistake to suppose that the disease is commoner in very hot weather than in cooler weather, or that great cold favors it. Climate, in fact, appears to have nothing to do with it, or rather,

it should be said, is not shown to have anything to do with it.

Professor Fleming, in his admirable treatise on Rabies and Hydrophobia (London, 1872), says :

It is a great and dangerous error to suppose that the disease (in the dog) commences with signs of raging madness, and that the earliest phase of the malady is ushered in with fury and destruction. The first perceptible or initial symptoms of rabies in the dog are related to its habits. A change is observed in the animal's aspect, behavior, and external characteristics. The habits of the creature are anomalous and strange. It becomes dull, gloomy, and taciturn ; seeks to isolate itself, and chooses solitude and obscurity—hiding in out-of-the-way places, or retiring below chairs and other pieces of furniture ; whereas in health it may have been lively, good-natured, and sociable. But in its retirement it cannot rest ; it is uneasy and fidgety, and betrays an unmistakable state of *malaise* ; no sooner has it lain down and gathered itself together in the usual fashion of a dog reposing than all at once it jumps up in an agitated manner, walks hither and thither several times, again lies down, and assumes a sleeping attitude, but has only maintained it for a few minutes when it is once more moving about, "seeking rest but finding none." Then it retires to its obscure corner—to the deepest recess it can find—and huddles itself up in a heap, with its head concealed beneath its chest and its forepaws. This state of continual agitation and inquietude is in striking contrast with its ordinary habits, and should, therefore, attract the attention of mindful people. Not unfrequently there are a few moments when the creature appears more lively than usual, and displays an extraordinary amount of affection. Sometimes in pet dogs there is evinced a disposition to gather up small objects, such as straws, threads, bits of wood, etc., which are industriously picked up and carried away. A tendency to lick anything cold, as iron, stones, etc., is also observed in many instances. At this period no propensity to bite is observed ; the animal is docile with its master, and obeys his voice, though not so readily as before, nor with the same pleased countenance. If it shakes its tail the act is more slowly performed than usual, and there is something strange in the expression of the face ; the voice of its master can scarcely change it for a few seconds from a sullen gloominess to its ordinary animated aspect ; and when no longer influenced by the familiar talk or presence it returns to its sad thoughts, for—as has been well and truthfully said by Bouley—"the dog thinks and has its own ideas, which for dogs' ideas are, from its point of view, very good ideas when it is well."

The animal's movements, attitudes, and gestures now seem to indicate that it is haunted by and sees phantoms ; it snaps at nothing and barks as if attacked by real enemies. Its appearance is altered ; it has a gloomy and somewhat ferocious aspect.

In this condition, however, it is not aggressive so far as mankind is concerned, but is as docile and obedient to its master as before. It may even appear to be more affectionate toward those it knows, and this it manifests by the greater desire to lick their hands and faces.

This affection, which is always so marked and so enduring in the dog, dominates it so strongly in rabies that it will not injure those it loves, not even in a paroxysm of madness; and even when its ferocious instincts are beginning to be manifested, and to gain the supremacy over it, it will yet yield obedience to those to whom it has been accustomed.

The mad dog has not a dread of water, but, on the contrary, will greedily swallow it. As long as it can drink it will satisfy its ever-ardent thirst; even when the spasms in its throat prevent it swallowing, it will nevertheless plunge its face deeply into the water and appear to gulp at it. The dog is, therefore, not hydrophobic, and hydrophobia is not a sign of madness in this animal.

It does not generally refuse food in the early period of the disease, but sometimes eats with more voracity than usual.

When the desire to bite, which is one of the essential characters of rabies at a certain stage, begins to manifest itself, the animal at first attacks inert bodies—gnawing wood, leather, its chain, carpets, straw, hair, coals, earth, the excrement of other animals or even its own, and accumulates in the stomach the remains of all the substances it has been tearing with its teeth.

An abundance of saliva is not a constant symptom in rabies in the dog. Sometimes its mouth is humid, and sometimes it is dry. Before a fit of madness the secretion of saliva is normal; during this period it may be increased, but toward the end of the malady it is usually decreased.

The animal often expresses a sensation of inconvenience or pain during the spasm in its throat by using its paws on the side of its mouth, like a dog which has a bone lodged there.

In "dumb madness" the lower jaw is paralyzed and drops, leaving the mouth open and dry, and its lining membrane exhibiting a reddish-brown hue; the tongue is frequently brown or blue-colored, one or both eyes squint, and the creature is ordinarily helpless and not aggressive.

In some instances the rabid dog vomits a chocolate or blood-colored fluid.

The voice is always changed in tone, and the animal howls or barks in quite a different fashion to what it did in health. The sound is busky and jerking. In "dumb madness" this very important symptom is absent.

The sensibility of the rabid dog is greatly blunted when it is struck, burned, or wounded; it emits no cry of pain or sign as when it suffers or is afraid in health. It will even sometimes wound itself severely with its teeth, and without attempting to hurt any person it knows.

The mad dog is always very much enraged at the sight of an animal of its own species. Even when the malady might be considered as

yet in a latent condition, as soon as it sees another dog it shows this strange antipathy and appears desirous of attacking it. This is a most important indication.

It often flees from home when the ferocious instincts commence to gain an ascendancy, and after one, or two, or three days' wanderings, during which it has tried to gratify its mad fancies on all the living creatures it has encountered, it often returns to its master to die. At other times it escapes in the night, and after doing as much damage as its violence prompts it to, it will return again toward morning. The distances a mad dog will travel, even in a short period, are sometimes very great.

The furious period of rabies is characterized by an expression of ferocity in the animal's physiognomy, and by the desire to bite whenever an opportunity offers. It always prefers to attack another dog, though other animals are also victims.

The paroxysms of fury are succeeded by periods of comparative calm, during which the appearance of the creature is liable to mislead the uninitiated as to the nature of the malady.

The mad dog usually attacks other creatures rather than man when at liberty. When exhausted by the paroxysms and contentions it has experienced, it runs in an unsteady manner, its tail pendent and head inclined toward the ground, its eyes wandering and frequently squinting, and its mouth open, with the bluish-colored tongue, soiled with dust, protruding.

In this condition it has no longer the violent aggressive tendencies of the previous stage, though it will yet bite every one—man or beast—that it can reach with its teeth, especially if irritated.

The mad dog that is not killed perishes from paralysis and asphyxia. To the last moment the terrible desire to bite is predominant, even when the poor creature is so prostrated as to appear to be transformed into an inert mass.

Such is the pathetic account of the features of this terrible malady as seen in man's faithful companion. Let us now for a moment look at the symptoms and course of the disease as exhibited in man—where it produces a condition so terrible and heart-rending to the onlooker that it becomes a matter of astonishment that mankind has ever ventured to incur the risk of acquiring this disease by voluntarily associating with the dog, and a matter of the most urgent desire that some great deliverer should arise and show us how to remove this awful thing from our midst.

In both the dog and man the disease is traced to the infliction of a bite or scratch at a more or less distant period by an animal already suffering from rabies. The length of time which may elapse between the bite and the first

symptoms of "rabies" in the dog or of "hydrophobia," as it is termed, when developed in man, varies. Briefly, it may be stated that the interval in the dog varies from seven to one hundred and fifty days, and is as often a longer as a shorter period. In man, on the other hand, two-thirds of the cases observed develop within five weeks of the infliction of the infecting bite; hydrophobia may show itself as early as the eighth day after the infection; it is very rare indeed, though not unknown, that this period of incubation is extended to a whole year. The reputed cases of an "incubation period" of two, five, or even ten years may be dismissed as altogether improbable and unsupported by evidence. The uncertainty which this well-known variation in the incubation period produces is one of the many distressing features of the disease in relation to man, for often the greatest mental torture is experienced during this delay in persons who after all have not been actually infected.

In many respects (says Professor Fleming) there is a striking similarity in the symptoms manifested in the hydrophobic patient and the rabid dog, while in others there is a wide dissimilarity. These resemblances and differences we will note as we proceed to briefly sketch the phenomena of the disease in our own species.

The period of incubation or latency has been already alluded to, and it has also been mentioned that not unfrequently in man and the dog the earliest indication of approaching indisposition is a sense of pain in or near the seat of the wound, extending toward the body, should the injury have been inflicted on the limbs. If not acute pain there is some unusual sensation, such as aching, tingling, burning, coldness, numbness, or stiffness in the cicatrix; which usually, in these circumstances, becomes of a red or lurid color, sometimes opens up, and if yet unhealed assumes an unhealthy appearance, discharging a thin ichorous fluid instead of pus. In the dog, as we have observed, the peculiar sensation in the seat of the inoculation has at times caused the animal to gnaw the part most severely.

With these local symptoms some general nervous disturbance is generally experienced. The patient becomes dejected, morose, irritable, and restless; he either does not suspect his complaint, or, if he remembers having been bitten, carefully avoids mentioning the circumstance, and searches for amusement away from home, or prefers solitude; bright and sudden light is disagreeable to him; his sleep is troubled, and he often starts up; pains are experienced in various parts of the body; and signs of digestive disorder are not unfrequent. After the continuance of one or

more of these preliminary, or rather premonitory, symptoms for a period varying from a few hours to five or six days, and, though very rarely, without all or even many of them being observed, the patient becomes sensible of a stiffness or tightness about the throat, rigors supervene, and in attempting to swallow he experiences some difficulty, especially with liquids. This may be considered as really the commencement of the attack in man.

The difficulty in swallowing rapidly increases, and it is not long before the act becomes impossible, unless it is attempted with determination; though even then it excites the most painful spasms in the back of the throat, with other indescribable sensations, all of which appeal to the patient, and cause him to dread the very thought of liquids. Singular nervous paroxysms or tremblings become manifest, and sensations of stricture or oppression are felt about the throat and chest. The breathing is painful and embarrassed, and interrupted with frequent sighs or a peculiar kind of sobbing movement: and there is a sense of impending suffocation and of necessity for fresh air. Indeed, the most marked symptoms consist in a horribly violent convulsion or spasm of the muscles of the larynx and gullet, by which swallowing is prevented, and at the same time the entrance of air to the windpipe is greatly retarded. Shuddering tremors, sometimes almost amounting to general convulsions, run through the whole frame; and a fearful expression of anxiety, terror, or despair is depicted on the countenance.

The paroxysms are brought on by the slightest causes, and are frequently associated with an attempt to swallow liquids, or with the recollection of the sufferings experienced in former attempts. Hence anything which suggests the idea of drinking to the patient will throw him into the most painful agitation and convulsive spasms. . . . This is particularly observed when the patient carries water to his lips; then he is seized with the terrors characteristic of the disease, and with those convulsions of the face and the whole of the body which make so deep an impression on the bystanders. He is perfectly rational, feels thirsty, tries to drink, but the liquid has no sooner touched his lips than he draws back in terror, and sometimes exclaims that he cannot drink; his face expresses pain, his eyes are fixed, and his features contracted; his limbs shake and body trembles. The paroxysm lasts a few seconds, and then he gradually becomes tranquil; but the least touch, nay, mere vibration of the air, is enough to bring on a fresh attack—so acute is the sensibility of the skin in some instances. . . . A special difference between rabies and hydrophobia is the frequent dread of water in the latter, as well as the hyperæsthesia of the skin and exaltation of the other senses. . . . Another characteristic feature of the disease in man is a copious secretion of viscid, tenacious mucus in the fauces, the "hydrophobic slaver;" this the patient spits out with a sort of vehemence and rapidity upon everything around him, as if the idea of swallowing occasioned by the liquid induced this eager expulsion of it, lest a drop

might pass down the throat. This to a bystander is sometimes one of the most striking phenomena of the case. . . . The mind is sometimes calm and collected in the intervals between the paroxysms, and consciousness is generally retained; but in most cases there is more or less irregularity, incessant talking, excitement, and occasionally fits approaching to insanity come on. The mental aberration is often exhibited in groundless suspicion or apprehension of something extraneous, which is expressed on the face and in the manner of the patient. In comparatively rare instances he gives way to a wild fury, like that of a dog in one of its fits of rabies; he roars, howls, curses, strikes at persons near him, rends or breaks everything within his reach, bites others or himself, till, at length exhausted, he sinks into a gloomy, listless dejection, from which another paroxysm rouses him. . . . Paralytic symptoms manifest themselves before death in a few instances, as in the dog. . . . Remissions of the symptoms sometimes occur in the course of the complaint, during which the patient can drink, though with some difficulty, and take food. Toward the close such a remission is not uncommon, with an almost complete absence of the painful symptoms; so that the patient and the physician begin to entertain some hope. But if the pulse is now felt it is found to be extremely feeble, and sometimes almost, if not quite, imperceptible. During this apparent relaxation of the disease the patient occasionally falls into a sleep, from which he only awakes to die.

Death results from spasm of the respiratory muscles, the patient dying asphyxiated. The desire to bite is rare. The disease invariably, as in the dog and other animals, terminates fatally, and usually between the second and fifth day after the symptoms have been first observed, though it sometimes runs on to the ninth day.

It is held by veterinaries that "rabies" in a dog is invariably fatal, and one test of the presence of the disease is a fatal termination to the symptoms. Inasmuch as it is very usual to kill dogs suspected of rabies without waiting to actually prove that they suffer from this disease, and further, inasmuch as dogs not suffering from rabies are nevertheless frequently savage or snappish and bite human beings, thus leading to the assumption that the person bitten has incurred the risk of developing hydrophobia, there is necessarily a complete absence of trustworthy statistical information as to (1) the actual number of dogs annually affected with rabies in any given country, and (2) as to the number of persons effectively bitten by really rabid dogs, who acquire hydro-

phobia as a consequence. The dogs are killed before it is proved that they suffer from rabies, and the human beings bitten are treated by caustics and excision of injured surfaces before it is proved that they really are in danger of developing hydrophobia, and it is not known in case of escape whether the danger was ever really incurred. The extreme anxiety to avoid the awful consequences not unfrequently following the bite of a rabid dog has produced a course of action which, while it is undoubtedly accompanied by the destruction of many innocent dogs, and by the infliction of acute pain and mental anguish upon human beings, who, could they know the truth, have no cause for alarm, has also at the same time necessarily prevented the acquisition of accurate knowledge with regard to the disease in important respects, especially as to the conditions of its communication from dog to man. Accordingly, we find great uncertainty as to the conclusions which are to be drawn from statistics in regard to the effect on human beings of the bites of dogs suffering from rabies. According to the lowest estimate where care has been taken to exclude cases in which there is insufficient reason for supposing the offending dog to have suffered from rabies, of every *six* persons bitten, *one* dies—that is to say, *one* develops hydrophobia; for recovery after the development of the hitherto recognized symptoms of hydrophobia is unknown. This is a mortality of 16.66 per cent.; other estimates range from 15 to 25 per cent. The large proportion of escapes as compared with deaths is attributed to the wounds inflicted not having been sufficiently deep to introduce the poison into the system, also to timely surgical treatment having the same effect, and to the fact that the dog, in spite of probabilities to the contrary, may in a certain proportion of cases have been wrongly suspected of suffering from "rabies."

At the same time there is no doubt that animals (and hence presumably man) are sometimes endowed with an immunity from rabies. This has been proved experimentally by repeatedly inoculating a dog with the saliva of rabid dogs which proved fatal to other individuals which were experimented upon

at the same time, while the particular dog in question always proved refractory or non-labile to the disease. No estimate has been at present formed of the proportion of dogs which are thus free from liability to the disease, but it must be very small, perhaps not 1 per cent. On the other hand, it is undeniable that there is a high probability that such immunity exists among human beings, and it is possible that the proportion of individuals liable to the infection as compared with those "immune," "refractory," or "non-labile" is less among human beings than among dogs. Such a constitutional immunity may, therefore, possibly explain to a certain extent the fact that out of 100 cases of dog-bite, the dog being supposed, but not demonstrated, to be rabid, only 16 acquire hydrophobia.

The result of M. Pasteur's experimental study of rabies and hydrophobia has been so far to place several matters of practical importance, which were previously liable to be dealt with by vague guesses and general impression, in the position of facts capable of accurate experimental determination; and secondly, to introduce a method of treating animals and men infected with the poison of rabies in a way which, there is strong evidence to show, will arrest or altogether prevent the development of the disease.

Owing to the eagerness of newspaper correspondents, and the peculiar circumstances of the investigation which is still actually in progress, M. Pasteur's work has been not quite fairly represented to the public, and various astonishing criticisms and expressions of individual opinion have been indulged in, with regard to what M. Pasteur is doing, by persons who, however gifted, have no adequate comprehension of the task which the great experimenter has set before himself.

It must be distinctly remembered, on the one hand, that the results which M. Pasteur has himself published, and for which he has made himself responsible, have been obtained by accurate and demonstrative experiments upon animals; they are results which can be repeated and verified. On the other hand, M. Pasteur has now advanced

into a much more difficult field—namely, the application of his experimentally ascertained results to the treatment of human beings. He is actually in course of carrying out his inquiries in regard to the efficacy of his treatment, and it is probable that at no distant date he will himself give us a detailed account of the conclusions to which these inquiries lead. But he has not yet formulated any such conclusion.

We cannot and have not the remotest desire to experiment upon human beings, as in the more enlightened parts of Europe we are permitted, for good purposes, to experiment upon dogs. It is not possible to exactly arrange experimentally the conditions of a human being who is to be the subject of inquiry in regard to hydrophobia. You cannot make sure by the inoculation in the most effective way of a dozen healthy men that they have started on the path leading to hydrophobia, and then treat six by a remedial process, and leave six without such treatment, in order to see whether the remedial process has an effect or not. This is the kind of difficulty which is met with in all attempts to take a step forward in medical treatment. Nevertheless, although such definite experimental arrangement of the subject of inquiry is not possible where human beings are concerned, there is another method—extremely laborious, and less decisive in the results which it affords—by which a more or less probable conclusion may be arrived at in regard to the effect of treatment of diseased human beings. This method consists in bringing together for experimental treatment a very large number—some thousands—of cases in which the disease under investigation has, independently of the experimenter, been acquired, or is supposed to have been acquired, and then to compare the proportion of cases of recovery obtained under the new treatment with the proportion of recoveries in cases not subjected to this treatment.

Hydrophobia presents peculiar difficulties in the application of this method, and the treatment which M. Pasteur is now testing is also one which in its essence renders the statistical method difficult of application. M. Pasteur's treatment has to be applied *before* the

definite symptoms of hydrophobia have developed in the patient. Accordingly, there is no certain indication in the patient himself that he has really been infected by the virus of rabies; the inference that he has been so infected is based on the knowledge of the condition of the dog that bit the patient, and on the extent of the injury inflicted; but the knowledge of the actual state of the dog which inflicted the bite upon a person who, therefore, has reason to fear an attack of hydrophobia is often wanting. It is often merely "feared" or "supposed" that the dog was rabid, and has not been actually proved that such was the case. In many cases the only proof that the dog really was rabid would be found in the development of hydrophobia in the man bitten by the dog, the dog itself having been destroyed. This, too, would be the only definite proof possible that the patient had received a sufficiently profound wound to carry the poison into the system, or, again, that the patient is not naturally "immune" or "refractory" to the poison. Accordingly, it has been necessary for M. Pasteur to test his treatment upon a very large number of cases, so as to obtain a statistical result which may be compared with the general statistics of the effects following the bite of reputed rabid dogs. Also, it is possible out of a large number of cases for M. Pasteur to select, without any other determining motive, those cases in which the dog which inflicted the bite was actually proved to be suffering from rabies, either by the result of its bite on other individuals, or by experiment made by inoculating other animals from it after its death. Such a selection of his cases has, it is stated, already been made by M. Pasteur. We have yet to await from M. Pasteur's own hand a critical account of the results obtained in the wholesale treatment of patients by him in Paris. Until he has himself published that account, we ought to be very careful about coming to an absolute conclusion either for or against the efficacy of his treatment *in regard to men*.

On the other hand, the fundamental results of his study of rabies and hydrophobia stand in no such position, but are sharp, experimental demonstrations,

which he has publicly announced before the scientific world, and has verified in the most important instance before a commission appointed by the Government.

Let us note some of these results.* They have been obtained by experimentally inoculating dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and monkeys. The experiments have been performed by M. Pasteur himself and his experienced and highly skilled assistants, MM. Chamberland and Roux. Precautions which a thorough knowledge of the subject suggested have been taken. Thus, for instance, in his very first experiments, M. Pasteur cleared the ground considerably by distinguishing a kind of blood-poisoning, due to the presence of a certain bacterium in human saliva, which is liable to be introduced with the saliva of a hydrophobic patient when this is made use of for the purpose of setting up rabies experimentally in a rabbit, and is also present in normal saliva. Not feeling sure that some rabbits thus treated had really died from rabies, and suspecting that they might have died from a blood-poisoning due to other virus present in the hydrophobic saliva, M. Pasteur tested his rabbits by inoculating dogs with the saliva and blood of the rabbits. The dogs did not develop rabies, and thus M. Pasteur was able to establish the conclusion confirmed by other observations—that the disease produced in this instance by the inoculation of the rabbits with saliva was not rabies. This is merely an example of the careful method in which it is M. Pasteur's habit to correct and solidly build up his conclusions.

The first result of great practical moment established by M. Pasteur is that not only, as shown by previous experimenters, can rabies be communicated from animal to animal by the introduction of the saliva of a rabid animal into the loose tissue beneath the skin of a healthy animal, or by injection of the same into the veins of a healthy animal, but that the "virus," or poison, which carries the disease re-

* I am indebted to an excellent report by my friend Dr. Vignal, of the Collège de France, published in the *British Medical Journal*, for the chief facts relative to M. Pasteur's published results.

sides in its most active form in the nervous tissue of a rabid animal, and that the most certain method of communicating rabies from one animal to another is to introduce a piece of the spinal cord or of a large nerve of a rabid animal on to the surface of the brain of a healthy animal, the operation of exposing the brain being performed with the most careful antiseptic methods, so as to prevent blood-poisoning.

In this way Pasteur found that he could avoid the complications which sometimes result from the presence of undesired poisonous matters—not related to rabies—in the saliva of rabid animals.

This discovery is the starting-point of all Pasteur's further work. It enabled him to experiment with sufficient certainty as to results. It has rendered it possible for him to determine whether a dog is really affected with rabies or not, by killing it and inoculating the brain of a second dog with the spinal cord of the dead dog, and similarly to determine whether a human being has really died of hydrophobia (*rabies hominis*) or not. It has also enabled him to propagate with certainty the disease from rabbit to rabbit through ninety successive individuals—extending over a period of three years—and to experiment on the result of varying the quantity of virus introduced as well as on the result of passing the virus from one species of animal to another, and back again to the first species (e.g. rabbit as the first and monkey as the second species). Before Pasteur's time Rossi, confirmed by Hertwig, had used nerve-tissue for inoculation with less definite results. Pasteur has the merit of establishing this method as the really efficient one in experimenting on the transmission of rabies.

Using the nerve tissue, Pasteur has determined by several experiments that when a large quantity of virus (that is to say, of the medulla oblongata of a rabid rabbit pounded up in a perfectly neutral or sterilized broth) is injected into the veins of a dog, the incubation period is seven or eight days; by using a smaller quantity he obtained an incubation period of twenty days, and by using a yet smaller quantity one of thirty-eight days. It is very important

to note that by using a still smaller dose Pasteur found that the dog so treated escaped the effect of the poison altogether.

A very interesting and important result is that in the cases in which the largest amount of poison was used, and the quickest development of the disease followed, the form which the disease took was that of paralytic or "dumb rabies," in which the animal neither barks nor bites; while with the smaller dose of poison and longer incubation period "furious rabies" was developed. Moreover, by directly inoculating on the surface of the brain and spinal cord, Pasteur has been led to the conclusion that the nature of the attack can be varied by the part of the central nervous system which is selected as the seat of inoculation.

Certain theories which have been held as to the mode in which inoculation with the attenuated virus of such diseases as small-pox and anthrax acts, so as to protect an animal from the effect of subsequent exposure to the full strength of the poison, might lead us to expect that the dogs which were inoculated by M. Pasteur with a quantity of rabid virus just small enough to fail in producing the symptoms of rabies would be "protected" by that treatment from the injurious effects of subsequent inoculation with a full dose. This, however, Pasteur found was *not* the case. Such dogs, when subsequently inoculated with a full dose, developed rabies in the usual way.

When the virus of rabies is introduced from a dog into a rabbit, and is cultivated through a series of rabbits by inoculating the brain with a piece of the spinal cord of a rabid animal, Pasteur has found that the virulence of the poison is increased. The incubation period becomes shorter, being at first about fifteen days. After being transmitted from rabbit to rabbit through a series of twenty-five individuals, the period of incubation becomes reduced to eight days, and the virulence of the poison is proportionately increased. After a further transmission through twenty-five individuals, the incubation period is reduced to seven days, and after forty more transmissions Pasteur finds an indication of a further shorten-

ing of the incubation period, and a proportionate increase of virulence in the spinal cord of the rabbit extracted after death and used for inoculating other animals. Thus Pasteur found it possible to have at his disposal simultaneously rabid virus of different degrees of activity.

It is curious that Pasteur found, on the other hand, that the virus from a rabid dog, when transmitted from individual to individual through a series of monkeys, gradually lost its activity, so that after passing through twenty (?) monkeys it became incapable of producing rabies in dogs. Thus a portion of the spinal cord of such a monkey, itself dead of rabies, when pounded in broth and injected beneath the skin of a dog, failed to produce rabies, and even when applied to the dog's brain after trephining failed to produce rabies.

Pasteur makes the very important statement that the dogs thus treated with the virus which had been weakened by cultivation in monkeys, although they did not develop any symptoms of rabies, *were rendered refractory* to subsequent inoculations with strong virus—that is, were “protected.”

Thus we note a contrast between the effect obtained by inoculating an animal with a virus weakened by cultivation and those resulting from using a minute quantity of the virus. The latter proceeding does not result in protection, but the former does.

The fresh spinal cord of an animal that has died of rabies is apparently full of the rabid virus, and it will, if kept so as to prohibit putrefaction, retain for some days its rabies-producing property. Nevertheless it gradually, without any putrefactive change, loses, according to Pasteur's observations, its virulence, which finally disappears altogether. So that it is possible to obtain cord of a very low degree of virulence, and all intermediate stages leading up to the most active, by the simple process of suspending a series of cords at definite intervals in glass jars containing dry air.

There are thus two ways of bringing the virus of rabies taken from a dog into a condition of diminished activity—the one by cultivation in monkeys or some other animal, the other by expos-

ing the spinal cord to dry air while preventing it from putrefying.

It was found by Pasteur that dogs inoculated with the virus weakened by cultivation in monkeys were protected from the effects of subsequent inoculation with strong virus. Hence he proceeded to experiment in the direction so indicated. He inoculated dogs with a very weak virus taken from a rabbit—that is, a virus having a long incubation period—and at the same time he inoculated also a rabbit. When the second rabbit went mad and died, the dogs were again inoculated from it, and a third rabbit was also inoculated from it. When this rabbit died the process was repeated with the dogs and with a fourth rabbit, and so on until the virus had become (as above stated to be the case) greatly increased in activity, its incubation period being reduced to eight days. The dogs were not rendered rabid by the first inoculations; they certainly would have been by the last, had they not undergone the earlier. The harmless virus rendered the dogs insusceptible to the rabies-producing quality of the second dose introduced, the second did the same for the third, the third for the fourth, and so on until the dogs were able to withstand the strongest virus.

It would seem that this method of using a graduated series of poisons was not intentional on Pasteur's part at first, but merely arose from the convenience of the arrangement, since the effect of the previous inoculation could be tested and a new inoculation to act as a preventive could be made at one and the same time. Nevertheless, Pasteur has retained for reasons, which it is possible to imagine but have not been given as yet by him, this method of repeated doses of graduated increasing strength in his subsequent treatment.

In 1884 a Commission was appointed at M. Pasteur's request by the Minister of Public Instruction to examine the results so far obtained by him in regard to a treatment by which dogs could be rendered refractory to rabies. The Commission comprised some of the ablest physiologists in France; it consisted of MM. Béclard, Paul Bert, Bouley (the celebrated veterinarian), Tisserand, Villemin, and Vulpian.

Their report contained the following statement :—

The results observed by the Commission may be thus summarized. Nineteen control dogs (i.e. ordinary dogs not treated by Pasteur) were experimented on. Among six of these bitten by mad dogs, three were seized with rabies. There were six cases of rabies among eight of them subjected to venous inoculations, and five cases of rabies among five which were inoculated by trephining on the brain. The twenty-three dogs treated (by Pasteur) and then tested all escaped rabies.*

Subsequently to the experiments witnessed by the Commission M. Pasteur carried out experiments in which, instead of using virus of increasing strength taken from living rabbits, he made use of the fact discovered by him that the spinal cord of a rabid animal when preserved in dry air retains its virulent property for several days, while the intensity of the virulence gradually diminishes. Pasteur used for this purpose cords of rabbits affected with rabies of great virulence, determined by a long series of transmissions, and having only an eight days' incubation period. He injected a dog on the first day with a cord which, when fresh, was highly virulent, but had been kept for ten days, and hence was incapable of starting rabies in the dog; on the second day he used a cord kept for nine days, on the third day a cord kept for eight days, and so on until on the tenth day a cord kept for only one day was used. This was found to cause rabies in a dog not previously treated, and yet had no such effect on the dog subjected to the previous series of inoculations. The dog had been rendered refractory to rabies. In this way M. Pasteur states that he rendered fifty dogs of all ages and races refractory to (or "protected against") rabies *without one failure*. Virus was inoculated under the skin and even on the surface of the brain after trephining, and rabies was not contracted in a single case.

* I have ascertained that of these twenty-three dogs some had been already treated by Pasteur before the appointment of the Commission, and a minority were treated by him for the first time in the presence of the Commission. Ten of these dogs are still in M. Pasteur's hands, and have been inoculated three times on the surface of the brain with rabid virus: not one has developed rabies.

Why M. Pasteur makes use of a gradually increasing strength of virus, or how he supposes this treatment to act so as to give the remarkable result of protection, he has not explained. The experimenter very probably has his own theory on the subject, which guides him in his work; but while he is still experimenting and observing he does not commit himself to an explanation of the results obtained. We may look in the future for a full consideration of the subject and a definite statement of the evidence at his hands. Meanwhile, it must be remembered that the notes published by M. Pasteur are, as it were, bulletins from the field of battle, briefly announcing failures and successes, and are not to be regarded as a history of the campaign or a statement of its scheme and final result.

Having arrived at this point in his experimental results, M. Pasteur was prepared to venture on to the far more delicate ground of treatment of human beings who had incurred the risk of hydrophobia.

The period of incubation of hydrophobia being usually four or five weeks, it seemed to M. Pasteur not impossible that he might succeed by the method which he had carried out in dogs in rapidly producing in human subjects a state of refractoriness to the poison of rabies by using a virus of rapid activity, and so, as it were, overtake the more slowly acting virus injected into the system by the bite of a mad dog.

Whatever may have been his theoretical conceptions, M. Pasteur determined to have recourse to the one great and fertile source of new knowledge—experiment.

It is known that inoculation with vaccine virus during the latent period of small-pox has an effect in modifying the disease in a favorable direction, and so in any case it was to be expected that the inoculation of individuals during the latent period of hydrophobia might produce favorable results. M. Pasteur had every reason to believe that, at any rate, the inoculation which he proposed would not have injurious results. He could proceed to the trial with a clear conscience, feeling sure that he was in

any case giving the bitten person a better chance of recovery than he would have if left untreated.

The first human being treated by Pasteur was the child Joseph Meister, who was sent from Alsace by Dr. Weber and arrived in M. Pasteur's laboratory on the 6th of July, 1885. This child had been bitten a few days previously, in fourteen different places, by a mad dog, on the hands, legs, and thighs. MM. Vulpian and Grancher, two eminent physicians, considered Meister to be almost certain to die of hydrophobia. M. Pasteur determined to treat the child by the method of daily injection of the virus of a series of rabbits' spinal cords, beginning with one kept so long as to be ineffective in the production of rabies even in rabbits, and ending with one so virulent as to produce rabies in a large dog in eight days.

On the 6th of July, 1885, M. Pasteur inoculated Joseph Meister, under the skin, with a Pravaz's syringe half full of sterilized broth (this is used merely as a diluent), mixed with a fragment of rabid spinal cord taken from a rabbit which had died on the 21st of June. The cord had since that date been kept in a jar containing dry air—that is, fifteen days. On the following days, Meister was inoculated with spinal cord from rabid rabbits kept for a less period. On the 7th of July, in the morning with cord of fourteen days; in the evening with cord of twelve days; on the 8th of July, in the morning with cord of eleven days, in the evening with cord of nine days; on the 9th of July, with cord of eight days; on the 10th of July, with cord of seven days; on the 11th of July, with cord of six days; on the 12th of July, with cord of five days; on the 13th of July, with cord of four days; on the 14th of July, with cord of three days; on the 15th of July, with cord of two days; on the 16th of July, with cord of one day. The fluid used for the last inoculation was of a very virulent character. It was tested and found to produce rabies in rabbits with an incubation period of seven days; and in a normal healthy dog it produced rabies with an incubation period of ten days.

It is now twelve months since Joseph Meister was bitten by the mad dog, and

he is in perfect health. Even if we set aside the original infection from the mad dog, we have the immensely important fact that he has been subjected to the inoculation of strong rabid virus by M. Pasteur and has proved entirely insusceptible to any injurious effects, such as it could and did produce in a powerful dog.

M. Pasteur now proceeded, immediately after Meister's case, to apply his method to as many persons as possible who had reason to believe that they had been infected by the virus of a mad dog or other rabid animal. It must be remembered that Pasteur does not attempt to treat a case in which hydrophobia has actually made its appearance, and that he would desire to begin his treatment as soon after the infection or bite as possible; the later the date to which the treatment is deferred, the less is the chance—naturally enough—of its proving effective. He now omits the first three inoculations of weakest quality used in the case of Joseph Meister, and makes only ten inoculations (beneath the skin on the abdomen), one every day for ten days, the strength of the virus being increased as above explained. Probably, Pasteur is varying and improving his method in regard to certain details. He himself has made no statement of a conclusive nature during the year. He is observing and collecting his facts. But Dr. Grancher, who is at present Pasteur's chief assistant in carrying on the inoculations of human patients, has recently published a rough analysis of the cases treated.

It appears that between the 6th of July, 1885, and the 10th of June, 1886, the number of patients treated by Pasteur's method was 1335. In order to eliminate cases of which the final issue is uncertain, Dr. Grancher omits those treated subsequently to the 22d of April, 1886. Of the cases treated within the period thus defined, there were ninety-six in which the patients had been bitten by dogs which were absolutely demonstrated to be suffering from rabies. This demonstration was afforded either by the fact that other animals bitten by them became rabid or by an experiment in which a portion of the dog's brain being placed in contact with the brain of a living rabbit was

found to cause the death of that rabbit with indisputable symptoms of rabies. A second class of cases were those of persons who were bitten by dogs certified to be rabid by the veterinary practitioners of the locality in which the bite took place. Of these there were 644. Lastly, there were 232 cases in which the dog which had inflicted the bite had run off and not been seen again, leaving it entirely doubtful as to whether the dog had really been rabid or not.

For the purpose of judging of the efficacy of Pasteur's method the last group of cases should be put aside altogether. In the first two classes there are 740 cases. These we can compare with the most carefully formed conclusions as to the result of bites of rabid dogs when Pasteur's treatment has not been adopted. In the first part of this article it was stated that the inquiries of the most experienced veterinarians lead to the conclusion that 16 per cent. of human beings who are bitten by dogs which are certified to be rabid by veterinary surgeons skilled in that disease, develop hydrophobia and die. This estimate is a low one; by some authorities 25 per cent. has been regarded as nearer the true average. Taking the lower estimate, there should have died among Pasteur's 740 patients no less than 118.

What, then, is the difference resulting (so far as we can judge at present) from the application to these persons of Pasteur's method of treatment?

Instead of 118 deaths, there have been only 4, or a death-rate of one-half per cent. instead of 16 per cent. In less than one year, it seems, Pasteur has directly saved 114 lives. When we remember what a death it is from which apparently he has saved those hundred and more men, women, and children, who can measure the gratitude which is due to him or the value of the studies which have led him to this result?

Nevertheless, let us be cautious. It is very natural that we should hasten to estimate the benefit which has been conferred on mankind by this discovery; on the other hand, the method of testing its value by comparative statistics is admittedly liable to error. While the figures so far before us justify us in entertaining the most sanguine view, a

longer series of cases will be needful, and *minute examination of each case*, before a final judgment can be pronounced. We have not before us at present the data for a more minute consideration of the separate cases. But one of the most hopeful features in M. Grancher's statement is that he records only one death out of the ninety-six persons who were bitten by dogs experimentally proved to be rabid—proved, that is, by the communication of rabies by the dogs to other animals.

Another extremely important series of cases is afforded by the forty-eight cases of wolf bites treated by Pasteur's method. Owing to the fact, that the rabid wolf attacks the throat and face of the man upon whom it rushes, the virus is not cleared from its teeth by their passage through clothing, as undoubtedly occurs in many cases of rabid dogs' bite. It is probable that this, together with the greater depth and extent of the wounds inflicted by wolves, accounts for the fact that while only 16 per cent. of the persons bitten by rabid dogs die, as many as 66.5 per cent. of the persons bitten by rabid wolves have hitherto succumbed. Pasteur has reduced this percentage in the forty-eight cases of wolf bites treated by him to 14; seven of his cases died. But it is important to remember that some of these cases were treated a long while (three weeks or more) after the bite; and also that the bites themselves, apart from the virus introduced into them, were of a very dangerous nature in some cases. On the other hand, it is equally true that we do not know, until some very much more complete record is placed before us than we have at present, how many cases of very slight injury, mere nips or scratches, may have been included among the forty-eight cases of wolf bite.

Pasteur is still observing: he himself has not pronounced his method to be final, nor that its efficacy is actually so great as the figures above given would seem to indicate. Time will show; meanwhile it is clear that the treatment is in itself harmless, and gives such reasonable hope of benefit that the great experimenter is abundantly justified in allowing its fame to be spread through all lands, in order that it may be tried

on as large a number of unfortunate victims of dog-bite as possible. It is also clear that there is not the slightest warrant for those who would pronounce an adverse judgment on Pasteur's treatment and compare him to the quacks who deal in "faith-healing" and such-like methods.

What is above all things desirable at the present moment is, that thorough and extended researches should be made by independent scientific experts in this country on the lines travelled over by M. Pasteur. This, alas! is impossible. Our laws place such impediments in the way of experiments upon animals, that even a rich man, were he capable, could not obtain the licenses necessary for the inquiry; and secondly, the men who are most likely to be capable of inquiring into the matter are not in a position to give up the whole of their time to it, and to pay competent assistants. No one in this country is given a salary by the State, and provided with laboratory and assistants, for the purpose of making such new knowledge as that by which Pasteur has brought the highest honor to France and inestimable blessing to mankind at large. On the other hand, it is in consequence and as the direct result of such a position that Pasteur has been able to develop his genius.

Pasteur himself has not explained what theory he has formed as to the actual nature of the virus of rabies, and as to the way in which his inoculations act, so as to protect an animal from the effects of the virus, even *after* the virus has been introduced into the system. Possibly he has no precise theory on the subject, but has arrived at his results by an unreasoned exploring method of experimentation. Such a method is not permissible to the ordinary man; but in the hands of a great thinker and experimentalist it sometimes leads to great results. Charles Darwin once spoke to the present writer of experiments, not dictated by any precise anticipation of a special result, but merely undertaken "to see in a general way what will happen"—as "fool's experiments," and added that he was very fond of such "fool's experiments," and often made them. When the individual who occu-

pies the place of the "fool" is a man saturated with minute knowledge of the subject on which the experiment is to be tried, it is likely enough that, unconsciously, he frames hypotheses here and there without taking note of what is going on in his own mind, and so is unable to state clearly how he came to make trial of this or that experimental condition.

Whether Pasteur has worked in this way, trusting to the instinct due to his vast experience, or whether he has reasoned step by step, we do not know. It is nevertheless possible for the bystander to consider the various theories which may be regarded as tending to explain the results obtained by Pasteur in the cure of hydrophobia.

The general fact that the ill-effects of some diseases due to specific virus or poisons can be averted by inoculating a patient with the virus in a *modified condition*—as, for instance, when vaccination is used as a preventive of small-pox in man—may be explained more or less satisfactorily by three different suppositions. The first supposition is that the virus is a living matter which grows and feeds when introduced into the body of the inoculated animal, and that *it exhausts the soil*—that is to say, uses up something in the blood necessary for the growth of the virus; accordingly, when the soil has been exhausted by a modified and mild variety of the virus, there is no opportunity for the more deadly virus, when it gains access, to feed and multiply. A second supposition is that the virus does not exhaust the soil, but as it grows in the animal body produces substances which are poisonous to itself, and these substances, remaining in the body after they have been formed there by a modified virus, act poisonously upon the more deadly virus when that gains access, and either stop its development altogether or greatly hinder it. An analogy in favor of this supposition is seen in the yeast plant, which produces alcohol in saccharine solutions until a limited percentage of alcohol is present, then the alcohol acts as a poison to the yeast plant, and neither it nor any other yeast plant of the kind can grow further in that solution. A third supposition is that, whether the virus be a living

thing or not, the protective result obtained by introducing the modified virus into the body of an animal is due to the education of the living protoplasmic cells of which the animal consists. If you plunge a mussel from the sea into fresh water, making sure that its shell is kept a little open, the animal will be killed by the fresh water. But if you treat the mussel first with "modified" fresh water—that is, with brackish water—and then after a bit introduce it to fresh water, the fresh water will have no injurious effect, and the mussel may be made to permanently tolerate fresh water. So too by commencing with small doses, gradually increased, the human body may be made to tolerate an amount of arsenic and of other poisons which are deadly to the uneducated.

Any one of these three suppositions would at first sight seem to offer a possible explanation of the protective inoculation against rabies and hydrophobia. It is not known that the virus of rabies is a separate parasitic organism; at the same time it is possible that it is. If it is not, the last of the three above-named hypotheses would seem to meet the case, and, whether the virus is a living thing or not, has an appearance of plausibility.

But how are we to suppose that the inoculation of modified rabbit's virus acts upon a man so as to cut short the career of a dog's virus which has already been implanted in the man's system by a bite?

To form any plausible conception on this matter we ought to have some idea as to the real significance of "the incubation period," and this we are not yet able to form satisfactorily. Most diseases which are propagated by a virus—as, for instance, small-pox, scarlet fever, typhoid, syphilis—have a fixed and definite "incubation period." What is going on in the victimized animal or man during that incubation period? On the supposition that the virus is a living thing, we may imagine that the virus is slowly multiplying during this period, until it is sufficiently abundant to cause poisonous effects in the animal attacked. It is difficult to suggest an explanation of the incubation period if we do not assume that the virus is a living thing which can grow.

The poisonous effects are, at any rate, deferred during this incubation period. If you could introduce a modified and mild form of the same virus with a shorter incubation period into the animal which has been infected with a stronger virus with a long incubation period, you might get the protoplasm of the infected animal accustomed first to mild and then gradually to stronger doses of the poison before the critical period of the long and strong virus arrived; and so, when the assumed hour of deadly maturity of the latter was reached, the animal tissues would exhibit complete indifference, having in the mean time learnt to tolerate without the slightest tremor of disorganization the poison (or it may be the vibration!) which, previous to their education, would have been rapidly fatal. Almost equally well we may figure to ourselves the state of preparation brought about if we choose to employ the terms of the first or of the second supposition above given. The point of importance to ascertain, if such a conception is to be applied to Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, is whether the dog's and wolf's virus is longer in incubation and stronger in poisonous quality than that of the rabbit's cords as modified by hanging up in dry air. A general principle appears to be—according to M. Pasteur—that, in regard to rabies, the *longer* the incubation period the *less* the virulence of the virus, and the *shorter* the incubation period the *greater* the virulence. The virus in the cord of the rabbits used by M. Pasteur for preventive inoculation is stated by him to be, when fresh, much more intense than that taken from a mad dog; it produces rabies in a dog, when injected into its veins, in eight or ten days. By hanging in dry air for a fortnight this cord loses its virulence. But it has not yet been stated by Pasteur what are the indications that this virulence is lost, and whether the loss of "virulence" is in this case measured by an increase of incubation period. We have no information from Pasteur on this point. It would certainly seem that the virus of the dried rabbits' cords ought not to lose its short incubation period if it is to get beforehand with the dog-bite virus, which has a period of five or six

weeks.* And presumably, therefore, there must be two distinct qualities in which the virus can vary: one, its incubation period, and the other its intensity of action, apart from time, but in reference to its actual capability or incapability of causing disease in this or that species of animal.

It is useless to speculate further on the subject at present. The secret is for the moment locked in Pasteur's brain. Had we in this country a State Laboratory or any public institution whatsoever in which research of the kind was provided for, the fundamental statements of Pasteur as to his results with dogs would ere this have been strictly tested with absolute independence and impartiality by English physiologists retained by the State to carry on continuously such inquiries. Similarly, we should have independent knowledge on the points above raised as to the modification of the virus in rabbits, and the public anxiety on the whole matter would be in a fair way

toward being allayed. At the same time, in all probability similar treatment in regard to other diseases would ere this have been devised by "practical" English experimenters. As it is, owing to our repressive laws and the State neglect of scientific research, we have to remain entirely at the mercy of the distinguished men who are nurtured and equipped by the State agencies of our continental neighbors. All that we are in a position to say with regard to Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia is, that unless the accounts which have been published in his name and by his assistants are not merely erroneous but wilful frauds of incredible wickedness, that treatment is likely to prove a success so extraordinary and so beneficent as to place its author in the first rank of men of genius of all ages. That is the position, and there is no reason why the former alternative should even for a moment be entertained. — *Nineteenth Century*.

A PREACHING FROM A SPANISH BALLAD.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

LADIES who in chains of wedlock
Chafe at an unequal yoke,
Not to nightingales give hearing;
Better this, the raven's croak.

II.

Down the Prado strolled my seigneur,
Arm at lordly bow on hip,
Fingers trimming his mustachios,
Eyes for pirate fellowship.

III.

Home sat she that owned him master;
Like the flower bent to ground
Rain-surcharged and sun-forsaken;
Heedless of her hair unbound.

* The incubation period of five weeks ordinarily observed in the case of men bitten by rabid dogs may be due to the *smallness* of the dose, since Pasteur has shown that small doses of rabid virus give longer incubation periods

than large doses. How far a dose of weakened virus can be made to attain the rapid action of strong virus, by increasing the quantity of the weaker virus injected, has not been stated by Pasteur.

IV.

Sudden at her feet a lover
Palpitating knelt and wooed ;
Seemed a very gift from heaven
To the starved of common food.

V.

Love me ? she his vows repeated :
Fiery vows oft sung and thrummed :
Wondered, as on earth a stranger ;
Thirsted, trusted, and succumbed.

VI.

O beloved youth ! my lover !
Mine ! my lover ! take my life
Wholly : thine in soul and body,
By this oath of more than wife !

VII.

Know me for no helpless woman ;
Nay, no coward, though I sink
Awed beside thee, like an infant
Learning shame ere it can think.

VIII.

Swing me hence to do thee service,
Be thy succor, prove thy shield ;
Heaven will hear !—in house thy handmaid,
Squire upon the battlefield.

IX.

At my breasts I cool thy footsoles ;
Wine I pour, I dress thy meats ;
Humbly, when my lord it pleaseth,
Lie with him on perfumed sheets : .

X.

Pray for him, my blood's dear fountain,
While he sleeps, and watch his yawn
In that wakening babelike moment,
Sweeter to my thought than dawn !—

XI.

Thundered then her lord of thunders ;
Burst the door, and flashing sword,
Loud disgorged the woman's title :
Condemnation in one word.

XII.

Grand by righteous wrath transfigured,
Towers the husband who provides
In his person judge and witness,
Death's black doorkeeper besides !

XIII.

Round his head the ancient terrors,
Conjured of the stronger's law,
Circle, to abash the creature
Daring twist beneath his paw.

XIV.

How though he hath squandered Honor !
High of Honor let him scold :
Gilding of the man's possession,
'Tis the woman's coin of gold.

XV.

She inheriting from many
Bleeding mothers bleeding sense,
Feels 'twixt her and sharp-fanged nature
Honor first did plant the fence.

XVI.

Nature, that so shrieks for justice ;
Honor's thirst, that blood will slake ;
These are women's riddles, roughly
Mixed to write them saint or snake.

XVII.

Never nature cherished woman :
She throughout the sexes' war
Serves as temptress and betrayer,
Favoring man, the muscular.

XVIII.

Lureful is she, bent for folly ;
Doating on the child which crows :
Yours to teach him grace in fealty,
What the bloom is, what the rose.

XIX.

Hard the task : your prison-chamber
Widens not for lifted latch
Till the giant thews and sinews
Meet their Godlike overmatch.

XX.

Read that riddle, scorning pity's
Tears, of cockatrices shed :
When the heart is vowed for freedom,
Captaincy it yields to head.

XXI.

Meanwhile you, freaked nature's martyrs,
Honor's army, flower and weed,
Gentle ladies, wedded ladies,
See for you this fair one bleed.

XXII.

Sole stood her offence, she faltered ;
 Prayed her lord the youth to spare ;
 Prayed that in the orange garden
 She might lie, and ceased her prayer.

XXIII.

Then commending to all women
 Chastity, her breasts she laid
 Bare unto the self-avenger,
 Man in metal was the blade.

—*National Review.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, next to Washington the most striking figure in American history, was born in the year 1757, in the small West India island of Nevis. He was the son, whether legitimate or illegitimate has never been rightly ascertained, of a Scotch merchant. His mother, who appears to have been both talented and beautiful, was of Huguenot descent. She died early, and, his father proving unsuccessful in business, the boy fell into the charge of his maternal relatives. By these he was placed in a counting-room before he was twelve years old. His extraordinary precocity may be estimated by the following extract from a letter to a friend, written when he was barely thirteen : " I condemn," it says, " the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment. Nor do I desire it, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity."

Even before the date of this singular production he had been left for some time in sole charge of his employer's affairs, and some of his business correspondence in this capacity is still preserved. Much of his leisure time, even in those days, is said to have been devoted to reading and writing.

It, happily, became evident, at a very early date to young Hamilton's protectors that his talents were worthy of a

wider field than that presented by the diminutive West India island. As a boy, then, of fourteen, he was sent to New York with good introductions to people in that city. In October, 1772, by the advice of his new friends, he entered a grammar-school of some repute at Elizabethtown, and prosecuted his studies there with much success, writing at the same time a great deal both of prose and verse. A year later he entered King's College, New York, and devoted himself with more assiduity than ever to the cultivation of his intellect. Already questions of politics and finance had begun to occupy his thoughts, and the small dark-skinned student, the young West Indian as he was called, became a familiar figure in Badeau Street, muttering to himself as he walked rapidly to and fro beneath the trees.

The Revolution was now at hand. Mutterings of the coming storm were heard upon every side, and young Hamilton was greatly exercised in his mind as to which side he should espouse. A visit to Boston, the hot-bed of rebellion in the spring of 1774, however, decided him in favor of the Colonies.

Now, the Government of New York was at that time strongly Tory, and the frequent pressure brought to bear upon it by the people was the occasion of many great open-air meetings in the environs of the city. At the close of one of the largest and most important of these, Hamilton, who was just seventeen, an obscure youth and a stranger

withal, mounted the rostrum, and began to harangue the astonished crowds. The natural bashfulness of youth and inexperience once conquered, he poured forth such an eloquent attack on the policy of the Mother Country that shouts of applause and admiration rent the air at its close. He had now chosen his path, and, in spite of his extreme youth, he moved rapidly along the road to fame.

Pamphlets were in those days the chief instruments of political discussion. The Tories of New York about that time published two tracts attacking Congress with marked success. Hamilton answered them anonymously. The Tories replied, and Hamilton published as a rejoinder a pamphlet of seventy pages. Both these tracts created a considerable sensation, and were attributed to some prominent man. When the author became known, Hamilton's reputation was assured once and forever. Early in 1775 New York declared for the Colonies. Hamilton continued to gather laurels by vigorous newspaper essays and public speeches on behalf of the popular cause. He joined a volunteer corps, and acquitted himself with great judgment in several trying emergencies. On more than one occasion he distinguished himself by his strenuous exertions to repress mob violence, and his keen sense of justice was early displayed by risking his life in attempts to stem the torrent of lawless injustice that was rolling in upon the unhappy loyalists. When active operations were commenced, a company of artillery was ordered for the State service. Hamilton, then just nineteen, applied for and received the command of this force, and spent what little money he possessed in its equipment.

He soon made his company so conspicuous for its excellence that he was highly complimented by General Greene, and introduced to Washington. At the battle of Long Island we find him bringing up the rear in that retreat which first gave evidence of Washington's genius. Again young Hamilton distinguished himself in the backward march up the Hudson, and gives an instance of his personal daring in an offer to carry by storm Fort Washington, a proposition so reckless that permission to attempt

the feat was refused. In the famous retreat through New Jersey Hamilton was still with the army, and in the more fortunate campaigns of Trenton and Princeton he was ever in the thickest of the fight.

His literary abilities were already known, and his military capacities had by now so fully impressed themselves on the whole army that the year 1777 saw him, at the age of twenty, a lieutenant-colonel and aide-de-camp to General Washington.

From henceforth, though Hamilton took part in every battle which Washington fought, and never failed to reap distinction whenever it was within his reach, it was by the pen rather than the sword that he shone most conspicuously, and it is as Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, and conductor of all his correspondence, that his name is most familiar to students of that stormy period. His intimacy and life-long friendship with Washington commenced with this appointment. The confidence which his great chief placed in him was very early displayed by a mission to Gates being intrusted to his charge, a mission that required the utmost delicacy and tact, but was performed by Hamilton with the most complete success.

His services to Washington, while a member of his military family, were great. Boy though he still was in years, there is no question but that Washington owed much, not only to his ready pen, which rapidly became famous all through the struggling Confederacy, but to his keen penetration and sound common-sense. In this capacity he was a witness of Arnold's attempt to betray West Point, and it fell to his lot to console the traitor's unhappy wife, and to be much with poor André, whose tragic fate is nowhere better described than in Hamilton's letters to his future wife.

An unimportant tiff with Washington—which in no way, however, diminished their intimacy—was the cause of his resigning his post upon the Staff. Warlike and impetuous, he had no doubt chafed at a position which, however honorable, cut him off from actual military fame and high command. Once emancipated, however, he did his utmost to make up for lost time. Wash-

ington gave him a command at Yorktown, and appointed him to lead the assault on the British outworks. Hamilton rushed upon the enemy at the head of his men with characteristic impetuosity, cleared the works in ten minutes, and finished that military career which the subsequent surrender of Yorktown put an end to, with satisfaction, doubtless, to himself, and with *éclat* in the eyes of his compatriots.

Hamilton had not the opportunity to prove whether or no he was a great soldier. His position in the army as an efficient and gallant subordinate, and still more as confidential secretary of Washington, was prominent enough for one of his years. His genius and character were not of a kind to appeal to the popular imagination, either at this or at any time of his life. He had a wonderful power, we are told, of attracting and keeping the affection of his friends, and his influence with educated men of his own class is "amply testified to later in life," says a biographer, "by that personal following, much smaller than that of many of our public men and party leaders, but, in proportion to numbers, unequalled in our history for character, ability, and devotion combined."

Even amid the bustle of camps, the hardships of long marches, and the mass of military correspondence in which he was immersed, Hamilton had found time to develop that remarkable talent for finance which, above all his other gifts, has rendered his name famous to posterity.

In 1780 he wrote to his friend Morris, then at the head of the finances, an essay on the worthless currency that was then flooding the Confederacy. Even at that date, when he was barely twenty-three, he entered at great length into those financial details which in future years he was to weld into a successful scheme for the salvation of the Government and the maintenance of his country's reputation. The young aide-de-camp seems already, amid the clash of war, to have almost perfected those schemes whose successful application in the near future was to proclaim him one of the greatest financiers of his age. Already, too, he was chafing under the rampant democracy that seemed likely to ruin the cause of true freedom, and

the "centralizing" predilections with which posterity connects his name were already pouring in every direction from his facile pen. In 1780 Hamilton married a Miss Schuyler, and thereby connected himself with one of the wealthiest and most powerful families in America. At the close of the war, however, he was entirely without means of his own, save his arrears of pay. He refused, nevertheless, all pecuniary aid from his father-in-law, General Schuyler, and applied himself diligently to the study of law as a profession. The period of study necessary for such a man, as may be supposed, was brief, and in 1782 he was admitted to the Bar, that universal ladder in America, then as now, to political fame. He was already spoken of, though, as a fitting man for important civil employment. He could have been a Commissioner of the French loan, but refused for reasons most honorable to himself. He was mentioned, also, for the Peace Commission, but was finally appointed Continental Receiver of Taxes in New York State.

Such work was fully congenial to Hamilton's active longing for a strong Government. He went vigorously to work to try and obtain for the central government the badly needed supplies, and drew out numerous plans for a better system of taxation than the hopelessly ineffective one then in existence. He fought tooth and nail against the strong States' rights, feeling that what he saw was fatal to all hopes of cohesion and nationality. The only result of his efforts, however, was to bring his name so prominently forward as to secure his election to Congress in the fall of 1782.

Congress had by this time fallen lamentably since those palmy days when its high average of talent and ability had won the admiration of the world. It was now a period of utter confusion. The make-shift Confederation that, thanks to Washington's genius and British military incapacity, had held together in a sort of a way under the instincts of self-defence, now threatened every day to fall to pieces. The demoralization of a long war, coupled with the novel feeling of external security, was rapidly loosening those hasty bonds that a common danger had thrown round thirteen distinct commu-

nities. Those men to whom the vision of a united nation was dear—those whose patriotism was, in the language of the day, “continental,” and not provincial—saw nothing but the destruction of all their hopes in the disjointed Confederation now tottering, apparently, to an untimely grave. The mass of the people, scattered over vast areas of territory, were, now that danger was removed, either absolutely indifferent or actually hostile, from long habit of opposition, to any government outside their provincial assemblies. Nothing, in short, could have been more hopeless than the chaos presented by the newly emancipated colonies in every department of government and finance. The chaos, too, was made doubly bad by the lack of all authority through which to grapple with it. The foreign relations of the country were all warped by a questionable gratitude to France, that amounted at times to actual servility; while the hatred of England was so intense that the most reasonable negotiations could not be entered into with that country without raising a shriek of indignation throughout the entire land.

Hamilton was young and enthusiastic. That he was a sincere patriot his greatest detractors never ventured to doubt. He had no local prejudices himself, and he hated and loathed the strong feeling of States’ rights, in which he saw, and at that time truly saw, the great obstacle to his pet dream of national unity and strength, of internal order and respect abroad.

In this his first session in Congress he threw himself with the vigor that characterized him through life, on the apathy, the sectional selfishness, the financial dishonesty that distinguished every feeble attempt at national government in those early days of the Republic. It was proposed by these precious legislators to carry the policy of general repudiation even to the army that had called them into being. Later on, in spite of the scornful opposition of Hamilton and his friends, this was actually done, and the unpaid soldiers were dispersed to their homes with a blessing and a present of the musket with which each had fought. The mutiny which occurred about this time at the Newburgh camp is a matter of history, when

Washington once again saved his country, this time, however, from the bungling of its legislators, who were very near provoking a far worse despotism than the civil one which seemed, when convenient, to haunt their very dreams.

Hamilton’s term in Congress expired during the summer of 1783. If he had failed in arresting the collapse of the old Confederacy, he had, at any rate, made for himself a position that insured him a high place in the party of reconstruction. He had also acquired much Parliamentary experience—an experience, however, which seems to have permanently riveted in his mind that deep-seated distrust of democracy that marked his whole future career. No one was more ardently attached to constitutional liberty than he. So far, he had devoted his entire life to its defence. He hated despotism, but he hated anarchy still more; and America at that time seemed to him to be drifting rapidly into the latter state. He regarded the British Constitution as the best model of government possible, and he considered that it was to such a form, modified to suit the needs of a republic, that American Anglo-Saxons should look. The fact of his having fought for seven years against the Mother Country did not blind his eyes to the excellence of her institutions, nor destroy his respect for the nation from which he was sprung, as was the case with three-fourths of his compatriots. That in those days, when everything was hazy and experimental, his order-loving mind should have leaned toward a strong and centralized government, and shrunk back in dread before his first experience of democracy, is not surprising when that same democracy presented to his eyes a picture that is thus graphically and tersely summed up by one of his biographers: “Faction, jealousy, and discord, infirmity of purpose, feebleness in action, unblushing dishonesty in finance, black ingratitude toward the army, and the rapid acquisition of an ever-growing contempt on the part of mankind.”

On Hamilton’s withdrawal from Congress, he resumed his practice as a lawyer, and rapidly acquired both fame and professional success. He continued

ever to be the leader of political thought in New York, and in the intervals of his work employed his vigorous pen in advocating far and wide those principles which had now become thoroughly identified with his name.

A prominent feature of that time was the persecution against all who had taken sides in the late war with the Crown. The fair and evenly-balanced mind of Hamilton strongly resented such proceedings, not merely on the score of their injustice, which was obvious enough, but on the short-sightedness which in these outrages gave England an excuse to delay in the fulfilment of her portion of the treaty, and to keep her troops still in the western forts.

In New York the persecution of Tories was most determined. Hamilton, with equal courage and ability, faced the popular clamor. One of the greatest forensic efforts of his life was made at this period, in defence of a Tory on whose head the whole tide of the popular wrath was setting. He sent out two pamphlets on this question so convincing that, even in those days of pamphlet warfare, they remained unanswerable. His enemies writhed so beneath his lash that they actually planned to call him out one after the other till he fell; but this brutal scheme was happily abandoned. Among other acts during these years in which he and those who thought like him were awaiting their opportunity, he helped to found the State Bank of New York, and was active in the formation of Washington's Military Society of the Cincinnati, which was received with such howls of alarm by a public who saw in the most harmless recognition of any body, however deserving, a threat to the absolute liberty and equality in which they were now revelling. The state of the country was now growing so bad that either complete reform or dissolution had become a matter of certainty. A few years before, America had won the admiration of Europe. Now she was the laughing-stock of the civilized world. Every nation with whom she came in contact insulted her with impunity. The finances of almost every State were in a hopeless condition. Fresh issues of worthless currency were flooding the country with arbitrary rules to enforce

their acceptance. Debtors, both corporate and private, were repudiating obligations under the encouragement of a debased public opinion; and though rebellion had actually broken out in Massachusetts and set courts of law at defiance, the local leaders in every State could see nothing in a national government so sorely needed but a diminution of their own authority. The opportunity for Hamilton and the small but able body of men that had rallied round him had arrived.

Virginia was accidentally the means of the first step toward a Constitution. In January, 1789, she invited delegates from other States to meet her own at Annapolis for the consideration of commercial uniformity. Hamilton saw in this a slender opening for the thin end of the wedge. He and his friends made superhuman efforts in the New York Legislature, and secured his appointment as a delegate at Annapolis. Such was the indifference to the national welfare that only four out of the thirteen States sent representatives. Hamilton, however, expected nothing from this convention but an opportunity to issue an invitation for a second, to be weighted with greater and far different questions.

Nor was he disappointed. At this little gathering he secured the adoption of an address to the country at large, drafted by himself, setting forth in vivid language the dangers which threatened it. It invited, moreover, a convention of all the States represented by delegates with general powers. Hamilton now began to see his way toward that Constitution which was his constant dream. With that in view, he threw himself heart and soul into New York politics. Now, of all the States, New York was, as a whole, most hostile to reform and most wedded to apathy and local prejudices. It had even done its best to complete the collapse of the feeble Confederacy by refusing the usual grant to Congress, in spite of Hamilton's efforts to sustain what, at any rate, was better than no government at all. In their senseless opposition to all government the States' Rights party (if a doggedly immobile public at large can be called a party) gave Hamilton his opening. The general disinclination even to discuss

forms of government left the ground free, when absolute collapse necessitated action, for Hamilton to spring forward with the results of years of careful preparation and take his opponents, who had no remedy at all to offer, at a tremendous disadvantage.

By great exertions in New York, and in the face of a most strenuous opposition from Governor Clinton and his majority, Hamilton's appointment as one of the three delegates to the coming convention was secured.

On the 25th May, 1787, delegates from nine States met at Philadelphia, and the construction of the American Constitution began. Hamilton's two colleagues were of the opposite party, and, as votes were to be given by States and not individually, it was hopeless for him to waste his energies in a vain contest with them at every point, and uselessly to damage his much-needed influence in New York by voting against his State at every turn. He was well satisfied that things had been pushed forward even thus far, and was content to bide his time. In private conversation he spared no effort to promote his views, but thought it prudent to take little part in the preliminary discussion of details that extended over several days. He reserved all his powers for one great and comprehensive speech, which was said by many of his audience to be the most masterly production they had ever heard. In the course of it Hamilton read his scheme of government. He had, probably, little hope that such would be adopted; for, among so many conflicting opinions, he foresaw that the only chance lay in compromise. When he urged that president and senators should hold office during good behavior, and be elected only by freeholders; when he recommended that the governors of States should be nominated by the President, he had little expectation of seeing such schemes adopted. He himself, however, never ceased to believe in them, and grew stronger in his convictions when the excesses of the French Revolution, later on, seemed to justify his fears of democracy. However much the draft of Edmund Randolph, that was finally adopted, seemed to him the "best of a bad job," he did not allow such feelings for a moment to

interfere with the hearty loyalty with which he strove for its ultimate adoption by the States, and for its maintenance when once adopted. His two colleagues, in their half-heartedness, went home before the end of the convention, and Hamilton signed the document alone on behalf of his State.

The Constitution was now upon paper, but so far it was merely a proposition. The all-important crisis was now to come, namely, its adoption by the thirteen different States, almost all of them with a majority opposed to anything of the kind. Hamilton and his friends, however, had the joy of seeing one after another driven with unconcealed reluctance into ratification by the anarchy that, as its only alternative, stared them in the face.

Is there not a hazy notion in the minds of most Englishmen that the Constitution of the United States was a sort of easy sequel to the War of Independence presented to an enthusiastic people at the conclusion of peace, with the blessing of their chiefs? At any rate, I do not think that that unfortunate period which intervened between the close of the war and the adoption of the Constitution—that long seven years' lapse which witnessed the decay of Congress and the apparent approach of national dissolution—is quite realized by the majority of even educated Englishmen.

Hamilton now girded up his loins for the great and final contest. His own public efforts were, of course, necessarily confined to his own State. New York, at that time, stood fourth only in importance; but, from its geographical position between the North and South, its adhesion was a matter of vital consequence. The task of gaining New York must have appeared almost hopeless, for of all the States she was the most opposed to reform, and, moreover, the opposition party in her legislature was above the average in ability and well led by General Clinton. An organization was soon formed among them to write down the Constitution. It was a move of ill omen, for it was a common saying later on that "he who put himself on paper with Hamilton was lost." No move, indeed, could have been more welcome to that rapid and effective writer, and

he rushed into the fray with that long series of remarkable essays that, as the *Federalist*, are to this day known and valued as the most forcible exposition of the Constitution extant. In these labors he was seconded by Jay and Madison. The *Federalist* not only paved the way for the conquest of New York, but through the length and breadth of the land did more than anything else to secure the adoption of the Constitution.

Nevertheless, Hamilton might well have been dismayed when the Legislature came together to decide the all-important question, for out of sixty-five votes his party could only reckon on nineteen. To follow the course of their long and fierce debates would be impossible. The powerful opposition, under the leadership of an able man named Smith, were determined to defeat the ratification, and no means were left untried. Hamilton, however, was indefatigable, and was upon his feet hour after hour and day after day. By sheer indomitable will, and by irresistible and persuasive eloquence, he was actually talking over an overwhelming majority to his side, in an assembly where party spirit, even for those times, was notoriously bitter. Nine States had ratified, and Hamilton's spirits rose. The opposition tried evasion and adjournment, but that he defeated. The news of the assent of Virginia arrived, and inspired him to still greater efforts. The effective eloquence with which, in a brilliant speech, he closed, as it so proved, this long debate, may be estimated by the astounding spectacle of the leader of the opposition rising and openly declaring that he had been convinced by Hamilton, and should vote for the Constitution. A division followed this announcement, so unique in the history of American party strife, and resulted in a majority of three for Hamilton. With this glorious news he hastened to Congress, to which he had just been elected.

Hamilton was now just thirty. He had attained the highest honors as a parliamentary orator. In future his work—the work, indeed, by which his fame will mostly live—was to lie in other and still more congenial channels; and he was never called upon again to

speak in Congress or Great Convention. America, more even then than now, was a nation of politicians. The naturally vigorous intellect of the people—unarrested to any extent by literature and art, and sharpened by continuous contact with every question of government and political science—ran wholly into those channels, and to excel in political ability among such a people must have been as difficult as to excel in many less practical accomplishments was easy. Hamilton, when he abandoned the forum for the portfolio of high office, was probably the most effective orator of his day among educated American audiences. He was quite free from that redundant metaphor and florid rhetoric which marked the speeches of most of the great popular orators of the Revolution. Hamilton's rhetoric was eminently practical, unadorned, and concise, though essentially polished and cultivated. His voice is said to have been extremely melodious, and his eyes shone with a fire of energy and enthusiasm that imparted itself to all within his reach. In person he was singularly small, but well-knit and active, while all contemporary evidence bears witness that his unusually low stature was more than atoned for in the dignity of his carriage and the impressiveness of his striking face. His enemies, after the ratification of the Constitution, managed to secure his defeat for Congress. But greater things than Congress were in store for the triumphant *Federalist*.

The 4th of March had been appointed for the assembling of the new Congress under the Constitution. So dilatory, however, had the old confederation made the nation's legislators that it was the 6th of April before a quorum of both Houses could be secured. Washington, as everybody knows, was elected President and Adams Vice-President. When the Treasury Department was established all eyes turned most actively to Hamilton. Washington had already made up his mind, and the young Federal leader became first Secretary of the Treasury, giving up a growing and lucrative practice at the New York Bar for the £700 a year attached to that office. Congress, which was groping wildly in a dense financial fog, hailed

with delight the appointment of the already redoubtable financier, and at once threw with unconcealed relief a mass of work upon his hands.

The new Secretary, however, was more than equal to the occasion, and with amazing celerity he reduced a thousand minor details to order and lucidity ; but the first great result of his unrelenting toil was the report upon the public credit, presented in 1790. "This report," says Mr. Lodge, "marks the most important epoch of his career, for out of it sprang the whole financial basis on which the Government of the United States rests to-day." In this Report Hamilton's youthful idea of a National Bank is ever uppermost, an institution which should form a link between the propertied classes and the Government. It is impossible to enter here into his schemes for funding the National Debt and for creating stability and order out of chaos. Eighty millions of dollars seems a trifle in these days, but to the Congress of 1790 it appeared an awful indebtedness. The debt Hamilton divided into three parts : Foreign, domestic, and that incurred by individual States during the war. About the first two there was no serious disagreement, but the last was so loaded with conflicting interests that a solution seemed well-nigh hopeless. Creditors of all sorts who had begun to despair of any payment at all, grew happy once more under the development of Hamilton's schemes, which involved eventually complete reimbursement. The assumption of the State debts, however, would demand an increase of revenue. Hamilton, in anticipation of this, pointed most naturally to the excise ; but excise, though familiar to State Governments, raised a howl of outraged liberty when its application by the Central Government was suggested.

A Report on a National Bank followed rapidly that on the National Credit from Hamilton's untiring pen. To this day his argument remains a masterly essay on banks and banking in general. His aim was to erect a stable financial centre for the disorganized country—an institution connected with, and to some extent controlled by, the Government—an instrument for establishing the credit of a country now en-

tirely without it, and for giving facilities for commercial exchange where nothing of the kind so far existed. With the carrying out of his schemes Hamilton foresaw domestic order and security return, and the revival of that respect among foreign nations which the young republic had well-nigh lost. The Bank of the United States has indeed given way to the system of National Banks, but the principles are those enunciated by Hamilton which obtain in these institutions to-day. This policy, of course, met with great opposition. The most interesting point in the Bank question was the power of the Government to create it. Hamilton's interpretation of the Constitution was, of course, as liberal as that of his opponents was restricted ; and it is in this vital question of interpretation, which has been compelled to rest so much on precedent, that Hamilton's influence has been so incalculable on recent American history.

Then followed a Report on the Mint, advising a decimal system, and full of the most exhaustive details on metals and coinage. Next he sent out his Report on Manufactures, combating the primitive ideas, then rife, of the exclusive importance of agriculture, and recommending protection at a time when all the world protected.

Hamilton's Report on the Public Credit created an intense excitement from one end of the country to the other. Public securities at once revived, and speculators swarmed in the land. About the payment of the foreign debt all were agreed, but in the discussion of the domestic debt the old shuffling, repudiating feeling gave rise to infinite trouble. The obvious cry was against the speculator who had bought up the scrip of the poor soldier and patriotic lender when it was almost worthless. "Was the nation," men said, "to be saddled with an enormous debt for the benefit of these social blood-suckers?" In the immense appreciation consequent on the Constitution and Hamilton's Report no doubt many of the original creditors did not share, and the case seemed hard, but the national credit, for which Hamilton and his party were striving, was a matter entirely apart from such considerations ; and it was also recollected that

the very party which now made use of the cry against the speculator was the one whose policy of disintegration and repudiation had caused the original holder, in despair, to part with his scrip for a song, and congratulate himself on having got even so much as that. The Federal party, though so far a minority in the nation, embraced a greater share of its educated and propertied classes. It had, moreover, for its leaders a band of men who were superior in ability to any other combination that could then have been brought against them, and, still further, they were welded together by a distinct and definite policy, that often carried them triumphantly over unwieldy majorities, who had no effective weapons but a general hatred of all government that they could not reach within a day or two's ride on horseback.

The domestic debt, however, was carried with all arrears, and the still greater question of the assumption of the State debts came before Congress. This included obvious inequalities, but in it Hamilton saw the only salvation of his country. To bind an educated and moneyed class to the Government was his cherished dream; the Bank and the funding of the State debts were the two factors with which he hoped to accomplish this end.

Tremendous efforts were made by the anti-Federalists (who, by the way, had not yet got a name), but, after a long conflict, assumption was carried in committee by a slender majority. Before it came up to the House, however, the new members from North Carolina, which latter State had only just come into the Union, took their seats and turned the scale against the Bill. The strain of the deadlock that ensued was intense: sounds of national dissolution filled the air. But the adverse majority was only two, and Hamilton, who never recognized despair, perpetrated the only piece of what may be called political levity recorded of him.

The site for the national capital, not yet decided, was then a burning question. The Southern people, who were most prominent in the anti-assumption party, wanted it on the Potomac, while the Northern States very naturally held different views. Jefferson was

Secretary of State. He had just returned from France bursting with French ideas. He had not yet developed into a party leader, but still had great influence in the South. Hamilton went to dinner with him, and over the genial board impressed him with the vital importance of assumption. Washington was in favor of it, and Jefferson, who understood less than a child of finance, and could have no real arguments against the measure, consented on the conditions proposed, which were as follows:—Hamilton would secure the site of the future capital for the South if Jefferson would procure the votes necessary to carry assumption. The bargain was struck, assumption was carried, and Washington is now the National Capital.

The success of Hamilton and the growing strength of his party made the last great measure, the National Bank, less difficult to push through. Capital was on his side, and an enthusiasm for the man himself and his spirited policy was spreading itself throughout the country. Jefferson, Randolph, and Madison all gave written arguments to Washington against the Bank; but it was of no avail. The President had been convinced by Hamilton, and gave the measure his support.

The influence and the power of Hamilton was now to do more than anything else in binding together the disjointed mass of anti-Federalism, and in forming what ultimately became the great Democratic Party. So far they had no leader, and no ideas but opposition, nor had they even a name. It remained for Jefferson to supply the first two wants, while the third was temporarily filled by the term "Republicans." Jefferson was, in every particular, the opposite of Hamilton, though in ability he was the only man in the country at that time at all able to cope with him. Crafty and tenacious, not given to pamphleteering or speechifying, immensely popular among the masses and with great personal influence, he began, in the winter of 1791, to dawn on the political horizon as the leader of a great and gradually concentrating party, against the Administration of which he himself, nevertheless, remained a member. Now the Federalists had a powerful weapon in

the shape of *Fenno's Gazette*, which disseminated their principles far and wide over the Union. Jefferson's first step was to institute in his party's interest the *National Gazette*, under the editorship of a clever, unscrupulous clerk of his own, named Freneau. From this man's pen then began to emanate a long series of attacks on Hamilton, the gist of which were merely the echoes of the States' Rights party all over the land, that "Hamilton was a wicked and dangerous man, who had heaped up a vast debt to burden an overtaxed people; that he fostered speculation, and juggled with paper money and debt in order to corrupt Congress; that he was laboring secretly to introduce aristocracy and monarchy."

Hamilton, conscious of his literary power, was too prone to lash his detractors personally. Jefferson was unusually sensitive, and seldom failed to regret the assaults which called down on his head the vengeance of that terrible pen. His political dislike, too, of Hamilton soon turned to that bitter and venomous hatred which led him in future years to perpetrate more than one outrage on taste in this particular, so lamentable that his warmest admirers have scarcely attempted to palliate them.

The next immediate assault of Jefferson on Hamilton was purely personal. He instigated a Virginian, named Giles, to call in unpleasant terms for Hamilton's Treasury accounts. Of the latter's integrity neither Jefferson nor any one else had the smallest doubt, but thought that possibly, in the mass of figures that would have to be forthcoming, some accidental slip might give the handle of accusation required. But Hamilton labored night and day—his pride was up—and in an incredibly short time he deluged Congress with reports so voluminous and so accurate, that the undisguised attack upon him not merely failed, but failed with ignominy and derision, and left Hamilton higher than ever in public esteem, and enjoying to the full the confidence of Washington.

Nothing could be worse than the foreign relations of the United States during this time. England—under the excuse of unfulfilled treaty obligations—still held the western posts. She bred

ill-feeling among the Indians, did all in her power to injure American commerce, and refused to send a Minister to the country. The aspect of France was hardly more cordial; and Jefferson, in spite of his almost abject attitude toward that country, had failed in getting from her the most ordinary concessions.

Personally, Hamilton was fond of the French; but for their institutions he had no respect whatever. Moreover, he had a clearer notion, perhaps, of the actual feelings that had prompted their assistance to the Colonies than most of his countrymen, and was not, therefore, so overborne with a sentimental sense of gratitude. He repudiated the idea of favoritism in foreign politics, and advocated an equal treatment of all nations, a policy of strict and dignified neutrality.

The first sign of increased respect, owing to Hamilton's financial policy, was the arrival of a Minister from England. Then followed the news of the French Revolution, which at first created unqualified joy among all parties, even Hamilton and Jefferson being for once in accord.

When the period of excess, however, commenced, the best men in the country began to lose faith in the movement; and when streams of blood began to flow daily from the guillotine, the early sympathy of the better classes in America turned to disgust. Hamilton especially repudiated with fervor any comparison between their own revolution and the doings in France. "The one," he said, "was liberty, the other licentiousness."

In these days of the Monroe doctrine, one is apt to forget that the freshly-emancipated Colonies could not realize an existence absolutely independent of the turmoils of European Powers. Washington and Hamilton were then, indeed, laying down the precepts of which Monroe, later on, became the mouth-piece; but America, so long accustomed to a European connection, could at that time scarcely imagine a complete separation from the wars and treaties of other nations. So in 1793 the news that England and France had declared war, followed almost immediately by the arrival of an emissary at

Charleston from the sanguinary republic, fell like a thunder-clap on the Government. The Frenchman, however, gave them plenty of time for consideration. He was a light-headed and irresponsible person of the name of Genet, who went blustering and frothing through the country as if it were a province of France. The lower classes, still fascinated by the French democracy and unmindful of its excesses, fêted him at every point, shouted Parisian revolutionary airs, paraded in caps of liberty, and behaved themselves generally in a way quite unworthy of the sober Anglo-Saxons they on all occasions before and since that epoch have proved themselves to be. Genet, in short, made himself so ridiculous with his audacious airs during his northward progress as materially to strengthen the Government's hands, who were determined not to sacrifice the country to the interest of France in a war with England. Even Jefferson, though he condoned the excesses of the French Revolution and took Genet to his bosom in private, was against war. At the same time he dreaded anything like overtures to his bugbear, England. For several months Genet continued his career of insult through the States, doing more to wean the educated classes from the French Republic than all Hamilton's strenuous exertions to maintain a strict neutrality. In this, with Washington's co-operation, he succeeded; but the Opposition never ceased in their loud accusations of Angloism against both these great leaders. As if, however, to test the patriotism of the Administration, England now commenced those high-handed measures which ultimately led to the war of 1812. Hamilton sprang forward instantly with measures for putting the country in a position for war in case of need. The Opposition, however, who were always ready to repudiate debts or shout liberty songs, held back when a question of actual fighting arose, and defeated with extraordinary inconsistency the Bill for defence.

Hamilton then, with Washington's approval, proposed a special mission to England. He wished to go himself, but it was thought inadvisable; and

Jay, a New York Federalist of some ability, was despatched.

At this time the passage of Hamilton's excise measures created the first of those lawless proceedings in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas which sometimes distinguish those regions even to this day. On this occasion, however, the disturbances grew into something like a general rebellion against law and order, threatening the very Government itself, and known in history as the Whiskey Rebellion. Jefferson and the Opposition, who sympathized, partly for opposition's sake and partly from a sympathy with any popular uprising, had pooh-poohed the rioting. Even when it grew to serious rebellion, they howled over the threatened liberty of the illicit distiller and the incendiary, and shrieked remonstrance when Washington and Hamilton, with 15,000 troops, moved westward. The rebellion was crushed without shedding a drop of blood, and with great humiliation to its leaders.

Once more Hamilton's enemies made an attack on his reputation through his Treasury accounts, and once more they were routed with ignominy. This was the closing scene of his public life. He had been in office nearly six years. His work was finished. He saw the establishment of a national credit and a national feeling, and he left these in the hands of a party that by his own energy he had created, and by his own genius and enthusiasm raised to what appeared at present an almost unassailable position. "We look in vain," says a biographer, "for a man who in an equal space of time has produced such direct and lasting effects upon our history."

I have done wrong, perhaps, in bringing the period of Hamilton's retirement from office so near to the end of this paper. Space, however, forbids even the most superficial sketch of his whole career, interesting though that is up till the very hour of his untimely death. I have thought it better, therefore, to dwell mainly on that portion of his life in which his greatest work was being conceived and executed, though intelligible condensation even of this is difficult, so unusual and unconventional

was the field of his operations. The remainder of his life, full of incident and absolutely free from one barren spot, and withal so influential, admits of but the briefest notice. Hamilton's reason for retiring from office was the necessity of providing for a wife and six children, for his official life had absorbed his previous savings. He stepped at once, on the strength of his great national reputation, into a practice even larger than the one he had left on entering the Cabinet. For the remaining eleven years of his life, indeed, he stood at the head of the New York Bar. But though busily engaged in his profession, every spare moment he gave to the service of his party, of which, till its downfall in 1800, he was the virtual though unofficial leader. Indeed, it was his irresistible and preponderating influence that, through the breeding of internal jealousies, caused in a great measure its ultimate ruin.

When Washington retired from the Presidency, Hamilton was felt by all, himself included, to be too strong a man for the Federal nomination. Adams, therefore, became Chief Magistrate, with Jefferson as Vice. The latter blow to the Federal Party Hamilton had tried to stave off by advocating a certain system of voting which Adams, who was a testy, obstinate man, construed incorrectly into an attempt to bring in Pinckney above himself. The dissensions occasioned by the President's want of tact and jealousy of Hamilton's influence in the Federal Party did not, however, begin just yet. Jay had brought back a treaty from England which did not satisfy even the English party, while it raised a storm of indignation throughout the country. Washington, however, grandly indifferent to popularity, felt that the treaty should be ratified. Hamilton was in accord with him, and once more war was averted. Hardly was this question settled, however, when, through Monroe's blundering, things got into such a bad state with France that Pinckney, the next envoy, was refused a reception. The whole nation was at length roused against its old ally, and the Federals, who had been consistently anti-French, were borne upward to greater power than ever. War seemed imminent, and

so great had been the reaction that it was even popular. Washington, stipulating that he should remain at Mount Vernon till the army was in the field, was appointed commander-in-chief, with Hamilton next in order. Once more the latter was called from the law courts to organize armies and to plan fortifications. We find him drafting Army Bills for Washington to present to Congress, firing off circulars to put down intemperance and duelling among the troops, and in 1799 coming forward with matured plans and complete preparations for an invasion of Florida and Louisiana. France, however, this time made overtures, and war was again averted.

Many of the Federal Party, elated with success, had outstripped now even Hamilton's views in the strength of their measures. They proposed to refuse citizenship altogether to foreigners, and carried, with Hamilton's consent, however, a Bill for banishing suspected foreigners from the country. They even inclined to high-handed measures with the liberty of a rather rebellious press. This Hamilton firmly resisted. Jefferson all this time is working unceasingly, but silently, to rouse suspicions throughout the country of monarchical designs on the part of the Government. The Federal Party, puffed out with success, begins to divide against itself, plainly indicating that approaching downfall which the elections of 1800 actually witnessed. The conflict is close, and turns upon the issue in New York, and particularly in the city. Hamilton throws himself heart and soul into the fray. In the petty arena, however, of "ward" politics he was never an adept. The Democratic candidate, the notorious Aaron Burr, thoroughly versed in the dirty paths of the even then corrupt politics of New York, is at the head of the poll. The Federal administration collapses. The Democrats under Jefferson, now rising to the height of his glory and popularity, assume the reins of government.

Hamilton, who honestly thought that the domination of the Democratic Party meant French anarchy and ideas destructive of true Anglo-Saxon liberty, was betrayed by the first passion of defeat into one or two acts of indiscretion,

but his calmer judgment soon returned, and the last exertion of his political influence is characteristic of his true patriotic instincts. Jefferson and Burr, the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, received an equal number of votes. This threw the decision into the House of Representatives. The Federalists, exasperated by defeat, proposed to revenge themselves on their arch-enemy Jefferson by giving their votes to Burr, and turning the scale in his favor. Hamilton, though the special object through life of Jefferson's rancorous animosity, knew Burr to be a bad and unscrupulous man, destitute of patriotism and true ability. He now came forward, prevented the Federal scheme, and secured the election of his great rival as President.

There was little now left for Hamilton, as a public man, to do. As a lawyer he continued gathering increasing fame. A popular notion at length became rife that he had only to exert himself to convince any judge and jury. When occasional opportunity, however, offered to be of service to his party, now in feeble opposition, he never let it slip. Burr, in spite of a certain kind of ability, soon found he was no match for the subtle Jefferson, who was rightly anxious to drive him from power.

In 1804 New England was murmuring secession. Burr, whose politics were purely dictated by visions of self-aggrandizement, thought he saw a possible Northern Confederacy, with himself as President, and, with that in view, stood for the governorship of New York. Hamilton had no feeling of rivalry with Burr. He simply despised him as a scoundrel. Shrinking from the thought of such a man at the head of his own State, he threw himself into the election, and so divided his party as to give the victory to the other Democratic candidate, who was at least a respectable man. Burr, who had already been thwarted by Hamilton in the matter of a diplomatic post, deliberately planned revenge. His fortunes were as bad as they could be, and he

calculated that if he killed Hamilton they could hardly be made worse, even by the obloquy that would fall on him. He selected some allusion to himself in one of Hamilton's election speeches, and challenged him. Whether Hamilton might have fairly refused to meet him has been a favorite subject of controversy ever since. It is enough to say that he never hesitated for a moment in his acceptance of the challenge. That he deliberately and calmly came to the conclusion that it was his duty to do so is evident from his own statements. Burr prepared for the meeting by practising in his garden at a mark, Hamilton by putting his own and his clients' affairs in order, and by writing farewell letters to his wife full of devotion and the most touching pathos. They met on a warm July morning on the banks of the Hudson. Hamilton fell at the first fire mortally wounded. He was carried home, and died, after a few hours of intense agony, surrounded by his family. Burr departed to engage in those acts of treason which, together with this dastardly act, have made his name a household word to all generations of Americans, and ultimately to die in a London garret. When the news of Hamilton's death was known a great outcry of indignation went up from every corner of the land. Men forgot their differences, and remembered only that a great statesman and patriot had fallen. Even in those days of duelling, the conviction that a valuable life had been wantonly destroyed was so strong that the excitement was only comparable to that occasioned in recent times by the deaths of Lincoln and Garfield. Thus, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the very prime of his life, died this illustrious man. Without entering into the merits of Hamilton's personal genius, it is enough to say, on behalf of his historical position, that had he fallen in the trenches of Yorktown the whole course of American history and American development must have been widely different.—*Fortnightly Review*.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY GEORGE SAINTSEURY.

AMONG the judgments of his contemporaries which make a sort of Inferno of the posthumous writings of Thomas Carlyle, that passed upon "Christopher North" has always seemed to me the most interesting, and perhaps on the whole the fairest. There is enough and to spare of oneness in it, and of the harshness which comes from oneness. But it is hardly at all sour, and, when allowance is made for the point of view, by no means unjust. The whole is interesting from the literary side, but as it fills two large pages it is much too long to quote. The personal description, "the broadshouldered stately bulk of the man struck me: his flashing eye, copious dishevelled head of hair, and rapid unconcerned progress like that of a plough through stubble," is characteristically graphic, and far the best of the numerous pen sketches of "the Professor." As for the criticism, the following is the kernel passage of it:—

"Wilson had much nobleness of heart and many traits of noble genius, but the central tie-beam seemed wanting always; very long ago I perceived in him the most irreconcilable contradictions: Toryism with sansculottism; Methodism of a sort with total incredulity; a noble loyal and religious nature not strong enough to vanquish the perverse element it is born into. Hence a being all split into precipitous chasms and the wildest volcanic tumults; rocks overgrown indeed with tropical luxuriance of leaf and flower but knit together at the bottom—that was my old figure of speech—only by an ocean of whiskey punch. On these terms nothing can be done. Wilson seems to me always by far the most *gifted* of our literary men either then or still. And yet intrinsically he has written nothing that can endure. The central gift was wanting."

Something in the unfavorable part of this must no doubt be set down to the critic's usual forgetfulness of his own admirable dictum, "he is not thou but himself; other than thou." John was quite other than Thomas, and Thomas judged him somewhat summarily as if he were a failure of a Thomas. Yet the criticism, if partly harsh and as a whole somewhat incomplete, is true enough. Wilson has written "intrinsically nothing that can endure," if it be judged by

any severe test. An English Diderot, he must bear a harder version of the judgment on Diderot, that he had written good pages but no good book. Only very rarely has he even written good pages, in the sense of pages good throughout. The almost inconceivable haste with which he wrote (he is credited with having on one occasion actually written fifty-six pages of print for "Blackwood" in two days, and in the years of its double numbers he often contributed from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pages in a single month)—this prodigious haste would not of itself account for the puerilities, the touches of bad taste, the false pathos, the tedious burlesque, the more tedious jactation which disfigure his work. A man writing against time may be driven to dulness, or commonplace, or inelegance of style; but he need never commit any of the faults just noticed. They were due beyond doubt in Wilson's case to a natural idiosyncrasy, the great characteristic of which Carlyle has happily hit off in the phrase, "want of a tie-beam," whether he has or has not been charitable in suggesting that the missing link was supplied by whiskey punch. The least attractive point about Wilson's work is undoubtedly what his censor elsewhere describes as his habit of "giving a kick" to many men and things. There is no more unpleasant feature of the "Noctes" than the apparent inability of the writer to refrain from sly "kicks" even at the objects of his greatest veneration. A kind of mania of detraction seizes him at times, a mania which some of his admirers have more kindly than wisely endeavored to shuffle off as a humorous dramatic touch intentionally administered to him by his Eidolon North. The most disgraceful, perhaps the only really disgraceful, instance of this is the carping and offensive criticism of Scott's "Demonology," written and published at a time when Sir Walter's known state of health and fortunes might have protected him even from an enemy, much more from a friend, and a deeply obliged friend such

as Wilson. Nor is this the only fling at Scott. Wordsworth, much more vulnerable, is also much more frequently assailed; and even Shakespeare does not come off scot-free when Wilson is in his ugly moods.

It need hardly be said that I have no intention of saying that Scott or Wordsworth or Shakespeare may not be criticised. It is the way in which the criticism is done which is the crime; and for these acts of literary high treason, or at least leasing-making, as well as for all Wilson's other faults, nothing seems to me so much responsible as the want of bottom which Carlyle notes. I do not think that Wilson had any solid fund of principles, putting morals and religion aside, either in politics or in literature. He liked and he hated much and strongly, and being a healthy creature he on the whole liked the right things and hated the wrong ones; but it was for the most part a merely instinctive liking and hatred, quite uncoordinated and by no means unlikely to pass the next moment into hatred or liking as the case might be.

These are grave faults. But for the purpose of providing that pleasure which is to be got from literature (and this, like one or two former papers of mine in this magazine, is mainly an effort in literary hedonism, a contribution to the almanac of the literary gourmand) Wilson stands very high, indeed so high that he can be ranked only below the highest. He who will enjoy him must be an intelligent voluptuary, and especially well versed in the art of skipping. When Wilson begins to talk fine, when he begins to wax pathetic, and when he gets into many others of his numerous altitudes, it will behove the reader, according to his own tastes, to skip with discretion and vigor. If he cannot do this, if his eye is not wary enough, or if his conscience forbids him to obey his eyes' warnings, Wilson is not for him. It is true that Mr. Skelton has tried to make a "Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,'" in which the skipping is done ready to hand. But with all the respect due to the author of "Thalatta" the process is not, at least speaking according to my judgment, successful. No one can really taste that eccentric book unless he reads it as a

whole; its humors arbitrarily separated and cut and dried are nearly unintelligible. Indeed Professor Ferrier's original attempt to give Wilson's work only, and not all of that work when it happened to be mixed with others', seems to me to have been a mistake. But of that further, when we come to speak of the "Noctes" themselves.

Wilson's life, for more than two-thirds of it a very happy one and not devoid of a certain eventfulness, can be summarized pretty briefly, especially as a full account of it is available in the very delightful work of his daughter Mrs. Gordon. Born in 1785, the son of a rich manufacturer of Paisley and a mother who boasted gentle blood, he was brought up first in the house of a country minister (whose parish he has made famous in several sketches), then at the University of Glasgow, and then at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was early left possessor of a considerable fortune, and his first love, a certain "Margaret," having proved unkind, he established himself at Elleray on Windermere and entered into all the Lake society. Before very long (he was twenty-six at the time) he married Miss Jane Penny, daughter of a Liverpool merchant, and kept open house at Elleray for some years. Then his fortune disappeared in the keeping of a dishonest relation, and he had, in a way, his livelihood to make. I say "in a way," because the wind appears to have been considerably tempered to this shorn but robust lamb. He had not even to give up Elleray, though he could not live there in his old style. He had a mother who was able and willing to entertain him at Edinburgh, on the sole understanding that he did not "turn Whig," of which there was very little danger. He was enabled to keep not too exhausting or anxious terms as an advocate at the Scottish bar; and before long he was endowed, against the infinitely superior claims of Sir William Hamilton, and by sheer force of personal and political influence, with the very lucrative Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. But even before this he had been exempted from the necessity of "cultivating literature on a little oatmeal" by his connection with "Black-

wood's Magazine." The story of that magazine has often been told ; never perhaps quite fully, but sufficiently. Wilson was not at any time, strictly speaking, editor ; and a statement under his own hand avers that he never received any editorial pay, and was sometimes subject to that criticism which the publisher, as all men know from a famous letter of Scott's, was sometimes in the habit of exercising rather indiscreetly. But for a very great number of years there is no doubt that he held a kind of quasi-editorial position which included the censorship of other men's work and an almost, if not quite, unlimited right of printing his own. For some time the even more masterful spirit of Lockhart (against whom by the way Mrs. Gordon seems to have had a rather unreasonable prejudice) qualified his control over "Maga." But Lockhart's promotion to the "Quarterly" removed this influence, and from 1825 (speaking roughly) to 1835 Wilson was supreme. The death of William Blackwood and of the Ettrick Shepherd in the last named year, and of his own wife in 1837 (the latter a blow from which he never recovered) strongly affected not his control over the publication but his desire to control it ; and after 1839 his contributions (save in the years 1845 and 1848) were very few. Ill health and broken spirits disabled him, and in 1852 he had to resign his professorship, dying two years later after some months of almost total prostration. Of the rest of the deeds of Christopher, and of his pugilism, and of his learning, and of his pedestrian exploits, and of his fishing, and of his cock-fighting, and of his hearty enjoyment of life generally, the books of the chronicles of Mrs. Gordon, and still more the twelve volumes of his works and the un-reprinted contributions to "Blackwood" shall tell.

It is with those works that our principal business is, and some of them we will take the liberty of at once dismissing. His poems are now matters of interest to very few mortals. It is not that they are bad, for they are not ; but that they are almost wholly without distinction. He came just late enough to have got the seed of the great romantic revival ; and his verse work is rarely

more than the work of a clever man who has partly learnt and partly divined the manner of Burns, Scott, Campbell, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, and the rest. Nor to my fancy are his prose tales of much more value. I read them many years ago and cared little for them. I re-read, or attempted to re-read, them the other day and cared less. There seems from the original prospectus of the edition of his works to have been an intention of editing the course of moral philosophy which, with more or fewer variations, obtained him the agreeable income of a thousand a year or so for thirty years. But whether (as Mrs. Gordon seems to hint) the notes were in too dilapidated and chaotic a condition for use, or whether Professor Ferrier, his son-in-law and editor (himself, with Dean Mansel, the last of the exact philosophers of Britain), revolted at the idea of printing anything so merely literary, or what it was I know not—at any rate they do not now figure in the list. This leaves us ten volumes of collected works, to wit, four of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," four of "Essays Critical and Imaginative," and two of "The Recreations of Christopher North," all with a very few exceptions reprinted from "Blackwood." Mrs. Gordon filially groans because the reprint was not more extensive, and without endorsing her own very high opinion of her father's work, it is possible to agree with her. It is especially noteworthy that from the essays are excluded three out of the four chief critical series which Wilson wrote—that on Spenser, praised by a writer so little given to reckless praise as Hallam, the "Specimens of British Critics" and the "Dies Boreales,"—leaving only the series on Homer with its quasi-Appendix on the Greek Dramatists, and the "Noctes" themselves.

It must be confessed that the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" are not easy things to commend to the modern reader, if I may use the word commend in its proper sense and with no air of patronage. Even Scotchmen (perhaps, indeed, Scotchmen most of all) are wont nowadays to praise them rather apologetically, as may be seen in the case of their editor and abridger Mr. Skelton. Like most other very original things they

drew after them a flock of imbecile imitations ; and up to the present day those who have lived in the remoter parts of Scotland must know or recently remember dreary compositions in corrupt following of the "Noctes" with exaggerated attempts at Christopher's worst mannerisms, and invariably including a ghastly caricature of the Shepherd. Even in themselves they abound in stumbling-blocks, which are perhaps multiplied, at least at the threshold, by the arbitrary separation in Ferrier's edition of Wilson's part, and not all his part, from the whole series ; eighteen numbers being excluded bodily to begin with, while many more and parts of more are omitted subsequently. The critical mistake of this is evident, for much of the machinery and all the personages of the "Noctes" were given to, not by, Wilson, and in all probability he accepted them not too willingly. The origin of the fantastic personages, the creation of which was a perfect mania with the early contributors to "Blackwood," and who are, it is to be feared, too often a nuisance to modern readers, is rather dubious. Maginn's friends have claimed the origination of the "Noctes" proper, and of its well-known motto paraphrased from Phocylides, for "The Doctor," or, if his chief "Blackwood" designation be preferred, for the Ensign—Ensign O'Doherty. Professor Ferrier, on the other hand, has shown a not unnatural but by no means critical or exact desire to hint that Wilson invented the whole. There is no doubt that the real original is to be found in the actual suppers at "Ambrose's." These Lockhart had described in "Peter's Letters" before the appearance of the first "Noctes" (the reader must not be shocked, the false concord is invariable in the book itself) and not long after the establishment of "Maga." As was the case with the magazine generally the early numbers were extremely local and extremely personal. Wilson's glory is that he to a great extent, though not wholly, lifted them out of this rut, when he became the chief if not the sole writer after Lockhart's removal to London, and reduced the personages, with rare exceptions, to three strongly marked and very dramatic characters, Christopher

North himself, the Ettrick Shepherd, and "Tickler." All these three were in a manner portraits, but no one is a mere photograph from a single person. On the whole, however, I suspect that Christopher North is a much closer likeness, if not of what Wilson himself was, yet at any rate of what he would have liked to be, than some of his apologists maintain. These charitable souls excuse the egotism, the personality, the violence, the inconsistency, the absurd assumption of omniscience and Admirable-Crichtonism, on the plea that "Christopher" is only the ideal Editor and not the actual Professor. It is quite true that Wilson, who, like all men of humor, must have known his own foibles, not unfrequently satirizes them ; but it is clear from his other work and from his private letters that they *were* his foibles. The figure of the Shepherd, who is the chief speaker and on the whole the most interesting, is a more debateable one. It is certain that many of Hogg's friends, and in his touchy moments he himself, considered that a great liberty was taken with him, if not that (as the "Quarterly" put it in a phrase which evidently made Wilson very angry) he was represented as a mere "boozing buffoon." On the other hand it is equally certain that the Shepherd never did in prose and in his own name (he was a very pretty dialect poet) anything that exhibited half the power over thought and language which is shown in the best passages of his "Noctes" eidolon. Some of the adventures described as having happened to him are historically known as having happened to Wilson himself, and his sentiments are much more the writer's than the speaker's. At the same time the admirably imitated patois and the subtle rendering of Hogg's very well known foibles—his inordinate and stupendous vanity, his proneness to take liberties with his betters, his irritable temper, and the rest—give a false air of identity which is very noteworthy. The third portrait is said to have been the furthest from life, except in some physical peculiarities, of the three. "Tickler," whose original was Wilson's maternal uncle Robert Sym, an Edinburgh "writer," and something of a humorist in the flesh, is very skilfully

made to hold (without being anything of a "stick") the position of common-sense intermediary between the two originals, North and the Shepherd. He has his own peculiarities, but he has also a habit of bringing his friends down from their altitudes in a Voltairian fashion which is of immense use to the dialogues. The few occasional interlocutors are of little moment, with one exception; and the only female characters, Mrs. and Miss Gentle, would have been very much better away. They are not in the least lifelike, and usually exhibit the namby-paminess into which Wilson too often fell when he wished to be refined and pathetic. The "English" or half English characters, who come in sometimes as foils, are also rather of the stick, sticky. On the other hand, the interruptions of Ambrose, the host, and his household, though a little farcical, are well judged. And of the one exception above mentioned, the live Thomas De Quincey, who is brought in without disguise or excuse in some of the very best of the series, it can only be said that the imitation of his written style is extraordinary, and that men who knew his conversation say that the rendering of that is more extraordinary still.

The same designed exaggeration which some uncritical persons have called Rabelaisian (not noticing that the very fault of the "Noctes" is that, unlike Rabelais, their author mixes up probabilities and improbabilities so that there is a perpetual jarring) is maintained throughout the scenery and etceteras. The comfortable but modest accommodations of Ambrose's hotels in Gabriel's Road and Picardy Place are turned into abodes of not particularly tasteful luxury which put Lord Beaconsfield's famous upholstery to shame, and remind one of what they probably suggested, Edgar Poe's equally famous and much more terrible sketch of a model drawing-room. All the plate is carefully described as "silver;" if it had been gold there might have been some humor in it. The "wax" candles and "silken" curtains (if they had been "Arabian Nights" lamps and oriental drapery the same might be said) are always insisted on. If there is any joke here it seems to lie in the contrast with Wilson's actual habits, which were very simple. For

instance, he gives us a gorgeous description of the apparatus of North's solitary confinement when writing for "Blackwood;" his daughter's unvarnished account of the same process agrees exactly as to time, rate of production, and so forth, but substitutes water for the old hock and "Scots pint" (magnum) of claret, a dirty little terra-cotta inkstand for the silver utensil of the "Noctes," and a single large tallow candle for Christopher's "floods of light." He carried the whim so far as to construct for himself—his "Noctes" self—an imaginary hall-by-the-sea on the Firth of Forth (which in the same way seems to have had an actual resemblance, half of likeness, half of contrast, to the actual Ellera) and to enlarge his own comfortable town house in Gloucester Place to a sort of fairy palace in Moray Place. But that which has most puzzled and shocked readers are the specially Gargantuan passages relating to eating and drinking. The comments made on this seem (he was anything but patient of criticism) to have annoyed Wilson very much; and in some of the later "Noctes" he drops hints that the whole is mere barmecide business. Unfortunately the same criticism applies to this as to the upholstery—the exaggeration is "done too natural." The Shepherd's consumption of oysters not by dozens but by fifties, the allowance of "six common kettles full of water" for the night's toddy ration of the three, North's above-mentioned bottle of old hock at dinner and magnum of claret after, the dinners and suppers and "whets" which appear so often;—all these stop short of the actually incredible, and are nothing more than extremely convivial men of the time, who were also large eaters, would have actually consumed. Lord Alvanley's three hearty suppers, the exploits of the old member of Parliament in Boz's sketch of Bellamy's (I forget his real name, but he was not a myth), and other things might be quoted to show that there is a fatal verisimilitude in the Ambrosian feasts which may, or may not, make them shocking (they don't shock me), but which certainly takes them out of the category of merely humorous exaggeration. The Shepherd's "jugs," numerous as they are (and by the way

the Shepherd propounds two absolutely contradictory theories of toddy-making, one of which, according to the instructions of my preceptors in that art who lived within sight of the hills that look down on Glenlivet, is a damnable heresy) are not in the least like the "*sese muis, deux bussars, et six tupins*" of tripe that Gargamelle so rashly devoured. There are men now living, and honored members of society in Scotland, who admit the soft impeachment of having drunk in their youth twelve or fourteen "double" tumblers at a sitting. Now a double tumbler, be it known to the Southron, is a jorum of toddy to which there go two wineglasses (of course of the old-fashioned size, not our modern goblets) of whiskey. "Indeed," said a humorous and indulgent lady correspondent of Wilson's, "indeed, I really think you eat too many oysters at the 'Noctes';" and any one who believes in distributive justice must admit that they did.

If, therefore, the reader is of the modern cutlet-and-cup-of-coffee school of feeding, he will no doubt find the "Noctes" most grossly and palpably gluttonous. If he be a very superior person he will smile at the upholstery. If he objects to horseplay he will be horrified at finding the characters on one occasion engaging in a regular "mill," on more than one corking each other's faces during slumber, sometimes playing at pyramids like the bounding brothers of acrobatic fame, at others indulging in leap-frog with the servants, permitting themselves practical jokes of all kinds, affecting to be drowned by an explosive haggis, and so forth. Every now and then he will come to a passage at which, without being superfine at all, he may find his gorge rise; though there is nothing quite so bad in the "Noctes" as the picture of the ravens eating a dead Quaker in the "Recreations," a picture for which Wilson offers a very lame defence elsewhere. He must put all sorts of prejudice, literary, political and other, in his pocket. He must be prepared not only for constant and very scurrilous flings at "Cockneys" (Wilson extends the term far beyond the Hunt and Hazlitt school, an extension which to this day seems to give a strange delight to Edinburgh journalists), but for the

wildest heterodoxies and inconsistencies of political, literary and miscellaneous judgment, for much bastard verse-prose, for a good many quite uninteresting local and ephemeral allusions, and, of course, for any quantity of Scotch dialect. If all these allowances and provisos are too many for him to make, it is probably useless for him to attempt the "Noctes" at all. He will pretty certainly set their characters down with the "Quarterly" reviewer as boozing buffoons, and decline the honor of an invitation to "Ambrose's" or "The Lodge," to "Southside" or the tent in Ettrick forest.

But any one who can accommodate himself to these little matters, much more any one who can enter into the spirit of days merrier, more leisurely, and if not less straitlaced than our own, yet lacing their laces in a different fashion, will find the "Noctes" very delightful indeed. The mere high jinks, when the secret of being in the vein with them has been mastered, are seldom unamusing, and sometimes (notably in the long swim out to sea of Tickler and the Shepherd) quite admirable fooling. No one who has an eye for the literary-dramatic can help, after a few "Noctes" have been read, admiring the skill with which the characters are at once typified and individualized, the substance which they acquire in the reader's mind, the personal interest in them which is excited. And to all this, peculiarly suited for an alternative in these solemn days, has to be added the abundance of scattered and incomplete but remarkable gems of expression and thought that come at every few pages, sometimes at every page, of the series.

Some of the burlesque narratives (such as the Shepherd's Mazeppa-like ride on the Bonassus) are inimitably good, though they are too often spoilt by Wilson's great faults of prolixity and uncertainty of touch. The criticisms, of which there are many, are also extremely unequal, but not a few very fine passages may be found among them. The politics, it must be owned, are not good for much, even from the Tory point of view. But the greatest attraction of the whole, next to its sunshiny heartiness and humor, is to be found in innumerable and indescribable bits,

phrases, sentences, short paragraphs, which have, more than anything out of the dialogues of the very best novels, the character and charm of actual conversation. To read a "Noctes" has for those who have the happy gift of realizing literature not much less than the effect of actually taking part in one with no danger of headache or indigestion after, and without the risk of being playfully corked, or required to leap the table for a wager, or forced to extemporize sixteen stanzas standing on the mantelpiece. There must be some peculiar virtue in this, for, as is very well known, the usual dialogue leaves the reader more outside of it than almost any other kind of literature.

This peculiar charm is of necessity wanting to the rest of Wilson's works, and in so far they are inferior to the "Noctes;" but they have compensatory merits of their own, while, considered merely as literature, there are better things in them than anything that is to be found in the colloquies of those men of great gormandizing abilities—Christopher North, James Hogg, and Timothy Tickler. Of the four volumes of "Essays critical and imaginative" the fourth, on Homer and his translators, with an unfinished companion piece on the Greek drama, stands by itself, and has indeed, I believe, been separately published. It is well worth reading through at a sitting, which cannot be said of every volume of criticism. What is more, it may I think be put almost first in its own division of the art, though whether that division of the art is a high or low one is another question. I should not myself rank it very high. With Wilson criticism, at least here, is little more than the eloquent expression of likes and dislikes. The long passages in which he deals with the wrath of Achilles and with the love of Calypso, though subject to the general stricture already more than once passed, are really beautiful specimens of literary enthusiasm; nor is there anything in English more calculated to initiate the reader, especially the young reader, in the love at least, if not the understanding, of Homer. The same enthusiastic and obviously quite genuine appreciation appears in the essay on the "Agamemnon." But of criticism as criticism

—of what has been called tracing of literary cause and effect, of any coherent and co-ordinated theory of the good and bad in verse and prose, and the reasons of its goodness or badness, it must be said of this, as of Wilson's other critical work, that it is to be found *nusquam nullibi nullimodis*. He can preach (though with too great volubility, and with occasional faults of taste) delightful sermons about what he likes at the moment—for it is by no means always the same; and he can make formidable onslaughts with various weapons on what he dislikes—which again is not always the same. But a man so certain to go off at score whenever his likes or dislikes were excited, and so absolutely unable to check himself whenever he feels tempted thus to go off, lacks the very first qualifications of the critic:—lacks them, indeed, almost as much as the mere word-grinder who looks to see whether a plural substantive has a singular verb, and is satisfied if it has not, and horrified if it has. His most famous sentence, "The Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live forever," is certainly noble. But it would have been better if the Humanities had oftener choked the Animosities at their birth.

Wilson's criticism is to be found more or less everywhere in his collected writings. I have said that I think it a pity that, of his longest critical attempts, only one has been republished, and the reason is simple. For with an unequal writer (and Wilson is a writer unequalled in his inequality) his best work is as likely to be found in his worst book as his worst work in his best book; while the constant contemplation for a considerable period of one subject is more likely than anything else to dispel his habits of digression and padding. But the ubiquity of his criticism through the ten volumes was, in the circumstances of their editing, simply unavoidable. He had himself superintended a selection of all kinds, which he called "The Recreations of Christopher North," and this had to be reprinted entire. It followed that in the "Essays Critical and Imaginative," an equally miscellaneous character should be observed. Almost everything given, and much not given, in the Works is worth consideration, but for critical purposes a choice is neces-

sary. Let us take the consolidated essay on Wordsworth (most of which dates before 1822), the famous paper on Lord, then Mr., Tennyson's poems in 1832, and the generous palinode on Macaulay's *Lays* of 1842. No three papers could better show Wilson in his three literary stages, that of rather cautious tentative (for though he was not a very young man in 1818, the date of the earliest of the Wordsworth papers, he was a young writer), that of practised and unrestrained vigor (for 1832 represents about his literary zenith), and that of reflective decadence, for by 1842 he had ceased to write habitually, and was already bowed down by mental sorrows and physical ailments.

In the first paper, or set of papers, it is evident that he is ambitiously groping after a more systematic style of criticism than he found in practice to be possible for him. Although he elsewhere scoffs at definitions, he tries to formulate very precisely the genius of Scott, of Byron, and of Wordsworth; he does his best to connect his individual judgments with these formulas; he shuns mere verbal criticism, and to some extent mere exaltation or depreciation of particular passages. But it is quite evident that he is ill at ease; and I do not think that any one now reading the essay can call it a successful one, or can attempt to rank it with those which, from different points of view, Hazlitt and De Quincey, Hazlitt nearly at the same time, wrote about Wordsworth. Indeed, Hazlitt is the most valuable of all examples for a critical comparison with Wilson; both being violent partisans and crotcheteers, both being animated with the truest love of poetry, but the one possessing and the other lacking the "tie-beam" of a consistent critical theory.

A dozen years later Wilson had cast his slough, and had become the autocratic, freespoken, self-constituted dictator, Christopher North. He was confronted with the very difficult problem of Mr. Tennyson's poems. He knew they were poetry; that he could not help seeing and knowing. But they seemed to him to be the work of a "cockney" (it would be interesting to know whether there ever was any one less of a cockney than the author of

"Mariana"), and he was irritated by some silly praise which had been given to them. So he set to work, and perpetrated the queerest jumble of sound and unsound criticism that exists in the archives of that art or science, as far as a humble but laborious student and practitioner knoweth. He could not for the life of him help admiring "Adeline," "Oriana," "Mariana," "The Ode to Memory." Yet he had nothing but scorn for the scarcely less exquisite "Mermaid" and "Sea Fairies"—the first few lines of the latter, though it was kept by this and other pseudo-criticism from the knowledge of half a generation of English readers, equalling anything that the poet has ever done. And only the lucky memory of a remark of Hartley Coleridge's (who never went wrong in criticism, whatever he did in life) saved him from explicitly damning "the Dying Swan," which stands at the very head of a whole class of poetry. In all this essay, to borrow one of his own favorite words, he simply "plouters"—splashes and flounders about without any guidance of critical theory. Compare, to keep up the comparative method, the paper with the still more famous and far more deadly attack which Lockhart made a little later in the "Quarterly." There one finds little, if any, generosity; an infinitely more cold-blooded and deliberate determination to "cut up." But the critic (and how quaint and pathetic it is to think that the said critic was the author of "I ride from land to land" and "When youthful hope is fled") sees his theory of poetry straight before him, and never takes his eye off it. The individual censures may be glaringly unjust, but they fit together like the propositions of a judgment of Sir Alexander Cockburn's. The poet is condemned under the statute—so much the worse for the statute perhaps, but that does not matter—and he can only plead No jurisdiction; whereas with Christopher it is quite different. If he does not exactly blunder right (and he sometimes does that), he constantly blunders wrong—goes wrong, that is to say, without any excuse of theory or general view. That is not criticism.

We shall not find matters much mended from the strictly critical point of view when we come, ten years later,

to the article on the "Lays." Here Christopher, as I hold with all respect to persons of distinction, is absolutely right. He does not say one word too much of the fire and life of those wonderful verses, of that fight of all fights—as far as English verse goes except Drayton's "Agincourt" and the last canto of "Marmion;" as far as English prose goes except some passages of Mallory and two or three pages of Kingsley's—the Battle of the Lake Regillus. The subject and the swing attracted him; he liked the fight, and he liked the ring as of Sir Walter at his very best. But he goes appallingly wrong all through on general critical points.

Yet, according to his own perverse fashion, he never goes wrong without going right. All through in his critical work are scattered the most intelligent ideas, the neatest phrases, the most appreciative judgments. How good is it to say that "the battle of Trafalgar, though in some sort it neither began nor ended anything, was a kind of consummation of national prowess." How good again in its very straightforwardness and simplicity is the dictum "it is not necessary that we should understand fine poetry in order to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music." Hundreds and thousands of these things lie about the pages. And in the next page to each the critic probably goes and says something which shows that he had entirely forgotten them. An intelligent man may be angry with Christopher—I should doubt whether any one who is not occasionally both angry and disgusted with him can be an intelligent man. But it is impossible to dislike him or fail to admire him as a whole.

There is a third and very extensive division of Wilson's work which may not improbably be more popular, or might be if it were accessible separately, with the public of to-day, than either of those which have been surveyed. His "drunken Noctes," as Carlyle unkindly calls them, require a certain peculiar attitude of mind to appreciate them. As for his criticisms, it is frequently said, and it certainly would not become me to deny it, that nobody reads criticism but critics. But Wilson's renown as an athlete, a sportsman, and a lover of

nature, who had a singular gift in expressing his love, has not yet died; and there is an ample audience now for men who can write about athletics, about sport, and about scenery. Nor is it questionable that on these subjects he is seen, on the whole, at his best. True, his faults pursue him even here, and are aggravated by a sort of fashion of the time which made him elaborately digress into politics, into literature, even (God rest his soul!) into a kind of quasi-professional and professorial sermonizing on morals and theology in the midst of his sporting articles. But the metal more attractive of the main subject would probably recommend these papers widely if they were not scattered pell-mell about the "Essays Critical and Imaginative," and the "Recreations of Christopher North." Speaking generally they fall into three divisions—essays on sport in general, essays on the English Lakes, and essays on the Scottish Highlands. The best of the first class are the famous papers called "Christopher North in his Sporting Jacket," and the scattered reviews and articles redacted in the "Recreations" under the general title of "Anglimania." In the second class all are good; and a volume composed of "Christopher at the Lakes," "A Day at Windermere," "Christopher on Colonsay" (a wild extravaganza which had a sort of basis of fact in a trotting-match won on a pony which Wilson afterward sold for four pounds), and "A Saunter at Grasmere," with one or two more, would be a thing of price. The best of the third class beyond all question is the collection, also redacted by the author for the "Recreations," entitled "The Moors." This last is perhaps the best of all the sporting and descriptive pieces, though not the least exemplary of its author's vagaries; for before he can get to the Moors he gives us heaven knows how many pages of a criticism on Wordsworth, which in that place at any rate we do not in the least want; and in the very middle of his wonderful and sanguinary exploits on and near Ben Cruachan he "interrupts the muffins" in order to deliver to a most farcical and impertinent assemblage a quite serious and still more impertinent sermon. But all these papers are more or less delight-

ful. For the glowing description of, and the sneaking apology for, cat-worrying which the "Sporting Jacket" contains nothing can be said. Wilson deliberately overlooks the fact that the whole fun of that nefarious amusement consists in the pitting of a plucky but weak animal against something much more strongly built and armed than itself. One may regret the P. R., and indulge in a not wholly sneaking affection for cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and anything in which there is a fair match, without having the slightest weakness for this kind of brutality. But, generally speaking, Wilson is a thoroughly fair sportsman, and how enthusiastic he is no one who has read him can fail to know. Of the scenery of loch or lake, of hill or mountain, he was at once an ardent lover and a describer who has never been equalled. His accustomed exaggeration and false emphasis are nowhere so little perceptible as when he deals with Ben Cruachan or the Old Man of Coniston, with the four great lakes of Britain, east and west (one of his finest passages), or with the glens of Etive and Borrowdale. The accursed influence of an unchastened taste is indeed observable in that "skit" of "The Dead Quaker of Helvellyn," a piece of unrelieved nastiness which he has in vain tried to excuse. But the whole of the series from which this is taken ("Christopher in his Aviary") is in his least happy style, alternately grandiose and low, relieved indeed by touches of observation and feeling, as all his work is, but hardly redeemed by them. The depths of his possible fall may also be seen from a short piece which Professor Ferrier, obligingly describing it as "too lively to be omitted," has adjoined to "Christopher at the Lakes." But, on the whole, all the articles mentioned in the list at the beginning of this paragraph, with the capital "Streams" as an addition, with the soliloquies on "The Seasons," and with part (*not* the narrative part) of "Highland Storms," are delightful reading. The progress of the sportsman has never been better given than in "Christopher North in his Sporting Jacket." In "The Moors" the actual sporting part is perhaps a little spoilt by the affectation of infallibility, qualified it is true by an

aside or two, which so often mars the Christopherian utterances. But Wilson's description has never been bettered. The thunderstorm on the hill, the rough conviviality at the illicit distillery, the evening voyage on the loch, match, if they do not beat, anything of the kind in much more recent books far better known to the present generation. A special favorite of mine is the rather unceremonious review of Sir Humphry Davy's strangely overpraised "Salmonia." The passage of utter scorn and indignation at the preposterous statement of the chief personage in the dialogues, that after an exceptionally hard day's walking and fishing "half-a-pint of claret per man is enough," is sublime. Nearly the earliest, and certainly the best, protest against some modern fashions in shooting, is to be found in "The Moors." In the same series, the visit to the hill cottage, preceding that to the still, has what it has since become the fashion to call the idyllic flavor, without too much of the rather mawkish pathos with which, in imitation of Mackenzie and the sensibility-writers of the last century, Wilson is apt to daub his pictures of rural and humble life. The passages on Oxford, to go to a slightly different but allied subject in "Old North and Young North" (a paper not yet mentioned), may only appeal fully to Oxford men, but I can hardly be mistaken in thinking that outsiders must at least see some of the beauty of them. But the list of specially desirable things in these articles is endless; hardly one of them can be taken up without discovering many such, not one of them without discovering some.*

And throughout the whole collection there is the additional satisfaction that the author is writing only of what he thoroughly knows and understands. At the Lakes Wilson lived for years, and was familiar with every cranny of the hills, from the Pillar to Hawes Water, and from Newby Bridge to Saddleback.

* If I accepted (a rash acceptance) the challenge to name the three very best things in Wilson I should, I think, choose the famous Fairy's Funeral in the "Recreations," the Shepherd's account of his recovery from illness in the "Noctes," and, in a lighter vein, the picture of girls bathing in "Streams."

He began marching and fishing through the Highlands when he was a boy, enticed even his wife into perilous pedestrian enterprises with him, and, though the extent of his knowledge was perhaps not quite so large as he pretends, he certainly knew great tracts as well as he knew Edinburgh. Nor were his qualifications as a sportsman less authentic, despite the somewhat Munchausenish appearance which some of the feats narrated in the "Noctes" and the "Recreations" wear, and are indeed intended to wear. His enormous baskets of trout seem to have been, if not quite so regular as he sometimes makes them out, at any rate fully historical as occasional feats. As has been hinted, he really did win the trotting-match on the pony, Colonsay, against a thoroughbred, though it was only on the technical point of the thoroughbred breaking his pace. His walk from London to Oxford in a night seems to have been a fact, and indeed there is nothing at all impossible in it, for the distance through Wycombe is not more than fifty-three miles; while the less certainly authenticated feat of walking from Liverpool to Elleray (eighty miles at least), without more than a short rest, also appears to be genuine. Like the heroes of a song that he loved, though he seems to have sung it in a corrupt text, he could wrestle and fight and jump out anywhere; and, until he was thoroughly broken by illness, he appears to have made the very most of the not inconsiderable spare time of a Scotch professor who has once got his long series of lectures committed to paper, and has nothing to do for the rest of his life but collect bundles of pound notes at the beginning of each session. All this, joined to his literary gifts, gives a reality to his out-of-door papers which is hardly to be found elsewhere except in some passages of Kingsley, between whom and Wilson there are many and most curious resemblances, checkered by national and personal differences only less curious.

I do not think he was a good reviewer, even after making allowance for the prejudices and partisanship of the time, and for the monkey tricks of man-

nerism which, at any rate in his earlier days, were incumbent on a reviewer in "Maga." He is too prone to the besetting sins of reviewing—the right hand defections and left hand fallings off, which, being interpreted, consist first in expressing agreement or disagreement with the author's views, and secondly in digressing into personal statements of one's own views of things connected with them instead of expounding more or less clearly what the book is, and addressing oneself to the great question, Is it a good or a bad piece of work according to the standard which the author himself strove to reach? I have said that I do not think he was on the whole a good critic (for a man may be a good critic and a bad reviewer, though the reverse will hardly stand), and I have given my reasons. That he was neither a great, nor even a very good poet or tale-teller, I have no doubt whatever. But this leaves untouched the attraction of his miscellaneous work, and its suitability for the purpose of recreation. For that purpose I think it to be among the very best work in all literature. Its unfailing life and vigor, its vast variety, the healthy and inspiring character of the subjects with which in the main it deals, are the characteristics which make its volumes easy-chair books of the best order. Its beauty no doubt is irregular, faulty, engaging rather than exquisite, attractive rather than artistically or scientifically perfect. I do not know that there is even any reason to join in the general lament over Wilson as being a gigantic failure, a monument of wasted energies and half-developed faculty. I do not at all think that there was anything in him much better than he actually did, or that he ever could have polished and sand-papered the faults out of his work. It would pretty certainly have lost freshness and vigor; it would quite certainly have been less in bulk, and bulk is a very important point in literature that is to serve as recreation. It is to me not much less certain that it never would have attained the first rank in symmetry and order. I am quite content with it as it is, and I only wish that still more of it were easily accessible.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Queen's Jubilee Year commenced on Sunday, and everybody is writing about the wonderful events of her long reign—the period, perhaps, in all history most distinctly marked by advance in man's long effort alike to understand and to subdue the opposing forces of Nature—and the changes which she has witnessed in the world and at home. That is natural enough ; but such writing is only history, and history based on very imperfect materials, and it would be much more interesting to know, if etiquette would permit her Majesty to tell us frankly, what she thought on the subject herself. How does her own reign, as she looks back on it, slightly wearied with years, burdened with experiences, and educated by contact with many first-class minds, appear to Queen Victoria ? She very likely does not regard it exactly from the historian's point of view ; indeed, she cannot, for she, in her own thoughts, must be more of a pivot to the history of the Empire than she would seem to any chronicler, however courtly. If the world be on fire, Kings think, as private men think when a city burns, of what they themselves have lost by the great conflagration. Reigning is a profession like another, the fact that the King inherits his place and his duties being one common to him and to great landlords, great bankers, great brewers, and owners of great shops. The Queen, as she reflects upon the past, must in the first instance regard it with a professional eye, and from that point of view she must look upon herself as on the whole a successful woman. She has gained much and lost little,—nothing, indeed, of value. Constitutional Royalty has suffered nothing in her hands. She has decidedly raised the character of that branch of the kingly profession in the world's eyes, has made mankind think it more instead of less beneficial and effective, and has indefinitely increased their readiness to entrust it to women's charge. The long duration of her reign has increased the general sense of the stability of the system, as have also its freedom from great blunders and the general, though not complete, content-

ment of her subjects. For half a century a Queen has ruled successfully over a great people, through a Parliament freely elected by her subjects, and successive Ministers whom they have chosen,—that is a great fact, outweighing the weightiest or the wittiest theoretical indictment of Constitutional Monarchy. Nor is there any public evidence that the Constitutional plan of government, odd and cumbrous as it seems to the philosopher, is drawing to a close. The Queen may see signs of change that her subjects do not, symptoms of growing resistance, evidences of declining respect for the Throne, indications that the props which supported it are becoming unsteady ; but most observers, we think, would agree in considering the English Monarchy safer than in 1837. An abstract liking for Republicanism may have increased, and undoubtedly the desire to keep the Throne in the background has developed itself and become more conscious : but the popular dislike of Royalty has died away, and with it an antipathy, keenly felt in many quarters down to 1837, for the particular dynasty. The Queen has never been "of Hanover," and has never been considered by her people anything but entirely English ; and that has been a cause of popularity. Her Majesty, looking back on old memories, can hardly think otherwise than that ; though it would be mightily interesting to hear her own view of the position of the Throne in 1837 and 1886. She may have had direct powers in her earlier life, in the way of patronage, for example, which have slowly slipped away ; she may have been less afraid of Parliament when the true people was so completely outside it ; and she may feel that the separate volition of her Ministers has grown stronger and more enchainning than it was when the Sailor-King used to fume and swear. We do not think it has been so, for a certain awe of the Queen has grown upon the men who come much in contact with her ; but only her Majesty can tell exactly what of change there has been. Many a head of a great business is aware that while he has seemed more respected

than ever in his office, and while his "position" has actually risen, the essentials of power have slipped imperceptibly from his hands. Kings test their place in their States by their power rather than by their influence—power being an enjoyment, and influence an exertion—and power may have diminished, while influence has remained or has increased. The Throne has, no doubt, in one way grown higher. The mere expansion of the English race has raised the position of the solitary English Sovereign very much—at least, we suppose Queen Victoria is solitary, though Rajah Brooke might dispute the accuracy of the phrase—has widened in the world the shadow of the Throne, and has made the Queen first among eighty millions of English-speaking folk, instead of among thirty millions. No American would deny that Queen Victoria was first in the world. New nations have learned to sing the National Anthem, and the beat of that morning drum of which Webster spoke, and which follows the sun round the world, wakes cities filled with life and moving multitudes where there were only villages or barracks. The Queen, who is keenly sensitive to her world-rank, to her lonely place in the Indian continent, to the reverence paid her in the Southern hemisphere, to the respect for her in all those great English communities over which her flag does not fly, must feel that rise of position; but does she estimate it exactly as her subjects do? Kings compare themselves with each other, and the Queen's idea of her relative position among her colleagues may not be exactly ours. She is first in rank in the world, unless the Emperor of China is, for outside Europe and China the one Sovereign whom all men know is the Sovereign of England; but she is scarcely first in Europe. That proud and dangerous House of Bourbon, which alone seemed to rival hers, is nearly gone, retaining Spain alone among its Kingdoms, and is no longer even desirous of continuing the secular rivalry; but then, the Romanoff has grown greater and more hostile; the Hohenzollern, who fifty years ago was no one in particular in the regal Hierarchy, has risen to the headship of Europe; and even the little Savoyard,

with his splendid pedigree and his hereditary poverty, has become a mighty king. The foreign "standing" of the throne has increased till it can hardly increase more; but its professional standing at home in Europe has become more doubtful, and the Queen, when the muster-roll of Kings is called, has not increased the distance between herself and others,—perhaps has even lessened it. Foreign affairs interest English Sovereigns just as the battle of society interests humbler folk, and one would like to know how, in respect to the struggle for precedence, the history of fifty years has struck Queen Victoria herself. She is greater on the planet, there is no doubt of that; but is she greater, judged as Princes judge, in Europe? Her children's alliances have been great—as well as little—but once or twice there have been international disputes of etiquette; and we have always fancied, it may be fancifully, that the oddest incident of the reign, the promotion of her Majesty from Queen to Empress by a Minister fond of glitter, indicated a faint uneasiness in the Queen herself as to her social position. Rivals seemed to be passing her in the social race; so, having full claim thereto, she assumed the magnificent and imposing, but not quite substantial, title which told them of her equality even in rank with the loftiest on earth. Heiress of the Great Mogul, she mounted his throne, and signs herself, not, one suspects, without some pleasure, "Victoria, R. et I."

Our descendants will know, we suppose, when those invaluable documents, the Queen's letters to her Ministers and her children abroad, get published—fancy a robbery of the Crown Princess's cabinet, and a sale in America of the letters found there!—what the Queen thinks of all the movement of her reign. She has not always sympathized with it, and, indeed, it was scarcely possible she should. Garibaldi is said to have struck her very much as Claude Duval, the highwayman, struck our ancestors,—as a picturesque bandit; and the whole of the march of democracy must have seemed to her a perplexing or alarming symptom of modern history. An old lawyer may be a very able man as well as a good one, and yet not sympathize

with the eagerness for new principles of law ; and a King must be very reflective indeed if in an age of dynamite he appreciates democracy. We suspect we should find, if we knew the truth, that Queen Victoria, though indifferent about the suffrage—Kings never see much difference between Ten-pounders and Householders—and not displeased that the closely knit power of the aristocracy has passed away, regards democracy very much as any other great lady of a certain age would, that is, with mingled dislike and suspicion. She may not wish to resist it, any more than to resist a flood ; but one does not love a flood, even when it is nearly sure to be beneficial. It is human to think that although the rushing water will make the grass on the meadows richer, it may also, *en passant*, drown me ; and that if it does, it will do it with a most annoying, not to say insolent, indifference. The prosperity of her people must please the Queen, and the wonderful softening of their manners, as well as the improvement—not so visible, perhaps, in the highest circles—in their morals. But we can imagine that in her mind there is another side to all this, by no means so acceptable. Most persons share the opinions of their caste, and

the Royal caste in Europe is growing, if not bitter, at least pessimist, and feels its happiness materially diminished by the increasing number of assassins. No Sovereign in Europe, not even Francis Joseph, can now stroll about his own capital ; and as most of them are conscious of good intentions, and quite innocent of wilful oppression, that change must to some extent make them either hard or sad. We should not wonder if Queen Victoria, if she would reveal her thoughts, would confess that she looked on the "movement of the age" with feelings Herbert Spencer would not share, with more of gloomy apprehensiveness than democrats do, and with less of hope. Royalty can hardly gain by it, and every honest King must at heart sympathize with Kaiser Joseph's cold repartee, "Madame, mon rôle est d'être royaliste." It is just possible that the Queen, whose reign has been almost a separate era of progress, may at heart look back with tranquil regret to the time when communication was less rapid, when opinion was not so advanced, and when an English proposal to give up Ireland would have condemned the proposer to exclusion from power, as a man hopelessly devoid of ability to govern men.—*Spectator*.

THE MUMMY OF SESOSTRIS.

With M. Maspero in the Boulak Museum, Cairo, June 1, 1886.

BY H. D. RAUNSLY.

AMONG his perfumed wrappings Ramses lay,
 Son of the sun, the conqueror without peers ;
 The jewel-holes were in his rounded ears,
 His thick lips closed above th' embalmer's clay ;
 Unguent had turned his white locks amber-gray,
 And on his puissant chin fresh from the shears
 The thin hair gleamed which full three thousand years
 Of careless sleep could never disarray.
 Hands henna-stained across his ample breast
 Were laid in peace ; but though the narrow eyes
 Flamed fires no more beneath the forward brow,
 His keen hawk nose such pride, such power expressed
 Near Kadesh stream we heard the Hittite cries,
 And saw by Hebrew toil San's temple cities grow.

—*Academy*.

CORAL FISHING.

THOUGH Naples, or at least Torre del Greco, is one of the great centres of the coral trade, the material found in the gulf is both small in quantity and poor in quality. There are submarine rocks, well known to the fishermen, though they are laid down on no chart, where a piece or two may almost always be found; but they are so few, and their yield is so precarious and meagre, that by a private agreement among the boat-owners each of them is only fished once in every three years. There can be little doubt that other and more fruitful fishing-grounds are still undiscovered. In the opinion of many who ought to be well informed, wherever a rock rises above the sediment which forms the ground of a great part of the bay at a depth of about three hundred feet or more from the surface, the chances are that coral will be found upon it. The discovery of such banks has hitherto been almost entirely the work of chance. When a deep-sea fisher found a branch among the refuse of his nets, he gave information to the proper authorities, and received a reward proportionate to the value of his find. It was thus that the great bank of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily, was discovered, of which we shall have to speak further on. But, though new fishing-grounds may be found in the Bay of Naples itself, it is not likely that they will have any great importance.

The value of coral depends on its color and its size. The white or rose-tinted variety stands highest in popular esteem, perhaps chiefly because it is the rarest. It is mostly found in the Straits of Messina, and on some parts of the African and Sardinian coasts. The bright red coral, in which the polyps are still living when it is fished up, stands next in value. Dead coral has a duller tint, and is consequently sold at a lower price. Two entirely different substances bear the name of black coral. One of them is not, properly speaking, coral at all, and it is commercially worthless, as it breaks into flakes instead of yielding to the knife, though it is often sold as a costly curiosity to foreigners. The other is the common red coral which

has undergone a sea change, probably through the decomposition of the living beings that once built and inhabited it. It is not much admired in Europe, but in India it commands high prices, so that large quantities of it are exported every year. These are the four important distinctions of color, though they of course include intermediate tints which rank according to their clearness and brilliancy.

The size is a still more important matter. The thickness of the stem of the coral plant—we use the commercial and entirely unscientific expression—determines its price, and many a branch of red coral is valued more highly on account of its thickness than a smaller piece of the choicer rose color. The reason for this is clear. A large straight piece of material affords an opportunity to the artificer; a crooked one, if it is only bulky enough, can at least be turned into large beads; mere points and fragments can only be used for smaller ones, or made into those horns which are said to be invaluable against the evil eye, but which do not command a high price in the market, perhaps because it is overstocked.

The coral fishery of Naples has now, for the most part, fallen into the hands of a few wealthy firms. Formerly fishermen would club together and try their fortune on co-operative principles, but this system has almost entirely died out. A few single *padroni* still remain, but their exertions are entirely confined to the gulf. They are usually men of experience who can decide how the net is to be laid and drawn, and who hold the guiding rope in their own hands. The boat and the nets are theirs, and they pay their subordinates a fixed sum to serve under them for one or two days. The whole yield, under these circumstances, of course belongs to the *padrone*. The larger firms could make an end of these boatmen easily enough, but it is not worth their while to do so. The yield of the gulf is comparatively small, and houses that possess from ten to thirty large boats of their own find it more advantageous to purchase the rough material from the local fishermen

than to crush them by a cruel and irresistible competition, as they train the men, who are afterward employed in expeditions to a distance.

The instrument with which the coral is taken consists of two strong beams of hard wood, which are fastened together in the form of a cross by metal claspings, to which a weight is added. Strong hempen nets are fastened to the arms. When a bank is reached this primitive instrument is lowered, and moved up and down against the submarine rocks by means of a capstan turned by the whole of the boat's crew, except the *padrone*, who directs the movement of the apparatus by means of a second rope which is attached to the chief one some feet above the point where the latter is secured to the centre of the cross. The coral branches are caught in the meshes of the nets, and remain hanging in them. Those that are broken off by the woodwork are usually lost. In some places, especially on the coast of Sardinia, the end of the arms is surmounted by a circle of curved iron teeth, like those of a garden rake, but larger and stronger, below which open nets are suspended. In this case the beams are nearly double the length of those generally used by the largest boats, as they often measure six or seven metres—that is, nearly eight yards from end to end. It is only by this means that coral can be obtained from the lower surfaces of shelving rocks; but the teeth are apt to fracture the stems in such a way as to render them almost worthless; and so this form of the instrument is rarely used where the other can be employed.

The banks, or rather rocks, that are most frequently visited lie at a depth of from 250 to 450 feet below the surface of the water; it is very rarely that an attempt is made to reach those which are lower than 600 feet. Indeed, it lies in the very nature of the case that, even if they exist, they should remain unknown, and that, if they were known, they would hardly repay the cost of fishing while it is conducted on the present system. They are scattered all along the coasts of the Mediterranean, sometimes close to the shore, and sometimes at twenty-four, or even thirty, hours' hard rowing from it. At many

stations there is a small local fishery; but the bulk of the trade, at least in Italy, is in the hands of large firms, which, for the most part, have their centres in Genoa, Leghorn, or the Bay of Naples.

These firms both supply and equip the boats, which, according to their size, are manned by five or ten fishermen. In addition to these a *padrone* is allotted to each, who exercises large disciplinary powers. He is a man of knowledge and experience, and usually receives a percentage on the value of the season's take, as well as his regular pay. The selection of the crew of his boat is often left entirely to him; he is always consulted with respect to it, and enjoys a right of veto. The men are hired for the season, by agreement, for from sixty to seventy francs a month, a large part of which is usually paid beforehand, and their food, which is of the coarsest kind. As a rule, the season lasts from April to the end of September, but it depends greatly on the weather, as fishing is impossible in mist or when the sea is high.

The labor is exceedingly hard. At dawn the *padrone* calls his men and, after a short prayer, the net is lowered; from then till sunset the work continues almost without interruption. The exertion required to let down and wind up the net under a blazing summer sun is extreme, and it has to be done on ship-biscuit of the coarsest kind, and water that on the more distant stations has often become foul by long keeping. In the evening a sort of soup is made. Garlic and peperoni, the pungent fruit of a southern plant, are boiled in water; olive-oil is added, and this is poured over biscuits which have been broken and placed in the dish. For months this diet is hardly varied, and yet the men retain their good spirits. After the evening meal has been taken, they indulge in guitar-playing and singing, and on the more frequented banks the boats answer and vie with each other.

In 1878 the discovery of the Sciacca bank, which lies at a considerable distance off the southern coast of Sicily, roughly speaking between Girgenti and the island of Pantellaria, caused a crisis in the coral trade. At one time nearly a thousand boats might be found fishing there, and seeming to form a city in the

midst of the sea. Each of these is said to have taken between one and two hundredweight of coral a day. It is certain that within three years 88,000 German centners were taken from this bank alone. A great part of this coral was dead, and much of it was of the black color that only finds purchasers in the East. The large firms did everything in their power to prevent the market being overflooded. Many of them still retain hundreds and some thousands of cases which have never been placed in the hands of the artificers. Still the price fell, and it is only at a considerable sacrifice that the greater houses still keep their boats at sea and the workshops open; but they know that, if they let them fall, the fate of their old competitors in Marseilles awaits them, for both the fishing for coral and its treatment by the artificers depend upon traditions which, when they have once been lost, it is difficult to revive.

One of the matters of general interest which the bank of Sciacca placed clearly before those who were interested in it from other than a mercantile point of view was the fact that not only were dead and live coral there found side by side, but that in many cases the latter was growing on the former. Signor Lo Bianco spent several days on one of the boats for the purpose of inquiring

into this and other scientific matters. Few men possess a keener eye for such sides of nature, or have enjoyed so good an opportunity of training and regulating it as his connection with the Zoological station at Naples has afforded him. In his opinion the original bank was submerged by volcanic action, and the mud killed the mature polyps. The germs and larval forms, which still existed in the water, settled upon such branches of dead coral as still rose above the sediment, and so began life anew. If he is right, the Sciacca is a kind of submarine Herculaneum.

There is not likely to be any immediate improvement in the coral trade. As soon as prices rise, the large firms will be tempted to sell a part at least of the stock they have hitherto reserved in the hope of better times. If the depression lasts, they may be compelled to do so, which would lead to a further fall. This can have but a small interest for the general public, but the sight of the boats whose crews sail or row for long distances without the aid of a compass, guided only by the stars or the glimpse of some distant headland, and in their fishing employ instruments which are said to have been hardly modified since the days of the first Roman Emperors, may suggest a summer afternoon reverie. —*Saturday Review*.

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

AMERICA has hitherto had no social and intellectual capital. Boston with all its culture is not national but local; its detractors even say that it is exclusive, and the severity of its climate must always be a drawback from its attractions. New York is commercial, and to a great extent migratory, people coming there to make fortunes and going elsewhere to enjoy them, though there is not a little of good and settled society. Philadelphia and Baltimore are very pleasant places of residence as well as magnificent cities, but neither of them has any metropolitan pretensions; still less have the great cities of the West. Washington, however, bids fair to fill

the part. In the course of the last twenty years a wonderful change has come over the city on the Potomac. It used to be nothing but the meeting-place of Congress, a caravanserai for Congressmen and office-seekers and the centre of administration. The only society in it was political and official. Its outward appearance was dismal. The plans of Jefferson and L'Enfant, which were "to combine the beauty and grace of Versailles with the practical advantages of Babylon," had come to nothing. The "Tiber" with its tributaries had "been utilized by diverting them into the sewerage system of the city." Everything bespoke the abortion of an

ambitious scheme, and nothing was magnificent but the distances. Pennsylvania Avenue, immense in length, was like a couple of mean villages strung out in broken lines. In this Rome that was to be, the work of the edile was sadly neglected; the state of the sidewalks was deplorable, and in wet weather there was an impassable morass before the Secretary of State's doors. In those days slavery and Southern domination would probably have repelled many from Washington. But now the capital is becoming a favorite place of residence for people unconnected with politics or the administration, and a corresponding change has taken place in its outward appearance. It is blossoming out into a gay and most beautiful city.

When I first saw Washington, besides being the centre of politics and administration, it was a garrison. The Civil War was going on, and the armies lay near at hand. The streets were full of soldiers, and of all the sights and sounds of war; in the neighborhood were military hospitals and a military cemetery, in which were provisionally interred thirteen thousand of the slain, while here and there shops for embalming the dead presented their doleful advertisements. A pall of gloom and anxiety hung over the place.

The embalming of the dead and the practice of transmitting them to their homes were proofs that some at least of the soldiers of the Union were not, as calumny said they all were, hirelings whose blood was cheap. In the provisional cemetery there were few whose head-boards did not give the name of a State. A visit to the army in the field subsequently convinced me that it was as thoroughly native and made up of materials as precious as any army that ever fought for its country. Substitutes there were, and there were stories and jokes about them. A party of men who had returned from the war were boasting before one who had stayed at home of all that they had done and undergone. "Ah," replied the man who had stayed at home, "this is all very fine and patriotic. But after all you came back. I did not come back. The bones of my substitute are whitening the sands of the James River."

In Lafayette Place Seward's house

still stands, though put out of countenance by the elegance of its new neighbors, and converted into a commissariat office. There I had the honor in Seward's time to be some days a guest, and the sight of the house calls up a throng of memories in my mind. I see Seward himself coming in after his long day's labor in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It was fortunate for him, considering the load he had upon his shoulders, that he could leave not only work but care behind him in his office. At his own table he was the liveliest and pleasantest of companions, full of anecdote, and with only the slightest touch in his conversational style of the Senate and the platform. When he left diplomatic cares behind, he did not bring diplomatic reserve away, and any one who had been treacherous enough to retail some of the things which he said might have made mischief; but the rules of social confidence had not been so entirely set aside by purveyors for public curiosity in those days. He was accused of being too fond of wine, but though he was not a teetotaler I saw nothing like excess. He was a master of striking phrases like his memorable "irrepressible conflict." Sometimes he would make jokes which were a little too elaborate and capable of misinterpretation. One of these, upon the ticklish subject of the relations between the United States and England, he made to the Duke of Newcastle, who was then visiting the United States with the Prince of Wales. The Duke (pardonably perhaps) misunderstood the joke at the time, and remembered it afterward when the relations between the two countries had become strained. Beneath the platform orator and the somewhat copious and rhetorical despatch-writer there lay, as the results of his administration showed, a fund of practical wisdom. But when Thurlow Weed asked whether Seward would make a good ambassador to London, it was impossible not to answer first that the United States had already the best of ambassadors in Mr. Adams, and secondly that caution, social as well as diplomatic, was at that time specially required in London.

Stanton also I see, toiling without remission at his overwhelming task. This man was in labor a giant, and perhaps a

country never was served with a sterner sense of duty. In the field the mules, in the office Stanton pulled the war through with dogged tenacity and with little reward or praise. For Stanton seemed not to be popular. In his position it was hardly possible to avoid making enemies, and he was probably rendered irritable by the malady which he had contracted by sitting without intermission at his desk. If monuments were always proportioned to services Stanton's monument would be grand.

I was almost ashamed to take advantage of Mr. Seward's introduction to President Lincoln, who had something to do in those tremendous days besides receiving idle visitors, though I am afraid he had a good many idle visitors, and, what was worse, a good many office-seekers to receive. But I yielded to the temptation, and found the President most kind and courteous. A glance was sufficient to dissipate the impression of Lincoln's unseemly levity amidst scenes of horror which had been produced in England by the repetition of his jokes and apophthegms. Care and anxiety never sat more visibly on any mortal brow. His love of mournful poetry was a proof that the natural temperament of the man was melancholy, and his face showed that he felt the full responsibility of his terrible position. I know not whether there was any particle of truth in the story that after Chancellorsville he meditated suicide; but I can well believe that Chancellorsville went to his heart. The little stories, one or two of which he told in the interview which I had with him, were simply his habitual mode of expression, and perhaps at the same time a relief for his surcharged mind—a pinch, as it were, of mental snuff. It is needless to describe Lincoln's figure, or the homeliness of language which, when the theme was inspiring, became, as in the Gettysburg address, the purest eloquence. Democracy may certainly point with triumph to this Illinois "rail-splitter" as a proof that high culture is not always necessary to the making of a statesman. Indeed Lincoln's example is rather dangerous in that respect. The roots of his statesmanship were his probity and right feeling, which

are not the invariable characteristics of the Western politician. There were some things which he did not know, and had better have known. When he was told that there was no more money in the treasury, he asked "whether the printing-press had given out." The unguarded condition of the President, with Southern raiders close at hand, struck me, I remember, even at that time, and I was not surprised when the catastrophe arrived.

Grant I saw in Stanton's office, and he struck me as a quiet and most unpretending thunderbolt of war. In the camp I saw his tent, which was as plainly equipped as that of any subaltern, and it was well known that he hated military parade. Of his strategy I am no judge, nor can I pretend to decide whether any good purpose was served by all the carnage of the last campaign; but beyond question the victor of Fort Donelson was felt to be the military pillar of the North. Grant was thoroughly loyal both to the cause and to his colleagues. I suppose it must be said that he was ruthless. He certainly was, if it be true that he refused to exchange prisoners when his soldiers were perishing by thousands in the murderous prison camp at Andersonville. But if he shed blood without stint, he brought the slaughter to a close. Happy, if he had never been dragged into politics! Dragged into them in the first instance he was. People hoped that as he had been the sledge-hammer of the enemy, he would be the sledge-hammer of corruption; and let it always be borne in mind that he did at first try to form an independent Cabinet, and to shake off the wire-pullers, though his attempt was at once foiled by his ignorance of the game, and he fell more helplessly into the hands of the wire-pullers than the least honest of his predecessors. Afterward he, no doubt, became ambitious, or at least desirous of smoking his cigar in the White House, and of having patronage to bestow upon his friends. Transferring his military ideas to civil administration, he thought himself bound to stand by his friends under fire, even when they were guilty of corruption. That he was himself ever guilty of anything worse than indelicacy was never seriously asserted. A man

who had approached him with a corrupt overture would certainly have been kicked out of the room. Grant's book, in its straightforwardness and simplicity, is the perfect reflection of his character. His manner was certainly unpolished, and in this respect he was a contrast to General Meade, whose acquaintance I afterward made, and who seemed to me the model of a soldier and a gentleman. Once, at least, Grant said a good thing. He was told that his enemy Sumner, who was a sublime egotist, did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. "I should think not," replied Grant; "he did not write them himself, I believe."

In the absence of General Grant, to whom I bore an introduction, I was received and entertained at the camp by General Benjamin F. Butler. The General has since taken an active part in politics, and like Aristides and Somers, he has his detractors; but in the camp on the James River he was a most hospitable, pleasant, and jovial host. Evidently, too, he was popular with his staff and the soldiers. His New Orleans proclamation, which raised a tornado of indignation at the time, is now known to have been misconstrued, though, it must be owned, its language was open to misconstruction. He ruled New Orleans with military vigor, and by his sanitary measures is said to have saved it from yellow fever. Commanding a not very large garrison in the midst of a high-spirited and excited population, he found it necessary to take some strong measures, and among them, that of ordering the people to give up their arms. A citizen was brought in who had been found with arms in his possession contrary to the order. He pleaded that the arms were only family relics. "That, General, was my father's sword." "When did your father die, sir?" "In 1857, General." "Then he must have worn the sword in the other world, sir, for it was made in 1858." I hope I repeat correctly the anecdote which the General told me by the James River. This was not my first meeting with him. I had defiled before him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in company with an immense train of citizens of New York who flocked to testify their gratitude to him for his

vigorous and bloodless repression of threatened disturbance at the time of the second election of Lincoln, when a repetition of the Draft riots was apprehended. He came into the harbor with his troops, but landed with his staff alone; and it was understood that he had called before him the leaders of disturbance and threatened to hold them personally responsible for anything that might occur. His policy, whatever it was, succeeded, for order remained unbroken. The armies of Grant and Lee were at that time facing each other in lines before Petersburg, Richmond, or the spot where it lay, being just visible with the telescope from Grant's outposts; so that one or two moves only on the chess-board then remained. Sherman in the mean time was leaving his base and setting out on his decisive march to the sea. There was no fighting except between picket lines; but the Confederates were more lavish of shot and shell than might have been expected when their resources were so much exhausted, and their means of transport had become so poor. Deserters who came in seemed pretty well fed. In riding round the lines with the staff, I was rather startled on finding myself within easy range of Confederate rifles. But the humanities and amenities of war were remarkably well observed, and one was in no danger except at points like Dutch Gap, where something particular was going on. This convinced me that, internecine as the quarrel was deemed, the day of reconciliation would come, and my conviction became a moral certainty when I learned that at Baltimore, where feeling ran highest, a "Secesh" lady had eloped with the trumpeter of a Yankee regiment.

It is admitted, I believe, that in the arrangements of their field hospitals and in their treatment of the wounded the Americans decidedly surpassed anything previously seen in war, though nothing can prevent the sight of a field hospital from being a hideous warning to statesmen on the criminality of unnecessary war. Let me add my humble testimony to the humane treatment of prisoners by the North. In the prison camp at Chicago, to which I was kindly taken by the then Roman Catholic

Bishop, Dr. Duggan (a man of singular culture and liberality of mind), the prisoners were evidently well fed, and were undergoing, so far as I could see, no hardship which was not inseparable from their condition, though the caged eagle can never be happy. In the prison hospital at Baltimore, to which I gained admittance at once on application to the commandant, everything bespoke the utmost care and kindness, while on Thanksgiving Day I saw the table of the prisoners spread with all the dainties of the season. This humanity was the more remarkable because, just at that time, there arrived in the harbor of Annapolis the first consignment of living skeletons from the prison camp at Andersonville. Frightful they were to behold. But these evil memories are now dead and buried with slavery itself, which the South would not, if it could, restore.

To return to Washington as it is. On the north-west of the White House, and far away from the Capitol with its politics, has grown up a new quarter of houses of the better class, rising, many of them, to the dignity of mansions, with broad streets and avenues, open places ornamented with statues, abundance of foliage and verdure. I know nothing more beautiful in its way on the Continent, except perhaps Euclid Avenue at Cleveland, though Boston is now a very beautiful city. The predominant style of the houses is called "Queen Anne." I should have said that there was more of the Tudor or Fleming in it; but at all events it is picturesque, and very pleasing to an uncritical eye. Decidedly it is an improvement on the domestic version of a Doric temple which prevailed under the reign of the classic Jefferson. It bespeaks at least the activity of architectural taste. And this new quarter has apparently become the dwelling-place of a varied, cultivated, and thoroughly catholic society, which seems likely to draw to itself much of that which is choicest in the United States. Mr. Bancroft, the Nestor of American literature, is already there. There also Mr. Blaine writes his most important and instructive history. The Smithsonian presents a nucleus for science. A fervor of cosmopolitanism is imparted by the presence of the embassies. Poli-

tics of course are there, and they add to the interest. But they do not seem to me to predominate. The idea, which may be derived from descriptions of Washington in novels, that the social cynosure is the leading demagogue of the day, is, I should say, wide of the truth. It is fully as likely that society will exercise an influence on politics as that politics will dominate society, and if this happens it will be a great gain. The politicians of the democratic continent being what they are, it is a great mistake to mew them up by themselves in second-rate cities or towns such as Albany, Harrisburg, Springfield, and Ottawa, apart from all tempering and refining influences, to cabal and wrangle for two or three months in every year. Not only would a well-filled strangers' gallery help to enforce the amenities of debate, but the presence of a powerful and critical opinion might be an antidote to political vices. The change in the character of the capital is likely therefore to be a substantial benefit to the United States.

Alone among great American cities Washington is uncommercial. All the rest have their business quarters, in which the steps of the throng are as hurried and its faces as keen and eager as in the East of London. Efforts are now being made almost everywhere to provide for relaxation: witness the improvements on Boston Common, the new Fairmount Park at Philadelphia, that at Buffalo, and the wonderfully beautiful series of parks at Chicago. But the spirit of the place is commercial everywhere except at Washington, where one finds something like the free, leisurely, and (in fine weather) *al fresco* life of Paris. This attraction cannot fail to be felt by literary men, and by all who seek to enjoy life.

The inhabitants of the White House and the Ministers of State with their ladies form a sort of Court, which, though republican, is not without its forms and its etiquette; a remark which may be extended to American society generally, for the instruction of tourists, who are apt to behave and dress as though among republicans you could not be too rough. It is even said that this Court, like its monarchical counterparts, has its social rivalries, jealousies,

and intrigue to lend piquancy to Court life. It certainly had them in the time of Jackson, when the social controversy arising out of the questionable position of Mrs. Eaton became the source of political convulsions. The democracy however still goes to Court with republican simplicity. I went one evening to the President's public reception. The throng was immense. Three-quarters of an hour it took me, from the time when I fell into the line outside the gate, to reach the door of the mansion, and I was as long in getting from the door to the room where the President was. So far as I could see, I was the only person in the crowd who was in evening dress. But the behavior could not have been better in the *Ceil de Bœuf*. There was not the slightest pushing or impatience; the crowd moved on quietly and in silence. When at last the republican throne-room was reached, there stood the President with Miss Cleveland at his side, and a group of officials and ambassadors, in full dress of course, around him. As we defiled before him, a marshal called out our names, and the President repeating them gave his hand to each of us. Poor hand, how it must suffer by being shaken for three hours! Will it not be found necessary, as the numbers at the receptions increase, to resort to some device like the pair of false legs by which the Pope is enabled to appear kneeling while he is really sitting, and which have furnished the Arch Cynic with an illustration of Shams?

I am glad to see that the President is beginning to set bounds to the extent to which his time and attention may be usurped by mere callers or office-seekers. Democracy is touchy on this point, and fancies that it ought at all times and seasons to have free access to a king of its own creation. But the President's time belongs to the nation, and if it is to be engrossed by individual curiosity or selfishness how can he do his public work, or (what is of no less importance) find leisure for thought and forecast? The office-seekers must be insufferable. Not even in the very agony of the Republic, when civil war was on the point of breaking out, did this greedy swarm cease to persecute American legislators and statesmen. Lincoln was pestered

by them at the crisis of the war. "Ah," was his plaintive reply to one who had noticed his sad expression and was trying to comfort him, "it's not the war, it's that postmastership at Brownsville."

I went to the White House on the evening of the reception, not only to see a unique ceremony, but to see President Cleveland. I desired to look upon the face of President Cleveland more than I had desired to look upon the face of any American statesman since Lincoln. It is, as might be expected, a face full of strength and firmness. So happy an event, I apprehend, as this President's election has not for a long time taken place in the United States—I may say on the continent, for the good influence of a triumph of public probity extended even to Canada. Mr. Cleveland was not one of the "available men" of whom the country had such bitter experience in the persons of Polk and Buchanan; nor had he attained party prominence by stump oratory or the arts of a demagogue. In rhetoric, indeed, he seems to be rather deficient. He had shown himself worthy to govern the nation by his conduct as Governor of the State of New York. His bearing during the campaign, especially the manly frankness with which he met the charge brought against him on account of the sins of his youth, was a most favorable omen of his future conduct. It excited a strong feeling in his favor even in Canada, where generally little interest is felt in the politics of the United States. He is now treading, as it seems to me, with a firm and resolute step, the arduous path of civil-service reform. Too much must not be exacted of him. It cannot fairly be expected that he shall cast off party ties or disregard party obligations: honor, as well as necessity, forbids him. The scale, it is true, was turned in his favor by the Independent Republicans, who, to use the American phrase, bolted their party ticket; but he received his nomination from the Democrats, and owed his election mainly to them. The Independent Republicans themselves have not repudiated party, though they will hardly get back into the lines. By his loyalty to reform President Cleveland has already incurred the hatred of Tammany and of

all the corrupt. On the other hand, he has, I trust, won the hearts and will receive the support of all who care less for any party than for the country.

The man who in reality had most to do with the election of President Cleveland is Mr. George W. Curtis, the editor of "Harper's Weekly." Mr. Curtis is excluded from Congress by the political localism into which the Americans have unhappily fallen. He cannot be elected for any district but that in which he lives, and in that district the other party has the majority. But he is the practical leader of the Independent Republican party, which was determined mainly by his advice to cast a patriotic vote in favor of Cleveland. He has also been the most zealous and effective advocate of civil-service reform. Without a place in the legislature or the administration, he has yet been one of the most influential as well as one of the most upright and wisest of American statesmen. The existence of men of this stamp in journalism, and of men like Mr. W. M. Forbes, of Boston, who, without going into politics, take an active and patriotic interest in public affairs, must be reckoned among the saving influences of American democracy.

About the public buildings of Washington there is nothing new to be said. The White House is a rather narrow abode for the chief of a continent peopled with fifty millions, and, like the very modest salary, presents a rather curious contrast to the enormous sum of money which party excitement expends in Presidential elections. The Capitol, I believe, is open to architectural criticism, and its dome will not bear the searching light of the Lamp of Truth. Yet nobody will persuade me that, since the extensions and improvements, it is not a most majestic and imposing pile. The view of it from a distance is surely fine. *Stat Capitolium fulgens*. It is a thousand pities that it looks the wrong way; or, to speak more correctly, that the city, owing to a difficulty about the purchase of land, was built on the wrong side of it. Its decorations in the way of painting and sculpture belong, it must be owned, to the pre-æsthetic era. England is avenged in the pictures of the surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis

as effectually as France was avenged in the statue of the victor of Waterloo perched upon the arch. Let any one compare these triumphal performances, in regard both to execution and to sentiment, with the picture by Velasquez of a general receiving the surrender of the commandant of a town. The only redeeming feature of these pieces is that some of them contain historical portraits. The statue on the east of the Capitol of the "Father of the Country" in a sitting posture, naked to the waist, and with a Roman sword in his hand, was found, we are told by the guide-books, too large for the interior of the Capitol, for which it was originally designed. The same authorities say that its ultimate destination is still doubtful. One wishes that the doubt may extend to the neighboring statue of Columbus throwing the globe at the Capitol. As to the allegorical sculpture, let this description of the group on the tympanum of the pediment representing the Genius of America suffice:—

"The principal figure, representing America, is of semi-colossal size and standing on a broad unadorned plinth, holding in her hand a poised shield with U. S. A. emblazoned in the centre of a ray of glory. The shield, which is oval, represents an ornamented altar, in the centre of which is a wreath of oak-leaves in *basso relievo* encircling July 4, 1776. In the rear of the figure rests a broad spear, and at her feet an eagle with partly spread wings. The head of the figure is crowned with a star, and inclines toward the figure of Hope, who is addressing her. The right arm of Hope is raised, and the left rests on the stock of an anchor, the hand grasping part of the drapery. The Genius of America, in reply to Hope, who is recounting the glory of the nation, points to the figure on the other side, which represents Justice, with eyes uplifted and holding in the right hand a partly unrolled scroll, on which is inscribed 'Constitution of the United States,' and in the left the scales. Justice has neither bandage nor sword, representing that American justice judges intelligently. The emblematic character of the group suggests that, however Hope may flatter, all prosperity should be founded in public right and the preservation of the Constitution."

This composition, so pregnant with meaning, in which allegorical figures not only speak but converse, has been judiciously placed above the reach of prosaic scrutiny.

The military and equestrian statues with which the new quarters are adorned bespeak the special appreciation of

military glory which in the Americans is combined with a freedom from military propensities. They seem to me all to labor under a defect common to statues of this kind. In antiquity, and in the age of the great Italian captains on whose equestrian statues we gaze at Venice or Padua, the horse was a charger; now he is a hack, and to attempt to give him dignity by putting him into the rampant attitude is a disregard of truth, and a platitude. In fact, he stands quite quietly while his rider is sweeping the field with a telescope. At the gate of the executive mansion, General Jackson on horseback looks as though he were heading a cavalry charge of inconceivable fury; whereas, if regard were had to the real character of his victory, he would be represented standing behind a row of cotton bales. But sculpture seems to be a lost art.

It is a comfort that the Washington obelisk has at last got its apex, and no longer looks like an immeasurable factory chimney. It is said to be the highest structure in the world. But the more gigantic the size of a constructed obelisk, the greater, I submit, is the incongruity. The interest of an obelisk lies in its being a monolith. Moreover, an obelisk of the Pharaohs had not bare sides: its sides were used as tablets for hieroglyphical inscriptions.

Every visitor to Washington, of course, goes to hear a debate. In the House of Representatives he will be lucky if he hears anything at all. The hall is very large; its acoustic properties seem to be almost as bad as those of our Houses at Westminster; and the hubbub of conversation is incessant and unrestrained. I have seen a member leave his seat and come down to the open space by the Speaker's chair, where a select audience, standing, gathered round him. The perpetual rapping of the President's hammer serves only to increase the din. Without the voice of a Stentor nobody can take part in what is ironically called a deliberation. On passing to the Senate you find yourself in a different atmosphere. But the interest of the debates in both Chambers is greatly diminished by the fact that the really important work is done behind the scenes in committee and caucus. The average of the speaking is, I should

say, decidedly higher than in our Parliament; and it is no longer in the "spread-eagle" and "high-falutin" style; Americans, though singularly impatient of criticism, are also singularly quick in profiting by it. But of the American speakers that I have heard, hardly one, I think, has been free from a grave defect, attributable perhaps partly to college training in elocution. You always feel that they are speaking for effect; whereas when you are listening to Mr. John Bright you feel that his single object is to communicate and impress his convictions. The fault was most conspicuous in Everett, whose language and delivery were perfect; his delivery, indeed, was too perfect, for he gesticulated not only with his arms but with his legs. It was supposed that he even played little stage tricks to enhance the effect. Once, it was said, when he entered the hall to deliver a Fourth of July oration, a veteran soldier respectfully rose from his seat. "Sit down, venerable man," cried Everett in his most impressive tone, "it is for me to rise in your presence." "Why, sir," replied the simple-minded veteran, "you told me I was to stand up when you came in."

Washington is burdened with a heavy city debt, the legacy of a former administration. It is now the best administered city on the continent, and it owes the distinction to the nature of its government, which is not elective, but consists of three commissioners appointed by the President, the city being regarded not as an ordinary municipality, but as an appanage of the national sovereignty. An attempt was made the other day by the proletariat to deprive it of this privilege and to introduce the elective system; but it was resisted, and with success, by all who desired neither to plunder nor to be plundered. Elective government at Washington would have meant in no small measure government by the negroes, who are very numerous at Washington, and who, in their present stage of political development, at all events, would be simply rank-and-file for an army of municipal corruption, of which some compeer of Tweed would be the chief. Our present system of municipal government generally is a survival and an anachronism. In the Mid-

dle Ages the city was a political unit ; it, rather than the nation, was the primary object of a burgher's patriotism, and the functions of its government were largely political, while public health was little regarded, and even police was a minor consideration. Moreover, in those days the leading men, instead of going when business was over to villas outside the city, lived within the walls, held the municipal offices, and managed the municipal affairs. A city in these days is merely a densely peopled district requiring a specially skilled administration, particularly in the sanitary department. Almost the only duties of its government are the levying and spending of money, in regard to which the contributors ought to have a voice proportioned in some degree to the amount of their contributions ; and this not only on the ground of justice, or with a view to economy, but with a view to right expenditure ; for the poor, if they recklessly vote away the money of the rich, gain nothing by it ; the only people who gain are the municipal demagogues and jobbers. The leading men now decline municipal office, and stand aloof from municipal politics ; the voters are a heap of sand-grains ; they know nothing of each other, and have no power of spontaneous combination. A city is thus thrown into the hands of ward politicians, who give their time to intrigue. The result is inevitable ; even where there is not actual stealing there is jobbery ; and everywhere there are maladministration and waste caused by want of skill and by the absence of system inherent in a government elected only for a year. The citizens, occupied in their own business, cannot be induced to pay steady and vigilant attention to municipal affairs. When maladministration or corruption reaches a scandalous height they make a spasmodic effort, and then relapse into apathy. It was hoped that the overthrow of Tweed and his gang was the end of corruption in New York. But the affair of the Broadway street-cars has shown how ill-founded was that hope. If Sir William Harcourt perseveres in his design of giving London, with its four millions, a municipal parliament, the result, to judge from American experience, is likely to

be anarchy controlled by ward intrigue or corruption. Far better would be a Board of Commissioners elected, say, by the members of Parliament for the metropolitan districts, with the approbation of the Home Secretary. In America, at all events, a radical change of system is required ; it will no doubt be long in coming ; probably it will be the late-ripening fruit of dire experience ; though in some matters, such as the appointment of judges, the masses have shown more willingness to consent to reforms in the conservative direction than might have been expected. It is possible that the example of Washington may be not without effect.

The guide-books boast that whereas great edifices in Europe are the work of centuries, the Capitol has been the work of a single century. Supposing the statement were correct, it is surely time to put a limit to the boasting of material development, the credit of which is due not to man but to nature. Mr. Carnegie, in his naïve and genial book, "Triumphant Democracy," seems disposed to ascribe to democratic institutions the glorious fact that the Mississippi is equal to eighty Tibers, as well as the not less glorious fact that "were the live stock upon Uncle Sam's estate ranged five abreast, each animal estimated to occupy a space five feet long, and marched round the world, the head and tail of the procession would overlap." Endowed with all the resources of a virgin continent, recruited by copious immigration of the highest quality, and aided by all the appliances of modern science, the American Republic has advanced with marvellous rapidity, and has traversed in a few generations the space which it has taken other nations many centuries to traverse. But this same rapidity of progress has shortened her youth, and is bringing her already face to face with the political and social difficulties of a nation's maturer age ; while the multitude of black faces and woolly heads in the streets of Washington reminds one at every turn that besides the problems which she has in common with other countries, she has one formidable problem peculiar to herself.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A TROPICAL CALM AND SUNSET.

It was during a voyage from London to Melbourne that the scene we are to describe was beheld. We had passed Madeira, an azure island of faëry, veiled in the golden haze of early dawn, its lofty peaks "islanded" by clouds. Toward evening, a few days afterward, we had sighted Teneriffe, a hundred miles to the eastward. Its base—indeed, much more than its base—was completely hidden, and from this side it appeared not as a peak, but as an enormous ridge; its crest heaved up thirteen thousand feet into the sky. For a long time it was mistaken by every one, though all were on the look-out, for a long, narrow cloud. Broken, transverse lines—in reality, huge ravines in the mountain-side, in which the snow had not melted—seemed to be prominent parts of the cloud, catching the sunlight. Here we got fairly into the North-East trades, and for several weeks afterward we sailed under a sky and upon a sea which were the ordinary sky and sea of the trade-winds. Both are, in color, of an intense Prussian-blue, the sky being scarcely lighter or brighter than the sea. Under the influence of the strong, steady breeze, the sea is everywhere raised into brisk waves, each with its crest of foam, never sluggish and never boisterous. White, gleaming clouds, like thick disks of cotton-wool, some round, but most of them oval, and all at one moderate height, fleet across the sky without rest, but without haste. They are distributed as regularly as the spots on a leopard's skin, but there is a much greater proportional distance between them. The wind blows so constantly in absolutely the same direction, that sometimes for days together it is not necessary to trim the sails or touch a rope, except, perhaps, once in twenty-four hours to haul in the "slack," or amount by which ropes that bear the principal strains have stretched. By unusual good-luck, when the North-East trades began to fail, other favoring breezes carried us right through the doldrums—the Equatorial Zone, in which calms are to be expected—until we found the South-East trades, with which we sailed, in the same delightful manner

as before, till, having passed the great shoulder which Brazil obtrudes into the South Atlantic, we had crossed the seventeenth parallel of South latitude. Here for some days we were becalmed. We had been expecting in a day or two to sight the now deserted island of Trinidad, whose latitude and longitude are, roughly, 20 South by 30 West; but now, instead of sailing from a hundred knots a day—a very bad day's run—to two hundred and twenty or thirty, which is a good one for the trades, we began not to sail at all, but to drift helplessly in some weak eddy, as it seemed, of the great Brazilian current, from fifteen to forty miles a day. We were more than five hundred miles from the coast, and quite possibly nearly as far from any other ship. It may surprise those unaccustomed to the ocean to read that one of the worst things to be endured in a calm is portentous rolling. Every few minutes a succession of surges, larger than ordinary, came sweeping by. The ship, having no canvas drawing to steady her, was easily swayed from side to side, and would begin to roll in the most abandoned manner, to the confusion of every one when it occurred at meal-times, and the scattering of viands and crockery. If on deck, it was very advisable to hold on tight to something fixed and stanch, until the rolling fit was over. When off Cape Finisterre, we had been hove to for five days in a head gale, and though the rolling was bad enough then, it was even worse during the calm. Nevertheless, though the ocean swell never died away—for it never does die away—the surface of the deep-blue water was unbroken by a single ripple. It was like a sea of oil for smoothness, and there was not only not enough wind to stir the drooping sails, but there was not even enough to waft a paper-boat. After the calm had lasted several days, there was a ring all round the ship, perhaps a third of a mile or more in diameter, formed by empty bottles, wooden barrels and cases, and other flotsam and jetsam, clearly showing how absolutely windless was the atmosphere. The sea, notwithstanding its intense color, was so clear, that when

a broken white plate was thrown overboard, we could watch it as it went down, slicing from side to side through the water, and glinting as it caught the light, for an immense distance, probably fifty fathoms. One afternoon some of us lowered a boat to bathe. When we had got a little ahead of the ship, we could see every spar and rope reflected beneath her. The reflection was so perfect, that a water-color sketch of her that was painted in the boat might be looked at upside down for some moments before the mistake was discovered. Toward sundown, after we had returned on board, a small shark made its appearance. "He smells the blood of an Englishman," said an experienced traveller. "A shark's sure to come after any one has been overboard." Curiously enough, he was the first and the only one that we saw throughout the voyage. Some one suggested as an explanation of the modern scarcity of sharks, in most parts of the deep sea, that steamers have frightened them away inshore. The skipper explained that "they've gone into the Atlantic cattle trade." On every passage across the Atlantic, it seems that two or three carcasses at least are thrown overboard. The cattle are tethered athwart the ship, with their heads outward, and not being able or sensible enough to steady themselves as the ship rolls, they pitch forward, and striking their heads against the side, break their necks. As many as two hundred have been killed in this way on board a single ship during a gale. But we must not forget the sunset.

The day had been very cloudy. The stormy-petrels, that had joined us two days after leaving Teneriffe, and had followed the ship ever since, had deserted us with the wind. Here and there a "Portuguese man-of-war"—a poisonous medusa—hoisted its tiny sail or standard of transparent, iridescent film. Occasionally flying-fish, chased by their enemies, skimmed by us in parabolic curves, sometimes more than a hundred yards long, but never rising more than about fifteen feet above the water. Now and again a shoal of lazy grampuses come puffing past the ship, awkwardly shouldering their way through the water. A whale, or, rather, the fountain of spray that it sends up,

has been seen several times far in the offing. Late in the afternoon, a shoal of porpoises, half a mile or more away on our beam, begin to disport themselves in a most extraordinary manner. The calm seems to have filled them with life and frolic spirits. They play and roll about incessantly in one spot with the utmost liveliness, turning somersaults, and making long, arching bounds. Often they shoot straight up into the air to a height that seems quite equal to three times their own length, a height that is fully fifteen feet, and then turn at the summit of their leap and dive straight down again. Except for their gambols, the broad expanse of deep-blue sea stretches unbroken in every direction to the furthest horizon. Such is the scene as the sun begins to set.

While he is still some fifteen or twenty degrees above the horizon, we are premonished by a few red flakes, like scales of a fish rubbed off by the finger, and golden *scintilla* in the West, and by the general disposition of the clouds, and the silver edges of some, to expect a glorious sunset. The whole Eastern half of the sky, from the horizon upward, is wrapped in a thick woolly mantle of dark-gray; but at perhaps thirty degrees beyond the zenith its continuity is broken by an interval of clear sky, and it forms roughly an arch or proscenium, already "with sun-fire garlanded," for the arena from which we are soon to witness the exit of the sun. From this break westwards, the clouds are dispersed in all the infinite variety of form and texture which painters never paint, and words can only slightly indicate. Long, fleecy scrolls, tier behind tier, their borders and volutes here and there frayed into fringes and tassels, lie across the sky at a great height, and extend "far, deep, and motionless," in diminishing bulk with distance, toward the westerling sun. Toward the horizon, the clouds are spread in broad bands and thin strips, with small, rounded masses floating above and in front. In all directions, and at many different levels, are a multitude of clouds of wonderful diversity and delicacy of form. The sun is beginning to issue from the cloudy pavilion in which he has spent the day. Dark, impervious banks are piled up from the horizon, on each side, like

curved mountain-ridges crowned with gigantic towers and battlements of a Titanic fortification. Already pennons and streamers of gold and vermilion are displayed above them, and from cloudy crag and turret beacon-fires are blazing to summon out the hosts of airy pensioners refulgent, clad in the shining liveries of their regent and progenitor. Every moment the splendor grows, we cannot tell how. The light diaphanous clouds soon become wholly dyed in effluent streams of light. Far above all other clouds in the azure depths of sky between them, nets of dappled gauze and lace-like veils of lawn, before too fine for sight, now first reveal themselves in spangles of bright gold. The rose hues tinging the prominences of the darker clouds become intenser and more diffused. Flakes, streaming like leaves upon the autumn wind, change as we look, as if by the process of the season, from pale gold to mellow crimson; while beaded strips of gray mist are transmuted into carcanets of burning carbuncle. The sun pours forth an ever-widening flood of light. About the confines of the clear blue spaces marvellous shades of green and lilac expand themselves, and faster than we mark them, new hues blush out, and fresh regions of the sky "blossom in purple" and gold. The transparency of most of the clouds wherever the fire touches them is almost as remarkable as the color. As they become illuminated, the distinctness of their markings also is greatly enhanced. Mottled clouds become thickly covered with golden scales; long trains, crossed with ribs of light and shade like a zebra's side, become barred with alternate stripes of ruby and light flame-color; some tracts remind us of draughts of mackerel dying in the sun, *maculis auro squalentibus ardens*, while other downy expanses, lying in spreading wavelets and ripples, like rounded overlapping feathers on a sea-bird's breast, are flecked with ruddy streaks and drops, like the torn bosom of a pelican in her piety. Nebulous fronds and plumes, stray filaments of gossamer and webs of misty lawn, twining wisps and flossy curling wreaths, angular patches that gleam like the gorget of a humming-bird, streaming flocks, and tresses "like the bright hair uplifted from the head of

some fierce Mænad," tapering sword-like spikes turning every way like the cherub's flaming brand, — these and clouds of countless other forms are soon but almost imperceptibly imbued, not, as it seems, from without, but as if by fire kindling within themselves, with flaming color, gold and violet, scarlet, carnation, and crimson. While we speak, the hues of every part alter continually with ravishing changes. Ever as the mighty orb goes down, they are "growing and glowing" until their intensity passes description or conception. All the West has become a vast screen of crimson, with tossing waves of golden fire, before and above which the nearer clouds, now mostly themselves all red, permeated and made transparent by "the inmost purple spirit of light," lie like the crowded islands of an aerial archipelago. Erelong, everything is steeped in colors of a hundred or a thousand tints, all ineffably beautiful. Where the sun pierces the clouds and throws his level rays along the waves, there is little but white light, relieved by a few rosy blushes on the water; to the North and South, the sea still remains deep-blue; from the horizon half-way up toward the zenith, and spreading on either side almost into a semi-circle, is the broad sheet of blood-red flame; elsewhere, every imaginable gradation of pure color is represented, from the most delicate primrose and saffron, shading imperceptibly through all colors of the rainbow to the dark-purple of the pansy and the deep black-red of the damask-rose,—and all is *living fire*.

When the spell fails for a moment to enthrall our eyes, we look round, and behold in Eastern sea and sky a pageant hardly less magnificent. The great clouds that completely shroud the heaven in billowy pomp have everywhere assumed a tinge of lurid magenta. As we watch, the fleecy woof is bathed in an ever-deepening tint of splendid color, pouring forth from the great source of light. More wondrous still, on this side, where our eyes escape the overpowering light in the West, the ocean reflecting as in a dull mirror the gorgeous color above, glows like a sea of liquid amethyst.

As we turn again and survey the whole

scene around, we find no part of the vault of heaven that is not "deluged with fire." The tremulous air, throughout its total space, is all aflame, as with æthereal lava from a volcano of the air. The ship, also, floating moveless in the midst, with tall masts and drooping sails, becomes itself transfigured by the all-involving splendor. It may be well believed that the pale cast of thought is for the time eclipsed within us, that the self-conscious intellect and its reflec-

tions are transmuted by the potent alchemy into the pure gold of an ecstasy almost impersonal. The marvellous splendor before our eyes receives a crown of spiritual mystery as we hear the whisper:—"For you alone, for seventy souls out of all the thousand millions of the earth, in the secrecy of the inviolate ocean, has this epiphany of supernal glory been majestically unfolded!"—*Spectator*.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"How cold upon my passion blows the wind,
Over the old sweet fields—so sweet, that I
Could wander more, yet for all memory
Not sweet enough. Beloved, ah! have I sinned,
That all but these dumb fields looks so unkind,
And I, without e'en one familiar face,
Must see the darkness in the sunny place,
And set my feet here, wandering still in mind?"

Then glancing up, if heaven might look sweet
Upon his sorrow, one bright star he spied.
But, as he gazed, his hungry eyes grew dim,
And the star seemed so many worlds from him.
Heart-sick, he turned; and in the pool beside
Lo! the same star was shining at his feet.

—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SOME UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSIONS OF DE QUINCEY.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP.

WE have De Quincey's own word for it that one of the characteristics of an opium-eater is that he never finishes anything. He is the slave of hopes that mock his efforts, but buoy him on to ever-new attempts. He lives in the ideal, the dream, the rapture of enjoyment; and reaction succeeds so soon upon indulgence that purpose droops, powers fail, and the threads, taken up with feverish energy and hope, are dropped in helplessness and despair. When, some years ago, it was my duty to examine various collections of papers belonging to De Quincey, one might at first sight have supposed that they furnished full evidence of the truth of his own saying. MSS. that had been printed had been preserved alongside of

introductions to new essays never further proceeded with; scraps of letters of various kinds, begun, and left off in the middle, lay beside pages of printed matter margined with proposed emendations; multitudes of notes on widely-contrasted subjects lay alongside of what seemed confessions such as a fastidious man would sketch out before finally entering up into a diary; and all alike impressed one with constant industry, care, and laborious fastidiousness, to a great extent rendered unavailable and inept for want of a very little method. For it was clear that, in not a few cases, these pages were alternative expressions of what had been already written, and that in some cases De Quincey had actually written out

some of his essays in two distinct shapes or forms, and had been sorely puzzled which of them to adopt. As he read a book he seldom failed to communicate to paper in some form—it may be in a hurried note or in a letter to a friend which was never sent—his leading impressions of it; and this although, in some instances, he may have had no opening, or even cherished no wish, to communicate his ideas on the subject to the public. Being much struck with many of these papers, and convinced of the light which some of them threw upon his habits of life and work, I took the trouble to make extracts from a few of them; and a selection of these I now venture to submit to readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with just enough of remark and commentary to connect them together. In doing this little bit of work, I have often been reminded of an essay, read now a greater number of years ago than I care to reckon up, on the question, What comes of those thoughts which are suggested while writing on any subject, and which, having, as it were, come and peeped over the horizon of the mind, fade and disappear again? Whatever may be said on that matter, it is clear that such *dissecta membra*, if unexpectedly seized in happy circumstances, will afford a fund of instruction and throw much fresh light on several points. These, then, are a few of the *dissecta membra* of De Quincey's mind, and they are given to the public as much for the side lights they cast upon him as for any value they may have absolutely in themselves. It is in this spirit that they are given, and in this spirit that they should be read.

We do not find that De Quincey has anywhere printed any deliberate opinion on the Brontë family—a circle presenting such remarkable contrasts of type, and such a remarkable mixture of strength and morbidity, that it is evident they must have proved a source of wonder, curiosity, and speculation to him as he read and listened to accounts of the impressions which their works and lives had produced upon others. And, by any one acquainted with De Quincey's way of thinking and his points of view, his strange mixture of John Bull-ishness with romance and sentiment, some slight qualification of the

general pæan of praise was to be expected. Here is the manner in which he descants on the memoir by Mrs. Gaskell in a letter to a friend, apparently never sent:

"Mrs. Gaskell, to say the least, though a clever writer in her own walk, is not a very safe biographer. Twice already she has been threatened with actions at law for libellous and defamatory statements. Now, sometimes such things escape in the hurry of composition, or through various mistakes; but, really, *hers* were malicious; though in the case of Mr. Carus Wilson, whom I have always had pleasure in believing a finished specimen of a certain religious party, she may have had some ground. Think of this man, when grimly lecturing the little trembling child C. B. upon her hesitating in beautiful sincerity of heart to win his favor by saying that she loved the Psalms—yelling out, 'How? not love King David's Psalms! Why, I have a young son who prizes them beyond gingerbread nuts.' And it appears that he was not without some excuse for making this pretence; since always on rejecting with disdain the gingerbread that sought to seduce him from his allegiance to the Psalmist, he knew by repeated experience that he should receive a triple ration of the nuts! In Charlotte Brontë's preternatural timidity, shyness, and shrinking from notice, surely there was a morbid basis of self-esteem, nourished almost to insanity by solitude. As to Emily Brontë, how unamiable does her reserve, carried actually up to her dying moments, appear! And in the story of the bull-dog she is shown in a repulsive character—brute against brute. Little did she or her sisters know the extent of the risk which they ran in the savage boxing-contest with him, had he *really* possessed that demoniac obstinacy and pluck which many bull-dogs have, but—luckily for them—he had not. The brother Branwell, evidently with some traits of genius, is left too unexplained. And the Papa seems to me a strange embodiment of selfishness."

On the publication of De Quincey's memoir there was a good deal of difference of opinion expressed about his interest in public matters. His biographer had endeavored to show that he kept

himself well posted up in all that was going on, and never failed to do justice to any special act of public heroism, keeping faithfully his great anniversaries, and so on. Various critics dissented from this and almost ridiculed it. But these papers attest a noticeable attempt to record his impressions of this kind. As a specimen, this excerpt, under date June 19, 1857, may be given here.

"I am looking with intense earnestness for the accounts of Master Yeh's licking, and for the everlasting dismantling of the Canton walls and gates. Not that the two events can go together: wicked, murdering Yeh being by all accounts posted some fifteen miles from the wicked murdering city. Sir John Ashburnham would have reached Hong Kong on the 15th of May. I hope he would recollect yesterday what day it was; although many of the troops are only now embarking from England, and nearly all the gunboats not yet ready for starting."

He was a true Conservative of a more liberal and philosophic type, and in ordinary circumstances would have stood faithfully by his party; but it seems that certain objections to some statements in his articles on Toryism had been advanced; and he thus justifies his position in a writing which has not been published:

"You complain that I have not deduced the history of the Tories as an acting party. But this, had you understood my way of treating the question, you could not have said. The *conduct* of the Tories—what they did, or why they did it—is perfectly irrelevant to my object; not their conduct which (like that of all parties) often had no reference whatever to their party creed, but their *principles*—the doctrine upon which their party cohesion arose—that was all that I did or could concern myself about, and that had never changed. What is it to me that Messrs. A and B have sometimes forgotten or misinterpreted their own principles? My object was not *personal*; it was no part of my object to show that such a man or such a set of men had not acted inconsistently. No, but to inquire what was the coherent theory of political relations professed originally by a known party

bearing a known name, and represented from generation to generation by an apparent body of heirs. Suppose that this party (nothing more likely) should, upon interested motives, have acted at times inconsistently, in a way that could not be reconciled with their principles; suppose, secondly, that this party should even have, without directly retracting their own principles, falsely interpreted them or have falsely applied them in practice; or, finally, suppose a worse case than either of these, viz. that this party should have formally and deliberately retracted the original theory which distinguished them—what is all that to me? No more than to an expounder of pure Christianity it would be any duty to reconcile the early orthodoxy of those who justly styled themselves the Catholic or Universal Church in opposition to all modes of heresy [*αἵρεσις*] with that subsequent distortion under Papal interests which still claimed the title of Catholic after it had itself become the worst of heresies. His answer would be this: 'Were it any duty of mine to deduce the personal succession of orthodoxy, I must lose my cause. But what care I for that? The men, the inheritors in every age from the primitive orthodox, gradually and insensibly swerved from the right line until the common sense of mankind could see their crookedness, and the earth rose in protestation against them. Man is warped, but truth is eternal. And thus it happened that the straight line was suddenly and violently resumed not by the direct lineal successors of those who had been the early depositaries of the truth, but by new men remote and unconnected, whose singleness of eye enabled them to see the great distortion which those interested in it could not see.'

"Not I have erred, but you; though the error is very common with shallow newspapers and hurried readers, who have failed to catch the imperturbable logic of my position. I defy man or devil to shake my theory, which is equally novel and impregnable. That error, that radical error, which I charge upon all former theorists whatsoever (not excepting Edmund Burke) is, that they supposed it a matter of necessity for one or other set of principles, Whig

or Tory, to be erroneous, just as in the case of Trinitarian and anti-Trinitarian one *must* be false. Now, I maintain that Whig principles and Tory principles are both and equally true; that they are opposed only as thesis and antithesis in polar opposition, and reconciled at the equator in a perfect synthesis; that they are opposed—not as logical opposites, but as algebraical opposites, where a motion = 5 deg. X-A, and another motion = 5 deg. -A, do not contradict each other except in the sense of coexistences in the same moment of time and in the same identical subject—the one representing perhaps a motion eastward, and the other an equal motion westward, which are not only equally possible, but in the same subject."

In the article from *Tail's Magazine* on "The Political Parties of Modern England" (written in reply to one who had sent to the editor some objections to statements in his paper titled "A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism," as well as in the preface to the volume which contains the essay on Dr. Parr, it is true that De Quincey has there laid down the same principle as rendering necessary the two poles, as it were, of Whiggism and Toryism; but the passage is hardly so effective as here and the illustrations are less felicitous.

Not improbably this passage was written to form part of the article on "The Political Parties of Modern England," but was crushed out for want of space, or for some other reason (the editor of *Tail's Magazine* urgently desiring to stop the discussion). It would, at all events, very naturally come in at page 274, Vol. XV. of the "Collected Works," where we find the point dismissed in a single sentence, thus: "Upon these arguments, and the spirit of these arguments, I pronounce my censor wrong in supposing it any part of my duty to have traced the *conduct* of the Whigs and Tories."

Here and there we come on expressions, the most direct and honest, of personal experience—of sufferings, of regret, and lost hopes. They all bear the characteristic mint-mark, and, short as they are, themselves attest their

authorship. These may be accepted as samples in this kind:

"It is a beautiful thought of Richter's that if Adam had, upon temptation from Eve, resisted it, God would have rewarded his faithfulness, not by exempting him from a punishment to which Eve would have been subject, but by forgiving Eve. The idea must have occurred to Milton, for he makes Adam say plaintively that if God should make another Eve, she could not replace to his heart the Eve who had shaken his felicity. Oh yes, that is true! And if God could condescend to offer me the choice to forego this suffering and travel back to birth and take another life with no such trouble in its web, I would hesitate, and—decline the favor."

"It is a maxim of mine that profaneness cannot co-exist with serious and deep feeling, however misproportioned; upon which argument I do not tax with blasphemy, as many have done, those zealots in the cause of Charles I. who drew a parallel between his sufferings and the sufferings of Christ; because, however extravagant that parallel might be, they who made it spoke in no spirit of levity, but in a spirit that was but too sincere and passionate, inasmuch as it reflected impressions derived from too close a contemplation of the object."

"*Mem. To enjoy is to obey.*—This would be the shortest expression (from Pope) for what I have circuitously labored to communicate in that part of my article on 'Coleridge and Opium-Eating,' which respects Paley."

To the question of the relation of the author to his work, or the relation of the artist to his picture or statue, De Quincey often returns in these occasional notes. He looks at the matter from many points of view, tries to turn it round and see it in all lights; and the following may be taken as summing up his speculations on the subject. *The* illustration from Milton's (quasi-dramatic) utterances respecting the "most musical, most melancholy" character of the nightingale's note is characteristic. On such a point as this De Quincey's observation enabled him to speak with some authority, for he was, if not a lover of nature after the

more modern type, at least a lover of night-rambles, and even in his younger days would make long excursions on the Somersetshire hills, as later he did in Cumberland and in Scotland. This was a habit which he never abandoned, and his dislike of certain conveyances was very settled. Mr. James Payn—the last witness on this subject—brings it out anew in his recently published “Literary Recollections.”

“One of the most perplexing of questions is the relation in which the personality of the artist or writer stands to his work, and the extent to which we may justifiably look on the one to throw light upon the other. Can the personality and character be in any way a key to what may have perplexed you or commanded your curiosity in the theme? When a man is pointed out to you as the architect of a great cathedral or aqueduct, you naturally turn your head and gaze at him; but this is not because there is any logical connection between such a countenance or such a figure on the one hand and such an architectural monument on the other—the two terms in the case can do nothing to explain each other; they are not correlates, they are in no philosophic relation at all; they are simply in a momentary connection of casual juxtaposition; the link between them is accidental, not essential; is a case of mere fact, not at all of law. The general case, then, is that between a man and the work of art or literature he has produced, the connection that exists is an inoperative fact, with no meaning as a law or principle of causation. But, on the other hand, there arise exceptional and well-marked cases where the particular character and idiosyncrasy of the writer enter largely into the kind of interest which invests the book. The nature of the man and the quality of the book are the two elements which co-operate as coefficients to the production of a particular interest as their joint result. For instance now, and as the very plainest instance which could be given, Charles Fox, and others before and since, have raised a question as to the true character of the nightingale’s singing: is it cheerful, as some poets have fancied, or is it (according to the common opinion) essentially sad? Or, supposing the predominant charac-

ter of the note to be plaintive, does that impression arise from the associated circumstances of night, of solitude, of woods in early summer? A mistake as to the quality of the note may readily be presumed and pardoned when a mistake has been made as to a broad question of fact. The nightingale (which in our island is not found north of the Trent) does certainly sing in the depths of night, and this has been naturally noticed, and from the fact of most other birds being at the time silent. But the nightingale sings also in the daytime. We have heard great orchestras of nightingales singing together in the woods of Somersetshire about 11 A.M. at the beginning of June. Confounded, however, with the songs of other birds, these easily escaped an undistinguishing ear. Or can it be said that the sadness is organically involved in the peculiar sound? Upon this many references have been made to Sophocles, to Chaucer, to various Italian poets, who had noticed the nightingale; and, finally, to Milton, who, having a musical ear, seemed to have settled the dispute by describing the bird expressly as ‘most musical, most melancholy.’ But then came Wordsworth and Coleridge, who contended that in nature nothing was melancholy—neither sight nor sound. Had Milton, therefore, who lived where nightingales abounded, been wrong in his epithets? No; Milton was not wrong, nor could he be, because in his own person he had given no opinion at all; but the opinion, though not Milton’s, was wrong because one-sided. Milton is here speaking dramatically—that is, he is speaking in the person of another man, and this other man is pledged in fact to error—that is, to a partial and distorted estimate of natural things by a morbid temperament. He, by the very title of the poem, is *il penseroso*, the pensive man, or man whose meditations are confessedly under an original bias to gloom and sadness. In this man’s mouth the epithet *melancholy* has a characteristic propriety; it has a dramatic fitness, but no inference as to Milton’s personal bias or feeling can be drawn from it.”

Philosophy bears its own part in these notes and reflections. He takes

up a term and analyzes it, and shows how, in the hands of many writers, accredited with powers of close and luminous thinking, it has been used loosely, or with different meanings in different relationships. On one or two counts Archbishop Whately does not escape, nor does Mr. J. S. Mill, and his strictures on some terms of Kant are certainly acute if they do not always escape a possible criticism of over-subtlety. Sir William Hamilton is regarded as being as true to his own terminology as any modern metaphysical writer. The following may be accepted as a characteristic piece of definition :

"I do not by the use of the word *Transcendental* mean the modern idea of Immanuel Kant. That is a word more impatient of circumscription within the limits of a definition than many of Kant's disciples are aware ; and it is one of which Kant himself, howsoever his definition may be tolerated, never gave, nor *could* give, a decent exemplification. For, of all men since Bardsolph, Kant was most plagued with the infirmity of mystifying what he desired to explain ; and as regards all his attempts at illustration, he should have borne for motto *Ignotum per ignotius*, or, sometimes, *Fumum ex fulgore*. Even geometry, in its sublimer altitudes, is sometimes called *transcendental*. That, however, would be but a rhetorical transfer ; it would not indicate any specific resemblance between the two processes of geometry and Christianity such as could illuminate the mode by which Christianity transmutes into life the dead generalities of Pagan ethics, even as Paracelsus out of the ashes of a rose reconstructed the glorious flower ; it would simply indicate that, in some vague general way, and as respected the degree, not the kind, Christian ethics had risen above Pagan ethics, in the proportion that one range of geometry towers above another. But my meaning goes deeper. And again I turn to Kant. Though a man may not fully have mastered his important idea of *transcendental* (as opposed on the one hand to the empirical, and on the other to the transcendent), he can yet easily apprehend one element of the difference upon comparing Kant's transcendental categories with the more logical cate-

gories of Aristotle. The Aristotelean categories are mere forms and outlines ; the Kantian introduce a material basis into such volatile entities. That basis is *time*, considered as an original perception, not (which afterward it may become) as an idea. For all the *discursive* acts of man's understanding piled one upon the other, though they should reach to the summits of Ossa and Mount Pelion, will never reach far enough to obtain any glimpse of such an idea, unless antecedently there had been given (not found) a primary perception, a revelation, an *Anschauung*, an intuition of time as a synthesis, which originally is an *act* in us, and no mere idea. The difference, therefore, between the great Peripatetic and the great Transcendental philosopher is as between those *simulacra* of man which Æneas saw in Hades—pre-existing outlines of humanity, men that were to be but had not been—and those *umbra* which he saw in Elysium, or rather, as we may say, between the Virgilian *simulacra* and the ghosts of Christianity."

The John-Bull element in De Quincey has been much dwelt on ; and it is indeed a surprise to find a man of his type so thoroughly inclined to find compensating advantages even in the climatic and other drawbacks of his own country. Here is a portion of an expostulation with "Foreigners or foreigneering Englishmen," in which, under cover of a light bantering humor, he sends forth some light critical skirmishers who may do some real work even now. The foggy London climate and its inevitable accompaniments have not, that we are aware of, found hitherto such an apologist, who claims for them appreciable and memorable effects in literature and poesy, and even in painting, though 'Turner does not happen to be named.

"I do not complain of your denouncing our London smoke as being *coal-smoke* : it irritates everybody—even those who have coals to sell. Moreover, it is an evil not perhaps beyond the remedies of art combining with police. And, as to our fogs, they are far from being peculiar to London. But speaking generally of our murky atmosphere, without inquiring too narrowly into its

several elements, I am much disposed to think that it has contributed to sustain our insular grandeur of imagination. Nobody will pretend to show us in any Continental creation the least approach toward the colossal sublimities of the 'Paradise Lost.' *The Prometheus Desmotes* of Æschylus is the sole poem that by its conception (but not very often by its execution) might challenge a place in the same chamber of grandeurs; for as to Dante, it is not awe and shadowy terror which preside in *his* poetry, but carnal horror. Like all those who treat a dreadful theme, he was tempted by the serpent to eat from the tree of fleshly horror; he did eat; and in that hour his poetry became tainted with the principle of death. Even for the present, with national jealousy working through six centuries on its behalf, *live* it does not. It does not abide in the heart of man, nor domineer by mighty shadows over the brains of men. This, with submission, Gentlemen Foreigners and Foreigneering Englishmen, rascals too often and philo-rascals, is no trifle; not even in a history so high as that of our Cosmos, and its Cosmical relations. Since the deluge one illustrious land has produced cherries; another proudly points to anchovies; a third to hair-powder; and all the while England, poor thing! has nothing to show but such baubles as 'King Lear' and 'Paradise Lost,' a Francis Bacon, and an Isaac Newton. However, we must make the most of these trivial productions, and endeavor to sustain the ineffable contempt of these foreigners and foreigneers who describe us as being not only the most abject of peoples, but also as the only one that is beyond all benefit of hope. I, for my part, still clinging to our 'Paradise Lost,' and, while looking round for the conditions of its possibility—why it is that we have, but that other nations have *not*, such a Titan monument of intellectual grandeur—I find part of those conditions in our turbid atmosphere. Oftentimes, when traversing the streets of London, and witnessing those frequent combinations of distance and gloom, which show and startle only to hide, which open and reveal only to shut up again in secrecy forever, I fancy that in this I find a key, for instance, to the mighty adumbration

of Death: 'What *seemed* his head, The likeness of a kingly crown had on.' If, therefore, the London atmosphere sustains the mood through which people sympathize with the shadowy grandeurs of the 'Paradise Lost,' I, for one, am content to tolerate the nuisance. Another case of fancied improvement tending to the same mirous result I observe in the modern exaltations of lamplight. Lord Bacon justly appreciated the vast advantages of lamplight over daylight for the dreamy pomps and pageantries of life. But lamplight that too literally emulates daylight is hurrying forward to forfeit these advantages. *Pol, me occidistis, amici!*"

And, under a sufficiently playful guise, it would seem that Mr. Grant Allen indicates to us the same opinion about London fogs and lamplight when, in his latest novel, he makes Cipriani, the artist, declare in justification of his desire to paint Maimie Llewellyn for Beatrice Cenci in London, on the ground that: "For Italy, nothing in England is equal to fog and gaslight. Your pretty Arcadian must come up to London and be painted in a drear-nighted December by London gaslight, to give the full effect, you know, of Italian sunshine."

This same idea seems to have occurred to that remarkable genius Amiel, so suggestive, far-sighted, and full of romantic and religious sentiment. He writes to the same purpose as De Quincey, though in a different vein, more grave and moralizing:

"Fog has certainly a poetry of its own—a grace, a dreamy charm. It does for the daylight what a lamp does for us at night: it turns the mind toward meditation; it throws the soul back on itself. The sun, as it were, sheds us abroad in nature, scatters and disposes us; mist draws us together and concentrates—it is cordial, homely, charged with feeling. The poetry of the sun has something of the epic in it; that of fog and mist is elegiac and religious. Pantheism is the child of light; mist engenders faith in near protectors. When the great world is shut off from us, the house itself becomes a small universe. Shrouded in perpetual mist, men love each other better; for the only reality then is the family, and, within the fam-

ily, the heart ; and the greatest thoughts come from the heart—so says the moralist."

The late lamented "Matthew Browne," whose acuteness and subtlety were only equalled by his clearness and precision of language, would have dwelt with quiet satisfaction on one passage in the above quotation, as expressing well one phase of a conviction that was long and earnestly entertained by him. He held that Dante had no real claim to the lofty place accorded to him among poets. Dante, urged Matthew Browne, was small-souled, revengeful, cherishing memories of small slights or wrongs ; and, because of them, condemning to inexpressible bodily tortures to all eternity those who had so crossed his path or his prejudices. He was, in fact, an embodiment of the jealousy, party spirit, and stunted inhuman scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and remains its voice, instead of being the voice of any nobler element it may have had—Catholic or other. History did not bar his revenge any more than accident. And his imagination was harsh and personal, with no light relieving touch of phantasy, any more than his genius was genial or attractive. "The Voice of the Middle Ages" indeed ! he would urge, the Middle Ages should be ashamed of their voice, resonant and penetrating though it was. Dante's imagination was on the one side rigidly personal, on the other side harshly fleshly, and cruel. There are no soft shades in it, no kindly condescension, no ray of humor ; in contrast with that of Chaucer it was grossly materialistic and unnatural. Matthew Browne would have had some arguments to present to the Dean of St. Paul's—and such as the Dean could not have regarded as either light or ineffectual. But, save in "Chaucer's England" and incidentally, Matthew Browne did not any more than De Quincey carefully follow up his position by exhaustive argument and illustration, though both believed that Dante did not *live*. And yet there are the episodes of Francesca di Rimini, and many other passages in the *Inferno*, not to speak of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, to testify to some particular turn of tenderness in the severe and sturdily

torture-loving poet of the *Divina Commedia*.

The tribute of praise that has been accorded to Dr. Johnson for his letter to Lord Chesterfield did not meet with De Quincey's entire approbation. Not that he failed to appreciate the dogged English decision, the hatred of all cant, that characterized the veteran lexicographer. But he looked at the passages between Johnson and Chesterfield from his own point of view, and was justifiably anxious to try if nothing could be said for the Earl in the affair. Carlyle and Forster, he felt, had somewhat overdone the thing, and this is his *caveat* :

"According to Mr. Forster (and Mr. Carlyle has held the same language), Dr. Johnson elevated the social rank of literary men in England ; nay, he had even 'a mission' for doing so. He came as a Hercules to cleanse the earth for the opening of civilization. We venture to put in our *caveat* against too deep an acquiescence in this belief. Dr. Johnson elevated literature among us only as every man does so who strikes, by books written in various degrees of power, some chord of human sentiment or opinion not previously struck with the same effect of intent vibration, or lingering echo. But by his acts he did not elevate literature. We utterly deny the ordinary construction of the case between Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield. So far from being the dignified course to take, so far from the famous letter being the dignified letter to write, that both have been represented, we insist upon it, that Dr. Johnson's behavior was that of a sturdy beggar who refuses to ask for money but expects to have it delivered to him *instantly* on looking through the window with a terrific face like that of Frankenstein's monster. And as to Dr. Johnson's letter, *that*, we say, was petulant and boyish at the best, but, at the worst, it bore a more sinister construction. All this let us show ; and if any reader can overthrow us, let him do it, and welcome. What was it that Dr. Johnson was angry with Lord Chesterfield about ? It was—that Lord Chesterfield had not sent him money. No very dignified ground, therefore, of expostulation, even in the case of his having had a right to expect

money. Certainly it is not the first time by many that we have heard of bullies, in threatening letters, ordering a man to put a certain bank-note under a certain stone by a certain day ; but it is the first time that ever we heard of a letter breathing the same essential spirit of malignant extortion held up as a model of dignity, and as a lesson in the art of —How to treat a lord, if you happen to be angry with him. Well, the Doctor was angry at not finding a check on Lord Chesterfield's banker lying under a certain stone ; and it is natural to be angry at such a neglect, in case one has a right to look for that check under that stone. But how had the Doctor such a right ? Had he ever condescended to ask such a check ? Beggars mustn't be choosers, but at least they should beg ; or, if too proud to beg, they should insinuate their wishes : all of which Dr. Johnson had omitted. Perhaps then my lord had created the right by volunteering a check ? Not at all ; it no more occurred to him that any reason existed for his sending a check to Dr. Johnson beyond all men in England than for sending him a challenge to fight a duel. Here, then, we have reached the middle of the tragedy : the check has not been sent, and punishment must follow. Now, let us see in what way *that* was administered. He reproaches Lord Chesterfield, *inter alia*, with having kept him waiting in an ante-chamber. We have no means of knowing how Lord Chesterfield would have told that story ; all depends on the duration of the waiting and the number of its recurrences ; for public men, peers of Parliament, with splendid stations, splendid estates, splendid talents, cannot sit in their closets as tenants-at-will to the first obstreperous claimant on their time. Giving interviews to a long succession of applicants, they must unavoidably cause many to wait. If the Doctor waited, others waited. But now try it both ways. Did the Doctor wait often ? Then behold a man dangling after rich men in hope of patronage. So far from elevating literature, here we have him as the last-recorded man that clung as a suitor to the degradation of patronage. And he rejects patronage only after patronage has rejected *him*. Now take it the other way. The Doc-

tor was too dignified to wait. Well, then, what's his charge against Lord Chesterfield ? Such is the dilemma : *having* any charge, then, in that case, he confesses to continued acts of self-degradation ; confessing to no such acts, in that case, he has no charge. Here, then, we have disposed of Lord Chesterfield's *omissa*, as moralists say. Next come his *commissa*. He did not grant the interview at the moment of the Doctor's summons ; but he *did* grant two separate papers to a fashionable periodical miscellany in commendation of the Doctor's dictionary. Was *that* an insult ? If they were ineffectual to aid, at least they were kindly meant. But Lord Chesterfield wrote too gracefully to be utterly ineffectual with *any* class of readers ; and it happens that the particular class which his commendations reached was exactly that which by influence and wealth and education was best qualified for giving effect to those commendations. And our private belief is, that the sale of the dictionary must have benefited materially, because instantly, by a sort of advertisement as commanding as anything in the shape of praise from the pen of Stanhope. Waive all this, however, and suppose the two papers to have done no good ; at least they did no harm. And yet, except the danglings in ante-rooms which have been discussed what is there, small or great, in the Doctor's bill of exceptions against Lord Chesterfield ? He says, in effect, that the praises had come too late, and that he could now do without them. Pause on that. How was Lord Chesterfield to praise a book before it was finished ? That was impossible for *him*. And to Dr. Johnson it would have been useless ; for the value of the praise as regarded *his* interest was to sell the book ; which was impossible until it had been published. But it was a great misrepresentation to talk of the papers as useless because the book had now been published. A book is not really published—that is, dispersed among the public—simply because it has announced its own existence. Books that *in posse* are published, in the sense that at the publishers' they may be had on applying for them, very often *in esse* are never published at all. And it is notorious that in the case of heavy

books like large dictionaries, moving off slowly for years until they have become talked into currency, no greater service can be done than to proclaim their merits at an early stage and through an effective organ. This Lord Chesterfield did, on Dr. Johnson's own showing, for the dictionary; and having done this, he did the dictionary a great and timely service."

"Hear all sides" is a safe and healthy maxim, and though Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield did service to literature, which is presumed somehow to have relieved literary men from patrons, we do feel that Lord Chesterfield might have said something in self-defence had he chosen. De Quincey has tried to say that something for him, and we venture to think that Lord Chesterfield himself would have urged that it was well said. Of course, the one strong thing to be urged in favor of Dr. Johnson is, that so far as he sought patronage and went dangling at great men's doors and waited in their ante-rooms, he was simply proceeding according to the use and wont of authors at the time; but when he, whether rightly or wrongly, feeling that no effectual aid was derivable from that source, struck boldly in favor of a new system, then he acted on independent and individual promptings, and did a service in detaching literature from fashionable and aristocratic protection and patronage.

But it appears from many stray hints that De Quincey was by no means inclined to countenance the hero-worshipping spirit which is fain to translate the burly lexicographer into a pattern of perfection, toward whom literary men in all times should look, not only with gratitude for works of sterling merit and high practical value, for apt moralizings and for acute observation, for soundness of mind and for lofty benevolence, but also for unfailing veracity, depth of feeling, and the unconscious noble-mindedness which would not brook to stoop to small personalities and to mean revenges. Some of the faults of the Doctor's character seem to have been very present to De Quincey. For example, we find him, in a note to his essay on "Lord Carlisle on Pope," writing: "Dr. Johnson's taste for petty gossip

was so keen that I distrust all his anecdotes"—a very bold and broad assertion, truly, and one that would savor of unreasoning severity were it not that De Quincey himself had made a very close and almost exhaustive acquaintance with the anecdotage of Dr. Johnson's day as well as of his own. The essay on Miss Hawkins's book, as well as other essays—not to speak of incidental passages scattered throughout the writings—suffice amply to prove this.

Here are a few notes upon Miss Martineau's travels in the Holy Land, which are not without their own value and characteristic insight:

"The very boldness with which Miss Martineau makes war upon many Scriptural passages under their ordinary interpretation satisfies us that she is a believer in Christianity, and that her belief is sincere. A writer that will not turn out of her path for a moment, nor make a circuit, nor stand on one side, for the sake of evading collision with innumerable prejudices, assuredly is not the writer to court a momentary acceptance by hypocrisy. That audacity which declines even a prudential *dissimulation* such as we find justified by Evangelical precedent is little likely through fear or through favor to practise the fraud of positive *simulation*. We, therefore, with this view of Miss Martineau's temper and practice, honor her while condemning her. Respecting her truthfulness, we lodge our protest against much that she offers us for truth. And in 'Palestine' more especially we find continual occasion to say: This woman is naturally right; she is pre-conformed to the Christian ideal by simplicity of mind, by sincerity, by sympathy with the unseen grandeurs that lie at the root of all religion; but, on the other hand, she is carried astray by a course of reading too desultory and too unharmonized, by conversation too superficial in its quality, too casual in its origin and movement, and, lastly, by the dogmatism, or tendency to dogmatism, incident to one who, as a lady, cannot have been sufficiently opposed—and, as a lady suffering under the infirmity of deafness, must have been too indulgently humored. Much learning, much false Germanity hath made her delirious. And this word delirious we here use advisedly, and

would justify it on the ground of its primary meaning and application. To say, in the original language of Festus, that much (German) learning has made her 'mad' would be too harsh. And, after all, her true defect is, that, having much, she has yet a thousand times too little. But the word 'delirious,' construed by its etymology, exactly describes the case. This etymology, it is worth mentioning, as (35 years ago) we heard a scholar so accomplished as S. T. Coleridge totally misstate it. He was in a heady current of controversial talk, and assumed for a momentary purpose that the word *delirium* had been derived by a metaphor from *lyra*, the musical instrument. We, however, *qui musas colimus severiores*, pulled him up in a moment, reminding him that on this assumption the word would be 'delyrium.' The Latin word *lira*, the furrow made by the plough, is the true *radix*; to swerve from the normal line or to *delirate*. And this is what Miss Martineau does. Fixing her eye faithfully (as regards her purposes) upon the great master line traced and ploughed in by Christianity, too often she runs off upon side switches fraudulently laid down by some German signalman or pretended guard upon the line. And one of the most salient and unmistakable instances of this is when she shows fight, as we expected she would, on approaching Mount Carmel, and considers, in a very one-sided manner, the position of the Prophet Elijah in his conflict with Baalim."

The pain and labor that it cost De Quincey to write the original edition of the "Confessions," in 1820-21, is still attested by some remnants of the manuscript. He cancelled and rewrote over and over again many passages. This for two reasons: first, from fastidiousness as to style, and secondly, from the desire of disguise in certain particulars. Though he was, in the first edition, faithful to essential facts and impressions, he studied ambiguity in others in order that certain of those with whom he had been brought into contact in his period of wandering and trouble should not be too easily traced or identified. By the time he rewrote and amplified the "Confessions" in the final edition more than forty years had elapsed, and

all necessity for this disguise and indirectness had ceased, of course, and he is frank enough as to such dates and individuals; but, unfortunately, he is less concise and consistent about some essential points, on which his memory had grown faint. Hence it happens that the original edition of the "Confessions" is that which should still be read; and Dr. Richard Garnett, in his addition to the Parchment Library,* has made that easy, and has supplied a sheaf of notes that presents all that is needful to be drawn for help and illustration from the latter and more extended work. One of the notes affords a good illustration of the more important point we have now before us: the careful way in which De Quincey cancelled, rewrote, and omitted most important passages. At p. 145 of Parchment Library edition, after the Easter-day dream, and the meeting with Ann of Oxford Street, a memorable passage, which concludes with the sentence, "I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight, in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before when we were both children," Dr. Garnett explains that "in the original MS. this was succeeded by the following passage, which was immediately cancelled by the writer, and has never appeared in any edition of the 'Opium-Eater.' I am enabled to insert it here by the exceeding kindness of Mr. H. A. Page:—"

"This dream at first brought tears to one who had long been familiar only with groans; but afterward it fluctuated and grew unsteady: the passions and the scenery changed countenance, and the whole was transposed into another key. Its variations, though interesting, I must omit.

"At length, I grew afraid to sleep, and I shrunk from it as from the most savage torture. Often I fought with my drowsiness, and kept it aloof by sitting up the whole night and following day. Sometimes I lay down only in the day-time; and sought to charm

* Thomas De Quincey—"Confessions of an Opium-Eater." Reprinted from the first edition, with notes of De Quincey's Conversations, by Richard Woodhouse, and other additions. Edited by Richard Garnett. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

away the phantoms by requesting my family to sit around me and talk ; hoping thus to derive an influence from what affected me externally into my internal world of shadows ; but, far from this, I infected and stained, as it were, the whole of my waking experience with feelings derived from sleep. I seemed, indeed, to live and to converse even when awake with my visionary companions much more than with the realities of life. ' Oh ! X, what do you see ? Dear X, what is it that you see ? ' was the constant exclamation of M. [Margaret, his wife], by which I was awakened as soon as I had fallen asleep, though to me it seemed as if I had slept for years. My groans had, it seems, wakened her, and, from her account, they had commenced immediately on falling asleep.

" The following dream, as an impressive one, I shall close with. It grew up under the influence of that misery which I have described above, as resulting from the almost paralytic incapacity to do anything toward completing my intellectual labors, combined with a belief which at the time I reasonably entertained—that I should soon be called on to quit forever this world and those for whom I still cling to it."

Instead of these paragraphs, the words " As a final specimen," etc., are printed in introducing that dream " which commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies." The omitted introduction is surely well suited to the dream, and furnishes a fitting bond of connection between that and the vision of Ann " under the Judæan palms." It is almost unaccountable, indeed, why it should have been omitted, and still more why it should have been overlooked by the author in the laborious revision of over forty years later.

A character and genius like those of De Quincey—at once so shy, self-secluded, and full of contradictions, and yet with not a few of the characteristics of the genuine John Bull—deserve to be studied in all lights, and to be illustrated by all possible variety of ex-

pression and confidence on his part. It is much to be regretted that parcels of letters and papers dealing with considerable periods of his life had been lost and were not available when his biography was written ; still more so that he himself did not undertake a thorough revision of his " Confessions " and the " Autobiographic Sketches " at a much earlier period of his life, while the mind was more pliant and the memory less treacherous. The extended " Confessions," indeed, are not to be trusted : he introduced what must be regarded as alien material liberally at the most unexpected points, and forgot to make the changes of dates and references rendered necessary by the additions and transpositions ; with the result that on certain matters of fact the more detailed version, without reference to the original one, is hopelessly unintelligible and self-contradictory. The impression of the moment is too often substituted for the fact of the past.

But in one thing De Quincey seldom fails. It is in the subtle and characteristic quality of style, of language saturated with his individuality. Tastes may differ respecting it, as a style to be imitated and to be recommended to young aspirants for study. But it is at once flowing and finished, easy and carefully elaborated, and it carries with it a subtle undercurrent of music, and, if we may call it so, interior harmony, such as is to be found only in a few writers of English in any age, and certainly more among the older writers, who laid the basis of our literature, than among authors of the present century—Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, and old Burton being prominent among them.

Thackeray wrote in " Pendennis " that " if the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader." De Quincey's constant self-revelation and lyrical interposition, if we may call it so, to a certain class of minds must always add an intense interest to his books. In a sense, he gives us the secret history of the book along with the book itself in one form or another ; and

his works in truth present us to a great extent with two lines of interest alongside each other. If the reader is sympathetic enough, he can easily step from the "public" rooms of the mansion of his mind into the snug, unpretentious retreat, where the master sits at ease, in his slippers, and imbibes his favored and potent potion, and talks of his own condition—his present feelings, and his regrets about the past; his pains, aspirations, and sufferings; the penalties, as he also experienced, that attach to all pleasures that others cannot healthily share, as old Tithonus likewise found, to his cost—

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men?

Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,
Where all should pause—as is most meet for
all?—

and also the delights of triumph and the happy sense of sharing in common enjoyments and aspirations. It is this peculiar combination of confidence and of retreat from confidence that gives to De Quincey his peculiar quality, beyond what may be said to lie in his style; and on this ground he stands alone among his compeers, and may be declared egotistic without weakness, and garrulous without loss of dignity and good manners. On this account he will keep his place in English literature for many ages. —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

LOUIS THE SECOND OF BAVARIA.

I.

IT will be well to relate the life of the late King of Bavaria while the materials for a truthful biography are available. In a very little time most of the facts concerning Louis II. will have become overlaid by a mass of popular legendry. The mysteries of the King's life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden deposition and suicide have naturally impressed the public imagination in Germany very deeply; indeed, the suicide by which King Louis's insanity was conclusively demonstrated to those who reason after the practical manner of a British coroner's jury has had quite the contrary effect on many German minds, and has raised a doubt as to whether the King ought ever to have been declared mad. Already doctors have begun to dispute on this point; some maintaining that the determined way in which the King destroyed himself was incompatible with that particular form of mental disease (softening of the brain) with which other doctors certified him to have been afflicted.

The truth is that the trustworthy witnesses as to Louis II.'s life are very few. The King's relations and ministers were those who knew him least. The high court officials who approached him were by profession discreet, and

spoke little. Those who did speak—subordinate officials and discharged servants for the most part—often exaggerated: and their fables assumed ludicrous proportions in passing from mouth to mouth. In Germany the private lives of kings are not pried into by the press. While Louis II. lived no newspaper either in Germany or Austria would have dared to report and still less to criticise his acts too freely. All the stories which circulated about him thus came from gossip. So lately as last January the Bavarian ministry caused it to be denied in the press that the King was in the least degree mentally incapacitated from ruling. It was said in this *communiqué* that his Majesty generally corresponded with his ministers by letter, but that his notes were always lucid and shrewd. It was also mentioned at about the same time that the government having wished to prosecute a journalist who had the hardihood to attack the Recluse of Hohenschwangau the King had forbidden the prosecution, saying: "Let him write what he likes so long as I live as I please."

Nevertheless there came a time when the King could no longer be allowed to live as he pleased. Ministers grew afraid of the responsibilities which they were incurring toward the Opposition and the country by carrying on the government in the King's name, without

any certain control or co-operation from the King himself; and from the moment when it was settled between the Bavarian prime minister, Baron de Lutz, and Prince Bismarck, that this situation must cease, all men's tongues were of a sudden loosed.* During the few days while it was being officially demonstrated as a state necessity that a Regency must be established, every man who could adduce evidence as to the King's unfitness to reign had his say. The newspapers of Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, teemed with revelations; and from the most obviously veracious of these—that is, from the accounts of persons whose position enabled, and whose duty compelled, them to speak the truth—it is possible to trace out the story of Louis II.'s strange life with substantial completeness.

The exact measure of his character and genius will not be known until a selection is published of the hundreds of letters which he wrote to Richard Wagner. In these he laid his mind bare as a friend speaking to a friend. Enough is already before the world, however, to support the conclusion that if Louis II. was in his later years incompetent to reign, his intellectual vagaries never exceeded that which has been regarded as mere eccentricity in many poets, authors and artists. If he had not been a king he might have lived a life like Byron's. He was certainly less hypochondriacal than Tasso, than Cervantes, than J. J. Rousseau, than Goldsmith, Cowper, Chatterton, or Alfred de Musset. Proportions being considered, he was not more extravagant than Lamartine or the late Alexandre Dumas. The former ruined himself to go on a tour to the East in a wondrous steam yacht fitted up like a floating palace; and his debts had to be paid by means of public lotteries.† The latter squandered more than £120,000 in

building his "Villa Monte Cristo," in which he lived less than a couple of years; and he eventually died without leaving a franc that could be called his own, though he had earned more money in his life than any French author before him.

But even if we merely examined Louis II.'s fitness for the high part which he was cast to play in life, it may be questioned whether he would not have discharged his kingly duties fairly well to the end had he not been surrounded with men who were too complacent toward his whims at the outset of his reign. One firm, self-respecting minister could have kept him to his duties by declining to serve him unless he did what his station required. But successive Bavarian politicians appear to have found it convenient to let their master enjoy a liberty which left them uncontrolled. From all that has transpired it is evident that the King was five years ago acting in a way which conscientious advisers ought not to have permitted. It matters nothing that the parliamentary necessity for checking the King had then not yet arisen. When this necessity did arise, ministers had to undertake a task which their too-long subserviency had rendered impracticable. The King had hardened himself in his waywardness, and was no longer to be advised or coerced.

II.

LOUIS II. was born at Nymphenburg on the 25th August, 1845, during the reign of his grandfather, the frivolous and eccentric Louis I. His birthday falling on the festival of St. Louis was considered a very auspicious circumstance by the autocratic king and by the Clerical party in Bavaria—the more so as Louis I. had himself been born on the 25th August. Good royalists saw in this coincidence a presage that the child would live to rule according to the strictest traditions of Divine Right, and the fact is said to have had some influence in determining the subsequent conversion of his mother, Princess Marie of Prussia, from the Lutheran to the Ro-

* The crisis was actually brought about by the refusal of the Clerical Opposition in the chambers to assist the Liberal Cabinet in raising a state loan for the payment of the King's debts. The Opposition required guarantees that the Cabinet was not governing without control of the Crown.

† Lamartine also received a pension of 20,000 frs. from Napoleon III. In 1864 the Imperial Government authorized a lottery to enable him to buy back the estate of St. Point

de Monceaux, which had been assigned to his creditors.

man Catholic religion.* On the other hand the royal child's birthday, the extravagant religious odes that were published in his honor, the Jordan water used at his baptism, and the presents ostentatiously sent to him by the Count de Chambord, Don Carlos, and Emperor Ferdinand of Austria and Czar Nicholas, served to mark out Louis II. in his cradle as an object of aversion to German Liberals. Prince Maximilian, the heir apparent to the throne, lost much of his popularity through the reactionary character imparted to the fêtes for his boy's christening, and he had not yet quite re-established himself in the good graces of the Bavarian people when the revolution of 1848 broke out.

Louis I. was compelled to abdicate, and the crown passed to Maximilian II., who made an excellent constitutional king. The foreign idea of constitutionalism does not require that the sovereign shall be a passive instrument in the hands of his ministers for the time being: and this King Max never was. He did not stand by with his arms folded while rival politicians pelted one another with fragments of the constitution. He had the moral courage to interfere when parliamentary intriguers would have sacrificed national interests to party schemes; and since he was not afraid to brave those occasional outbursts of grumbling which beset every person, king or man, who does his duty, he earned the grateful respect of his people whenever events proved him to have been in the right. The royal prerogative also suffered no diminution in his hands, but was rather fortified and consolidated; so that after sixteen years' reign King Maximilian left the kingdom in a flourishing and loyal condition to his son. His sudden death after a day's illness on the 10th March, 1864, was mourned as a national calamity; but the fairest hopes attended the accession of Louis II., who inherited his father's popularity, and was believed to have

been trained to appreciate the value of so precious an heritage.

An honest and enlightened king, Maximilian II. was in private life not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father allowed them no pocket-money, but what they earned by good marks at their lessons—on the modest scale of one pfennig per mark—and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen, he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese: "Am I now my own master?" he asked with a smile of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a *mehlspeisen* (pudding)."

Queen Marie, though a fond mother and much beloved by her sons, shared her husband's masculine opinions about the education of boys. It has been a custom in the Prussian Royal family for the last ninety years that all the young princes shall be taught the rudiments of some manual trade.* Prince Otto by his mother's desire learned carpentering and turning; but Prince Louis, who very early evinced a taste for architecture, chose to be a mason. He had then just entered his teens, and during a fortnight he worked for a couple of hours every day with the masons who were building a new coach house at the palace of Nymphenburg. At the end of that time he announced to his mother that he had finished his apprenticeship, for that he could lay a brick as neatly as any workman. "But could you earn your living at the trade?" asked the doubting queen. "I could make my fortune at it," replied the boy with a laugh which showed that he did not see much

* Queen Marie did not openly abjure till after her husband's death, but this is believed to have been owing to King Max's objections to her making what he called a public fuss about her faith. He was somewhat of a Gallo in religious matters, and did not wish his people to think that Jesuit influences were at work in the palace.

* The custom arose after the French Revolution, and was started by Frederick William III., who came to the throne in 1797. This King and his gifted wife, Queen Louise, who suffered so much adversity, often reminded their children of how the Duke of Chartres (afterward Duke of Orleans, and later King Louis Philippe) had been obliged to earn his living as a school usher in Switzerland.

practical utility in his recent occupations : " why, surely, if I offered myself as a bricklayer any master-mason would be glad to take me into partnership ; my name would bring him more business than my hands could do."

On another occasion, seeing his brother busy at a lathe, Louis remarked demurely :—" There is Otto taking his precautions for when the world shall be turned upside down. When princes become turners, I suppose Fritz the carpenter will be a king."

Maximilian II. chose his sons' tutors with the best judgment, and the boys were apt pupils when they had learned to like their masters ; but in this respect Louis was much more difficult to please than Otto. Up to his fourteenth year the boy was so nervous with strangers, and so impressionable as regards physiognomies, that if a face excited any repulsion in him, he manifested positive terror. The King, wishing to cure his son of this nonsense as he called it, long insisted that the boy should retain in his service two or three servants whose features he loathed. But when Prince Louis met these men he would tremble and shut his eyes, or else turn away with his face to the wall. It was not ugliness or deformity which kindled the boy's antipathy, but an intuition that the person he saw was not what the French call *sympathique*. In a land where " spiritual affinities " are so much believed in that romantic young students take to themselves " spiritual brothers," this faculty for making friends or foes at first sight is better understood than it would be in a country where a close friend goes by no higher name than that of " chum." With uncongenial tutors, Prince Louis would sit dumb and stupid ; and this fact coming to be plainly recognized by his mother as a bar to his education, she prevailed on the king to let the boy's fancy be humored within reason. Obnoxious servants were removed ; tutors were only engaged on probation ; and this indulgence soon produced good results, for the Prince outgrew much of his nervousness, and learned to control his emotion at the sight of disagreeable faces. In after life, however, he always remained a firm believer in the science of Lavater, as he did in phrenology and

in systems for reading character by the shape of the hand or handwriting.*

The famous Dr. Döllinger was one of the tutors who exercised the happiest influence on Prince Louis. Giving a general direction to his pupil's studies, the learned and able churchman acted on the principle that the future king ought to know a little of everything, and to choose for himself the one or two subjects which he would like to study thoroughly. He has often said, however, that he was disconcerted by the ardor with which the Prince applied himself to every branch of study except political economy and mathematics. Quick at learning languages ancient or modern ; passionately fond of history ; deeply interested in theology, and intelligent in his comprehension of books relating to the science of war ; Prince Louis was equally assiduous in his music and drawing lessons, and in all corporeal exercises. He learned to drill smartly ; became a graceful fencer, and a bold rider. But the sensitiveness of his character was shown by the deep mortification he experienced whenever he met with any mishap in his athletics, which exposed him to ridicule—and the dread of this ridicule caused him to go to the riding school or the gymnastic room with a much more serious face than he wore when sitting down to his books. In this as in many other things, he was the opposite of ordinary young men. Once, when he had rolled off his horse into the sawdust of the riding school, his military tutor, Colonel Heckel, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face and said :—

* He once quoted to Count Charles d'Holstein the following anecdote about Lavater. The Swiss philosopher was giving a lecture at Zurich, when a stranger, who had been listening attentively to him, left the room. Lavater broke off in his lecture and said : " Gentlemen, my theories are of course fallible, but judging by them I should say that the person who has just left the room has his conscience loaded with some great crime, and from his features I should say that this crime was murder." It was subsequently ascertained that the person in question was Lilliehorn, one of the officers who had joined in the conspiracy for assassinating Gustavus III. of Sweden. He was living in Zurich under an assumed name, and Lavater had no acquaintanceship with him.

"Pray teach me, Colonel, to fall in a way that shall not be comical. There ought to be nothing laughable in an accident which might happen even to a good rider before a hundred thousand men."

Another day, fencing with one of his occasional companions, young Count d'Orff, he showed great impatience at being touched several times on the arm and shoulder. At last his adversary made a straight lunge and struck the spot over his heart. "There is nothing ridiculous in that," observed the Prince good-humoredly. "If we had been fighting in earnest the thrust would have killed me."

For dancing the Prince never felt much predilection, but he learned to dance—generally with one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting for a partner. He hated polkas and waltzes to quick time, but could enjoy a waltz to slow time or a stately quadrille; and after his first appearance at a court ball, when he was eighteen, he spoke to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies about reviving the minuet. His impression of this first ball does not seem to have been favorable, for he described it years after in a letter to Wagner as "all confusion, gasping, and stamping of feet."

Until he had attained his majority Prince Louis was scarcely ever seen in public except in the Royal box at the Munich Theatre. He and his brother were allowed to attend occasional performances of tragedy and opera, but they never figured in court ceremonies and very seldom at the court dinner table. They were also debarred, somewhat injudiciously, from taking walks with their tutors through the streets of Munich or any other town near which they happened to be residing. If they went to visit a museum they drove there in a close carriage, and very early on a summer morning before the shops were opened; so that in this way they grew up unaccustomed to the sight of the workaday world and to the hum of men's voices. A great deal of the King's passion for solitude in after life must be attributed to this early training. Residing always amid enchanting scenery, he learned to love the silence of forest paths, and the beautiful prospect of hills, valleys, and lakes. He

could sit for hours gazing at a landscape; or like the youth in Gray's *Elegy* stretch himself at noontide under a tree—

"And pore upon the brook that bubbled by."

One of his favorite walks was along the shores of that Lake Starnberg where he was to find death. Here he often sauntered with Dr. Döllinger, who discoursed with him about the glorious future that seemed to be awaiting him in this life; but without ever succeeding in getting him to define his aspirations. As Prince Louis was eclectic in his tastes and studies so was he without precise aim in his ambition. That his ambition had strong pinions and would soar high was the only thing clear, and Döllinger inclined to think that his pupil had the cravings if not the genius of a great commander. The Prince loved to put on the bright blue uniform of the Bavarian army, to talk of "grand legions, fields of glittering bayonets, fluttering banners, and charging squadrons." Military marches in which there was much blaring of trumpets and clashing of cymbals* made him thrill and start to his feet. Still he would not or could not shape the visions that haunted him into words. His ambition was like that red spot which dances before the eyes of those who have been staring at the sun.

III.

CALLED to the throne by the sudden death of his father at less than a day's notice, Louis II. had served no political apprenticeship whatever; he had little experience of men, none of the world, and he was almost a stranger to his subjects. But few young sovereigns ever had so prepossessing an appearance or excited so much popular enthusiasm on their accession.

Herr Edward Mantner, a well-known Austrian author, thus writes of his presentation to the young King in 1864:—

"A little more than eighteen years of age, he presented a most striking appearance—he

* At seventeen he made several attempts to translate "The Battle of Hohenlinden" into German verse. He produced an ode of some merit, but with a modesty rare in poets as in princes, tore it up, saying it was unworthy of the original.

was indeed the most idealistic youth whom I have ever seen. His figure, tall, slight and graceful, had perfect symmetry of form; his luxuriant hair slightly curled, together with the first light flush of beard upon his cheek, gave his head a resemblance to those magnificent works of ancient art in which we find the first manifestation of the Hellenic idea of manly strength. Even had he been a beggar he could not have failed to attract my attention; and nobody, old or young, man or woman, rich or poor, could resist the fascination of his presence. His voice had a pleasant sympathetic tone; the questions which he put were clear and definite; his subjects were judiciously chosen and full of spirit withal. His mode of expression was wise, easy, natural, and at the same time select—while his vivacious countenance intensified every new impression produced by his words. The charm which his appearance created has never been destroyed in me; on the contrary, it has been heightened, and the picture of the youthful monarch is still impressed in indelible colors upon my mind."

Abundance of testimony similar to this leaves no doubt that there was the making of an able ruler in Louis II. Unfortunately, the ministers in office at this time were a prosy set of men, who failed to develop in him any interest in his kingly duties. By way of teaching him to be a constitutional sovereign they instructed him carefully as to all the things which a modern sovereign must *not* do—and under this head were included all those spontaneous acts of grace and generosity which a youthful, kind, and chivalrous nature loves to perform. Louis II. granted pardons, pensions, and promotions with a profusion as startling to the recipients of these favors as it was to the ministers who had to ratify them; but by dint of remonstrances politicians made him weary of well-doing. Things reached their climax when the King allowed himself to be accosted in the street by a woman who threw herself upon her knees before his horse's feet, and obtained his promise of a pardon for her husband who had just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for fraud. Too high-minded to let his word be broken either in the spirit or the letter, the King ordered the man's release, in spite of ministerial protests and threats of resignation; but at the same time he had the candor to own that he had been wrong; and after this the Queen Mother persuaded him to leave the business of governing to his ministers until he had

grown a little older. She trusted that when he reached manhood a happy marriage might bring him under the influence of some good and sagacious princess: an untoward Fate, however, so willed it that at this juncture the young King was already falling under the baleful power of Richard Wagner.

Whatever may be thought of Wagner as a musical genius, he was not by his character or discretion fitted to be the mentor of a king young enough to be his son. The fanatics who see in his most cacophonious compositions the proofs of his sublimity are often also the idolatrous apologists of his egregious vanity, his puerile affectations, and his disorderly private life. Wagner was living at Vienna, in a style above his means and sorely worried by creditors, when King Louis, who knew his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" before ascending the throne, summoned him to Munich to bring out his new opera, the "Phantom Ship." * This was in 1864, and in that same year Wagner's "Rienzi" was performed with success at Cologne. There is not much to be said for "Rienzi," and the "Phantom Ship" is a far worse composition; but the young king—who had already studied the two pamphlets† in which the composer expounded his so-called principles, railing at all that is antique in art—was disposed to admire with his ears shut. He bestowed on Wagner an annual pension of £320 and a court appointment; gave him rooms in his palace, a seat at his table, and became his disciple.

Wagner used his good fortune with so little tact, spoiling his royal patron with flattery, putting extravagant projects into his head, and encouraging him to give arrogant answers to all who opposed him—that the King's family and ministers took alarm, and public opinion grew uneasy. Wagner wanted to have a new opera-house built in Munich, for the performance of his own works chiefly, if not exclusively. The architect Godfried Semper prepared the plans of a grandiose theatre according to his designs; and the site which the

* "Tannhäuser" was first performed in 1845, and "Lohengrin" in 1852.

† "Art and Revolution" (1849), and "Opera and Drama" (1852).

composer chose was the eminence which closes the Maximilianstrasse, and on which the Maximilianeum * was then in process of erection. The city of Munich very properly refused the site; and public feeling in the country ran high against the composer for his impudent request that the late King's foundation should be cleared away to make room for his theatre. Among the enthusiasts who noisily took Wagner's part in this dispute was Cosima, Franz Liszt's daughter, then married to Hans von Bülow. This lady was subsequently divorced and became Wagner's second wife; but at this time she was not his wife, and stories were brought to the King which offended the young sovereign's high sense of morality. With a heavy heart, Louis II. consented that Wagner should be ordered to leave Munich, and the composer's departure was officially announced on the 6th December, 1865, by a proclamation in which the King was made to assure his people that "their love and confidence were to him of the highest importance."

This forced parting with Wagner was the first great grief of the King's life. He felt it more than he had felt the death of his father, who had never been his confidant, and before long the separation proved intolerable. Letters took the place of personal intercourse, and among the treasures stored up at Wahnfried is a voluminous correspondence filling several boxes, which the Bavarian Monarch addressed to the poet-composer. On leaving Munich, Wagner went to Geneva, and here he remained throughout the year 1866, during which time the King found no means of paying him a private visit, as he much wished to do.

It was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria. Louis II. had little to do with maintaining the traditional policy of Bavaria, which kept that kingdom to the side of Austria; but his own personal sympathies were strongly on the Austrian side. He was too young to command the Bavarian armies: this duty was intrusted to Prince Luitpold (now Regent); but in six weeks the great war was over, and

Prussia, victorious at Sadowa, had become the leading state in Germany, and destroyed Austria's hegemony altogether. It has been said that Louis II. felt a deep disgust at the ignominious termination of the war, and lost all pride in his army thenceforth. This is not true; but the victories which the Prussians had won by their needle rifles certainly produced in him a woeful disenchantment as regards the capabilities of personal bravery in modern warfare. He often spoke bitterly of the time when some nation would invent a steam or electrical cannon that would mow down so many regiments per minute; and when Russia proposed the assembling of an international convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman Pertuiset, he said: "*Cui bono?* If battles are to be fought with machines let us all do our worst against each other, till we get sick of carnage and come back to the time when nations will settle their differences by choosing each their champions who will fight hand to hand."

It may be added that Louis II. had a general abhorrence of firearms, even for sporting purposes. Receiving a splendid bear's skin as a present from the Czarevitch (now Czar), he inquired how the animal had been killed, and learning it had been slain with a cutlass, he returned to the donor a beautiful hunting dirk with a golden hilt, and a damasquined blade bearing an inscription to the effect that the weapon was worthy to be worn by a sportsman who would despise all other arms.

IV.

IN the year after Sadowa, it was announced that Louis II. had been betrothed to the Princess Sophia of Bavaria, younger sister of the Empress of Austria. A few months later the match was broken off, and the princess has since become Duchesse d'Alençon. Marriages between cousins being most unsafe in families where there is any predisposition to mental derangement, this particular alliance was not the best that could have been suggested; but it is impossible to acquit Richard Wagner of having prevented the young King from entering into some engagement

* A high preparatory school for civil servants, founded by Maximilian II.

that would have been more suitable. The supreme egotist who knew how to cloak his worldly designs under pretence of an all-absorbing passion for Art, had doubtless no wish that a wife should interpose her influence between himself and his crowned patron; and he never seems to have exerted his influence to provide for the King's domestic happiness. He might have done so easily enough, for Louis in his infatuation accepted his words as those of an oracle. Leaving Geneva, Wagner had gone to Lucerne, and from the beginning of 1867, the King took to visiting him constantly. Riding on horseback and attended only by a groom, Louis II. would dash over the Swiss frontier in the night, dismount at the composer's door, and sometimes stay for a whole week with him. Remembering that Wagner was at this time more than 55 years old, and a pretty shrewd man of business where his own interests were concerned, it cannot be supposed that he was unaware of the mischief that he was doing to the King, by encouraging these clandestine visits which withdrew the young sovereign more and more from state affairs. Nor can it be imagined that he acted without a set and selfish purpose in monopolizing for æsthetic disquisitions time, thought and talents, some portion of which, at least, were due to serious matters. One cannot repel the suspicion that the elderly Wagner must have laughed yawning in his sleeve, after those long interviews in which his adroit flatteries were answered by ardent boyish vows of music-culture and celibacy—the purity of the single life being one of the maxims which the composer most fervently preached without practising. Wagner could afford to laugh, for the King gave him more than words—decorations, diamonds, money without stint, and whole-hearted worship.

Yet Louis was not insensible to feminine charms. In his twenty-second year he became deeply attached, it is said, to a perfectly beautiful peasant girl, the daughter of a small inn-keeper in the Bavarian Alps. The King met her and fell in love with her in one of his adventurous excursions amid the wild beauties of the Bavarian Highlands. Her name was Rose, and she

became known as “the Rose of Lindenhof.” For a time it seems that she was unaware of her Royal lover's rank: when she learned the truth, vanity turned her head, her ambition flew too high, and she was dismissed with a handsome dowry. The King next formed a platonic *liaison* with a lovely opera singer, on whom he bestowed a profusion of jewels; but what he liked in her was her voice, and when she began to abuse the power which she believed herself to possess in order to inveigle the King into a morganatic marriage, the connection came to an end. She was deeply grieved at this, and exhaled her sorrow in a short poem which contained lines that may be thus translated:—

“Slender as a young fir, Boy with the sparkling eyes and virginal face—You look as if a woman could lead you with a silken thread—But strong as an oak and cold as the king of forests in winter—No chains of steel or bands of iron would hold you.”

Meanwhile the King's relatives had not given up hopes of seeing him marry, and several match-making princesses endeavored to put their attractive daughters in his way. One who succeeded in such a scheme by intruding upon the King's privacy while he was walking in a garden, had occasion to regret her temerity, for the King flew into a violent rage, and the same day informed his mother that he intended never to marry. After this an estrangement arose between Queen Marie and her son. It came on gradually, and was chiefly caused by the Queen's attempts to win away the King from Wagner's society.

Wagner returned to Munich in 1868. The public feeling against him had subsided, for his clandestine relations with the King during his exile were a matter of secrecy. He was summoned to superintend the rehearsals of his “Meistersinger,” the first performance of which took place on the 21st Nov., 1868. Wagnerians from all parts of Germany had come to Munich for this performance, and at the end of the first act loud calls were raised for the composer. To the general surprise, he appeared in the royal box standing by the King's side, and remained there for the rest of the evening bowing his acknowledgments by

the King's desire whenever his name was acclaimed. Courtiers shivered at this breach in royal etiquette ; but from this time it became evident that there was no severing the unlucky and unseemly bond between the King and the composer, and the bond grew, in fact, stronger than ever.

It mattered the less so far as Louis II.'s popularity was concerned, for he was soon to give proof of a kingly spirit which won him the approval of all the Liberals in the kingdom. On the summoning of the Œcumenical Council he energetically supported Dr. Döllinger in resisting the dogma of Infallibility : and in 1870, on the declaration of war by France against Prussia, he promptly took the initiative of promising to King William the support of Bavaria. In both these cases Louis II. acted in opposition to the wishes of the Ultramontane party, who had a majority in the chambers ; but he had the mass of the country with him, as he had later, when he proposed that the Imperial Crown of Germany should be conferred upon King William ; and again in 1871, when he not only permitted but patronized the assembling of the Old Catholic Congress in Munich.

This was the happiest period of Louis II.'s reign. He had endeared himself to the Bavarian people, and to the whole German Vaterland. His subjects, reassured as to his capacity for asserting himself on great occasions, placed a full confidence in him, and politicians understood thenceforth that his personal authority must be reckoned with. As a consequence, the murmurs against his manner of living died out. Court festivities were given by Prince Luitpold and other members of the Royal family, whom the King amply supplied with funds for this purpose, so that there should be no grumbling about dull times among Munich tradesmen ; and occasional acts of mercy, charity and generosity on Louis II.'s part were enough to remind the people that their monarch still lived, thought and felt for them in their troubles, although he was not often seen in their midst. From this time, indeed, the King began to travel a great deal. While at Versailles, during the siege of Paris, he had been profoundly impressed by Louis XIV.'s palace ; and

he made several secret excursions into France to behold this wonder again, not to mention the semi-public visit which he paid to Versailles in 1875, when the fountains were set playing in his honor. He also made several flying trips to Italy, Austria, and Hungary, always with a view to visiting the most renowned palaces and castles ; and it was in the course of these excursions that he matured his plans for building—not a multitude of castles and villas as public gossip had erroneously alleged—but one single palace of surpassing splendor which should survive as a perpetual monument of his reign.

V.

THE King's mania for building has been considerably exaggerated. The palaces of Lindenhof, Hohenschwangau and Berg, which he most often inhabited, were not built by him ; but enlarged and refurnished with admirable good taste. The money spent on these dwellings has not been wasted, for all of them will remain available as princely residences. On the other hand the building of the castle on Lake Chiemsee was a royal folly, just like the building of the Pyramids, and the creation of St. Petersburg in the midst of a swamp. If the Pyramids had been left half-finished, if the creation of St. Petersburg had been abandoned because of floods and sinking foundations, people would have wagged their heads at the ruins as they will at those of the Chiemsee Palace, the which if completed would have been admired and boasted of to all time. It must be remembered, however, that the debts which the King contracted for this enterprise did not exceed £400,000—a sum which a few years of economy would have enabled him to pay off. Remembering what sums were lavished on Versailles, the Trianon and Marly—how taxes were wrung from a starving people to pay for these palaces, and how thousands of wretched Crown serfs had to rear them by *corvées*, that is, forced unpaid labor—Louis II.'s "*folie* *" compared advantageously with Louis XIV.'s.

A much greater folly was the build-

* The word "*folie*" was generally used by the French in the 17th and 18th centuries to designate all pleasure palaces and villas.

ing of that huge theatre at Bayreuth for Wagner's glorification. Here, in 1876, the tiresome tetratology of the "Nibelungen Ring" was performed for the first time, before the German Emperor and a brilliant but not overjoyed audience. The cost of these performances, without reckoning the building of the theatre, exceeded £20,000, only a quarter of which was recouped by the sale of tickets. The rest of the expense was borne by the King, who by this time took it quite as a matter of course that the composer should dip continually, and with both hands, into his purse. Wagner required satin costumes to give him inspiration while he was composing—now scarlet, now gray, now peacock blue. Nothing would serve him but that his singers and songstresses on the stage should wear real jewels, sport armor of sterling silver, and drink out of precious Renaissance goblets. Unfortunately, while the King thus ministered to his foolish fancies, Wagner's music did not improve. He never composed anything to equal the "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin;" and royal patronage may be said to have been as deleterious to his genius as it was hurtful to the doting young King who bestowed it.

Most of the King's acts of prodigality were owing in some way to Wagner. Identifying himself with the character of Lohengrin, Louis II. loved sometimes to enact the part of that hero. Attired in a sheen suit of silver armor, and standing in a skiff drawn by a swan which moved by clockwork, he would glide over Lake Starnberg in the night while a *prima donna* sang to him from the shore. At other times he would sit on the battlements of the Castle of Berg, and watch the tenor Nachauer singing Lohengrin's part in the skiff. All this cost money, for tenors and *prime donne* never went away empty-handed. Nachauer ended by receiving the King's suit of silver armor, and thousands of pounds were disbursed for jewelry and works of art given to songstresses.* The private perform-

ances of Wagner's operas also cost immense sums. These always began at about midnight, when the public performances were over, and every member of the company, including the lowest call-boy, got a substantial fee. It was not often that the King had private performances of any works except Wagner's; but once the company of the Vienna Hofburg being in Munich, the King ordered a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" for himself, and the eminent tragedienne Frau Volter has published an account of what took place:

"The King's presence," she says, "was not revealed to us in any way. The clink of an electric bell announced that he had entered the house, but we knew not where he sat, and we played under the strangest sensations to rows of empty stalls and boxes plunged in gloom."

The private performances became more frequent, and the King's hankering for solitude increased after insanity had declared itself in his brother. He and Prince Otto had lived on the most affectionate terms, although their tastes and occupations were different. Otto lived after the usual manner of rich young princes, and seemed fitted to enjoy long and robust life. The rapid decay of his intellectual faculties, which followed the first symptoms of his mental malady, seems to have frightened the King, who from this time often fell into a brooding melancholy, and shunned intercourse with strangers. He still went through the ceremony of receiving foreign ministers accredited to his Court, but he had to nerve himself to these interviews by drinking champagne. There is no doubt that he drank more than was good for him without ever getting tipsy. His favorite beverage was a mixture of white Rhine wine and champagne, covered with fresh violets or rose-leaves. He occasionally smoked cigarettes, but more commonly a *narghilé*, and for a while he tried opium-smoking.

If Wagner had been the King's true friend, now would have been the time for him to act with all his might against the melancholy which was taking pos-

* A disagreeable adventure happened to one of these ladies who was singing to the King in a boat. Seeing his Majesty much moved by her lay, she ventured to pass her hand through his hair. Indignant at this familiarity, which

destroyed his illusion, the King gave her a shove which threw her into the lake, and Wagner had to fish her out of the water with a boat-hook.

session of his master's mind. It is pitiful to think of the sycophantic old man superintending the construction of the huge tank which the King caused to be erected on the roof of the palace in Munich for repetitions of that eternal "Lohengrin" performance. The King wanted the water to be blue, and a quantity of copper vitriol was thrown into it for this purpose. The vitriol, however, corroded the zinc of the tank, which one day burst and deluged the apartments below, causing immense damage.

It was soon after this affair—that is about six years ago—that the King met with an accident, which nearly cost him his life. He had begun to turn night into day, and in one of his nocturnal gallops on a mettlesome horse, he was thrown so badly that he was never able to ride again. The effect of this was that he lost his slim figure and became corpulent. He also had to give up many of his wandering excursions on foot. At Kuffstein there is a small inn which he had been very fond of visiting, and where he had often spent two or three nights at a time, nobody daring to disturb his incognito. There is likewise a dairy-farm at Schacken, where he made occasional sojourns. The farmer pretended not to know who he was, and took care that nobody should accost him as King. If by chance some visitor fell in with his Majesty and spoke to him as to an equal, the King would enter into conversation pleasantly enough, but if any sign of recognition were made, he would turn away in ill-humor and seek fresh quarters at once. His sociability, when he was not pestered with obsequiousness, goes far to disprove the idea that he was a misanthrope.

Obliged to forego riding, the King did not lose his nerve for rapid motion. On summer nights he took long and furiously fast drives in a barouche drawn by four horses, and on winter nights in a four-horse sledge. The correspondent of a Viennese paper, who last winter met the King in one of these night drives wrote of it thus :

"Hundreds of laborers are employed daily in keeping in order all the roads in the surrounding district, removing undue accumulations of snow or obstacles of any kind. The

sudden appearance of the Royal sledge at night in some unexpected quarter seems like a scene out of a fairy tale. As it approaches it looks like a golden swan with wings displayed ; within one may see the pale-faced King reclining on the richly embroidered blue velvet cushions. The interior is lit up by a soft but brilliant electric light, which illuminates everything around to a considerable distance. It flashes by the wondering spectator, who has hardly time to notice the agraffe of brilliants which adorns the artist's hat of the King, or the uniform of the young aide-de-camp who sits by his side."

VI.

THE death of Richard Wagner in 1883 threw the King into paroxysms of grief which lasted for weeks ; but without unsettling his reason, as some have pretended. On the contrary, during the twelvemonth that followed his bereavement, Louis II. isolated himself less than before ; he gave more frequent audience to his Ministers, and applied some attention to state affairs. He is said to have discussed very seriously the advisability of extending to Bavaria the anti-socialist legislation which Prince Bismarck was inaugurating in Prussia. His own inclinations were adverse to repressive laws, but he entertained great admiration for Prince Bismarck as the restorer of German hegemony on the Continent, and ended by formulating an opinion in writing that Bavaria had better act as the Chancellor desired.* After this, however, Louis gradually relapsed into his old ways, and, as though to banish haunting thoughts, gave himself up more and more to his fantastic drives and to his colossal scheme of palace-building. He would no longer hear music in his own palaces, for it reminded him too painfully of the friend he had lost. All the pianos on which Wagner had played in his hearing were locked up and covered with crape.

* Louis II. had conceived a great antipathy toward the Crown Prince of Germany, who, as Inspector-General of the armies in Germany, visited Bavaria every year. The King would never receive him on these occasions, though he ordered that every hospitality should be shown him, and placed palaces at his disposal. Jealousy has been assigned as the motive of this aversion, but it is more probable that the Crown Prince having expressed some blunt opinion about Louis' mode of life, a whisperer had carried the matter to the sensitive King, and given him mortal offence.

As it has been already said, Louis II. was, during the last years of his life, manifestly unfit to reign, but whether he became actually insane is another question. If he could have been simply deposed, as the eccentric Duke of Brunswick was in 1830, and sent to live out of the country where and how he pleased, he would probably by this time have betaken himself to China or India—countries which he longed to visit, and where he sometimes said he should like to set up new kingdoms under laws of his own. This yearning after fresh realms, and dusky, uncivilized subjects, appears to have struck the Bavarian mad doctors as a very insane ambition, for they have gravely cited it as a proof of the King's dementia. With such gentlemen the hero of Locksley Hall would not have escaped uncertified. Other proofs adduced of the King's insanity have been his irritable use of a riding-whip upon a servant who had displeased him (just as if the Great Frederick and his sire had never laid their canes on German shoulders); his having caused the death of a man by ordering him to try experiments with a flying-machine (here perhaps the Icarus was madder than his master); and finally, of course, that gold-absorbing palace on Lake Chiemsee—a monstrosity to doctors who cannot admit that a king of these times should have the

same tastes as a Kubla Khan.* The fact remains that when it was found inexpedient to depose the King, and impossible to let him continue reigning, doctors were made to enter his service under the disguise of footmen and private soldiers, and so watched him for six weeks. It does not generally take so long to discover whether a man is mad. However, the certificate was signed, and Louis II. had no time to escape when at the eleventh hour some faithful servants warned him that his person was about to be seized. His liberty once taken from him, the King's imagination must have quickly revealed all the horror of the years that awaited him. That he should have preferred death to this fate may have been a final proof of madness, but it is not a self-evident proof. Nor is it altogether proven that the King did with premeditation destroy himself. It has been suggested that he may have intended to escape into the Tyrol by crossing Lake Starnberg in an open boat, for there was a boat moored a few yards from the spot where the King's body and that of Dr. Gudden were found in shallow water. It may be, therefore, that the fierce struggle between the King and the Doctor on the water's edge, in the water and under water, was a struggle for liberty, and that the death of both was accidental.†—*Temple Bar*.



LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

REMINISCENCES OF BERLIN, 1884-1886.

BY SOPHIE WEISSE.

"Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying—
How I see all of it,
Life there out lying."
—*Pisgah Sights, I.*

To those to whom through all their lives Professor Leopold von Ranke has been a familiar figure as an old, a very old man, there seems something strange, beyond the ever new strangeness of death, in the thought that though at the great age of ninety years, he has yet at last laid down his task on earth, and is really gone from among the race of

men. He seemed to those who have seen him recently to have outgrown and conquered old age itself; and the very

* In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

† In conversation with a Bavarian diplomatist some wonder was expressed at the maleficent ascendancy which Wagner had acquired over King Louis. "Oh," he said, "there are some men who have the power of bewitching! Wagner was the Gladstone of music, as Gladstone is the Wagner of politics."

frailness and comparative insignificance of the lamp in which his spirit burned, made his life appear scarcely a bodily life at all, but rather, to the very last, simply the continuous energy of faith and love, of an apparently inexhaustible and indomitable intellect: and there seemed no reason why this spiritual force should ever cease, so little did it appear to depend on material things.

Kingsley's cry was that it is better to wear out than to rust out. And it is very often accepted as a general truth that the only alternative to rusting out is to wear out,—that work which involves the putting forth of all the strength a man has, must involve a shortening of life. But it seems rather as if the force of congenial work created and prolonged new power of work—as if the true reading of Bismarck's famous motto were *inserviendo confirmor*. The examples of this in our own time and in our own country need no pointing out, but in his own city and country, too, Ranke was only the most striking example out of a large number. When the students, as we read, carried him to his rest past the University where for sixty years he had been professor, they carried him also past the house of the King, his friend, a man only a year younger than himself; and the work of the great empire, which Ranke saw arise when he was already far past three-score years and ten, is done practically by the fiery energy of a man of seventy-one,—the man whose motto is *inserviendo patriæ consumor*. But still the charm of manner, the amazing kindness and living interest in all he had ever cared for, was perhaps a peculiar and unusual delight to witness, as it was manifest in Ranke even to within a fortnight of his death. And it is this I should like to bring before my readers, rather than any enumeration of his written works.

Enough has been said, and will still be said during that "burial in the newspapers," which after the death of a great man seems inevitable and not wholly wrong, of Ranke's long life, and of his life's work; but though he never spoke to me directly of the great march of history which as a living man his eyes had seen, it was so constantly suggested by his presence, by his occupation, by his vivid allusions and marvellous real-

ization of the present as represented by all with whom he came in contact, that I may perhaps briefly touch on some of the more striking moments in that portion of the history of his own country which Ranke as a German lived to see. He said to me once years ago, speaking, as he was fond of doing if one showed any interest in it, of his "Weltgeschichte," "Sie ist fertig, ganz fertig—hier," and with a fine unconscious movement touched his forehead. And there is something unusually grand in the length of days which was accorded to him who in his ninety-first year died at his work, a chronicle of the world's history.

For, born in 1795, as a little child of six he heard from where he played in his Thuringian home of the terrible Peace of Luneville, and the "partition" of Western Germany; when he was nine, that the Corsican, his senior by only a quarter of a century, had been proclaimed Emperor of the French; when he was eleven, that the crown with which the Great Charles a thousand years before had crowned himself Emperor of the Germans, had been laid down, that the princes of that German Empire had done homage to Napoleon as their "Protector," and that Germany lay prostrate before him, so that the boys at the ancient public school of Schulpforta, where Ranke too was at school, used to scratch Napoleon's bulletins of victory on their benches; till he could realize in 1812 that the flames of Moscow had heralded a new day; in his eighteenth year hear Friedrich Wilhelm's most kingly "Aufruf an mein Volk," and know that after three days of such awful battle as the world has seldom seen, the retreating army of Napoleon had poured through Leipzig by the light of the rising moon. He was almost twenty on that most memorable 18th of June 1815; twenty-six when Napoleon, "his occupation gone," died at St. Helena; fifty-three when, in 1848, all Europe seemed to consist for a time of the young alone; seventy-one when the first links of a reunited Germany were forged in the essays of the great war; seventy-five when the aged King of Prussia stood in the Hall of Mirrors, at Versailles, Emperor of a Germany in all its outward aspects

great and free, "from of old the peaceablest, most pious, and in the end most valiant and terriblest of nations," as was written at the time by our greatest historian, Thomas Carlyle.

For fifteen years more Ranke lived and worked on in what was now the capital of this German Empire; yet his strength was not labor and sorrow—rather it was continual gladness, it seemed to all who saw him as I did. "There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk." Never did the description from the famous vision fit any man less than it fitted Ranke; and this feeling, that his great vitality was in some not impossible sense self-earned and self-endowed by his generous and courageous labor, and his quick and kindly interest in human life, was one of the elements in that reverential loving awe with which his presence always filled me, and which I treasure as one of the beautiful and ennobling experiences of my life. And I may perhaps be pardoned if I try to show this in the only way I can by dwelling on his kindness to me, who was to him one of the least out of many hundreds of fellow-beings cared for and remembered, and by offering merely the account of some recent visits I was privileged to pay him, the last and most delightful on the fourth of this May that is now only beginning to turn to June—little more than a fortnight before he died.

I regret greatly that I was not able, as I was so strongly moved to do, to write during the fortnight after Easter from Berlin—that what I then wished to present to English readers as a living reality should now seem to find its impulse in Ranke's unlooked-for death. I had wished to speak of him as part of the life of a great, and in many ways brilliant and delightful city, instead of as of one who has left a gap in that life which those who knew him personally feel nothing can replace.

We in England know too little of Berlin; and yet it is necessary to know it in order to form any just view of a nation whose fate and development con-

cern us more nearly than that of any other European nation; as, on the other hand, the development of our intellectual life is the true advance of German intelligence. To judge of Germany by towns like Jena, and even Leipzig, is much like judging of the whole intellectual and spiritual life of England from Durham or Shrewsbury and Liverpool. Berlin is the home of such men as Gneist, who knows the history and nature of the English Parliament as no one else knows it; of Mommsen the historian; the brothers Grimm, with their humor and vivacity and intellectual vigor, sons of the one of the two more famous brothers "who had to marry;" of Professor Ernst Curtius, who has given to a delighted world the *Hermes of Praxiteles* and the *Nike of Paionios*, and much besides, and who now, in his seventy-second year, still unites all the enthusiasm and grace of that land of *Hellas* to which he has turned with a lifelong love, with the tenderness and truth of the *Teuton*. It is the home of *Helmholz*, "the most cultivated man in Europe"—of *Menzel* the painter—of *Virchow* and *Langenbeck*, and of many others who help to make this world better and nobler. One more name, however, I must mention, for thousands of us turn to it with loving thought as the home of *Joseph Joachim*, whose music, before that of any other, can put souls into our bodies—not only hale them forth.

Ranke's close friendship and connection with the royal house of Prussia is well known, and its mention brings me to the account of one of the afternoons I spent with him, which I most clearly remember. Once in January, 1884, as I came near the well-known break in the otherwise monotonous *Luisen Strasse*—a sort of square recess surrounded by perhaps a dozen houses, and filled in the winter with frosted bushes, in the early spring and summer with delicate green—I saw a royal carriage standing outside in the street; and after I had walked a few steps along the square to the well-known door on the left, I was coming up the rather dingy staircase, with its well-worn wooden steps—a great contrast to the white marble in more fashionable parts of Berlin—when a clatter of spurs or swords—it was too

dark to distinguish—was followed by the Crown Prince and another officer passing downward. It is very characteristic of Ranke, that though I hardly expected to be received after what turned out to have been a long visit from the Prince, he immediately sent the servant back to tell me he was quite ready to see me then; and I soon found myself in the simple little *salon* where from year to year he received his visitors. The house itself is really the second flat of Luisen Strasse, No. 24A—afterward the story above was also part of the dwelling—one of the quieter streets of the older part of Berlin lying to the north of the Linden. The Linden is too well known to need much description,—a broad street, not very long, running east and west, opening out at its western end into the fine *Pariser Platz*, from which you catch glimpses of the Thiergarten through the pillars of the great Brandenburger Thor—at the eastern end into a large beautiful open space, as all the streets in Berlin are, dazzlingly clean, round which are grouped the finest buildings in the town. The palace of the Crown Prince, and of the Emperor, in one wing of which is the royal library, with a charming little reading-room, not unlike that of the British Museum on a small scale; the Hall of Glory, as it is called; and almost opposite, the statue of Frederick the Great, and the corner window where the Emperor daily shows himself to his faithful lieges; the University, with a strange-looking dense swarm of students round the entrance, with their little caps, not unlike gaudy sugar-plum boxes; the great Opera-house; and, hidden in a small wood of chestnut-trees on the other side, the beautiful little Sing Akademie, where Joachim plays so often. Further east, across a bridge where white rows of winged statues are reflected—sometimes in the waters of the Spree, more often in a crowd of apple-barges—more great buildings; the old Schloss, the Dom, and the superb Museums. All readers of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" know that part of Berlin; and the lime-trees, which stand in many rows down the street still, as they did this Easter, renew their golden green above the ground where Frederick trod, and where

Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn and many another walked the earth. Anything but a city "stretched out upon the sand in dreariness and utility."

Not far from all this, across some more water to the right, is the house where Ranke has lived I think for forty years and more—and up till the last he went abroad for two hours, generally walking, every day—even in the early days of this May, his devoted old servant said. Long ago, about the time of the great war, I have often met him, most commonly in the Thiergarten, the small figure—he was not much over five feet—and the peculiarly finely poised head with the clear outline of the face, readily recognizable from afar. He had a curious, very old-fashioned way of saluting ladies, even out of doors, with a kiss on either cheek, after first asking permission in a formula which carried one back to Minna von Barnhelm and Chodowiecki's drawings. So kindly and so funny too it was. He was very small in stature, but few men have made such a majestic impression. The head was superb—finely chiselled, with a great arched forehead, exceedingly mobile lips, covered only during the last few years of his life by a long white beard, and very bright eyes, with an incessantly inquiring and keenly interested look. He seemed to send this look before him, to recognize and to welcome.

As I came in to pay my visit on that afternoon in January, he was standing wrapped in the classic dressing-gown, black lined with red, which he knew how to draw about him in the most dignified way, leaning against a tall cabinet on which was an alabaster figure of some sort, and looking toward his new visitor, evidently in a very pleased mood after his visit from the Crown Prince. He took me by both elbows and made me sit down, and immediately and again most characteristically said—

"Tell me all about yourself. I want to hear *all* that concerns you."

He was the best listener imaginable. I need hardly say that he was utterly free from any trace of vanity or self-consciousness—even as sometimes happens on account of his great age. He was far too great a man for that. This little *salon* is, I think, the only room not perfectly full of books—in the other

rooms there were *eight* walls of books,—a sort of inner model of his rooms in the centre of each,—a four-sided book-case reaching to the ceiling. But in the *salon* not many books; a few gifts and mementos of people and places—an oil-painting of his wife, an Irish lady, over the spot where long ago I remember her lying helpless on her couch, with only the wonderful spirit which made her what she was to her husband shining alive from her beautiful face. She has been dead many years. Ranke would mention her in conversation—"Meine liebe Frau"—and point toward the picture as if she herself were there. I remember some Spanish book she was reading, the talk of Beethoven and her husband's work. On the other side two windows, folding doors at each end, and a low red ottoman in the middle of the room by the table—nothing changed for years and years.

Ranke spoke of the visit of the Crown Prince with great interest.

"He has just come back from Spain," he said, "and has been telling me a great many interesting things about the country and the people."

Then turning back we spoke about Eton, and it was charming to feel how he at once realized the place and was interested.

"It is by the Thames, close to Windsor, about twenty miles from London, and Oxford is about double that distance further west. And who is the head-master now? I remember Dr. Balston and Dr. Goodford!"

I was lost in amazement, while he went on—

"It is a lovely place, Eton—'Oh, ich liebe England sehr!'"

I do not remember his telling me that he had ever been to Eton, but of course he must have been there. Perhaps he too, like another distinguished German, a certain Joseph Haydn, had walked on the Slough Road, and seen the races at Ascot.

When I said that I thought him looking stronger and fresher than the year before, he seemed pleased.

"Yes, I am getting very old. I was just writing to the Empress that I am like an old tree, and every year I produce fruit—'Und ich bringe doch alle Jahre meine Frucht.'"

The fifth volume of the "*Weltgeschichte*" had just appeared. He then went on to tell me—

"An American came to me the other day and asked me whether I expected to finish my '*Weltgeschichte*.' You know the Americans are *opener*, less buttoned-up (*zugeknöpft*) than the English. So I said to him: 'Lieber Freund, ich glaube'"—Ranke here used *glauben* in its absolute sense, as of belief in God's providence—"und wenn Gott will, dass ich mein werk vollende, so werde ich es vollenden." "It is finished," he went on; "the whole '*Weltgeschichte*' is finished here," touching his head. "But from one's head to the pen is a long way: so many a thing must be gone over again, many facts settled and confirmed, much elaborated (*ausgearbeitet*) as it should be."

He looked absolutely sublime as he spoke, and so full of joy, that I involuntarily said—"But it always makes you glad, does it not, your work?"

"My work? Oh, surely! It is my life. I live to work. As long as I live, I shall work," he answered, with that magnificent upward look—the fine frenzy of the poet—which those who have seen it will not readily forget.

Before I left him, he gave me various very exact commissions—about the translation of the "*Weltgeschichte*," now being done in England, and other matters on which he wished me to write to him; many messages to friends in Berlin itself and in England, full of affection and perfect realization of all the different circumstances and personalities. He was at this time working eight hours a-day, his housekeeper told me, and received visitors every afternoon, and again later in the evening.

I did not see him again till the Palm-Sunday of this year. I had arrived in Berlin the night before, and about half-past nine on a radiant spring morning went to take him some daffodils which had been sent me from Eversley a few days before I left England, and which I had brought fresh and lovely all the way across the sea and that great stretch of plain. It was so early, that I intended only to leave the flowers while they were fresh, and to ask when he would like me to come; but he wished me to wait, and soon came in, looking

stronger and more vigorous, I thought, than two years before. He was full of kindness as always; amused me by asking at once—

"Do your two old godmothers still exist? and are you staying with them again?"

The ladies are both more than a generation younger than he.

He said, "You have brought me some flowers. I am glad you did that;" and then entered in the kindest way into talk about personal matters—asking after friends in Britain; whether I would see such-and-such friends in Berlin, mentioning them by name; gave me advice about people and books at the Royal Library, until I was bewildered with astonishment at the mere effort of memory his questions implied, as well as touched by the wonderful kindness of his advice.

My last visit to him was on the 4th of May, when I went to say good-by to him before coming back to England. Another very old friend, Geheimrath von Eckenbrecher, who wished to see him also, was with me, and when we came into the room we found one of Ranke's granddaughters, a young girl, waiting for him too, whom I had never seen. She immediately turned to me, however, and said—

"Oh, you brought those lovely flowers from England. Grandpapa gave us each a few, but he would not let the rest go till they were quite withered."

Now that he is dead, there is something very sad and touching and humbling to me in the thought that he should have noticed such a little mark of affection so keenly, and been pleased. I had not thought even that he had quite understood how far the daffodils had come, never imagined he would think of them again; but this little incident is so like him that I give it as it happened.

Ranke was working with his secretaries, and we waited for more than half an hour after the usual time. When he came in at last from the *Studirsimmer*, which was so soon afterward turned into the chapel where he waited dead till they should bury him, he looked so strong, almost radiant, that it was impossible not to be struck by his expression. He walked in, I remember, quite alone and very upright, instead of being

rolled in in the wheeled chair he sometimes used. When I went up to him and kissed his hand and said, "Excellenz haben heute so lange noch gearbeitet," he answered, with one of the most glorious paradoxes I have ever heard—

"Aus Faulheit, aus Faulheit; ich arbeite aus Faulheit; ich habe ja weiter nichts mehr zu thun." It was said with that delightfully humorous expression which was rarely absent, and which seemed to speak from his whole face and figure; but it came from the lips of a man of ninety, engaged with all his might on a gigantic task.

He settled himself between his guests evidently ready to enjoy a talk; and it was fascinating to listen to the quick current of delightful conversation in which he revived old memories with my friend, a man himself approaching eighty. Ranke's memory for people and things, no matter how remote or how recent, was almost incredible. He described a rapid drive he had taken in Frankfort, between two trains; and his description of the dreamlike sensation of passing rapidly through all the parts of a town where he had spent years of his youth, after an absence of thirty years, I think he said, was admirable. He described the changes briefly, as he always spoke,—his utterance was always very bright and quick in speaking,—but so vividly that it was impossible not to realize it all; and he turned with a brilliantly humorous smile, as he said—

"And I recognized the wineshops where I had sat, not very often, it is true, but still now and then."

The rest of the visit was taken up with talk too personal to be recorded here. One flash of humor I must put down, however. He was telling our old friend, who does not know my parents, about them, and again the old smile flashed out as he said, with comic moderation, that my father had "taken a somewhat lively interest in the movement of 1848," and so had left Berlin. What I was so much struck with, even in this personal narrative, was the wonderful way in which he made it clear how every event followed either from the personality of the individual or from some definite cause. He even remembered and described most carefully the trivial reason, almost an accident, which had led

my father, as a young man, to Scotland rather than to any other country; and this is illustrative of the genius which enabled him at once to see and to marshal all historical facts in their due order and proportion, in a way in which historical facts have never been ordered before.

He again charged me with messages about the English translation of his history. Like Goethe, he seemed to lay great stress on good translations. Two years before, he had once said to me—

"The English are very fastidious (*wählerisch*) about translation. It must be done well, and be homogeneous (*ans einem Guss*).” And this time he said, “Tell the people (*den Leuten*) they know German, and they can also write good English;”—then after a minute, “One must translate exactly (*wörtlich*); always.”

He was much interested in a little project for bringing some of the less read German authors before a small circle of English hearers. “That is delightful. You English have a great deal of humor: you are very rich. But the Germans have a great deal of humor too; everything is good that makes the two nations known to each other.”

And with this thought I close. His last few words of personal kindness I cannot repeat here; but it would seem

to me as if I had, in some small measure, fulfilled his wish, and the wish of the best spirits in both countries, to “make the two peoples known to each other,” if I had contributed a few small touches which may give life to the well-known outlines of his genius and his work. For his genius was great indeed, and his work was done for that commonwealth which is the whole earth. He strangely realized Goethe’s lofty poem. He achieved the impossible, brought order out of confusion, he chose and judged; it was given to him to endow the moment with lasting life, to bind all that strays and errs to noble uses:—

“Edel war der Mensch
Hülfreich und gut!
Unermüdet schafft’ er
Das Nützliche, Rechte,
War uns ein Vorbild
Jener geahnten Wesen.”

His example and conversation truly taught those around him his own faith in those Higher Beings whom our souls dimly shadow forth, and his presence filled them with that humility which it is the province only of the highest love or of true greatness to bestow,—the most beautiful gift of one human being to another.

ETON, June, 1886.

PERIGOT.

RANDOM NOTES ON THE DRAMATIC AND UNDRAMATIC.

BY VERNON LEE.

I.

IN a recent article on Fletcher’s “Faithful Shepherdess,” we were told by a lady well versed in pastoral literature, and, moreover, connected in a very close and singular way with the pastoral world, that the shepherd Perigot was certainly a small peasant proprietor. While gratefully acknowledging, as a disciple of the late Stuart Mill, the importance of this testimony in favor of small farming, and while bowing before Lady Archibald Campbell’s theoretical studies and personal experience in such mat-

ters, I feel bound to state that I disagree entirely with her views. And I can explain the divergence in our opinions upon this subject only by the fact that the lady in question could not have had, for obvious reasons, the very great advantage, upon which I rest my claims to a theory, of being among the audience at the performance of Fletcher’s pastoral comedy last summer in Coombe Park.

I deny, therefore, utterly and categorically, that the shepherd Perigot is, or ever has been, a small peasant proprietor; indeed, I resent that supposi-

tion as an offence of *lèse*—it is rather difficult to find the word—well, of *lèse-Perigot*, which is the same as saying an offence of *lèse-fancy*. For Perigot, I repeat, never has been a small peasant proprietor. Allow me to tell you something about him. Perigot is a prince, a prince of royal lineage more ancient than any other (of the dim ancestry of Khan Kubla, perhaps), sprung in directest line from some Greek god showering and shimmering down in a golden fountain, or sailing majestic with shining white wings and snake-like erect head among the reeds and water-lilies. Perigot is a prince who, owing to some frightening dream or some lowly love affair, or perhaps merely because the thyme and marigolds of the hill-side, the shadow of the plane trees by the river, are pleasanter than the pillared palace chambers, possesses a flock which browse all day while he makes songs, as the Tuscan shepherds do even now-a-days, with the names of flowers and herbs and the name of his sweetheart. Perigot is a prince; he has golden fringes to his green tunic, and a silver fillet round his blond hair; he may, at any moment, lay aside the fleece he wears on his shoulders, the shepherd's staff and pipe, in order to leap, with silver greaves and high-crested helmet, into his chariot with the golden spokes; or to mount upon his horse with the ivory saddle and the long cloth-of-gold cover, a tame lynx in leash and a falcon on his wrist. For there is this of strangeness in Perigot, that, being so very, very young, he is also so very, very old. Paris of Troy was his elder brother; and his younger brother is the dear little king from the East, fair and smooth, with the long narrow eyes and long narrow smile, whose pomegranate embroidered mantle was unbuckled from his shoulders, and his golden spurs unstrapped, and his big sword held by a negro page, that he might kneel and proffer the incense and myrrh without frightening the little child in the stable at Bethlehem. Perigot is still without even the first faint callowness of lip or chin; yet he is older by far than the oldest graybeard. He has flown with the winged sandals of Perseus over the blue seas and white cities of Greece; he has ridden with Oberon's horn by his

side through the mysterious pine-woods, along the strangely winding rivers of the kingdom of the Grail King; he disappeared out of antiquity as the boy Hylas whom the green-haired nymphs dragged beneath the river bed; and he reappeared in the Middle Ages as the Provençal knight Aucassin, "Aucassin li Biax, li Blons, li Gentil, li Amoureux." He had appeared again in later times, a boy or a girl? A girl disguised as a boy, or a boy disguised as a girl? As Richardet in the clothes of his sister Bradamante, as Viola in the dress of her brother Sebastian; showing himself, all the while, to country folk, old women and children, as the third son who cut off the Ogre's head, who kissed the dreadful Snake-lady, who broke off the bough of apples that sang, and filled his flask with the water that danced. And once more—the last time, alas! we may fear—he has shown himself in our own days, on the stage of turf and cut grass, between the side scenes of rustling elms, of the pastoral theatre at Coombe.

He, undoubtedly he, among the crowd of graceful little masquerade figures, girls and youths copied from Alma Tadema or Albert Moore, hurrying with a sort of childish charm through Fletcher's big-mouthed verses; running in and out of the bushes like children playing at hide-and-seek, mottling the green distances of the forest glades with bright spots of yellow and lilac and blue garments, like a glorified school treat, and joining hands and dancing round the shrine of Pan, like the dear little people in Kate Greenaway's toy-books. Among this delightful, very visibly got up, very visibly modern troop of shepherds and shepherdesses, which crowded beneath the elms at Coombe, Perigot appeared, wholly different from all the rest, a reality in his thorough unrealness, no part of the masquerade. Unmistakable from the moment that he descended from his bullock wain (by-the-way the bullocks wore pony harnesses, probably unknown in Arcadia), among the acclamations of the pastoral folk, to the moment when the curtain closed upon him standing by his shepherdess; unmistakable every time that he came forward, like a Botticelli allegoric youth, with vague wide-opened eyes and vague distant

smile ; every time that he walked slowly away, tall, slender, with the charming line of slightly bowed head and shoulders ; unmistakable by virtue of that strange, half feminine, half boyish charm, that far-fetched, exotic, almost artificial grace which belongs to all creatures who have come out of Antiquity and lived through the Middle Ages, that strange and subtle quality of being an unreality and an enigma. Perigot himself, undoubtedly, come back to the world, re-embodied to play his own part among a troop of amateur shepherds and shepherdesses, as Wilhelm Meister half imagined that the real ghost of King Hamlet might come back to play his part by the side of Aurelia and Serlo and Philina. Was it wise ? Was it judicious of this Prince of Fairyland and Shepherddom, this brother of Paris and of the King from the East, this creature who had been Hylas and Aucassin, this boy thousands of years old, to give way to the temptation of re-incarnating once more ? I fear not ; I fear very much that it was foolish ; for has not a lady very learned in pastoral lore, and who, of all people, might most have suspected this curious avatar mystery that was going on, declared, in print, that Perigot was a small peasant proprietor ? After that, let the gods never re-incarnate again, nor the fairy princes.

II.

The incarnation of the unreal is not for our age of realism ; of realism to a far greater extent even than we are generally apt to think. For realism has been steadily growing for the last two hundred years. The last two hundred ? The last three or four—nay, perhaps the last four thousand years. I take the word realism in the sense neither of Ruskin nor of Zola, as connected neither with humble love of Nature nor with a hankering after filthy things. By realism I mean simply the observation of things as they are, the familiarity with their aspect, physical and intellectual, and the consequent faculty of reproducing them with approximate fidelity. And when I say that realism has been growing in the last two, three, four hundred, or four thousand years, I simply mean that the longer mankind has been

in the world, the better acquainted does mankind become with the world's contents ; passing, in its various stages of familiarity, from the observation of such details as it knows to the observation of such further details as it does not know. For just as children learn but gradually to group their sensations, to recognize combinations of such sensations and to perceive form, distance, position, and cause and effect, so mankind also learns but slowly the aspect of outer things, the nature of inner ones, the possibilities and impossibilities of the universe. And this is a process which, with the partial interruption due to loss of time and accumulated material in what we call the Middle Ages, has been steadily going on. We must not be misled by the fact that this realistic tendency, this gradual familiarity with things, has frequently shifted its ground. The Greeks of the days of Phidias indubitably possessed a familiarity with the line and boss of the human figure, a degree of realization in such matters which was not increased but rather diminished in after times ; but the Greeks were unfamiliar with the medium, all that falls under the head of color, light, and perspective, in which this human figure exists. They saw Nature, as distinguished from man, very vaguely and superficially, as we see a country in which we find ourselves for the first time, lacking interest in it and unable to reproduce any very clear notion thereof. Thus, in the matter of background, color, light and shade, atmosphere and perspective, in what constitutes the peculiar field of the painter as distinguished from the sculptor, an enormous realistic movement took place throughout the Middle Ages, vague and idealistic as we are apt to conceive them. Similarly, we think of the century and a half that lies between Milton and Cowper as a century of unfamiliarity with Nature, of what, in our aversion for the stereotyped phrases about "nodding groves," "hoary mountains," and similar Grub Street descriptions of scenery, we call conventionalism. Yet during that century and a half a vast progress was achieved in the direction of realization of the inner life of men and women—nay, in some measure, even of their outer life ; De-

foe, Addison, Richardson, Fielding, Madame de Lafayette, and the Abbé Prévost are the contemporaries of Dryden, Pope, Thomson, and those various French rhymsters who sang of "*des ris et des jeux soldâtres, des appas et des grâces*," but could not tell a beech from a chestnut. Thus, I maintain, there has constantly been, and there inevitably could only be, an increase of familiarity—that is to say, of the desire and power of realizing the existing—in some portion of man's relations with himself or with external things.

To return to my simile of the child, all the literature of past ages gives us, in some extraordinary blindness of the humanly possible, in some astonishing change of character or inconceivable obtuseness, the equivalent of that want of perception of what is and what is not, which makes the child try to sweep the moon out of the sky with a broom. Thus Oliver, in "*As you Like It*," could not have suddenly turned from an utter scoundrel into a fit husband for Celia; nor could Olivia, in "*Twelfth Night*," have instantly married off an unknown brother of the person she was in love with, on discovering that person to be a woman. Such things are impossible, due to absolute carelessness, want of habit of realizing situations; they are as utterly silly and childish as to stick three rosebuds and a box sprig into the ground and call the arrangement a garden. But I shall have to speak again, a little later, of similar peculiarities of the Shakspearian stage.

Be this as it may, we who are the latest comers have inherited all these various powers of seeing things as they are, and reproducing them faithfully; and to this inheritance of manifold realisms we people of the nineteenth century have added all the more liberally, because we have had to spontaneously begin realizing in no one single category of literature or art. Hence we have surrounded ourselves with what has never existed before—a complete circle of realism: in painting, in whatever there still is of vital belonging to sculpture, even in poetry; above all, in that which is our own special form of art, the novel. And thus our stage, also, has become absolutely realistic.

I am not speaking merely of the ex-

traordinary fidelity to reality in dress and scenery, which would have amazed our grandfathers, to whom it seemed quite proper that conspiracies should be discussed in the tyrant's ante-chamber, and that Greeks and Romans, Crusaders and Turks, should all appear with the same curly wigs, knee-breeches, corsets, and lappets. The whole spirit of the drama has become realistic. The play in verse has been completely defeated by the play in prose; the play dealing with former times has cleared off before the play dealing with our own days; and, on the rare occasion when the past is put upon the stage, no effort is spared to realize it in every detail—to turn it in a fashion into the present. Above all, the art of acting has become merely the art of reproducing reality. In the account left to us of actors and actresses of former days, from Betterton to Talma, what strikes us, and what evidently struck contemporary audiences, was the pathos and passion with which certain capital passages were delivered. The excellence of the actor depended upon his power of exciting the audience at a given moment; the stories of Lekain and Adrienne Lecouvreur, even of the actors mentioned in Lessing's "*Dramaturgie*," clearly show this to have been the case; even if the structure of the plays elaborately worked up to certain dramatic points, and all the rest of the business left rather vague and conventional, did not force upon us the conclusion that complete realization of a situation, a scene or a person, absolute and uniform life-likeness, is a very modern conception indeed. In the middle of the last century, Lessing, the most realistic playwright and dramatic critic of his day, commended the actor who performed his Odoardo Gallotti for picking nervously at the feathers in his hat while listening to the recital of Emilia's shame. Nowadays there is not a third-rate provincial actor, nay, scarcely an amateur, who would not have recourse to devices like this one, which a hundred years ago seemed little less than a stroke of genius. Even upon the opera stage it has become unusual for one performer to look on quietly without any sign of interest, while another is detailing his feelings in an air; and even in an Italian serious opera—that

is to say, in the most idiotically undramatic drama of our time—one can notice gestures, that, for instance, of seizing hold of a woman's two hands, and then hurling her aside, which would probably have created a tremendous sensation if risked by Talma. The text is studied—even the most florid passages like Queen Mab and some of Hamlet's speeches—so as to extract from every word whatever indication of gesture or intonation it might possibly contain, whatever dramatic essence the author failed to put in, and the critics insist upon putting in for him. Everything has to be made real, and hence the difficulty which a large amount of Shakspeare evidently presents to men like Salvini or Irving; they insist upon clearing up points which Shakspeare was evidently satisfied with overlooking; upon rendering life-like what the great poet had grandly left lifeless. Realization, that is the aim and end of our drama; and it has certainly been attained in the most marvellous manner.

I would have you try and recall, as vividly as you may, certain scenes of Sarah Bernhardt's, in order to appreciate what the art of realization has risen—or, may I say, has sunk to? Take for instance, "Féodora." Féodora is not merely a passionate, vindictive, tender, childlike, capricious, scatterbrained, and terrible woman—an extraordinary mixture of heterogeneous and conflicting qualities; but she is a woman with a definite nationality, a definite temperament, a definite bodily and mental constitution, a Russian and a nervous subject, fit to be studied equally by the moralist, the ethnographer, and the physiologist; and she is not merely the typical Russian and the typical nervous subject, but an individual impossible to mistake or to forget. Try and grasp her as a whole; and then try and call up in your mind any one of her scenes, any one moment of her action or speech: the love-scene, in which she detains the man she has betrayed, the scene in which she implores the forgiveness of the man she has dishonored. See, in your imagination, her silhouette as she clings to her lover's knees, as she drags him through the door, the mere outline of her face, her hands, at a given moment; or hear with your fancy one sentence in

the low, hot, rapid voice, one cry, one sob. Revive the feelings which were yours in the presence of those real convulsions and gaspings of love and rage and grief; and you will recognize, if you be neither dull nor callous, that they are the feelings which would have arisen if this stage-play had been a reality—feelings of half-sickened interest, of half-degraded sympathy. The falling of the curtain did, indeed, overwhelm all this in the manifold realities of your own life; did, indeed, divert you to other feelings. But as long as it lasted, this stage-play was a reality; and a reality also was the sense of debasing shame at having seen what our nature forbids us to look at: the utter nakedness and prostration of a human soul.

III.

It is horrible, such realism as this, and it is wrong. The instinct within us is perfectly correct, which makes us vaguely resent such things as an insult, almost an outrage, done to our whole better nature. Except where we can diminish its horror (and in this case our attention is concentrated not on the evil but on our efforts to master it), it is bad, it is degrading for us to see too deep into the spiritual miseries of others, as it is to see too close into their physical ones. Is it because we all of us have moments which had better not recur twice, and because the fact of such moments being witnessed by others connects them more closely with ourselves, makes them more difficult to emerge from, that we have an instinct of hiding from sight our violent and momentary feelings? Is it that each separate soul requires a degree of isolation—requires to be separated from others when it is entirely swallowed up in its own self? I cannot venture to decide; I can only point out the fact that such an instinct exists strongly in all civilized creatures; and that, as I have said, we feel abashed and outraged when we are forced to intrude upon the moral privacy of others, to witness what we would not wish to show, even as we feel abased and outraged when our own moral privacy is invaded. I think, on the whole, that this curious instinct may be partly explained by not two creatures being alike,

and by the consequent fact that we are injured morally by having the strain of another's misery put upon us roughly, without reference to our different powers and methods of bearing such strains. We can be useful only so long as we are true to ourselves ; we must pick up our burden, so much of it as we can bear, and carry it according to the strength and shape of our spiritual shoulders ; it must not be rudely hurled at us like a load of stones discharged from a cart.

But how, then, of the novel ; and why should that be legitimate in a printed book which is not to be legitimate in an acted play ? For the novel is essentially that form of art which brings us in contact with other folks' innermost soul. The explanation, to my mind, lies exactly in the difference between the thing which is read and the thing which is actually witnessed. In the case of the play the actor does the realizing, and to his realizing we are forced to submit. In the novel this realization is left in great measure to ourselves. In reading a book we usually realize only so much as we can bear, each reader, in point of fact, selecting automatically that which shall most impress him ; or rather, details gravitating to the mind, flying to it like needles to a magnet, according as there exists a natural affinity between them and it. In reading, therefore, it is rare that violence is done to our feelings, to our preference and powers of understanding and enduring what is shown. We respond to the author's suggestion, we do one half of the work, and do it, inevitably, in the way least painful to ourselves. Moreover, in this intellectual representation, our mind is appealed to, not our nerves ; and our mind grasps, welds into an harmonious whole, healthy and endurable, a whole state of feeling or a whole character, instead of having merely the outer expression thereof hurled violently at us. With this explanation is connected the fact that, in real life, we turn away with a feeling of decorum from the actual visible moment of agony, when that agony cannot be diminished by our aid, when it is a mere spectacle. The sobs and screams of even the holiest grief sicken, unless we can abate them, even like physical loathsomeness ; although we

sympathize with the grief itself, and although we should, perhaps, admire and even feel grateful for witnessing it, if we saw it, as a mere feeling, making its way through self-command.

In the latter case we are in the presence of a human being, in the former in the presence of a mere animal. As long as what impresses us is the mere momentary physical expression, we cannot grasp the whole feeling and situation, we can neither understand nor sympathize. While reading "*Othello*" our powers of understanding and sympathizing are constantly being appealed to : we master the situation, the miserable meeting of this man and this woman, each noble, but each destined to be the other's victim ; we see where the mischief lies, we feel where we could ourselves have helped. The mere catastrophe, the few minutes of *Desdemona's* murder, are the least thing ; the tragedy has been in *Othello's* soul, and is virtually over by this time. It is different in *Salvini's* representation. Here the murder is the chief interest—all works up toward it. We go away morally bruised and sickened by this sight, indifferent to all else. Comprehension, sympathy, all are swept away by sheer horror. The spiritual physiognomy of the persons is crowded out of our mind by the mere visible appearance of *Othello*, rushing and leaping, yelling that strange yell which is half bay, half sob, sobbing and panting, dragging away *Desdemona* by the arm and the hair, peering from out of the bed-curtains in the midst of his half-finished work. That face among the curtains of the bed ; that long, oval Tartar face, smooth and shining, with only an ill-growth of black bristles, with its distended veins and fearful white rolling eyes, a blood-like reflection thrown up to it by the red night-dress, the red curtains—that face stains itself indelibly into our imagination, and all else of the play, all the rest of the action, all the poetry of *Shakspeare*, pales and vanishes by its side.

IV.

But *Salvini* is a great, a very great actor, one of the very greatest, in scenes like this one, that has ever lived. Undoubtedly. But are the plays of *Shak-*

spere written for great actors? Is the highest expression of modern art fit to accompany the highest expression of an art which, after all, was the product of nearly three centuries ago? The question may be reduced into a nutshell by asking whether the art of Shakspeare is realistic in the same sense as is the art of Salvini?

And, in the first place, can we of the end of the nineteenth century fairly judge what Shakspeare's art really is? In order to do so we must, so far as we can, remove the network of thoughts and feeling with which each succeeding generation of critics, of actors, and of readers have overlaid the original work. I sometimes doubt whether, even after all our trouble, we could see the real Shakspeare, so utterly have we corrupted the text of what he represents to our soul. The many scholars and societies who labor to give us back the original word and meaning of what he wrote are, in reality, defeating their own object: every explanation is virtually an interpolation, an alteration; and Shakspeare's plays are by this time one mass of such interpolations and alterations. A book like that of Gervinus, for instance, is to my mind a perfect pest; and had Gervinus been a man of greater powers, it would have been a still greater one, if possible.

The besetting sin of all Shakspeare criticism, of all criticism, nay, of all intellectual manipulation whatsoever, is the mania for reducing a heterogeneous thing to a very simple formula. As our novelists seek to reduce the complexities of human character to one definable dominant character, so our critics seek to reduce the complexities of art to one very definable mission; whence arises that, as every definition means a number of omissions, as many definitions almost are possible as there are critics. The extraordinary insight into character which Shakspeare undoubtedly possessed, and his fondness for generalizing on questions of feeling and conduct—peculiarities, by the way, which were shared by his great contemporaries, Webster and Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher, nay, even Marston and Heywood—these psychological elements in Shakspeare, which are the elements also most akin to our modern mind, have

misled us into imagining that the art of Shakspeare is deliberately, consistently, nay, almost exclusively, psychological. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that psychology is not the main object of Shakspeare's art, but that, if that art may be said to have any main object, it is merely to please by many and various means, of which the study of character is only one. The Shakspearian drama may, I think, be defined (since we can never escape the demon of definition) as the rough union of various artistic elements agreeable to his contemporaries into a whole which should give them the greatest aggregate of artistic pleasure; the exposition of some interesting action, spiced and garnished with every sort of extraneous thing, with high lyricism, buffoonery, wit, poetic fancy, obscenity, philosophy, and fashionable euphuism. The action is neither all-engrossing nor absolutely realized. The spectators take a considerable pleasure in the murder of the King, or the trial of the Merchant; but they are so far from absorbed by this situation that they can attend to and delight in all manner of irrelevancies. The actors strut on the stage, painted up for the parts, and gesticulating with a kind of general fitness, every now and then rising for a moment to close life-likeness; for the rest, gorgeously or quaintly attired in metaphorical word-brocades, or in freaked fool's motley, turning somersaults like a clown, and singing roulades like a prima donna. It sometimes happens, and in Shakspeare's greatest plays it happens often, that these conventional splendidly trapped stage-mimes have a moment of intense intuition, that they feel and understand, that a wonderfully pathetic intonation, an amazingly characteristic gesture, suddenly interrupts the conventional strut and declamation—strut and declamation in no ridiculous or debasing sense of the words. They move, declaim, gesticulate, not with a view to realizing a situation, but with a view to pleasing the audience by a display of various splendid or comic elements. The action—except, perhaps, in "Othello," the play of Shakspeare's which is most modern, in the sense that Schiller is modern—is used mainly as a framework for this intellectual pageant, or opera in

words. When it becomes interesting, riveting to the attention, this is usually an accidental result. The poet, for his part, is no more engrossed in the situation than is a composer in his libretto; he may recognize here and there a point suitable to some pathetic note, some terrible inflection; but he goes on composing, here a buffo scene, here a bravura air, here again a piece of descriptive symphony, and so forth, without any of that intense creative interest in characters and situations which we see in Schiller, or even, occasionally, in Racine—which we see in every trumpery modern novelist.

Shakspeare is not merely frequently indifferent to the possibility of a situation (as in the various sudden conversions of scoundrels, the cool interchanging of brides and bridegrooms, the cheerful acceptance of amazing discoveries), he is constantly violating all realism of detail. He constantly indulges in speeches which entirely disfigure a character and deaden a situation; he can no more resist a metaphorical or philosophical tirade in the midst of hurry and passion, than Rossini can resist a nice roulade in the midst of agony. There is in Shakspeare (if I may be permitted to continue my musical simile) much fine, free, natural recitative, with occasional intense poignancy of intonation; there is occasionally an instrumental bar or two of deeply imaginative suggestiveness, either serene or ill-omened, like Banquo and Duncan's little conversation about the martlets, and the old man's story of Duncan's horses after the murder; but there is also an infinite amount of pure undramatic art, singing and fiddling for singing and fiddling's own sake. Macbeth's speech to the murderers can be compared only with a most intricate fugue, and I know of no composer who would have put a fugue in such a scene; compare with this metaphysical disquisition the rapid action of a much more lyrical and metaphysical poet, of Shelley in the similar scene in the "Cenci." Hamlet's speeches to the ghost constitute a grand aria as florid as any in "Semiramide;" the beautiful scene beginning "In such a night as this," in "The Merchant of Venice," is a perfect Mozartian duet between Jessica and

Lorenzo, warbling at each other like Tamino and Pamina.

I think, therefore, that Shakspeare's art, essentially pageant-like and decorative, and, if I may so say, operatic, accepted situations and characters only in a general way. I doubt whether, with the single exception of "Othello," Shakspeare was either a skilful conductor of action, like Calderon or Racine, or (in comedy) Goldoni, or a deliberate psychologist or reconstructor of character, like Schiller in "Wallenstein," or Goethe in "Tasso." He frequently realized character and situation with amazing power (as, with a lesser genius, did Webster), and his conceptions were nearly always coherent, but he troubled himself little about developing. People have seen in his conceptions every manner of thing that could not be there. Macbeth, Claudius, and the usurper in the "Tempest," are the typical tyrant, mere Kings of Clubs, not very much more individual than those on the playing-cards; they have a robe, a crown and armor, they are wicked and godless, and a little remorseful or cowardly every now and then; they are very correctly trapped out in the correct conventional trappings of tyrants and usurpers. But it is absurd, I think, to seek in Shakspeare for a Philip II., an Ottavio Piccolomini, a President (in "Cabal and Love") like Schiller's, or a Francesco Cenci like Shelley's, let alone a Guido Franceschini. The man who could create so incarnate, so living a figure as any of these, who could momentarily quiver with the life of his creation, could surely never have put into its mouth the magnificent tirades which Shakspeare gave his tyrants, making them talk in the midst of action as Shelley scarcely allows his Prometheus to talk, bound in a cloud of lyrical inaction. A man like Schiller, for instance, would not have permitted himself such gross violations of possibility; or, rather, he would have been too completely wrapped up in his character's feelings to conceive anything else. That part of "Faust" which is really a play is much more realistic than almost any play of Shakspeare's, although it has an intention far beyond any dramatic realism; Goethe never makes Faust, Gretchen, Valentine, Martha, or even Mephistopheles say

things inconceivable in the given situation.

I do not believe that Hamlet, such as Shakspeare wrote him (as distinguished from Hamlet such as we read him) is as realistically conceived, as realistically carried out as Schiller's Don Carlos, much less as Goethe's Tasso; nor are Romeo and Juliet realized like Faust and Gretchen, Egmont and Clärchen, Max and Thekla. All that, I mean all that deliberate psychology, belonged to the period of literature for the closet; it could come only after Richardson and Rousseau; it required the sedentary, self-analyzing habits of novel-readers. The audience of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, who went to see murders and poisonings (we can judge of their requirements by the plays of Shakspeare's contemporaries as well as by his own), and to hear fine tirades and euphuisms, Baconian thoughts in Baconian language, Rabelaisian jests in Rabelaisian jargon, and poetry more exquisite than any of Spenser or Sidney—such an audience, I say, could no more have followed the minute character-painting for which we give Shakspeare credit than they could have followed "Clarissa Harlowe" or "Wilhelm Meister." Perception, in all things, is a matter of practice; and we have been trained for two centuries (and at what a rate!) to understand Stendhal, Balzac, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot. Give Shakspeare the "Wahlverwandschaften" to read, and see what he will make of it. Not very much more than Palestrina would make of one of Beethoven's symphonies.

Considering all this, I think that the spirit of modern Shakspearianism, among readers, critics and actors, is quite false to Shakspeare himself, because true to the traditions of our own times. We read the things which he never wrote; the things which we have learned from Schiller and Goethe, nay, even from the whimpering, semi-serious playwrights of the eighteenth century, even from such creatures as Kotzebue; above all, what we have learned from the endless array of novelists and memoir-writers, countless as the army of Xerxes. We recognize occasional intuition of individual character, and we try to discover in Shakspeare a homogene-

ous development thereof, and, naturally, the less we see, the more persuaded we become of the wondrous occult existence.

Now, what the reader merely imagines in a play, the actor can actually give. The great actor is not merely a creator who can produce a character out of nothing, a mere word—"tyrant"—"jealousy"—"remorse"—representing to his special genius a whole complicated series of looks and intonations. The great actor is, even more than an artist, a reality, a human being, a certain arrangement of temperament and character; and, as such, his reality as a human being fills out even the most shapeless conventional stage-personage; moves within it, and gives it a definite and real individuality. In Othello there is Salvini; in Féodora there is Sarah Bernhardt; and if Othello and Féodora were both of them perfectly unreal, Salvini and Sarah Bernhardt would be none the less real for that. This modern type of great actor (born long after Shakspeare's day in the sedentary French drama of the seventeenth century, and developed under the pressure of metaphysicianists and novelists throughout the eighteenth century) can make out of Shakspeare's indications things far more complex and real than Shakspeare would ever have dreamed of. Why? Because he could make something complex and real without any such indications at all. Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth (as noted down by George Bell during the representations) is her creation, not Shakspeare's. The text by no means implies all the subtle shades which she gives. Nay more, the text often flies in the face of her conception of any consistently realistic creation, in innumerable lyric passages. And the proof thereof is the difficulty felt by all great modern actors as to the mode of treating these merely decorative speeches; how give reality to that which is not intended to be real? As, in an opera, a clever singer may act very finely during certain dramatic airs and recitatives and concerted pieces, but has nothing for it but to stand motionless or less foolishly while performing florid passages; so also an actor, in Shakspeare's day, may have given great personal power say to Richard III.'s scene in

with Ann, may have acted at her with perfect realism, but must certainly have delivered Richard's soliloquy to the pit merely as what it is, a magnificent piece of rhetorical writing.

In short, I return to my original remark that Shakspeare was not our contemporary, nor even the contemporary of Schiller and Goethe; that his audience had not read the "Comédie Humaine," "Madame Bovary," and "Middlemarch;" that his actors were neither Salvini nor Irving nor Sarah Bernhardt; and that his art is not the pure psychological drama of our realistic days, but a splendid combination of dramatic, philosophic, descriptive, and lyric elements; a great and magnificent pageant of the intellect and fancy.

V.

A thing, therefore, no longer suited to our day? Not so. For with the daily increase of realism has gone the daily increase of the desire for the unreal. Familiarity with things as they are, which is realism, has provoked in us a passionate craving for things as they are not. We have learned to appreciate the imaginative as the dwellers in a huge city appreciate the country; as the sedentary man of business or scholar appreciates physical exercise; as we matter-of-fact people of a humdrum present appreciate the incoherence, the strangeness of the past. The whole great movement of pre-Raphaelitism is there to prove it; we want Burne-Jones because we have got Manet and Raffaelli; Morris and his earthly Paradise because

we have got George Eliot and the whole turn-out of *Middlemarch*. And this is but right. The real would crush us if we could not take refuge in the regions where the real never enters; the recognition of the fatal necessity of so much that runs counter to our instincts and aspirations would make us utterly wretched if we could not, at pleasure, give ourselves in imagination all those things which are refused by reality. Hence it is, that of all people, we realists of the nineteenth century are, perhaps, the most in need of imaginative art, in want of the great pageant master, Shakspeare, not reduced to the proportions of a disciple of Sardou.

And hence it is that we require, as well as the dramatic, the undramatic; as well as the ugly, the beautiful; as well as what exists, that which has never existed. Hence it is (returning to the starting-point of my rambling discourse) that we absolutely require the return of the old gods to earth, or if not to earth, at least to our fancy. And it is for this reason, doubtless, that there has come in our day a re-incarnation of that mysterious youth, without the faintest first callowness of lip or cheek, yet older than the oldest graybeard, that brother of Paris of Troy, and of the youngest of the three kings, who disappeared from Antiquity as Hylas and reappeared in the Middle Ages as the Bel Aucassin, and who has revisited the world and our imagination among the side-scenes of rustling elms of the pastoral stage at Coombe, exotic, enigmatic, exquisite, under the name of the Shepherd Perigot. —*Contemporary Review*.

PAUSANIAS AND CLEONICÉ;

AN OLD-HELLENIC BALLAD.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

ARGUMENT.

PAUSANIAS, Regent of Sparta, after commanding his countrymen in the victory of Plataea, was corrupted by sight of Persian luxury and despotism, and began to act the tyrant, notably in his conduct to a free maiden of Byzantium; where he was in command of the Greeks allied against the King of Persia. They, disgusted, withdrew from him, who, meanwhile, tormented by the shade of the maiden, whom he had slain in error, after vain efforts to appease the spirit, was recalled to Sparta. His treasonable offers to Persia being now betrayed by a slave, he was starved to death by order of the citizens in the Brazen House of Athena. These events fell between 479 and 466 B.C.

I.

By the wine-dark Euxine sea,
 Where Second Rome once lifted high
 Her pomp of marble majesty,
 An earlier city clothes itself in glee,
 —Megarian Byzance !—for Plataea's plain
 Soaks with Persian gore ;
 Hellas breathes once more ;
 Pausanias' arm has won ; the land is free again.

II.

Let the triumph then flame out
 Along her terraces and towers,
 The curved sea-wall, the cypress bowers,
 In lights and altar-fires and song and shout :
 For golden-panoplied Masistes lies
 Naked 'mong the dead !
 Artabazus fled !
 Pausanias' name goes up in hymn and sacrifice.

III.

Peace in all her sweetness hail !
 No more the clarions ravish sleep ;
 Red rust-stains o'er the lances creep ;
 Gray spider-meshes gather on the mail :
 Glad youths with girls the Comus-carols share ;
 In our feastful bowers
 Song puts forth her flowers :
 Peace with thy children, hail ! Hail, Wealth and Order fair !

IV.

Why, with envy of his name,
 Should Spartan hands the tale erase
 From the tall Delphic tripod-base ?
 —The day was thine,—and thine must be the fame !
 Pure hero, brave and pure, for such alone
 God with glory crowns ;
 Bulwark of our towns,
 Byzantium welcomes thee, and calls thee now her own !

V.

—Vain the welcome and the praise !
 Unconscious irony of man !
 Not knowing how the God His plan
 By evil tools works out, and hidden ways :
 For He with lightning eyes the secret heart
 Searches out, while we
 Guess from what we see,
 And coarsely, by success, define the hero's part.

VI.

Sparta's life and lore forgot,
 He that was once Pausanias, now
 Before the King he smote can bow,
 Swine-changed as Circe's herd, and knows it not !

Traitor to Hellas and Heraclid name,
 Despot, in his lust
 Hardening, to the dust
 Men, women, all, he hurls, the victims of his shame.

VII.

—Fairest of Byzantine maids,
 Fair Cleonicé, pure and sweet,
 With downcast eyes and modest feet
 Moving as Leto through Gortynian glades ;
 Heart of thy mother's heart from baby years
 As the gentle face
 Rounds to maiden grace,
 And she through very love thy beauty sees with tears.

VIII.

As the dearest nymph of all
 Who bend round Artemis in the dance,
 When eyes with star-like rapture glance,
 And silken waves on ivory shoulders fall,
 Lips part for joy, not breath,—she stands upright,
 Like the Delian palm,
 In her maiden calm,
 Whilst all the air around trembles with beauty's light :

IX.

—For thy mother best, and thee,
 If thy last breath had been the first !
 This day the tyrant's greedy thirst
 For his foul harem claims thy purity :
 Sure sign of baseness at the heart, he deems
 Woman slave and toy ;
 Cast aside, when joy
 Cloyes the full sated sense ;—forgot with morning dreams.

X.

Midnight as a robber's mask
 Now muffles close o'er town and sea :
 Now force and fraud and sin are free
 To lurk and prowl and do their wolfish task :
 Now tow'rd the tyrant's spear-encircled bed,
 Tow'rd Pausanias' tent,
 Lo, white footsteps bent,
 So shame-struck soft, her heart speaks louder than her tread !

XI.

Helpless, hapless victim-maid !
 Not first nor last, I ween, art thou,
 Thy gentleness coerced to bow,
 Losing thyself to lust,—and nothing said !
 Only a girl ! only one more, abased,
 While man's tyrant-might
 Boasts thee frail and light,
 And thy creation mars, to his desires disgraced !

XII.

Now the brutal couch she seeks
 Through blinding night—for, at her prayer,
 The odorous lights extinguish'd are—
 To hide from self her shame-enkindled cheeks :
 Ghost-like with vagrant steps she threads the camp :
 Labyrinth-like the shade
 Of that tent :—the Maid
 Strikes down with clanging fall the lightless golden lamp.

XIII.

Sudden from the darkness wide
 As some blue trenchant lightning-flame
 That seams the cloud, a cimeter came,
 And Cleonicé by Pausanias died !—
 Dead !—for the traitor deem'd himself betray'd !
 Dead ! The Persian sword,
 Slavery's sign abhorr'd,
 From worse than death, by death, redeem'd the Dorian maid.

XIV.

Morning comes ; and with the morn
 The timely bird, the clarion-cry,
 The crowding sailors' glad " Hy—hy,"
 The jostling galleys in the sun-gilt Horn :
 But all the happy music of the day
 O'er her went in vain,
 Where upon the plain
 Like some young palm, in all its promise fell'd, she lay.

XV.

Morning comes : And he who wrought
 The shame, as one refresh'd awakes,
 And lust's remorseless counsel takes,
 And names another victim in his thought ;
 " But if our citizens fret, and 'gainst my sway
 With the allies combine,—
 Persia's King is mine !
 Europe to Asia yoked shall soon my will obey !"

XVI.

" Go where blinded Insolence
 And selfish Lust, her child, lead on !"—
 O voiceless Voice, to him alone
 Whisper'd within, unfelt by mortal sense !
 Aye whisper'd !—And a Presence now is by ;
 Ever at his side
 Seems unseen to glide ;
 A clinging second self ; a Shade he cannot fly.

XVII.

As the fever-feeble wretch,
 With lidless eyes and stirless head
 Sees a gray ghost beside his bed,
 And in the vision knows his fated Fetch :

Or gaunt Orestes, when the deed was done,
 Queen and co-mate slain,
 Full requital ta'en,
 Winning his game, himself found by the Furies won ;

XVIII.

In his ears the frenzying song,
 That chain'd the soul and dried the flesh,
 And flung a close air-woven mesh
 Around its prey, while wingless serpents throng
 Draining him to a shadow ; and his brain
 Maddens with the sting,
 As the Erinnyes sing
 The songless chaunt of Hell, the soul-corroding strain.

XIX.

Yet the Loxian gave him peace !
 And to the Hill of War the fair
 Athena bade the youth repair,
 And purged his guilt, and voted him release ;
 For he repented of parental gore,
 Of that double stroke ;
 And the Just Ones' yoke
 Was lighten'd from his neck, and he breathed free once more.

XX.

But the God-abandon'd chief,
 By his own passions lash'd and whirl'd,
 To deeper depths each day was hurl'd,
 Yet from that haunting Voice found no relief :—
 " Where Insolence and Lust drive down their prey,
 Go, Pausanias, go !"
 —Doom'd to sink more low
 Than e'er his glory soar'd, on red Platæa's day.

XXI.

Sparta, trembling at his pride,
 Reclaims the King : he must obey !
 Through wild Arcadia runs the way,
 Arcadia, land of song and mountain-side ;
 Where Phœbus o'er his favorite valley reigns,
 Bassæ green and deep ;
 And white columns peep
 Nymph-like amid the trees, fairest of Grecian fanes.

XXII.

There athwart the rock-wall white
 The long fir-glades like clouds are hung,
 Green terrace over terrace flung,
 Till snow and azure crown the dazing height ;
 There, as Pan sleeps below the zenith sun,
 Silence only stirs
 Where the grasshoppers
 Chirr their dry chaunt, and streams with summer music run.

XXIII.

O'er the vale the Mount of Light,
 Lycæus, lifts his holy head,
 One shadeless silver pyramid,
 O'ertowering Hellas with Olympian height :
 There, Neda and Theosoa, nymphs divine,
 Nursed the rocks among
 Zeus, when earth was young ;
 And yet the Lord of Lords finds here his best-loved shrine.

XXIV.

Pure in heart and conscience-whole
 O they should be, who dare to come
 Within dread Nature's secret home,
 And nought 'twixt us and her to mask the soul !
 As the proud despot treads the vale alone
 Fiercer in his ear
 Burn the words of fear,
 And all that ambient air is Cleonicé's moan !

XXV.

Whither from this gad-fly sting,
 This coward-making conscience fly ?
 —He sees Phigalia's rampart high,
 And Neda flowing from her mountain-spring
 Past Lycosura ;—There, as legends said,
 Huge Lycæus hides
 In his rifted sides
 The Callers-forth of Souls ; the Summoners of the Dead.

XXVI.

Eastward up the vale he turns,
 Where walls of rock to left and right
 Flicker with living tapestry light,
 Aconite, and green mist of feathery ferns :
 There, jasmine-stars and golden cistus beam,
 While the waves below
 Pearl and sapphire flow,
 Deepening their voice, as near their birthplace still they stream.

XXVII.

Rushing waters, could ye not
 Far sea-ward bear the damning cry ?—
 But now the journey's goal is nigh,
 Where one dark pool marks out the fountain-spot :
 With lichen-gilded layers and splinter'd steep
 Arching high and wide,
 Springs the mountain-side,
 And the black mirror lies in marble stillness deep.

XXVIII.

Sad, as one himself compell'd
 The spirits to compel, uprear'd
 His grayness the Soul-summoner weird,
 And pray'd, and by the hands Pausanias held,

Bending him o'er the mirror blank, and said
 "In the Absolver bold,
 Whom thou wouldst behold
 Name in thine heart ; nor wilt thou vainly seek the dead."

XXIX.

Shuddering o'er the shuddering pool,
 He sees the Face, not maiden-bright,
 But ring'd with blue unhappy light,
 And, starting, gazed around, and called her :—Fool !
 For she, not here, but where pure souls abide
 In the eternal day,
 Innocently gay,
 Is what she was on earth, transfused and glorified.

XXX.

Fled the vision : and alone,
 —As when the storm-clouds leeward go,
 Faint flashes broad and reddening glow,
 And far horizons mutter undertone,—
 These words around the cavern flit, no more.
 "Hence to Sparta flee ;
 There, release will be :"
 And, as he stood, the rock and waters flared with gore.

XXXI.

"Fly !" the Soul-evoker cried,
 "The God has spoken ! Only, know
 His message sounds for weal or woe
 As the heart is, or is not, purified :
 The Soul is its own Fate." Pausanias groan'd,
 Frown'd, and groan'd again :
 —'Twas one moment's pain !
 Pride's icy heart grew big ; the guilt was unatoned !

XXXII.

Therefore, O just Gods below,
 When hollow Sparta he retrod,
 Ye smote him with your Fury-rod
 That smites but once, and needs no second blow !
 For lust breeds lust, treasons on treasons call,
 Till a servile mouth
 Tells the shameful truth :
 Plataea's victor now is Persia's friend and thrall.

XXXIII.

By the temple brazen-wrought
 Lo ! his own mother's hands begin
 To pile the stone and wall him in,
 Captive to famine, where he safety sought.
 Unhappy Chief ! traitor to God and Greece,
 Now on Spartan ground
 He the end hath found !
 But only where thou art, Cleonicé, there is peace.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SHREDS OF MOROCCO.

THE little packet rolls somewhat, for there is always something of a swell in the Straits of Gibraltar; but it is very fine, and the sun shines in a kindly manner, not tyrannically, for it is January—but as a sweet indulgence which makes the awning seem an impious impertinence, from even the appearance of participation in which one shrinks as from the semblance of ingratitude. A little later, perhaps, one grows less delicate on this score, but at present it is pleasant to steep one's self in sunshine, to feel it get in as far toward one's bones as it will, driving thence all the chills and wettings of more northern winter weather.

An old Moor has curled himself up on the deck, his head covered in his hood; some Jews, squatted on the deck, are eating black olives which they extract from a handkerchief; the pale, large-eyed daughter of one of them sits looking wistfully at the coast of Spain, along which we are passing; she suffers, poor little daughter of Israel, but suffers with the large-eyed patience of her race. She moves to the side of the ship, her father leaves his olives and puts his arm round her. It may be mean, but when one not naturally provided with sea-legs has, through much tribulation, succeeded in acquiring a pair, it would be superhuman generosity to abstain from ostentatiously exhibiting his newly obtained limbs before less gifted travellers; and so one's physical man, rejoicing in this novel endowment of locomotion, rejoicing also in the sunshine which glitters on the points of each tiny wave and makes the little receding town of Tarifa superlatively white and refulgent, rejoicing also in the power of smoking most indifferent tobacco upon the unquiet sea, goes prancing up and down the deck watching the town on the headland of Tangier Bay grow nearer and nearer as we strike across the straits.

At length we anchor in the roadstead, and a boat, bearing the red flag of Morocco, comes off; the sanitary officer, an official under the direction of the joint legations, gives us *pratique* and hands us over to the mercies of some

boat's crews of bare-legged brown or white-clad Arabs, who seize our property and carry us off to the little marine or strand all littered with casual merchandise, where at the gate of the city and the receipt of custom sit solemn turbaned officials, whose knowledge of and participation in numberless interesting swindles does not ruffle their sweet Eastern serenity. It is so charming to have one's portmanteaux opened upon the strand, with the calm sky above and the still calmer grand vizier—if you will permit this frivolous jest—looking on. But I really could not call this patriarchal personage, with snowy turban, silvery beard, and fine white haik, who averts his glance with courteous delicacy from a too inquisitive inspection of our paynim shirts and drawers, a custom-house officer—I would rather think of him as a magician who opens the gateway of the wonderful East to us, and permits us to pass through—with our portmanteaux.

Truth to tell, I have nothing bearing even the semblance of novelty to offer you, well-informed reader. On the contrary, my wares are of the oldest material, and well worn by many generations of writers from the author of the Pentateuch downward; but, then, what can we all do but weave and re-weave the old stuffs?

This is the sunset land—Al Mogreib, in the Arabic tongue—and it is by this name that they speak of the empire of Morocco, where the great sea stayed the feet of the war-horses carrying westward the crescent, and Mouza, pressing his camel into the Atlantic, sent word that Allah had on that side put a limit to his conquest.

Tangier wanders in an agreeable, indefinite, unmethodical sort of way over a couple of adjacent hills. On the highest of these hills stands the Kasbah, or citadel, where is the treasure-house with its entrance of columns and horse-shoe arches, its pathetic flavor of decay and desuetude, which in itself would disarm any burglar not affected by its suggestive contiguity to the prison and the court of the Caleef, who, amidst much shouting, recrimination, lying, and

bribery, administers what, for want of a more precise word, I will call justice. Here is the aforesaid prison, where, in a great room, are confined murderers, debtors, and those who have been unfortunate enough to arouse the envy or resentment of some powerful personage; there is a hole in the prison door, and you can see these prisoners and buy their little baskets, etc., if you like. Outside this door, in a sort of passage, sit women who, for some feminine reason or another, care for these unfortunate reprobates and bring them food; if it were not for this curious trait on the women's part, it would go hard with many a healthy blackguard, for the authorities only allow them a little cake each every third day.

Outside, bastinado and other paternal forms of correction are administered to those whose crimes have been so unsuccessful as not to permit of their buying immunity. The punishments of a paternal government are sometimes apt to seem harsh; for instance, a lump of unslaked lime bound in the hand of a malefactor hardly seems like gentle correction, and there is a sturdy mendicant, who of an evening, at the Soko gate, cries out to Allah and to charitable passers-by; at one time he could see clearly enough to steal fowls or other trifling properties, but now, through the instrumentality of the authorities, his eyelids are closed forever upon vacant orbits.

The Kasbah and all around is falling into a gentle decay; the Caleef sits at the doorway of a palace where once the governor and his family lived. When one has wandered through all these decaying glories and seen the wonderful carved ceilings still rich with gold and vermillion, and well-harmonized gorgeous color, and the friezes of arabesque designs through which solemn verses of the Koran wind their stately way, and all the charming tile-work of black and blue and buff mosaics that form the dados of each room, and one thinks of the horrible ornamental work now done here in hideous colors for the all-purchasing, indiscriminating Frank, then one is saddened—not that the Kasbah is decaying, for that is part of the universal doom that awaits everything, lovely or ugly, but that the art and the love of

beauty that once created these fair things should be dead forever.

The Kasbah is surrounded by a wall which divides it also from the town; no Jew or Christian is permitted to live within it, and the houses are mostly of the poorer kind.

The town extends eastward and up the hill beyond, where is the market-place or Soko. Here on Sundays and Thursdays come the country people with all their poor little wares, pitiful rather in their smallness—women squatting in the dust before their bundles of grass or charcoal or herbs, piles of oranges or pieces of rude red pottery. Here are women sitting before their wares, bundles of fotas (towel-like coverings for the head or legs, embroidered in red); the vendors of salt who sit under the shadow of a mat and sell coarse, dirty-looking crystals out of grass-woven baskets; the milk-sellers with their little earthen jars; bread-sellers in line, with the round cakes piled before them on red and yellow cloths; the water-sellers that move to and fro in the crowd, with their distended goatskins on their backs, tinkling their bells or pouring the water through the brass nozzle into the brass cup for some thirsty porter. There stands a snake-charmer in a long night-shirt-looking garment, catching his serpents by the tail as they try to escape among the crowd, or irritating them into biting some part of himself, probably his tongue, while the half-negro musician with the blue turban beats the tom-tom and sings dismally.

Then there are sweetmeat-sellers at their tables, who cut little slices of crimson-and-white sweetness into still smaller pieces, proportionate to the purchasing power of delightful little Moslems in red and yellow and green, who tender coins of infinitesimal value in return for this sticky beatitude. And among this crowd, sitting on the ground, there moves and jostles another crowd on foot, or on donkeys or horses. Here is a sort of saint of the sect of Isawas; he carries an ornamental battleaxe, with which he has cut gashes in his head; he has an iron skewer run through his arm or the fleshy part of his leg, with a lemon on it, and he is volubly haranguing the crowd, who are rather tired of him and pay little attention, which

seems to annoy him, for he foams at the mouth.

It is Sunday morning, and a few English—the men in black coats and silk hats, the ladies in their best clothes—are crossing the Soko, where the camels in grumbling discontent are kneeling, to a little corrugated iron church, a somewhat discordant note in a harmony hoary with patriarchal antiquity. Beyond the Soko there is an hotel, and several well-built and most pleasantly situated houses of European residents. The country resort most affected is what is called "the Mountain," lying to the west of the town, distant two or three miles; it faces the Straits, and is nearly opposite to Trafalgar Bay. Here most of the ministers have houses and gardens, and it is very pretty and green and pleasant in summer; but it is rather difficult to get there in the winter, when the roads are torn up by rains, and the "Jew's river" is swollen to a torrent.

The act of moving about is always a difficulty in Morocco; it cannot seriously be said that there are any roads at all, and the winter rains render the tracks sometimes quite, and often almost, impassable.

Camels and asses are the beasts of burden—mules also, but the mule really seems to be the most esteemed of all the animals. A good mule is nearly twice the value of a horse, and the Arabs of Tangier ride them in preference, saying that they are easier and surer-footed; but in the interior Arab horses are, strange to say, dearer than at the coast, though I do not know why.

The Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of the shires. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored-felt saddlecloths; the stirrup broadens out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on, it is pointed at the corners, thereby enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or steel spear-like spur which he often pushes in between his slipper and the stirrup side.

The Arab soldier, with his white burnous fluttering behind him, his high red saddle and saddlecloths, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver-mounted gun flourishing in

the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to carry out his own bloodthirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible.

As a horseman, I believe the Arab to have an excellent seat but an execrable hand; he loves to keep his beast's head high in the air, and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, upon which he always rides, until one wonders how the wretched brute can put his feet safely down; yet he does somehow. No one rides camels in this country, but the Sultan is said to have some very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvellous journeys; and of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara, the camel is indispensable.

The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long-suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprehend the ass existing without Tangier, but it is impossible to conceive Tangier existing without the ass; his patient little body bears every possible burden, from the foreign minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity and, preceded by her Moorish soldier, pays calls upon other ministers' wives, to the latest thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market.

As an outlet for cruelty alone the ass is very valuable to the Moor; he is expressly enjoined to be kind to the horse, and assured that it will be accounted to him later on, so the horse has a comparatively good time of it, and we have all heard a good deal about the Arab's love for his horse; but the poor little donkey, the horse's remote ancestor, has no divine consideration extended to him that I know of; at least, if he has, it must be in some future state, for his earthly pilgrimage is a very sorry affair—he is battered and beaten and prodded, overloaded and underfed, until his poor old hide seems verily often to have too many holes in it to be able to hold his bones. I have seen an Arab go gravely to a great aloe hedge, and, choosing one of those terrible thorn-pointed leaves, drag it off with intent to quicken the paces of his poor little beast; nor would it be possible, even if

your vocabulary permitted, to convince him that he was cruel. I have heard those who were more competent to judge deny that the Arab is cruel, and assert that he is very kind and gentle, and that what appears to be cruelty is in reality merely an insensibility to the pain suffered around him, arising from a life in which pain fills so large a share. This may be so, but the result seems much the same, although it is only fair to say that, terrible as his punishments are in their barbarity—too terrible to be recounted here—yet, as far as I could see, the Arab does not derive pleasure from the infliction of pain. Unlike the Spaniard, his amusements do not necessitate blood to give the flavor.

I trust it will be pardoned me if, with but slight transition, I pass from the donkey of Morocco to the women thereof. Those who know Tangier will understand that there is no discourtesy intended against the sex which, in Europe, we are apt to call the weaker, but which here shares with those other patient creatures, the ass and the camel, the bearing of all burdens. If you walk along the bay at Tangier (which by the way is one of the most splendid strands imaginable) you will meet droves of women each carrying enormous bundles of grass or charcoal for market; the haik covers their heads and their burdens, the weight of which is usually further supplemented by a baby in a kerchief, slung pouch-wise about her somewhere where there is room. This trait, which almost seems borrowed from the kangaroo, is the invariable way of carrying a baby, and the women work and wash, wearing their babies in this marsupial fashion as naturally as some primitive Australian animal would did it but work and wash; and in the streets, too, under the white haiks of the townswomen, one sees bulging out the little skulls of infants, as in Donnybrook, in the old days, when the crowns of overtaken revellers, showing through the canvas tents, became irresistible spheres of attraction to passing shillelaghs. But to return to our women, who are trudging along the sands, perhaps eight or ten together—perhaps it is a family party, a husband, wife, and daughter, in which case there is a generally a donkey who shares the loads pretty fairly with the

two ladies, except that he has the further privilege of carrying their mutual lord and master, who sits up between the grass-woven baskets with a dignified unconsciousness of any calls of gallantry. Indeed, I believe the ladies would feel it utterly unbefitting and indecent were their positions reversed, and I believe that even the donkey, bred in Mohammedan usages, would resent it. I think I have only once seen a countrywoman riding while one of the nobler sex walked, but in this case she was evidently too old to get home otherwise.

The back is said to be fitted to the burden, and certainly the ladies' legs are; when one sees the limbs upon which these fardels are supported, bronzed and massive, and kilted often high above the knee, it seems almost squandering one's pity to lavish it upon the proprietors of so much muscle. Chivalry is the protection of the weak by the strong; but what man is there among us who is conscious of legs that would justify his entertaining even the wish to protect these Tangier charcoal-bearers?—indeed, one soon falls into a Mohammedan acquiescence in the will of Allah, which has given to women that which enables her to bear charcoal and other burdens, and to man the inalienable right to lay these burdens upon her.

I think I feel more inclined to be sorry for the Moorish lady of a certain rank: her want of education deprives her of those distractions which fill up the leisure time of European ladies, while her position, which makes it *infra dig.* for her to work, throws an immense weary void upon her hands—she must be bored to death. A lady told me that, calling once on the wife of a wealthy Moor, she admired some embroidery, and asked her if she had worked it; the very idea seemed to be offensive, and she replied with some haughtiness, that her slaves did it for her. The wives of the richer and more particular Moors never leave their houses at all, but of course the poorer women are obliged to go about; hence one meets in all the discursive, casual little streets bundles of towels waddling along over the uneven pavements. At first the prevalence of towelling as the

universal wearing material produces the effect as of having suddenly surprised a town that had just got out of its bath, and, conscious of the presence of a stranger, had huddled on its towels previous to dressing at its leisure ; the bare legs and slippers help the illusion of this bath theory, which, later on, one is reluctantly forced to discard.

The masculine garment peculiar to Morocco is the *gelawba*. Take a perfectly square sack, cut a hole in the bottom for your head ; add a hood and two little sleeves at each corner, and you have a *gelawba*, although, as a sartorial fact, the hood is not added, but is part of the piece. It is not easy to fancy anything simpler or looser : it may be white or colored, it may be big or little, but the form knows no change, nor will it in any way conform itself to your insignificant individuality ; it is part of the East, simple and easy, but changeless. The more graceful *burnous* is worn too, but not so generally, and usually by Algerines.

The woman's haik is merely a long towel about nine yards in length, wound round them in one invariable way. At first a woman produces no more effect upon you than any other shapeless bale of soft goods, but gradually the sex establishes its dominion even through the fold of the haik, and one finds one's self wondering whether the dark eyes, that glance at you and then swiftly veil themselves with a mysterious coquetry, are the only decent features in the hidden face. When one meets a lady, and there happens to be none of the Faithful by, it is not an infrequent occurrence that the haik, which needs constant adjustment, requires some little rearrangement just as you pass, and you are permitted to gaze upon the features of some fair *Fatimah* or *Zuleikah*, the light of some humble harem. As a rule, you are a little sorry that an illusion has been shattered : the dark eyes are generally the strong point, and their effect is heightened by darkening ; Arab women also generally tattoo a line from the lip to the chin.

It may be said that when a Moorish woman is not very much covered up she is very little covered up ; indeed, it sometimes happens that, as one passes some little street, a door opens and a

woman, literally *en chemise*, runs across the road to a neighbor ; she generally has a kerchief over her face and head, but her arms and feet are bare. She probably has been making bread or grinding at the eternal mill, whose soft murmur has never ceased or changed through all the Orient.

When the bread is made, the door of the house opens a little, and a bare arm makes it appearance, and, seizing the knocker, hammers away for perhaps the space of a minute. This is the signal for the baker's boy, whose long wailing note, something like that of the Paris sweeps, soon answers ; the bread in flat cakes is passed out to him on a board, and the bare-legged urchin trots away, chanting out his melancholy cry, with his loaves upon his head, just as Pharaoh's chief baker might have done in the days of his apprenticeship, before disquieting dreams began to foreshadow a time in which it would be impossible for him to carry bread upon his head.

Marriage is said to be a serious matter even in Europe, but here in Morocco the courage of the ladies, Arab or Jewess, who embark in it, is worthy of all admiration. *Æsthetically*, the taste of the country leans (if the context permits of such a verb) towards *embonpoint* ; consequently a process, closely analogous to that practised upon turkeys before Christmas time, has to be gone through by a bride-elect conscious of insufficient amplitude of charms.

I do not know that there is any point (if again such a word is applicable on such a subject) at which adipose tissue ceases to be admirable—fat, fatter, and fattest seem but synonymous with fair, fairer, and fairest ; and so ladies of a very positive stoutness seek, by swallowing enormous quantities of pellets of kneaded bread, to attain comparative and even superlative desirableness.

It is extraordinary, I am told, how much ladies, burning with the laudable desire to please their future husbands, can manage to cram in this way, and with excellent effect ; for they become beautifully broad and doughy.

The Jewish bride, on her wedding day, is not permitted to speak or to open her eyes—this is modesty petrified by custom. When not being married, Jewish ladies, dame or damsel, make very

good use of their eyes ; and on the Sabbath, for example, when other work is forbidden, the ladies, all in their bravest colors, sit in their patios facing the door, or in the doorway itself. It becomes an exercise demanding some courage, and to be recommended for that reason, for a timid male to pass unflinchingly the battery of dark eyes that converge upon him with a most searching deliberation.

The Jewish wedding is a most tremendous affair : for days before, at the bride's house, there are receptions, winding up with a final gathering of friends on the eve of the day. One has no words to express the brilliancy of the ladies' dresses—Solomon in all his glory and the Queen of Sheba seem in some way appropriate as similes, but the mental eye can bear them undazzled. Now I want some phrase made up of rainbows, and sunstrokes, and beds of tulips, and Tyrian purple, and the gold of Ophir, and suspicion of the Burlington Arcade, to convey to those who have not seen them some idea of the gorgeousness of the ladies who come and help with the effulgence of their presence.

At the ante-nuptial receptions the bride is dressed in her maiden dress, probably European, to which one might say the East has added a tint or two. The young girls, her friends and sisters and cousins, are in European dress too, but the vats that dye for these little ladies are more opulent of color than would be thought quite good taste at the Grosvenor, for example ; but the married ladies come forth on these occasions in the national dress of the Morocco Jewess, the skirt of silk, or more probably purple velvet, embroidered in front with a quadrant of concentric circles all of gold. Around her waist there is a broad cincture (once for all one may say that everything is broad) of gold, and the jacket is silk or velvet covered with Eastern embroidery of gold. The broad sleeves of gossamer and gold are fastened behind her back, and on her head she wears either a bright silk kerchief covering her hair, which, from her wedding day, must never more be discovered to mortal man, save to her husband only. This kerchief is fastened with brooches of quaint and antique

jeweller's work, in which are often set enormous emeralds ; under the kerchief she wears a wig of silk, so as to completely cover the little hair that might perchance show at the side.

All these many-colored ladies sit at a long table, and eat many-colored sweetmeats with astonishing solemnity. To our gross and beefsteak-devouring natures there is something frivolous about sweetmeats, the eating of which could only be excused by an attitude of equally frivolous mirth ; but here there is something entirely harmonious, not to say symphonic, in these gold and silken dames feasting with gentle gravity upon orange-blossoms dipped in sweetness : it is a kind of marriage-hymn crystallized in confectionery. All the while, Arab musicians keep up that curious monotonous strain which all through the East is known as music, and which when once heard is never forgotten.

Nothing could well be more discordant nor in worse taste than the houses of the Jews in Morocco : they despise the ornaments of the Arabs, and cherish European furniture. So one finds these golden daughters of the sun sitting on cheap plush sofas or chairs, surrounded by a firmament of wall-paper expressly contrived to irritate eyes further exasperated by cheap German chromo-lithographs.

After sundown, the bride is taken into her room, her eyes are shut, her maiden dress is taken from her, and she is clad in a voluminous golden garment such as I have described. Sometimes her figure is not equal to the emergency, for it is not given to all Barbary brides to command this sweet gift of fatness ; on such occasions, I am told, many foreign objects, such as sheets, stockings, towels, etc., are pressed into the service, if I may so speak, to amplify, and give to the little lady at least the appearance of due matronly solidity. Her eyelashes are then blackened with a gold ring which has been previously held over a lamp, her eyebrows are painted black and her cheeks white, her lips anything but "indifferent red," a tall crown of silk and lace, covered with jewels, is then held upon her head, probably by her father, while those of her male friends whom the family wish to honor lead the little blinded bride in slow procession.

Great wax candles are held before her, and the men, with covered heads, chant texts from the Talmud; the women cry a little, and the procession moves on. The bride looks ghastly with her white painted cheeks, her closed eyes, and her tall tottering crown; a cynic might say that there was something appropriate in this entering of the marriage state with closed eyes, but what could he say of the closed mouth?—Oh, bad man!

At the door, the bride and her mother get into a box something like a portable confessional, and are borne to the bridegroom's house. He, surrounded by his friends, is holding a sort of festival too; he meets you at the door of the salon, probably clad in those grim sables which, in Europe, we hold sacred to the evening. Of course I am speaking of the wealthier class; but there is not a great deal of difference in the marriages of the poor or wealthy Jews, for the rich make a point of going to the weddings of their poorer co-religionists, and also of lending them their clothes and jewels.

The bride, still wilfully closing her eyes to her fate, is led to a throne erected for her in a bower of flowers and greenery at the end of the room, where, surrounded by a little court of near lady relations, she sits immobile and corpse-like. Her mother stays with her that night, and next morning the marriage takes place. The religious ceremony is performed in the house, and is, of course, the same all over the Jewish world.

The marriage conditions are read, and it is significant that the prospect of divorce is frankly discussed, and the amount of alimony stipulated, so that, after all, the bride's eyes are not so firmly shut as would appear; in the interior divorce is very common. Then rings are exchanged, a glass is broken, the Rabbi delivers an exhortation, the bride's eyes come open, and all abandon themselves to sweetmeats. The bride and bridegroom have to stay indoors for a week to receive visitors, which must be trying.

Among the Jews a dower is given with the bride: with the Arabs, on the contrary, a sum is given by the bridegroom to the lady's family in exchange for her. Should an accident occur, of

sufficiently grave a character as to render her return to her family advisable, the sum given for her is returned.

Of course, the details of an Arab wedding are only known to me by hearsay, though they have often been described by lady writers. Here, in Morocco, the bride, with arabesques painted on her cheeks, is carried to her lord's house in a little box set on the back of a mule; the box is covered with cloth of gold, etc., and is surmounted by a wreath of flowers, but the wretched woman mewed up inside must be pretty nearly suffocated and jolted to pieces when the journey happens to be a long one.

If the family is rich, musicians go in front, and there is the inevitable powder-play at every step; when they are poor, and the procession starts in the evening, the few friends that poor people happen to have follow with lanterns.

The burial processions are by no means melancholy. There is no coffin; the body is carried upon a trestle, and is just covered with a sheet that half hides, half defines, the body, which trembles as it is carried on the shoulders of men over the uneven ground. The procession moves on briskly, chanting to Allah a hymn, apparently of gratitude for having safely gotten one more poor man out of the mess of living; in reality it is but the oft-repeated assertion that there is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet.

When the deceased is rich, the funeral is well attended; when poor, badly; though it is only fair to say that the deference paid to wealth is really not anything like so noticeable as in Europe; indeed, the Mussulman is as near democracy as it seems in the nature of man to get.

The streets of Tangier—if the idea of a street can be conveyed by narrow, unpaved, or ill-paved uneven pathways—wind between whitewashed walls, windowless, and not often more than fifteen or twenty feet high. There are arched doorways, through which, when open, you can see into the patio or court, off which the rooms give; these glimpses into the patios, even of the poorest houses, are very pretty: the paints they use to redden the floors, and blue the basements of the whitewashed walls, are

mixed with water and constantly being applied, so the colors are very bright, and so is the sunlight; there is often a fig-tree or a vine in the middle of the patio, and the shadows of the broad leaves lie like stains of purple on the red sunlit floor. Here and there in these uncommercial little streets there is a recess in the wall five or six feet square, and about three feet above the roadway; here, protected from the sun or weather by a rude wooden awning, sits, cross-legged, a grocer, let us call him, flipping the flies away from his merchandise, which consists of black olives, dates, soft soap, white butter, indented with many finger-marks, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. The main street runs up from the Marine, past the principal mosque with its green-tiled tower, through the little Soko, or market-place out of the gates of the city to the great Soko, where the country people come and sell their produce.

This main street has many little shops such as I have described; those near the mosque and the Cadi's court are the offices of the Aduls, or notaries, who sit cross-legged on their mats, with their paper on their knees, and complicate simple matters in beautiful Arabic characters, with an ingenuity worthy of a larger sphere of action, while their clients sit on the edge of their doorway, a prey to the strife which wages between the warmth of a litigant and the resignation of a Mussulman. Then there are little shops where squat serious turbaned vendors of babouches, or slippers—yellow for men, crimson for women—and haiks and broideries, and such things as go to make up the few but picturesque wants of Moorish life.

Up and down the crowded street goes the public salesman—on his arm a carpet from Rabat, a gun from Tetuan in his hand, and perhaps a silver-worked dagger from the wild Sus country; he shouts the prices, and the loungers, who sit calmly about in the hurrying crowd, call him to them and depreciate the value of the article with an appearance of indifference in inverse ratio to their desire to possess it.

It is not easy to get on in this stream of unfettered Moslems, whose slippered feet grasp the uneven pavement, over which you stumble. Valack! valack!

you hear in warning cry behind you, and you escape the donkey carrying water-barrels, which a Jew is prodding savagely, only to run into the arms of a stalwart negro who is struggling along under half the bleeding carcass of an ox which he is bringing down to the Gibraltar boat. You are treated to very little respect by these democrats of the Koran; and they think very lightly of bringing an "unsavory corpse between the wind and your nobility," or of jostling that nobility however brusquely. Official position is respected, but nothing else, and to the highest places the meanest men may aspire.

The slaves are negroes supplied from that vague country known as the Soudan, which is really the land of the blacks, and stretches from Nubia to Timbuctoo, and from Timbuctoo to the Cape of Good Hope, for that matter. Slavery is always a vexed and difficult question, about which it is hard to get at the truth, if there is any truth, independent of individual experience in the matter.

Some tell you that, in a land where democracy is so deeply rooted in the people's minds, the slave even is not regarded as an inferior, but as a child, a member of the family, with reciprocal duties and responsibilities; and certainly the deportment of a slave in this country is much less servile than that of many a freeborn Briton. Still, human nature is much the same, no matter the political or religious creed, and a belief in the efficacy of stripes is too prevalent in the Moorish mind to make the life of a slave altogether comfortable.

Some of the best blood in the country runs through black veins. The Sherief of Wasan, the most revered descendant of the Prophet throughout Morocco and Algeria, is almost a negro. But this saintly man has done his best to bleach his descendants by marrying, among others, a Scotch lady, and the small sons of these somewhat pied nuptials have their garments kissed by devout Moslems as they walk or ride along the sands. There are some things that are said to make ancestors turn in their graves: one can fancy what revolving must be going on under the tombstones of many stern old Presbyterians at these Paynim kisses received with unconscious indifference by their little descendants.

Sanctity, in Morocco, proceeds from various causes : you may be born with it, or you may get it any time during your life.

What one might call congenital holiness is also divisible into two kinds : First, there are those who are more or less descended from the Prophet—these are the Sheriefs of highest pretension, and their sanctity is a very comfortable source of income to them : they receive presents from all the Faithful, and the most cheerful participation in all the vices known to Islam and Christendom combined does not seem to jeopardize their title to holiness. For example, let us suppose a saintly descendant of the Prophet—who most uncompromisingly forbade intoxicating drinks—is, by the munificence of believers, enabled to drink champagne to excess. It does not matter, says the subtle-minded Arab, the Angel of God will not permit his saint to sin, but changes this liquid wickedness into milk in his mouth, and so, without sinning, he can get very drunk indeed.

The other class of congenital saints are idiots. Of the validity of this title I was not very well able to judge, and can easily understand some slight confusion in people's minds. I have seen a holy man of this category of sanctity one day draped in a gaudy Kidderminster carpet, smiling with all the consciousness of a dandy as he swaggered through the crowded Soko, haled on the morrow before the Caleef and thrown into the common prison. His offence was a petty attack with a knife upon some one who had offended him, and, from the shouts of the crowd who followed, it was evident that they were very pleased with the calamity which had befallen this good man.

But holiness may be earned by a life of devotion ; and a gentleman who had accompanied a diplomatic mission to the imperial city of Fez told me that he there saw an aged and very corpulent man who was seeking Paradise by lying naked in the middle of a crowded street ; he had lain there for years, day and night, fed by the charitable, the ground actually hollowed by the weight of adipose sanctity. Women are even known to become saints, but I do not know by what means they attain this

eminence, which is very rare among the sex in Mohammedan countries.

It is a common idea that the Mohammedan religion denies women souls altogether, but this is not so ; indeed the Koran expressly says that " Paradise is not shut against any human being, no matter age or sex, who holds the creed of Islam." Women in Morocco rarely go to the Mosque, but this is due to quite another reason—viz. the jealousy which surrounds women on every side—might not the Mosque offer opportunities for what we will call flirtation ?—and therefore the prudent Moslem thinks it better for the women to perform their devotions at home. Enemies to their creed say that the women are very devout and far more fanatical than the men. An artist friend, who had been to Fez and Mequinez with the last French mission, told me that generally, when he met a woman in the street, she cursed him and spat on the ground ; if she did not, but looked at him, then he knew it was a young woman—perhaps the young women are not so devout.

The Sultan lives a somewhat wandering life, between Fez, Mequinez, Rabat, and the city of Morocco. Mequinez is the great treasure-city ; it is said that four hundred black slaves are immured in the vaults of the treasure-house. They are employed in arranging dollar pieces in the square marble tanks, each of which holds a known quantity. In old times these slaves, when they had finished their work, were beheaded ; but whether it was found that this did not encourage them to work quickly, or from motives of mere weak philanthropy, the authorities now content themselves with keeping them locked up with the treasure for ever.

The only Moorish money that can be said to be in circulation is a very debased copper coin known as Floos. These floos are of various sizes, the biggest about the size of our bronze penny ; but it is so brittle that you can break it between your fingers, and so small in value that about a hundred and twenty go to a franc or peseta. The Sultan, however, arbitrarily changes the value, according to whether he gives or receives ; for example, five francs paid in duties would only be received as three francs and a fraction. The silver is

nearly all Spanish, the gold likewise. There are some handsome gold pieces, but they are generally regarded as curiosities and converted into necklets, etc. ; I never saw one in circulation. Quite recently a Moorish silver coin has been struck in Paris, but it has hardly yet found its way into Morocco ; it is neat and sharp, and smacks of a fresh, pert civilization, and somehow seems out of place beside the amateur roundish silver that the Moors struck (if one may use so abrupt a word) many years ago.

The government of Morocco might be called a voracious despotism tempered by legations, though on second thoughts I am not so sure of the tempering ; some people will tell you that " assisted " would be more to the point. Anyhow the Sultan is the supreme head of the State, and inasmuch as he is a descendant of the Prophet, he is also a Sherief, and consequently, as far as it is possible in an unsacerdotal religion, of high spiritual authority and the fountain of all honor and emolument. But all through his dominion no official is paid at all, or at all proportionately to his post and responsibility ; so, from the soldier who lays stripes on the backs of wretched prisoners, up to the Grand Visier, who may at any moment have stripes laid on his own back if he is not careful, every one seeks to enrich himself at the expense of those who come under his power.

The soldier insists upon the prisoner paying him for locking him up and letting him out ; the governors of the towns levy contributions on every pretext ; to be suspected of riches is fatal. After a few years of governorship, the Sultan has his turn, sends for the reputedly rich man, is cold and angry in his questions about his stewardship. The Grand Visier, who perhaps evinces a kindly disposition toward the rich scoundrel, suggests more and more handsome presents ; the Sultan, if it suits his policy, sometimes relents and, after wringing a final lump from him, sends him back to recoup himself. Or, more likely still, it is inconvenient that he should return, and so he gets a cup of tea and Paradise or Tophet, or wherever governors retire to eventually.

The governor of Tangier came back lately to his disconsolate people after a

protracted interview of this sort with the Sultan ; there was much powder-play and pomp, but I could see that every one was surprised at his reappearance. They did not exactly say that it was wrong for a governor to come back alive from an interview with the Sultan ; they implied more that it was unusual, and with many people what is unusual is wrong.

The only people who dare to exhibit wealth are the Jews, who have placed themselves under the protection of the various foreign legations. This question of the Jews in Morocco is one of the most difficult in the whole country, and really deserves far more study than I could give it, and far more space than I can afford it here. It is almost impossible to inform oneself, because the stranger is ignorant and the resident is prejudiced ; it is not my purpose to speculate upon the character of the Jews further than to say that, wherever they have been, in all ages, they have been, to put it mildly, very unpopular.

In Morocco, a land which opened its doors to them when driven from Spain, they have had a bad time of it ; locked up in special quarters ; subject to sumptuary laws ; stoned, pillaged, hated ; yet, with their extraordinary tenacity, they have held on, and are at this day, if an evil, still a very necessary one, as the dull quiet of their Sabbath in Tangier, contrasted with the business bustle of other days, abundantly testifies.

But the centuries of persecution have naturally not softened the Jew toward his taskmaster, and he would spoil the people of the Western, as thoroughly as we are told he did those of the Eastern, side of Africa long ago. Now there are growing up, under the shadow of the various legations, wealthy Jews who, so to speak, wax fat and kick ; they have handsome houses, and love to exhibit their wealth with an ostentation almost peculiar to their race ; while the rich Moslems, fearful of rousing the cupidity of needy officials, studiously avoid all display ; and it chafes them to find the despised aliens, who in the towns of the interior are not permitted to walk with covered feet, swaggering about here in Tangier under the protection of some European Power, and growing obviously wealthy in a security

unknown to the lords of the land. This wealth is mostly the result of usury, and oftentimes due also to some Jewish minion's usefulness to the ministers or ministers' underlings of the country to which he nominally belongs.

Transactions are darkly hinted at every now and again in which the representative of some great Power and his Hebrew scavenger have pulled out of hideous dirt a good store of sweet and pleasant shekels. If the dirt is much stirred up, and stinks in honest men's nostrils, the Israelite is sacrificed, and honest men's noses, or sensibilities, or whatever one likes to call them, are satisfied.

But, nevertheless, such cases are few, and wrong and extortion flourish and have the most secure retreats under the shadows of all those many flags that every Sunday make glad the hearts of Christians in the land of the unbeliever.

It certainly seems that a very grave difficulty is thus growing up—viz. a hated race absorbing the wealth of the community—a community too that has a short way of dealing with knotty difficulties; and a grave responsibility will rest on the shoulders of "the Powers" if some day the tide of hatred, growing too strong for the moral force exercised by Europe on behalf of her *protégés*, sweep away the innocent (if there be any) with the guilty. We have seen how, in some of the countries of Eastern Europe itself, the public opinion was so strong against the Jewish usurers and money traffickers that the government did not dare to put down the oppression and expulsion that ensued; and here in Morocco the case seems to be aggravated by the protective interference of exterior Powers. But, as I said before, this is a most puzzling question, really deserving much thought and a most impartial investigation.

It would be pleasant to succeed in avoiding the use of so invidious a word as "superstition" in speaking of some characteristics of Morocco. One might say that the people's faith has not shrunk under the narrowing influences of scientific methods of thought; they believe a host of things that all our ancestors held in common besides a goodly number which are, I believe, quite peculiar to this corner of the world. For

example, the evil eye is probably the most widely prevailing belief in the world; there is hardly a people that do not hold it or have not held it in one form or another, from the citizen of Rome to the South Sea Islander. Hear the wisest man that England ever produced—"the large-browed Verulam, the first of those who knew." "We see likewise the Scripture calls envy an evil eye, and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seems to be acknowledged in envy and the operation thereof a certain ejaculation and irradiation from the eye. Nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye does most hurt are particularly when the party envied is beheld in glory and triumph; for this sets an edge upon envy; and, besides, at such times the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts and so meet the blow."

Here, to-day, in Morocco, this view of Bacon's concerning the evil eye is held by all classes, but especially by the Jews, who take the greatest trouble to avoid and counteract this "percussion" of the envious eye, which they hold, as he did, "does most hurt when the party envied is beheld in glory and triumph." So at all marriage festivals the initials of the bride and bridegroom are painted on the whitewashed walls of the house, and a rude hand is painted over them, for this is found to be the most efficacious antidote to this malignant evil—a point in which they are far ahead of Bacon, for he does not suggest a remedy. I believe the virtue lies principally in the number five represented by the fingers, though why five is better than six would be, perhaps, asking more than we have a right to know. Admiration is received by the Barbary Jew with some apprehension. Should some fair daughter of Israel evoke it beyond your powers of concealment, pray raise your open hand toward her deprecatingly, as though one would say, "Sweet lady, be assured that the ejaculation and irradiation of my eye is not evil, and if your spirit comes forth into the outward parts to meet the blow, it will gain no hurt from the percussion." Train your hand to say this and all will be well.

The Jews have a curious cemetery arrangement. A defunct saint or wise man has a tube down to his ear, through which petitions from poor perplexed mortals are conveyed to a wisdom grown more wise by having crossed the valley of the shadow ; but if the petitions are not answered the saint is apt to be considered the cause, and from asking they come to threats, and from threats to blows. In one case, the holy man's grave was soundly thrashed for some hours by an indignant family who had been petitioning vainly for money enough to buy a tombstone for the grave of a dead relative, and he was threatened with another beating if he delayed forwarding the petition any longer. The result of this vigorous policy was that the money was forthcoming, by what means I could not find out ; but anyhow the tombstone was procured, and the saint got a lesson which it might be well to teach to not a few intermediate officials. Again, a beggar with paralyzed legs, who had long been an object of frugal almsgiving, after sleeping for a couple of nights on the grave of this good man, was able to walk with crutches, and is now a very well-to-do mendicant, munificently supported by the Faithful ; for it is well to be charitable toward those who have powerful friends in the other world. One night in the year the Jews hold high festival in the cemetery which looks eerie rather, the lights moving among the tombs on the bluff where the bones of the Chosen Race are sepulchred.

A custom prevails among Barbary Jews which, so far as I know, is peculiar to them : they consider it a safeguard against the death of children that they should be dressed by charity. A quite wealthy mother will tell you that her child has never worn any garment bought by her. I do not know how far this system of clothing may be good for babies' health, but I can understand Jewish fathers feeling that it was incumbent on them to try it to the uttermost.

Another curious custom, also peculiar, I think, to the Jews of this country, and delightfully naïve, is when any one is in bad health it is a common practice to rename him. For example, say a little Hebrew starts as " Abraham

ben So-and-so ;" he falls into ill health, and the Angel of Death is despatched to cut shorter his short span of life, but in the meantime his anxious friends have changed his name to " Isaac ben So-and-so," and the Angel of Death, being a dull messenger and devoted to routine, comes back baffled ; this may happen many times, until his friends have run through the names of all the patriarchs and prophets, and at last, full of years, he may die as " Malachi ben So-and-so," even then, perchance, a victim to a restricted nomenclature.

In a country where medicine has not arrived at that perfect certainty to which it has attained in Europe, a few simple and general remedies of this kind are invaluable. For instance, sometimes one sees a number of Arab children in their little many-colored caftans, holding a sheet in which there is a silver bracelet ; they pass down the narrow streets singing, and the doors of the houses open as they go along, and sympathetic women come out and pour water on the sheet. The bracelet and sheet belong to some poor woman about to become a mother, and this quaint little procession is all that they can devise for the emergency.

Jews and Moors borrow and interchange customs, but not always flatteringly. The Moors believe in the efficacy of the prayers of the Jews, but give a characteristically scornful reason for it. Allah, they say, hates so fervently the very voice of a Jew that, to silence him and be rid of his importunities, he at once grants him whatever he desires. So Arabs will even ask Jews to pray for them. I am not sure but that the Arabs consider that whatever results from the prayers of Christians is also due to the same cause.

As I said before, this is the sunset land, and it is a sunset land in more senses than one : here is the evening of Islam, the shadows of the Franks fall ominously long over the Barbary States, and the silver moon of the Moslem power seems more decreescent than crescent. There is something suggestive in the picture that one sees of an evening as one leaves the city by the strand gate—a dozen or so Moors generally bring their felt saddle-cloths and, in their white haiks, sit with their backs against

the old walls ; they are generally silently looking over the narrow sea to where the hills of Spain are still warm with sunset colors, and the distant rock of Tarick shows its bold outline against the eastern sky. I do not mean to say that they are thinking of Spain or of Tarick ; they tell their beads and take snuff, and Heaven knows what their thoughts are about—probably nothing more than the gossip of the Soko, or how they could gain a little more money and still retain the blessed security of apparent poverty. Such things naturally dwarf the facts that Spain was won

and lost by their valiant ancestors in the glorious past ; for does not the Wise King tell them that “ a live dog is better than a dead lion ? ” And so the Moor muses at the gateway of the world through which the myriad argosies have passed since Jason's, and the shades of evening are falling upon him, and the sun goes down behind Cape Spartel into the great sea, and the sunset gun booms out from the crumbling old battlements, and these silent old gossips arise, take up their saddledcloths, and return quietly home, and the gate is shut for the night.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE SIEGE OF BUDA : JUNE 18—SEPT. 2, 1686.

THE invitation officially offered by the Hungarian authorities to descendants of English volunteers who served at the siege of Buda does not seem to have attracted much attention. Few passages of European history are less known in general by English readers than the wars in which the Duke of Lorraine, Lewis of Baden, and Eugene of Savoy, at the head of the Imperial armies, drove the Turks from Hungary, and threatened indeed at one time to drive them from Europe. The victorious standards of Austria were upon the frontiers of Macedonia, the Poles were in Moldavia, and the Venetians in Albania and the Morea ; and the Eastern question might have been settled in the seventeenth century had not the violence and intrigues of France, in its attacks on Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands, given the Turks a respite and limited the Imperial conquests. Hungary, however, with unimportant exceptions, was permanently wrested from the Turks, who had held most of it for 150 years. The great disaster of the Turks before Vienna in 1683, their failure to take the city, and their defeat by Sobieski and Lorraine in the field, with huge losses of *mâteriel* of all kinds, left them exposed to a counter-attack in Hungary. They had lost and the Christians had acquired confidence in themselves, while the Hungarian rebels, who had long preferred Turkish to Austrian rule, began to cast about for a way of making peace with what now seemed the win-

ning side. The end of the year 1683 was signalized by the capture from the Turks of Gran, the important frontier fortress of their Hungarian possessions commanding a passage of the Danube, and by the rapid reduction by the Poles of many places held by the Turks and insurgents in North-East Hungary. In 1684 the Imperial generals determined to advance at once to Buda, the centre of Turkish rule, the tenth city in dignity, as it was considered, of the Ottoman Empire. But in 1684, though the general balance of success inclined to the Christians, Buda was not taken. The Duke of Lorraine appeared before the city on July 14, the anniversary of the arrival of the Turks before Vienna in the previous year. Like them, he was at least a month too late for such an important enterprise in the unhealthy valley of the Danube. Ibrahim Pasha, surnamed the Devil, an old and successful opponent of Sobieski, was in command. The Pasha commanding Neuhausel, far away to the north of the great bend of the Danube, kept all that bank of the river in alarm by well-executed forays. Even on the right bank, though the Turks were defeated in the field, they were enabled to throw small supplies of men and stores into Buda and to trouble the Imperial communications. Finally, in the middle of September, the besiegers, defeated in several assaults, suffering from want and disease, and troubled by the autumnal rains, abandoned the attack. In 1685

they more wisely contented themselves with recovering Neuhausel and securing both banks of the Danube, preparatory to a fresh advance the following year.

The old town of Buda stands upon a long, narrow hill, running north and south, parallel almost to the right bank of the Danube, but rather further from the river at the northern than at the southern end. At this northern end the hill widens considerably; it widens also slightly at the southern end, where stands the castle. The hill was surrounded by a brick wall backed with earth, and with a ditch in front. Semi-circular towers projected at irregular intervals, and in places the wall was doubled. Most of the fortifications could be commanded by the cannon even of those days from surrounding hills, the Blocksberg on the south, and the Spiesseberg on the west. At the north end of the hill was the Lower town, to the south-east the Water town, surrounded by similar walls. It is characteristic of the Turks that they had made no attempt to improve the fortifications since the previous siege, but had merely repaired damages. They were skilful engineers, as times were, and expended great labor on the scientific fortification of Neuhausel, but were content to let the capital and key of Hungary take its chance with mediæval works not much stronger, except by situation, than the present walls of Chester. Pesth, on the opposite side of the river, had been burned in 1684, and not restored. Ibrahim the Devil had been superseded in command of Buda by Abdurahman Pasha, a veteran of seventy, who had formerly distinguished himself at the taking of Candia from the Venetians, and again lately by his defence of Kamieniec against the Poles. The garrison was ten thousand picked men. The Emperor had nearly one hundred thousand men under arms, about thirty thousand in detached corps and garrisons, and nearly seventy thousand in the besieging and covering armies at Buda. This year they appeared before the city in the middle of June. The camp was a centre whither young men of all nations anxious for military distinction were gathered together. There were Englishmen, French, Spaniards, and Italians of rank serv-

ing as volunteers. Among the Englishmen were John Cutts, famous at Namur and Blenheim, and the young son of James II. and Arabella Churchill, then only sixteen and serving his first campaign, but destined to become, as Duke of Berwick, the second greatest captain of his age. His adversary Eugene was there as a colonel of Imperial cavalry. The future opponents at Schellenberg, the Elector of Bavaria and Lewis of Baden, were commanding together in the siege; while the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Lorraine, was with the covering army. Before the end of June the assailants had carried the Lower town, which was not seriously defended by the Turks, and approaches were opened against the Upper city on the hill. The Imperialists and the Brandenburgers attacked from the north and north-east; the Elector of Bavaria from the south attacked the castle. The works opposite to him were stronger, but he was enabled to command them to a great extent from batteries on the Blocksberg and the Spiesseberg. The ruins of Pesth were occupied, and a bridge of boats thrown across to the camp of the Elector below the city. The investment of the place was scarcely complete, for between the Imperial and Bavarian forces to the west there was a wide interval, only partially covered by cavalry. An incident early in the siege shows how the manners of their opponents had affected the Germans, as long before they had affected the Crusaders. A raid upon an island in the Danube below the city resulted in the capture of the harems, with their attendants, of some of the Turkish leaders. One hundred of the most beautiful women were sold by auction among the captains of the besiegers. Meanwhile the siege operations were pushed vigorously forward and as vigorously met by the Turks with counter-mines and sorties. Indeed, though the Hungarians, who fought on both sides in the war, may legitimately celebrate the deliverance of their capital and country from the Turks, the military merit of the besieged, in spite of their ill-success, was greater than that of the besiegers, considering their relative numbers and the extremely insufficient fortifications

which for two months and a half they defended successfully. On June 29 the Turks, sallying by the Stuhlweissenberg gate, threw themselves into the interval between the Imperial and Bavarian approaches, and, turning to the left, attacked the rear of the latter, and were only driven back with difficulty by the Imperial cavalry. To guard against similar sorties lines of contravallation were erected between the two attacks, but not completely connecting them, every movement of the besiegers being continually interrupted by the gallant garrison. On July 14 a storm was attempted from the Imperialist trenches, but after hard fighting was defeated with the loss of 1,400 killed and wounded to the assailants. Two days later the Bavarians effected a lodgment on the counterscarp of the works opposite them, but otherwise the besiegers contented themselves with an active bombardment for a fortnight, till an opportunity for a fresh attack offered itself. This came from a red-hot shot dropping in the chief Turkish magazine. A terrific explosion followed that drove even the advanced posts of the besiegers to flight in terror and threw down sixty paces of the walls of Buda, but above the Danube at the steepest part of the hill. Lorraine immediately summoned the garrison, and on their refusal to surrender ordered a fresh assault, July 27. A triple attack was made from the north, east, and south, in great force and fed with constant reinforcements; but after four hours' hard fighting the assailants only remained masters of three points on the outer works, the Turks still holding the interior lines, while this partial success was purchased by a loss of between three and four thousand killed and wounded. The Grand Vizier was known to be approaching with a relieving army, and Lorraine again tried negotiation. Abdurahman was firm, suggesting only the surrender of some other Hungarian fortress instead of Buda, or the negotiation of a general peace, for which Buda might possibly be surrendered. The besiegers answered merely by a fresh bombardment, followed by another attack on August 3, which was also defeated.

Meanwhile the approach of Suleiman, the Grand Vizier, with a relieving army,

caused the active siege operations to be suspended. On August 14 he attacked the covering position of Lorraine, who was drawn up with his left resting on the Blocksberg and the Danube, by endeavoring to turn the right flank near Budakesz. General Dunewald, the leader of the pursuit after the victory at Vienna, frustrated the attack by a brilliant cavalry charge. Twice subsequently the Vizier attempted to elude the besiegers, and did succeed in introducing about five hundred horsemen into the place through the interval between the Bavarian and Imperialist lines. He was not in sufficient force, however, to attempt a decided attack upon the Christians, and his efforts were paralyzed by the want of confidence in themselves and their leaders which had passed from the Imperial to the Turkish armies after the disasters of 1683. Lorraine determined, therefore, as the season was advancing and the unhealthiness of the valley of the Danube increasing, to overpower Buda by a fresh general assault almost in the sight of the ir-resolute army of relief. On September 2, at six in the morning, the assault was delivered, and by the close of the day, after fearful slaughter, the city was carried. The Turks who still resisted in the castle were admitted to terms, but not above two thousand of the gallant garrison survived. Abdurahman perished in the breach. The equally brave defender of Vienna, Count Starhemberg, had been permanently disabled earlier in the siege.

The fall of Buda proved the death-blow to Turkish rule in Hungary. They still held isolated fortresses, Erlau till 1687 and Stuhlweissenberg till 1688, but their armies fell back upon Belgrade, making their basis in the country which was still Turkish in the memory of this generation. Their subsequent attempts to recover the country met with disaster at Mohacz, Salankamen, and Zenta. Though the strength of the Imperialists proved insufficient for the conquest of Bosnia and Servia, they were able, though sustaining a French war at the same time, to master and to defend Hungary. While the siege of Buda had been in progress, the league against the French had been completed at Augsburg in July 1686. Had Lor-

raine been obliged a second time to raise the siege, as he probably must have done had the last assault failed, the engagements of the Emperor with his allies against the French could not possibly have been fulfilled. Looking to the great European importance of these Hungarian wars, and the general ignorance concerning them, we may agree with M. Dalerac, French Secretary to

Sobieski's Queen, who says :—"The wars of Flanders have met with a famous historian, Strada, by whose help they have merited the admiration of all ages ; those of Hungary, which are longer and more bloody, would have been more memorable if a faithful and well-informed historian had written the particulars of them." Hungary wants both a Strada and a Motley.—*Saturday Review*.

DEMOCRATIC EMULATIONS.

It looks very much as if it would be the effect of democratic institutions to increase extremely the pleasure to be derived from putting any sort of distinctive mark on yourself, even if it be only by walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, or by passing the rapids of Niagara in a tub, or better still, because at even greater risk to life, in a cork-jacket, or by leaping from a high suspension-bridge into the water, or by swarming up the lightning-conductor of a great church to fix a flag at the top of the steeple. The more the crowd of equalities multiplies, the more there are who seem to hanker after some mode of discriminating themselves from the multitude. We have no doubt that a man who has done one of these things feels as if he had won for himself something much better than a ribbon of the Legion of Honor, or a Victoria Cross. He regards himself from that time as a select man, as a man who has battled with physical danger in a very special way, and who has not been worsted in the fight. But it is not really the conflict with Nature of which he thinks chiefly, it is the recognition of men. For, conceive for a moment that he could be sure that no one would ever hear of his achievement, and you are at once aware that he never would have attempted it. No man living alone in the trackless forest ever yet contrived the means of shooting a dangerous rapid only for the sake of assuring himself that he could face and overcome the danger. If Pircher had come on an abandoned city of ancient days, you may be sure he would not have swarmed up four hundred feet of pole in order to attach a flag to a cross where nobody

but himself would ever see it. The man who leaped from the New York suspension bridge the other day, and who was escorted to prison afterward, would certainly not have run any risk of prison if there had been no one to observe and no one to condemn his foolhardiness ; he would never have thought of attempting the feat without the prospect of exciting approbation or disapprobation, or both, in no common degree by his foolhardiness. As Mrs. Poyser said of the dog, that you could not imagine it sitting upon its hind legs if no one were looking, so it is certain that you could not imagine a man executing these feats without some one to stare at him. Even the man who walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours would never have done so only to satisfy his own eagerness to come up to a certain standard of physical endurance. It is the wish not merely to be distinguished in something from the crowd, but to be recognized by the mass of men as noticeably distinguished from themselves, which induces these numberless attempts of otherwise ordinary men to decorate themselves by insignia which, to them at least, will always seem memorable. Yet there is nothing meritorious in being tossed ten feet into the air and bruised black and blue in the Niagara rapids, or in being knocked about in a frightful cataract in a strong tub, or in nearly killing yourself by an immense jump into the water, or even in fixing a flag on the top of a pinnacle four hundred feet high ; it is not the meritoriousness but the exceptionalness of the achievement which makes the few willing to attempt it. And it would have no charm for them if the many who do not attempt it were

never to hear that they had attempted and had achieved it. If an order of merit excites men's emulation, it is less because it involves merit, than because it involves discrimination from the crowd,—in other words, evidence of inequality. The fact that you had the rashness or the indifference to danger to let yourself be tossed about in a cork-jacket in a frightful chaos of waterfalls, seems to be regarded as quite as satisfactory a distinction as success in saving the lives of others, or in rendering them any great moral service. What in these democratic times men seem to hunger after, is some sort of conspicuousness which all men will recognize, whether they recognize it with praise or blame.

Is it not rather a remarkable result of the democratic passion of the age that a craving for inequality, even if it only takes the form of a very exceptional physical adventure, should be one of the consequences of the desire that everybody should start from the same level? One would suppose that the characteristic democratic emulation would be to enjoy nothing to the full that all cannot enjoy; to eschew dwelling on exclusive distinctions even if they be chiefly bodily distinctions involving in the main only a good physique and hardy nerves. One has heard of working men who have indignantly refused to become capitalists by the help of their own savings, lest they should be separated in sympathy from their own class, and become identified with another and rival class; and so one would have supposed that in a thoroughly democratic age, emulation which urged a man to seek conspicuousness for the sake of conspicuousness, and not for the sake of the good it would involve to others, would be discouraged and be regarded as indicative of the selfish principle in aristocracy, the taint of a desire to shine without at the same time serving. As a matter of fact, we do not think that any such feeling shows itself in the most democratic of societies. In France, at all events, nothing is more remarkable than the hunger for a hero, good, bad, or indifferent,—even one who, like General Boulanger, shall be remarkable only for overthrowing those whom he has previously designated as his benefactors, and for ignoring and even out-

raging the sentiment of gratitude, so soon as he finds it standing in his way. The masses love to find a conspicuous object for admiration, almost as much as the person who is gifted with any consciousness of a hardihood capable of distinction, loves to make himself conspicuous. Neither does the crowd wait till it sees true merit before it applauds, nor does exceptional energy or vanity wait until it can discover a track in which conspicuousness and merit will be identified. On the contrary, anything in the shape of a spot of brilliant color will do to cheer the monotony of democracy. Conspicuousness, physical or moral, is almost all that is wanted to make a hero. Thus a butcher who claims to be a baronet is idolized, partly because he is supposed to be a butcher kept out of his baronetcy, partly because he is supposed to be a baronet who had somehow about him the homeliness of a butcher. The democracy loves anything better than mere homely inconspicuousness. Of course, it recognizes the greatest gifts gladly enough. But in the absence of great gifts, it is attracted by anything which makes a man simply conspicuous, even though the qualities for which he is conspicuous are the very ones which ought to alienate instead of inspiring the trust of the people,—such, for example, as a habit of unscrupulous vituperation. Mere conspicuousness is counting more and more every day as a factor in popularity.

Of course, it will be said that what democracies mean when they insist on equalizing the various lots in life is not equality, but equality of start. They are as willing, it will be said, to admire the strong among themselves as they are the strong elephant or the strong horse. They are as willing to recognize the beautiful among themselves as they are the beautiful antelope or the beautiful flower. What democracies grudge, it is said, is the artificial advantages which special privileges give to one class of men to develop all their gifts, and which necessarily become to all other classes special disadvantages, weighing upon them and preventing them from displaying their gifts. The people are just as willing to admire special courage, or special strength, or special

grace, or special adroitness, as they are to admire the same qualities when either seen in Nature or displayed in Art. We have no doubt that to some extent this is so; and yet while democracies are willing enough to admire superficially what they do not find in themselves, they are, we think, decidedly jealous of giving praise to those who seem greatly above them in gifts, unless they are also more or less obviously akin to them in grain. It is not *mere* eminence that they love, but eminence in that which they can heartily appreciate. If there be a touch of clownishness in a great man, as there was in Lincoln, that is what really goes to their hearts. They like the eminence, but they like best of all eminence in qualities all of which they find in themselves. They like to find themselves, as it were, glorified in the man whom they honor. They esteem strength most if it is homely strength; courage if it is qualified courage, not afraid to show its limits; grace only if not too perfect; adroitness most if it shows traces of that careful training

by which it became adroitness. The popular heroes of democracies are seldom of the finest mould. Much as they love some variety amid the monotony of their life, they like to find a good deal of the popular clay mixed with the more shining ore. That is, indeed, the chief danger of democratic idolatries. The people are apt to seize on energy by its coarsest side, and to fix their admiration on a sort of force which is almost or quite physical, and has hardly anything but animal audacity or animal tenacity to recommend it. In force of that kind they see no reproach to themselves, nothing but their own cravings writ larger. And yet the kind of separateness, the kind of eminence, which they most need, is eminence not in mere energy or animal audacity, but in fineness of nature, clearness of conscience, and purity of will. Democratic emulations do not always,—perhaps even rather seldom,—foster the pure ambitions which are most for the advantage of the State.—*Spectator*.

ABOUT MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

WE are apparently passing through—let us hope only passing through—a cycle of very hard times. From the large land-owner, who has to reduce his rents twenty or thirty per cent., to the dock-laborer, glad to get a charity breakfast, price one penny, all of us, workers and non-workers, are suffering.

The list of the unemployed extends through every class, beginning with those who are the purveyors of luxuries rather than necessities. The artist cannot sell his pictures; the author finds publishers disinclined for new books; while, with some striking exceptions, during the past season concert-rooms have been painfully empty, and theatres difficult to keep open except at serious risk. Meanwhile, business men say that never has trade been so bad or its prospects so gloomy.

Is this only a temporary crisis? or a warning of that decadence which comes to all nations

"When wealth accumulates, and men decay"—

the beginning of the end, which is gradually to make of London a Nineveh—a city of desolation? Who can say? Or is it, as some say, "the struggle between labor and capital"—whatsoever that may mean, and to whatever it may tend?

I have lately been re-reading with unabated admiration that wonderful novel, Thackeray's "Newcomes," and, closing it, was struck by the fact that the key-note of the book is Money—its use and abuse, the want of it, the craving for it, the carelessness or contempt of it. From the outset, when the Newcome family originated by allying itself to a wealthy widow, to the last chapter, when Ethel uses Lady Kew's hoards to repay the not quite imaginary wrong done by her uncle to the "Campaigner"—money is at the core of everything, the root of all evil, the source of all

good. Ethel's pitiful voluntary slavery to her worldly old grandmother, her own sacrifice of Clive, and that of Lady Clara to her brother Barnes—in fact, the general victimization of good people by bad, which is the leading *motif* of the story, all originate in money. Nay, the dear old Colonel himself, with his childish carelessness and culpable ignorance in the matter of L. S. D., is, spite of his virtues, really the cause of half the misery of the book. He allows himself to be fleeced by his contemptible brother-in-law ; he helps, not honest folk only, but those lovable prodigals, F. Bayham and Jack Belsize ; he tries to win Ethel for Clive by pecuniary chicanery which no honest son ought ever to have accepted, and no true-hearted girl have been influenced by ; and finally, in the affair of the Bundelcund Bank, he recklessly uses not only his own but other people's money, whose ruin he most assuredly causes by his innocent idiocy, just as much as if he had been the greatest swindler alive. Yet he is exalted into a hero—we weep over him, and never think of condemning him ; and I know I shall be considered the most hard-hearted wretch alive if I dare to say that I would not have had Colonel Newcome as father, uncle, husband, or confidential friend, for the world ! And why ? Because he was deficient in the one point, the pivot upon which society turns—the right use and conscientious appreciation of money.

In this he is not alone. It may seem another piece of heresy to promulgate, but very few men know how properly to use money. They can earn it, lavish it, hoard it, waste it ; but to deal with it wisely, as a means to an end, and also as a sacred trust, to be made the best of for others as well as themselves, is an education difficult of acquirement by the masculine mind ; so difficult, that one is led to doubt whether they were meant to acquire it at all, and whether in the just distribution of duties between the sexes it was not intended that the man should earn, the woman keep—he accumulate, and she expend ; especially as most women have by nature a quality in which men are often fatally deficient—"the infinite capacity for taking trouble."

The nobler sex "can't be bothered"

with minutiae. "What is a paltry five pounds to me ?" I have heard said in excuse of its quite unnecessary expenditure, "when every day I have to deal with hundreds and thousands." Or, "Why keep daily accounts ? My clerks do that. For me, I just put two or three pounds in my pocket, spend them till they are gone—and then put in two or three more." I appeal to the candid masculine mind, if this is not the ordinary way of thinking, at least of those to whom Fate has kindly given the "two or three pounds" always in pocket, without need to beg, borrow, or steal ?

But this paper is no criticism of the opposite sex ; I only wish to say a few words to my own, on a subject which, especially at the present crisis, concerns them most nearly—the subject of money.

Unsentimental, unheroic, some will say unchristian, as it may sound, our right or wrong use of money is the utmost test of character, as well as the root of happiness or misery, throughout our whole lives. And this secret lies not so much with men as with us women. Instead of striving to make ourselves their rivals, would it not be wiser to educate ourselves into being their helpmates, not merely as wives, but as daughters, sisters, every relation in which a capable woman can help a man, and an incapable one bring him to ruin ? especially on that particular point—money.

I know that I shall excite the wrath or contempt of the advocates of the higher education of women, when I say that it is not necessary for every woman to be an accomplished musician, an art-student, a thoroughly educated Girton girl ; but it is necessary that she should be a woman of business. From the day when her baby fingers begin to handle pence and shillings, and her infant mind is roused to laudable ambition by the possession of the enormous income of three-pence a-week, she ought to be taught the true value and wise expenditure of money ; to keep accounts and balance them ; to repay the minutest debt, or, still better, to avoid incurring it ; to observe the just proportions of having and spending, and, above all, the golden rule for every one of us, whether our income be sixpence a week

or twenty thousand a year—*waste nothing*.

May not the growing disinclination of our young men to marriage arise partly from their dread, nay, conviction—alas, too true!—that so few of our young women have been thus educated, and that so far from being a helpmeet to the man they marry, they are an expense, a hindrance, and a continual burthen? Without wishing to defend the selfish young bachelor who waits till he is “in a position to marry,” which means till he has had enough of the pleasures of freedom and finds them begin to pall, I have often seen with pity a young fellow who has never had occasion to think of anybody but himself—and never has done it—learning by hard experience the endless self-sacrifices demanded of a paterfamilias; good for him no doubt, but none the less painful. Often when going out of London about 9 A.M., and meeting whole trainfuls—is there such a word?—of busy, anxious-looking men hurrying into London, I have said to myself, “I wonder how many of these poor hard-worked fellows have wives or sisters or daughters who really help them, take the weight of life a little off their shoulders, expend their substance wisely, keep from them domestic worries, and, above all, who take care of the money.” “But for my wife I should have been in the workhouse,” is the secret consciousness of many a man; and it is a curious fact that while many a woman makes the best of a not too estimable husband, no power on earth can save a man who has got an unworthy or even a foolish wife. He cannot raise her, and he himself will gradually

“Lower to her level day by day,
What is fine within him growing coarse, to
sympathize with clay.”

Or even if she means well, but is by nature or education what I may term an “incapable” woman, he finds himself saddled with not only his own share of the life-burthen, but hers. The more generous and tender-hearted he is, the more he is made a victim, both to her and his children, till he sinks into the mere bread-winner of the family; who has his work to do, and does it, through pride, or duty, or love, or a combination of all three, usually without a word of

complaint: does it till he drops. Men have a great deal of error to answer for, but the silent endurance of many middle-aged “family men,” to whom—often, alas! through the wife’s fault—domestic life has been made a burthen rather than a blessing, ought to be chronicled by the Recording Angel with a tear—not of compassion, but admiration—enough to blot out many a youthful sin.

It is to prevent this—to try and make of our girls the sort of wives that are likened unto Lemuel’s mother: “The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life”—that I would urge their being given, from earliest childhood, some knowledge of business, especially about money. Ten years old is not too soon to begin this, or to entrust them with the responsibility of an income, however small, which will prepare them for larger responsibilities in time to come.

For I hold, as the wise legislators of the Married Women’s Property Act must have held, that every woman who has any money at all, either earned or inherited, ought to keep it in her own hands, and learn to manage it herself, exactly as a man does. There is no earthly reason why she should not. A girl can learn arithmetic just as well as a boy. Ordinary business knowledge and business habits are just as attainable by her as by him. To be able to keep accounts, to write a brief, intelligent “business letter,” and to accustom herself to exactitude and punctuality, is as easy and as valuable to a girl in her teens as to a youth in an office or a young man at college. Only, everybody expects it of him—nobody of her; and nobody attempts to teach her how to do it.

What is the result? She enters life as an “unprotected female,” neither forewarned nor forearmed. While single and young, even if deprived of father, uncle, or brother, she rarely lacks some kindly male adviser, to whom she gives no end of trouble, hanging helpless on his hands, and constantly asking him to do for her what she ought to have learned to do for herself. A position, interesting of course, but a trifle humiliating, as well as unwise. For, with the best intentions, a man gets tired of

being perpetually "bothered" by an ignorant and feeble woman; like the unjust judge, he will do anything to get rid of her and her "much speaking." He gives hasty or rash advice; she follows, or half follows it, and sometimes lives bitterly to regret that she did so. Or else, trying to think and act for herself, and having neither knowledge nor capacity to do so, she falls into irretrievable muddle, if not absolute ruin.

What pitiful stories do we hear of single women, young or old, who have lost their all "through too much faith in man"—some relative or friend, perhaps a knave, or more commonly only a fool, to whom they have lent money; or some trustee from whom they have innocently received a yearly income, never making the slightest inquiry as to where it came from, or whether the investments were safe, until some sudden collapse shows it to have vanished entirely. Such cases are as endless as the misery they cause. Yet hearing of them, one almost ceases to pity the victims, in condemning their egregious folly.

Every girl who is not entirely dependent on her male relations—a position which, considering all the ups and downs of life, the sooner she gets out of the better—ought by the time she is old enough to possess any money, to know exactly how much she has, where it is invested, and what it ought yearly to bring in. By this time also she should have acquired some knowledge of business; bank business, referring to cheques, dividends, and so on, and as much of ordinary business as she can. To her, information of a practical kind never comes amiss, especially the three golden rules, which have very rare exceptions—No investment of over five per cent. is really safe; Trust no one with your money without security, which ought to be as strict between the nearest and dearest friends as between strangers; and lastly, Keep all your affairs from day to day in as accurate order as if you had to die to-morrow. The mention of dying suggests another necessity—as soon as you are twenty-one years of age, make your will. You will not die a day the sooner; you can alter it whenever you like; while the ease of mind it will be to you, and the

trouble it may save to those that come after you, are beyond telling.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon every girl who has or expects that not undesirable thing, "a little income of her own," what a fortunate responsibility this is, and how useful she may make it to others. Happier than the lot of many married women is that of the "unappropriated blessing," as I have heard an old maid called, who has her money, less or more, in her own hands, and can use it as she chooses, generously as wisely, without asking anybody's leave, and being accountable for it to no one. But then she must have learned from her youth upward how to use it, she must not spare any amount of trouble in the using of it, and she must console herself for many a lonely regret—we are but human, all of us!—with the thought that she has been trusted to be a steward of the Great Master. Such an old maid often does as much good in her generation as twenty married women.

And if she does marry—what then? The old notion was that man being the superior, when a woman married she became absorbed in her husband, and everything she possessed was his, unless guarded from him by a cumbrous machinery of settlements, which, pre-supposing him to be a bad man, were rather irksome if he happened to be a good one. Gradually society discovered that men and women, though different, are equal, and that therefore it was desirable to recognize their separate identity, and to make marriage, financially, a partnership with limited liability. By recent laws a married woman is, as regards her property and a good many of her rights, just as free as if she were single. And no honest, honorable man, no wise and tender husband, would wish it otherwise. It makes no difference at all to those who really love and trust each other, while to those who do not it is a certain protection on both sides. No real union can be affected by it; while in those marriages where the sentimental notion of "one flesh" is a mere sham, to keep up the pretence of union is worse than folly. When the ship is going down we trouble ourselves little enough about the style of the cabin furniture.

Therefore, nowadays, when a man marries a woman with money—and why should he not, since love is more precious than gold?—he has only to leave it, as the law leaves it, entirely in her own hands, thereby saving his pride, and removing all questions as to his motive in choosing her. That saddest lot of a woman of property, to be sought by fortune-hunters, while honest, proud men stand aloof, is thus safely avoided.

But a step below heiresses are many women who either have or earn a moderate income, which is an exceeding help to their husbands, if the wives are left free to manage and expend it, and really know how to do so. That they so seldom do know is the great curse of social life. A single woman, however incapable, careless, extravagant, can only harm herself; a married woman can be the ruin of a whole family. Far more so even than a man, against whom a sensible woman can sometimes stand as a barricade, counteracting his folly—nay, often his errors. But a man has no barricade against his wife.

I can imagine nothing more pitiable than the waking up of an honest, true-hearted young fellow, who finds his angel a commonplace, silly, helpless woman, whom he can neither trust nor control, yet is obliged to make the nominal mistress of his household, secretly taking all its burthens on himself in addition to his own. Not that she is a bad woman at all, simply an ignorant and thoughtless one, of the tribe of "careless virgins," who, as wives, are the ruin of men. And one of the worst of women, not actually criminal, is she who has no sense of the value and use of money, which when she gets it "burns a hole in her pocket;" who never keeps accounts, having "no head for figures," or finding it "too much trouble." Consequently, even with the best intentions, she wastes as much as she spends, but consoles herself on the easy principle that "it doesn't matter; Mr. So-and-So pays for everything." As he does, God help him! and chiefly for that one false step which made him tie himself for life to a charming, agreeable, perhaps even lovable, fool!

But if she is not a fool, and he really

can trust her, he had better do it, not only with her own money, but his. I do not mean that he should become the proverbially good husband, whose wife every Monday morning puts a sovereign in his pocket, "with strict injunctions never to change it;" but that he should trust her with his affairs, and above all tell her exactly what income he has, and how he thinks it should be spent. If she is a sensible woman, the chances are she will spend it far more wisely and economically than he will. Very few men have the time or the patience to make a shilling go as far as it can: women have. Especially a woman whose one thought is to save her husband from having burthens greater than he can bear; to help him by that quiet carefulness in money matters which alone gives an easy mind and a real enjoyment of life; to take care of the pennies, in short, that he may have the pounds free for all his lawful needs, and lawful pleasures too.

Surely there can be no sharper pang to a loving wife than to see her husband staggering under the weight of family life; worked almost to death in order to dodge "the wolf at the door;" joyless in the present, terrified at the future; and yet all this might have been averted if the wife had only known the value and use of money, and been able to keep what her husband earned; to "cut her coat according to her cloth," for any income is "limited" unless you can teach yourself to live within it; to "waste not," and therefore to "want not."

But this is not always the woman's fault. Many men insist blindly on a style of living which their means will not allow; and many a wife has been cruelly blamed for living at a rate of expenditure unwarranted by her husband's means, and which his pecuniary condition made absolutely dishonest, had she known it. But she did not know it; he being too careless or too cowardly to tell her, and she had not the sense to inquire or to find out. Every mistress of a household—especially every mother—ought to find out what the family income is, and where it comes from, and thereby prevent all needless extravagance. Half the miserable or disgraceful bankruptcies that happen never

would happen, if the wives had the sense and courage to stand firm, and insist on knowing enough about the family income to expend it proportionately ; to restrain, as every wife should, a too-lavish husband ; or, failing that, to stop herself out of all luxuries which she cannot righteously afford. Above all, to bring up her children in a tender carefulness that refuses to mulct "the governor" out of one unnecessary half-penny, or to waste the money he works so hard for in their own thoughtless amusements.

If the past generation was too severe upon its offspring, and often killed off the weakest of them by a mistaken system of "hardening," the present one errs in an opposite direction. Pater-familias, whose father put him in an office at sixteen, and kept him there with only a fortnight's holiday per annum, now sends his boys to school till seventeen, and then to college ; gives them yachting, cricketering, walking tours and Continental travels ; denies nothing to either them or their sisters, but works for them till he drops ; and then—where are they ?

It is to prevent this—to counteract the creed of subservience and blind obedience, to make the woman man's help and not his hindrance—that I would have our girls taught to claim their real "rights" and exercise their best "female franchise"—freedom to stand on their own feet, and, be they single or married, to take their affairs into their own hands, especially their financial affairs. A person who is careless about money is careless about everything, and untrustworthy in everything. It is your despised prudent folk to whom the rashly generous, indifferent, and thoughtless come in the end for all that makes life worth having : "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." But why were they allowed to go out ? Yet there is such a thing as ignoble economy, as well as noble extravagance. She who stints her servants in wages and food ; who goes shabbily clad when her station and her means require her to please the world and her family by being dressed at all points like a lady ; who worries herself and her friends by trying always to save when she can well afford to spend, is deserving of the

severest blame. Money is meant not for hoarding, but using ; the aim of life should be to use it in the right way—to spend as much as we can lawfully spend, both upon ourselves and others. And sometimes it is better to do this in our lifetime, when we can see that it is well spent, than to leave it to the chance spending of those that come after us. Above all, let us guard against the two crying errors of the female nature—a prudence which degenerates into mere "worrying," and an economy which becomes culpable narrowness.

To teach the girls of the generation—alas ! the grown women are beyond teaching !—I have written these pages, trying to put the question of money in its true light ; that it is not the root of all evil (unless planted by evil hands), but, wisely dealt with, the source of all good—at least, the helper in all good ; bringing, when rightly used, an easy mind, a quiet conscience, the power of benefiting others, and, at any rate, of saving one's self from being a burthen to others.

To be able to earn money, or, failing that, to know how to keep it, and to use it wisely and well, is one of the greatest blessings that can happen to any woman, as well as to the man, be he father, brother, or husband, with whom her lot may be cast. Single or married, she will always have the power in her hands—that divinest power a woman can possess—to make those about her happy. Her husband, if she has one, will be "praised in the gates," for he is saved half the troubles and humiliations of other men. He never wants money, or has to work himself to death to earn it, for whatever he earns, she keeps and makes the best of. Be their income large or small, she has the strength and the self-denial to limit their expenses accordingly. She has the courage to say to every member of her family—husband included if he needs this warning, and to the world outside as well—"We cannot afford it." Therefore that horrible incubus of "keeping up appearances" is for ever removed both from her and from him. The ideal household is that which is exactly what it seems.

And for the woman who has no husband—no one either to help her or con-

trol her—well, the advantages and disadvantages often balance each other. She can do as she likes with her own ; if she has no sympathizer, at least she has no hinderer, either in her pleasures or her duties—most of all in her charities ? Her money, which otherwise might have been only a pang, can thus be made into

a blessing. And if she must go down to the grave alone—what woman is ever quite alone who has the will and the power to do good wherever she goes ? whose strength is in herself, and whose aim it is to die as she has lived—a help to all and a trouble to no one ?—*Contemporary Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

KIDNAPPED: BEING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR IN THE YEAR 1771; HOW HE WAS KIDNAPPED AND CAST AWAY; HIS SUFFERINGS ON A DESERT ISLE, ETC. Written by Himself, and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

PEPITA XIMENEZ. A Novel. From the Spanish of Juan Valera. With an Introduction by the Author written specially for this Edition. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Among the authors who have swiftly come to the front during the last few years is Robert Louis Stevenson, who has brought a distinctly new and fresh individuality into the fiction of the day. The first book which made him talked about as a man of promise was his "Donkey Ride in the Cevennes," which gave a vivid and picturesque account of adventures in the French Highlands, made historically interesting by the heroic defence of the mountaineers, who had adopted Protestantism against Catholic persecution. Then came, a few years afterward, his ever delightful "Treasure Island," which is equal in its way to "Robinson Crusoe." Indeed, the imagination displayed by the author in that inimitable book in many respects surpasses that of the immortal author of "Robinson Crusoe." The new "Arabian Nights" was another charming contribution to the public pleasure, and then "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" illustrated the author's creative power in a new field not less unique than that of the preceding efforts. Stevenson's latest book, "Kidnapped," has the wild, fresh flavor which we associate with his books, and though less symmetrical and well-jointed than some of them, it is well fitted to keep his reputation up to the mark of popular admiration as well as critical approval.

The novel appears to have been suggested by a celebrated trial in Scotland which Sir Walter Scott tells us gave him the first notion

of "Guy Mannering," and which also contributed the germ of Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir." But the main incidents of the story get their interest from totally fresh material, and it is treated in a manner purely Stevensonian. The author has divested his conception and language entirely from the flavor and conditions of our own times, and the language, color, and modes of expression of the last century are happily produced. Mr. Stevenson is peculiarly happy in this kind of imaginative work, and to his power in this way is due his verisimilitude. The adventures narrated engage the reader's interest with great fascination, and though sometimes they are strung together without any effort or apparent bearing with each other, they are none the less entertaining.

The story is laid in the middle of the eighteenth century in the Scottish Highlands, and relates the adventures and sufferings of David Balfour, who is by the order of his cruel uncle, who had robbed him of the family estate, kidnapped and sold into slavery for the Carolinas. It is, of course, known to all our readers that white slavery existed all through the colonies at this period, and that this nefarious system was made the agency for the most heartless and unnatural crimes by those in the mother country who wished to rid themselves of others inconvenient to them. The ship is wrecked on the Northern Scottish coast, and then the real adventures of the hero among the wild people of the Highlands begin. This part of Scotland had not become settled since the upheaval of the Jacobite insurrection of Charles Edward, and the whole region was full of wandering adherents of the Stuart prince, living in dangerous exile, and in perpetual fear of capture. One of these, a daring, quarrelsome desperado named Alan Breck, is David Balfour's travelling companion, and the ill-assorted pair meet adventures of the most exciting kind by field and flood. We shall not spoil the interest of our readers by giving any

description of them, except to say that they are of the most thrilling kind. Alan Breck was a genuine historical character, as much as was Rob Roy, one of whose sons, by the way, takes a casual part in the story. Mr. Stevenson shows great skill in the individualization of his characters. Even those who do not bear any highly important part in the narrative are dashed off in a bold, incisive way, which make them stand out from the page like portraits done in black and white. David Balfour finally returns from his wanderings, and punishes his guilty uncle, to whose ill-gotten estate he becomes the heir, so that the story ends in a way to please the traditional novel-reader. But it is not this feature of the story, or even the kidnapping, which lends the motive of interest. It is the delineation of a most picturesque and romantic period and region of Scotland, and the hero's wanderings among the half-savage Highlanders, which give the peculiar quality to the book. As is the case with all of Stevenson's fiction, with the possible exception of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," boys and grown folk will be equally interested in this delightful book.

The second novel mentioned in our caption is well worth special comment. Up to within a recent period, those Americans whose fate it is to get their knowledge of Continental literature through translation, had but little if any opportunity to become acquainted with the work of contemporary authors outside of France and Germany, with the possible exception of an occasional Italian translation. The last ten years has seen a change in this respect. Russian literature, in the works of Turgéneff, and more lately of Tolstoi, and other distinguished Russian novelists, has been opened to English readers and a rich treasure unlocked. These "fresh fields and pastures new" present peculiar fascination. Of course no new stories can be written. But in the novel delineations of character and temperament, fresh scenery, and that color which is born of national traits essentially different from our own, or even from the French and German, there lies a great charm. What is true of Russian life is quite as true of the Spanish. While certain few of the Spanish classics are familiar to all persons of culture, the contemporary fiction of Spain is, for the most part, a sealed book. The translation from the Spanish of Don Juan Valera now before us is a most welcome introduction to the Spanish literature of the time, for it is a singularly fresh and engag-

ing book, in spite of the equivocal situation on which the dramatic motive hinges.

Don Juan Valera, the author, was, until quite recently, Spanish Minister at Washington, and ranks as one of the first novelists of his country. "Pepita Ximenez" has been translated into other languages, and was first published many years ago. But its appearance in an English dress will be none the less attractive on this account. One of the earliest impressions of the reader is the wholesome atmosphere of genuine country life which pervades the book. Spanish rural scenes are brought before us with vividness, and one can almost smell the wet earth and flowers, though the interchange of letters which occupies the first half of the book relates rather in the main to a matter of psychological interest. The hero, Don Luis, has been studying for the priesthood with his uncle, an ecclesiastic of great learning and celebrity, though a shrewd man of the world withal, who, in spite of his priestly training, is not quite willing that the only scion of the family should live and die perforce a barren stock. The young candidate for holy orders, which he is so shortly to enter, returns after a long absence to his native village, where his father, a large landed proprietor, lives. Don Luis, though genial and affable to all the old friends of his childhood, looks on them with the gentle coldness and condescension proper to one about to enter a loftier sphere. Among others, though a fresh acquaintance by the way, is Señora Pepita Ximenez, a young widow, whose lovely face and comfortable estates had set half the caballeros of the province by the ears. Our hero meets the beautiful Pepita, and for a while is insensible to her charms, clad as in armor of proof with a sense of his priestly mission. His gradual melting, insensible for a while to himself, is described in his letter to his uncle with a naïveté and humor most entertaining, until he, innocent as he is, finally recognizes danger signals. The struggle between love and his religious ideal is a fierce one. He conceals his mental war from his father, who harrows up his son's heart by declaring his own predilection for Pepita as a second wife. While Don Luis passes through these purgatorial experiences, the lady, who has become desperately enamoured of the young would-be priest, is no less tormented by the thought that she is the victim of an impossible love. At last Don Luis determines to break away from the fatal circle which enthralls him, especially as the secret

had burst from his lips in an interview with Pepita. He would write to her a letter of eternal farewell, depart, and take the vows forthwith.

The *dios ex machina* is the old nurse of Pepita, a shrewd creature, more learned in human nature than in theology. On the eve of our hero's departure, she visits him, unknown to her mistress, and under plea that the lady had sent her to beseech him to visit her before going, she beguiles the heart-broken Luis to the spider's net. Only at the last moment is Pepita told that Luis is coming, the visit being arranged for the night, when, as it happens, all the servants are absent. The lovers meet with mixed delight and grief, and the old duenna takes herself away, confident that nature will do the rest. The parting does not end till the wee small hours of the morning, and when the old nurse comes to warn Luis that he must leave, she finds him in an agony of despair and self-reproach, and the lady bowed with bitter shame. She consoles them with rough-hewn, shrewd sense, and suddenly there drops from Don Luis as would a garment the sense that his highest aspirations could not find shape in aught but a religious life, while a new ideal takes possession of him, that to be called *padre* by sweet children of his own were no less ennobling than to be so addressed by worldly penitents in the confessional box. The conclusion goes without saying. Luis decides that it is enough to be his Pepita's conscience-keeper, and they are married, with the hearty approval of the priestly uncle.

A bright touch of human nature is found in the following incident: Luis, while still religiously bent, had heard at the village club words affecting Pepita's reputation from a Spanish nobleman, a rejected lover. As the would-be priest he could only rebuke a slander, and submit to a sneer. After that fateful night he seeks at once the reviler, insults him grossly, and runs him through with his rapier. The conversion from priest to man is rapid and radical.

The reader will pardon us for having been somewhat explicit and detailed in describing this novel. It is done with a purpose. Had such a situation as makes the turning-point of this novel been the theme of a French novelist, it would have been grossly sensual and immoral. The slime of lubricity would have covered it, and self-respecting readers could have experienced little but disgust. The Spanish author, however, has touched it with such grace, simplicity, and wholesome honesty

of purpose as to take away from it all taint of pruriency. The perfect art with which he has handled a delicate and dangerous situation frees it from everything likely to shock fastidious taste. The writers are few in any country capable of such a feat as this.

The whole tone and color of the book, in spite of the embarrassing feature on which the story hinges, is fresh, sweet, and idyllic. If all books which profess to deal with the facts of human life from the naturalistic standpoint, were as completely untarnished by grossness, as truly inspired by delicacy as this one, critics would have far less to say of the deteriorating influences of certain schools of contemporary fiction. Probably no American would dare write such a novel, and could not if he would. But the novel having been written, it is but proper to say that it is a superb treatment of a very hazardous theme, and one that no one need refrain from reading for fear of its immoral tendencies.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND. By Adam Badeau, Author of "A Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is a little curious that the most democratic people are never unready to be interested in their antithesis—the so-called aristocrats. The artificial ranks, created by long centuries of tradition, and crystallized by the forces of law and custom, however they may cease to be etymologically aristocratic, possess in their seclusion and pretension a charm which even the political scoffer feels. The Socialist may rave and tear his hair, but he feels the power of that chartered social eminence which he pretends to despise. Both in its virtues and its vices, it appeals strongly to our attention. English aristocracy, which is most germane to American sympathy, is, perhaps, the best worth studying of any in the world. Its hauteur is tempered with a certain democratic flexibility, and inexorable as caste feeling may be, it opens wide its gate to all who have the daring and the mastery to find the pass-key. It is continually being recruited from the lower orders, and this is one reason why aristocracy in England, long after it has ceased to be a political convenience, when, in fact, it will have become a political encumbrance, will retain its hold on thousands of Englishmen who theoretically despise it. Essentially different from any aristocracy in the world, it is well worth studying as a great political and social fact in the history of the most important of the world's

races. All of us are tolerably familiar with the leading superficial traits of the British aristocracy, as we find them in books of travel, novels, or actual contact. A book, however, written by one so competent to treat the subject, is none the less interesting. All of us take more pleasure in learning more of what we know something about, than in learning something of what we know nothing about.

General Badeau was for many years consul-general at London, and, in virtue of his official and social rank, was brought in contact with the most eminent people of Great Britain. He had opportunity to study his subject thoroughly, and he gives us the fruit of his observation in the book before us. All the interesting phases of official and social life among the superior orders are described in a racy and attractive way, and many points about which most of us are dubious are cleared up. These chapters were originally issued in the *New York Sun*, and their collection in book form make a volume both instructive and entertaining.

THE REAR GUARD OF THE REVOLUTION. By Edmund Kirke, Author of "Among the Pines," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Gilmore, whose *nom de plume* of Edmund Kirke, in old slavery times, blazed into such reputation through one or two very striking books dealing with the peculiar institution, is more than welcome in such a reappearance as that of "The Rear Guard of the Revolution." The magnificent deeds of unpretentious heroism embodied in the early settlement of Tennessee and Kentucky, though they have been more or less written of in the studies of Daniel Boone and some of his associates, have not found sufficient chronicle, and Mr. Gilmore fills the gap in a very able and picturesque fashion. The part borne by the heroes, who founded the eastern settlements of Tennessee, in the closing scenes of the Revolution, has for the most part escaped notice. But few Americans know anything of the battle of King's Mountain, yet that battle, fought by Tennessee pioneers, contributed very largely to the final success of Washington and the establishment of American liberty. The three names that stood foremost among these daring and hardy backwoodsmen were John Sevier, Isaac Shelby, and James Robertson, the former of them the leader. Sevier would have been great in any position. In some conditions he would have been one of the world's very great men. Though a pioneer, he was a great statesman, organizer, soldier, and master of men. He

contributed in a most important way to the civilization of his time. Sevier's life was a remarkable romance, and is worthy of an extended biography, even more detailed than that given by Mr. Gilmore's enthusiasm. After he had borne a most important part in the Indian wars of the period, bearing the expense of protecting the exposed frontier out of his own pocket by keeping several hundred men in pay ready to march at a moment's warning, and otherwise acting as the uncrowned king of a great settlement extending hundreds of miles, he played a still more important rôle. It was he who, in the closing scenes of the Revolution, gathered a thousand daring riflemen, and after incredible forced marches of the greatest hardship, penetrated from Tennessee into North Carolina to co-operate with the Continentals. He held no commission, he acted without orders. Marching on Colonel Ferguson, who protected the flank of Cornwallis's army, he defeated him with great slaughter at the battle of King's Mountain, and thus made possible the combination of movements which hemmed in the British general at Yorktown. For this paramount service Sevier received no recognition, no reward, except many years afterward a sword of honor from North Carolina. His men were paid by him, and when the end came Sevier marched them back again, and rested contented with the love and devotion of the rude but loyal souls who knew his greatness and worshipped his simple heroic character, which was like that of an antique demigod.

"The Rear Guard of the Revolution," like the border ballads of Scotland, is full of the primitive poetry of character, and is of the sort of reading that makes strong meat for the rearing of strong men. Its episodes are as fascinating as the legends of the Scottish Highlands, or Middle Age chivalry; and it is specially a desirable book for boys, though thoughtful men will find its pages full of facts and hints as to the building up of great commonwealths. The book fills a gap in American history, and deserves to be widely read, not only for the fascination of its story, but for the gathering together of a great mass of valuable and, for the most part, unknown material in a compact and well-digested form.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., is now on his way to America on a literary lecturing tour. He will avoid politics in his lectures. Even should he be induced to include historical and

political matters, he has wisely determined to avoid party and controversial subjects. It is an open secret that the success of "The Right Honorable" has decided its authors to write another novel conjointly. This will be completed before Mr. McCarthy leaves England.

THE death is announced of Professor Scherer, the author of the well-known history of German literature. He was born at Schönborn, in Lower Austria, in April, 1841. In 1864 he edited with Müllenhoff at Vienna "Denkmäler Deutscher Poesie und Prosa," following it up with a volume "Zur Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache." In 1872 he became a professor in the university the Germans established at Strasbourg. In 1877 he accepted a "Ruf" to Berlin. He fell ill early in last winter, but rallied and continued lecturing till the close of the summer session.

THE number of readers in the St. Petersburg Public Library has recently increased so much that extensive alterations have been undertaken and are to be completed by the end of this month. The present reading-room, already spacious, is to be further enlarged, and refurnished with comfortable chairs and more convenient writing-tables. It will continue, as hitherto, isolated by iron partitions from the rest of the library. Smoking has up to now been strictly prohibited throughout the building; a room is henceforth, however, to be set apart for the use of smokers, and various other conveniences are to be introduced.

A PORTRAIT of Mazeppa has been discovered in a monastery at Kief, and an etching of it has been undertaken by the academician M. Dmitrieff Kavkazky.

THE Swedish philologist Dr. August Zacharias Collin, of the College of Helsingborg, author of the principal English-Swedish dictionary, died in the Sahlgren Hospital in Gothenburg on the 23d of July. He was born in 1833.

In our advanced state of culture comic papers are perhaps not taken so seriously as they ought to be. In Bulgaria they find a comic paper is the first fruit of constitutional liberty, whether provided for in an article of the constitution or not, and they are now pluming themselves on their state of progress in having obtained such an organ of freedom or of license.

COLONEL H. YULE has issued a circular calling the attention of English historical students, and of English librarians in particular, to the

publication at Venice of the ms. diaries of Marino Sanuto, which throw much light upon European history at the important period of the beginning of the sixteenth century. Marino Sanuto, who filled high offices at Venice, and was thus able to obtain authentic information, began his diary in 1496, and continued it day by day down to 1533, jotting down "with much pains, nightly vigils, and continual research," everything worthy of note that occurred not only in Venice and her provinces, but throughout Italy and the known world. The index compiled for the first twelve volumes that have already been printed shows an average of about sixty references in each volume to events of English history, and to the English kings from Edward IV. to Henry VIII. The ms. diaries fill altogether fifty-eight volumes. Their publication was begun in 1877 by a committee at Venice; and seventy-nine monthly fasciculi have already been published, each containing ninety-six pages in double columns. Four or five of these fasciculi make a volume; and each series of twelve volumes is to have a separate index. The rate of subscription is five francs for each fasciculus. The London agents are Messrs. Dulau.

It is stated that Ferdinand Gregorovius is engaged upon a History of Athens in the Middle Ages, as a companion work to his well-known "History of Rome." He will trace the fortunes of Athens from the end of the fourth century to the beginning of the sixteenth; and he will show that the city, though retaining but a shadow of its former greatness, was yet by no means destitute of both political and intellectual life.

A COLLECTION of documents formed by the late Father Warguigny, with a view to a biography of the Comte de Chambord, are now preserved at Frohsdorf; and it is probable that they will be published before long.

M. BAUDRILLART has received a commission from the French Government to visit Italy and Spain, for the discovery of papers relating to the correspondence of Mme. de Maintenon.

THE fifth volume of the important historical work, by Comte Pajol, entitled "Guerres sous Louis XV.," is announced for publication next month. It will comprise the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, ending with the king's death in 1774. It will be illustrated with a portrait of the king, three designs of uniforms of the period by M. Detaille, and four large maps. A sixth and last volume, to be published next year, will deal with the military

operations in Canada and India, and also with the projected landings of French troops on the coast of England.

THE Paris Chamber of Commerce have issued an appeal for a monument to Tavernier, the French traveller in India in the seventeenth century.

THE French War Office have issued, in a very limited number of copies, a chronological list of all general officers of the French army, from 1185 to 1880.

M. JULES SIMON has contributed to the *Revue Illustrée de Bretagne et d'Anjou* an account of his schooldays at Vannes in 1830, where he supported himself entirely out of the prizes he won and the tuition he was permitted to give to younger boys. He prides himself on having been head of the school, with the title of "Imperator," for three years in succession; but on entering the *Ecole Normale*, the first discovery he made was "que je ne savais rien au monde, excepté un peu de latin."

THE King of Italy has had printed for the first time a MS. commentary on Dante, written in the year 1474 by Stefano Talice de Ricaldone. Accompanying it is the text of the "Divina Commedia," according to the edition issued by Le Monnier in 1834. The whole has been edited by MM. Vincenzo Promis and Carlo Negrone. The King has prefixed the following dedication to his son:

"S. M. Umberto I., re d'Italia, nell'ordinare la pubblicazione di questo antico commento Dantesco, lo volle dedicato al suo figlio diletto, Vittorio Emanuele, in premio del suo amore agli studi, e perche nel divino poema fortifichi la mente et educi il cuore al culto della patria letteratura."

THE German papers say that the number of members of the Oriental Congress at Vienna will exceed three hundred, of whom eighty will be Austrians. France contributes forty-five, Germany as many, England forty, Russia and the Netherlands each send twenty-five, Italy twenty, Spain only one. From India come nine, and from the United States five. Among the many papers which will be read during the congress there will be one on the Semitism of the Hittites, by M. Joseph Halévy, of Paris. If we are not mistaken, a similar paper was read some time ago by Dr. W. Wright before the Society of Biblical Archaeology.

WE have reason to believe, says the *Athenæum*, that the library and MS. notes of the

late Dr. Zúñz will remain at Berlin, and be deposited partly in the archives of the congregation and partly with the *Zunestiftung*. The deceased seems to have copiously annotated his own works, and the notes will be valuable for new editions and more especially for his chief work "Die Gottesdienstlichen Vorträge der Juden historisch entwickelt," which appeared in 1832 and is now out of print. It is to be hoped that the projected English translation of it will be based on the revised edition.

AT Lvof, died, on August 3d, at the age of forty-eight, the Polish writer Jan Lam, many of whose novels, especially "Golden Skulls," have been translated into several languages. Lam's first literary essays dealt chiefly with Austrian official society in Galicia, a field previously unexplored, and gave promise of the abundant satire and humor which characterize his subsequent works, among which may be named "The Aristocracy of Capowic" and "The Galician Pole." He also wrote *feuilletons* in German for the Vienna *Tageblatt*, from which they were translated into Hungarian.

MISCELLANY.

THE STRAWBERRY.—The strawberry is the earliest of our summer fruits, and its appearance is as welcome as its flavor is agreeable. This plant is widely diffused, being found indigenous almost throughout Europe, and indeed in most parts of the temperate zone. Botanically the strawberry belongs to the genus *Rosacea* or rose tribe, and the part we eat is not a berry or even a fruit, but is merely a fleshy receptacle, the true fruit being the ripe carpels which are scattered over its surface in form of minute grains, looking like seeds, which they really are not, for the seed is enclosed inside of the shell of the carpel. This is exactly the contrary to the raspberry: here you throw away the receptacle under the name of the core, never suspecting that it is the very part you had been feasting upon in the strawberry. In one case the receptacle robs the carpels of all their juices in order to become gorged and bloated at their expense; in the other case the carpels act in the same selfish manner upon the receptacle. (See Lindley, "Ladies' Botany.") In ancient history we do not find the strawberry mentioned by the old Greek authors, and it is but slightly so by Virgil, Ovid, and Pliny. The first author, in his third Eclogue, enumerates it as one of

the beauties of the field, and Ovid, speaking of the simplicity of living during that happy period which existed only in the poet's imagination—the "Golden Age"—says the people were

"Content with food which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed."

Pliny only mentions it in connection with the arbutus-trees. In book 15, chapter 24, he says the tree is termed the strawberry-tree; and there is not any other tree that gives fruit which resembles the fruit of an herb growing by the ground. There is no mention of its being cultivated, but Soyer tells us that both Greeks and Romans were fond of it, and both applied the same care to its cultivation, and that it graced the tables of the Luculli by the side of its more humble sister the wild strawberry; but this author gives no statement on what authority he gets his information. The strawberry does not appear to have been cultivated in the early days of English horticulture, probably from the fact that it was found plentifully as a wild fruit in the woods, and thence brought to towns and sold in the streets and markets, as it is in the present day in Italy and other parts of Europe. The earliest record we have of this fruit is mentioned in the household rolls of the Countess of Leicester for the year 1265. This fruit was known in London as an article of ordinary consumption in the time of Henry VI. In a poem of that age called "London Lyckpeny," by John Lydgate, who died about 1483, he mentions that "Strawbery rype!" was one of the street cries of that period. From the chronicles of Holinshed, published in 1577, we learn that strawberries were cultivated in the gardens of the Bishop of Ely in Holborn about the year 1483. Ely Place, Holborn, was the ancient site of the stately palace of the Bishops of Ely. The gardens and grounds were forty acres in extent, and celebrated for their roses, saffron, crocuses, and strawberries. Holinshed describes a scene in which these gardens and fruit are introduced, which was afterward dramatized by Shakespeare in his plays. The old historian refers to the conduct of Richard III., then Duke of Gloucester, on the morning of the execution of Lord Hastings, sitting with others in council devising the honorable solemnities for the king's coronation. Gloucester, after talking with them, said to the Bishop of Ely, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." "Gladly, my lord," quoth he; "would God I had some better thing

as ready to your pleasure as that;" and therewith in all haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The garden in Holborn was at that period one of the most celebrated in the kingdom: it seems to have been an object of great care with the episcopal owners, for in the reign of Elizabeth we find that the Bishop of Ely was obliged to grant it on lease to Sir Christopher Hatton, stipulating for the right of walking in it and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

THE HERRING FISHERY.—Around the forelands the women ply the knife in a competitive spirit with lightning speed; and while they work, the air is often filled with the strains of popular songs and hymns, interspersed with the Gaelic music of the Highland girls, sung by these toilers to while away the midnight hours. On such a night, a fishing-town has an appearance quite unique. The lurid glare in a murky sky of the many lights burning in the yards, has a very weird effect; while the roll of carts and the shrill cries of the fisher-girls, mixed with the stentorian tones of "the maister" issuing his orders at dead of night, give a romantic touch to the picture. Often among the gutters are to be found most respectable, educated females, who are tempted by the high remuneration paid to engage in the work, and who, when the fishing is over, assume another character, and may be seen at the Christmas balls in some of the smaller towns as the leaders of fashion. It may be noted here, that after being gutted, packed, and salted, the herrings are allowed to lie in barrels in the curing-yards for some little time. The barrels are then filled up, and otherwise completely cured; and having received the brand of the Fishery Board as a certificate of good quality, they are despatched to Germany and Russia and other centres where herrings form the staple article of food. The salting of herrings has hitherto been the chief method of curing; but recently, boracic acid has been introduced for the same purpose, though how far it will be adopted in practice is still a question of the future. One feature of the fishing which presents an unusually pretty and romantic sight may be seen on a dark night toward the end of August. At that time the boats are usually within a mile or two of the shore; and when the gloaming deepens and the nets are shot, the crews prepare to hoist the lights required to be exhibited by law to prevent accidents happening with passing vessels. As darkness sets in, light after light appears, till the sea for a stretch of

many miles is transformed into what seems a gaily illuminated city ; but instead of the din and bustle associated with such an occasion, not a sound is heard but the gentle ripple of the summer sea, as its wavelets frolic on the sandy beach, or thread their way round the rocks near the old tower. The sight is ever new, and one so pretty and so fascinating, that on every occasion when it is available, the whole community, including those who have been privileged to witness it for a lifetime, eagerly seek the points of vantage where they can best view the fairy-like scene spread out before them. In mostly all the great herring-fishery ports, the harbors during winter have a most oppressive stillness, and often the trade done for a protracted period would comprise the arrival and sailing of a few colliers and a limited number of windbound ships. In spring, the scene changes, however ; and by July, every available inch of water area is appropriated to the use of craft employed in the staple industry ; and at times so great is the pressure, that many vessels are obliged to lie in the bay and wait their regular turn before being permitted to enter the harbor. In addition to our own ships, a great many German vessels have been hitherto engaged carrying herrings ; but within the last two years, Norwegian steamers, which were employed in the Norwegian herring business before steam was introduced here, have greatly taken up the carrying-trade, to the serious exclusion of the British sailing schooners, which held the trade in their own hands for half a century, and considered it strictly their own. In consequence of the altered aspect of affairs, a strong feeling exists among the old-fashioned mariners, especially the local skippers, against what they consider an unjust usurpation of their exclusive right, and many an aged salt may be heard sighing for the "good old times." But in spite of their quarter-deck arguments, which appear as old-fashioned as their craft, steam-carrying power is fast increasing ; and it is more than probable that the once smart fleet of schooners, whose employment in the herring-trade was wont to yield the year's dividend to the owners, will soon be practically a thing of the past.—*Chambers's Journal*.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.—There are few who adequately realize the vastness of the British dominion in the East. The total population is about 250,000,000, of which at least 180,000,000 are under the direct government of the Crown, while the remainder, nominally under indepen-

dent sovereigns, are yet practically under British control. A traveller arriving at Kurrachi, the proposed terminus of the mail route by sea or land from Europe, would take four days, travelling by railway, at an average speed of twenty miles an hour, day and night, to reach Calcutta. The railway journey now from Bombay to Calcutta occupies two days and three nights. The use of the English language is rapidly increasing all over India. The matriculation examination of the Indian Universities is in English, so that every candidate must be able to read that language, and thousands of young men every year appear at these examinations. It is becoming the *lingua franca* of the educated class all over the country, and it must be used more and more in schools, colleges, courts of justice, and all public affairs, so as to be the supreme tongue, to which all the native languages and dialects must be secondary. So far as the press is concerned, the demand for English books will be enormous at no distant period.—*Leisure Hour*.

AN INCIDENT IN THE VOYAGE OF THE "PELICAN."—San Juan de Anton, talking one day with Drake aboard the *Pelican*, had asked him how he intended to get home. There were several ways, the admiral had answered unconcernedly. If somewhere north of Mexico he could only find a passage eastward to the Atlantic, the voyage home would be of small account. Away north flew the *Pelican*, the "burning zone" was left rapidly behind, and they plunged onward through "most vile, thick, and stinking fogs." For 1400 leagues the *Pelican* held on. The cold was frightful ; the rigging was frozen hard, and the men, who a week before had basked like lizards in the sunshine on the decks, dared hardly uncover their hands to feed themselves. At last, off the mouth of the Columbia, Drake drew rein. The coast, even in the middle of summer, was bleak and despairing, the very "birds not daring so much as once to arise from their nests after the first egg laid, till it, with all the rest, were hatched." It was plain, either that no passage existed, or, if it did, that it would not be worth while to pursue it. The ship was put about, and, coasting south, they anchored, on June 18, in the harbor of San Francisco, at the threshold of the Golden Gate. The good ship *Pelican* had sprung a leak, and Drake, mindful of the value of the cargo, and the great distance he was yet from home, landed the crew ; and, having built a fort, brought the treasure ashore, and set to work to repair her hull. The natives

accepted the encroachment with the greatest amity, and, taking the pale-faces for "gods," sent them presents of potatoes and tobacco, whilst, to show their reverence, they held a great festival and offered up sacrifices. Three days later the garrison beheld a great procession winding slowly down from the hills; it was the king coming in state to visit the "gods." First marched some grand official, bearing the sceptre, from which were suspended the crown and chains of State; then, surrounded by his mighty men of war, came the Híóh, or king, decked with feathers and wearing a mantle of rats-skins reaching to his waist; whilst the rear was brought up by a crowd of naked savages, all having their faces painted, and each bringing in his hand some gift. And they, being entered into the fort, did then and there crown Drake lord over California; and he accepting their homage in the name of his mistress the Queen, set up in mark of her dominion a great post of wood, to which was fastened her image and superscription in the shape "of a piece of sixpence, current English money." For a month the *Pelican* lay in the harbor; and then, all being ready, the crew re-embarked, and, to the great sorrow of the natives, set sail eastward ho! The terrors of the north were left rapidly behind; for fully sixty-eight days they saw no land as they sped back into the tropics.

We came to warmer waves, and deep
Across the boundless East we drove,
Where those long swells of breaker sweep
The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

—*Army and Navy Magazine.*

CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA.—The Berlin *Kreuz-zeitung* states that the Roman Curia lately intimated to the Prussian Government that it was ready to concede without reserve the notification to the State of ecclesiastical appointments, Prince Bismarck having previously declared that without such a concession the new Ecclesiastical Bill would be rejected by both Houses of the Diet. The Vatican, in taking this course, acted on the understanding that the Prussian Government would take an opportunity of publicly pledging itself to submit to the Diet at an early date a revision of the clause in the May Laws dealing with the notification question. It is stated that the Government is willing to do this. The adoption by the Diet of the Ecclesiastical Bill and the consequent re-establishment of peace between Church and State appear, therefore, to be assured. A second edition of the Berlin *Post* contains a Note, dated April 4, from Car-

dinal Jacobini to the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires at the Vatican. The document states that it had come to the knowledge of the Pope, particularly through the latest utterances of Prince Bismarck, that the Ecclesiastical Bill with the last amendments would be scarcely likely to be supported by a majority in the Prussian Parliament unless the Curia agreed to give way at once on the question of the invariable notification of ecclesiastical appointments to the State. The Pope, therefore, proposed that the Government should revise the bill in order that the complete restoration of religious peace should be assured, and that the Pope, for his part, should be able to assent forthwith to the notification principle. If a full and immediate revision of the bill should not be possible, continued Cardinal Jacobini, the Pope would, as soon as he received an official assurance that the revision would be taken in hand in the near future, give his consent at once with regard to the notification in the sense of the Papal Note of March 26.

FIGHTING-KITES IN INDIA.—It was late in summer some years back, when I was living in the suburbs, that a strange boy called on me to inquire if I had Indian kites with me, or if I could give him some information about them. Though unable to oblige my young inquirer in the way he desired, I was pleased to notice that boys here are awakening to a choice of better kites than the curious ones they fly at present. The thick picture-kites with long tails are after the fashion of the Chinese, who, however, are not backward in the use of lighter and more refined fighting-kites, which form the speciality of Indian kite-fliers. To save space I shall touch only on the main features of kite-flying in India. In that country there are shops where they sell kites very cheap; so very few people make them at home. Besides, it wants a fine and practised hand to make the thin well-balanced fighting-kites. They are made of one (square) shape, but of various sizes; the smallest being eight inches square and the largest two feet square. The most common and useful ones are a foot square. Very thin but strong paper, resembling tissue or cigarette paper, of all colors, is used for the purpose. But whether the kite is made of one or different pieces of paper, it must be of the same thickness throughout. The backbone is a straight, flat, strong, well-finished lath, and the bow is made out of a cane or a piece of pliant wood half as thick as the backbone, round and knotless. The latter must be of equal thick-

ness and weight throughout its whole length, as on it mainly depends the balance of the kite. The tail, which is merely a finish or an ornament, is triangular or round, measuring only two or three inches at the longest. Strong card-thread is used to fly kites with. The English manufacturers would be surprised to learn the amount of cotton thread consumed in India for this purpose; one lad using as much as 10,000 yards in the course of a year. Silken thread is also used, though rarely. The knots joining the pieces being made fine, smooth, and strong, the whole length of the thread is drawn through a mixture of fine pounded glass and light starch, which give it a keen edge. The dried thread, which is now ready for fighting purposes, is then wound up on a wooden frame resembling a spool. Great ingenuity is spent in making this spool or roller light, useful, and handsome. Next, as to the motion of the kite. Two pieces exactly equal in length off the main thread are tied to the kite; one at the meeting-point of the bow and the backbone; the other, a few inches lower, to the backbone only. There are two useful kinds of motion besides the ordinary straight one: the wheeling motion, in which the kite wheels round and round, and the quivering motion, in which its head keeps on quivering sideways as it flies upward; both being very graceful. A practised hand can give to the kite either motion as he pleases. Of course a good deal depends on the proper fastening of the kite. If it wheels too much you must make the lower fastening-thread shorter; or if it leans too much on one side you should stick a piece of paper or fine linen to the bow on the other side. Similarly there are other little means to regulate the motion of a kite. As in all warfare, great skill and practice are required to fight well with kites, and manœuvring counts a great deal in paper actions. Sometimes the enemy has certain advantages over you: for instance, his house is higher than yours (in India kites are usually flown from the flat tops of houses), commanding a greater swoop; or his kite may be a little bigger than yours, in which case his thread will have a greater tension. These disadvantages one must learn to counteract; but these are details. There are two methods of fighting—the *pull* method and the *loose* method. In the former, which is the quicker and more skilful of the two, you attack the enemy by leading your kite by a deep swoop under the other, and then at a judicious time pulling it so fast that your antagonist will

fail to make the point where your thread touches his loose enough by letting out his thread. You have a good chance of cutting his thread then. In the other method, which is more common, and which requires great patience and watchfulness, you lead your kite either over or under his, and then let out the thread, in which he follows. One has to be careful in this kind of fight as to which of the two motions—the wheeling or the quivering—he gives to the kite at different times. The chances of winning are increased by a keener edge, a favorable breeze, or other small advantages. One might think that, everything being equal, it is a mere chance that you will cut the thread of your rival. But in this, as in many other things which look simple and seem to depend on chance, a good deal of cleverness and practice go to make up a fair victory. An evenly matched fight in this method lasts a long time; I have often spent two or three hours over it. And great is the joy of winning. Sometimes the kites go so far that you can hardly see them, or it gets quite dark; in that case the fight has to end in an unsatisfactory draw. With some, kite-fighting changes from a pastime into a passion. All work, and even eating and sleeping, are abandoned in order to perfect oneself in this art. And great is the excitement which follows a good fight; sometimes (fortunately it is not common) high wagers are laid on it. In small towns there are champion kite-fighters, who devote as much time and attention to kites as some people do to boating and wrestling. In kite-flying there is no distinction of rank, or caste, or age. The young and the old—all take an equal delight in it: you do not come into close contact with other kite-fliers; and, it being an inexpensive game, anybody can indulge in it. The kite-flying season in India lasts from March to September, barring the wet months. In England the best time for it would be August and September, when the weather gets a little bit steady. All that you want is a fine steady breeze in a clear atmosphere. In India boys fly kites generally in the afternoon, when it gets a little cool, for three or four hours until it gets dark. But there are some who pursue the game at all times of the day heedless even of the scorching heat of the noon. Others delight in watching the kite wheel up high in the heavens, as it glistens with the soft serene light of the Indian moon, which makes our nights clearer than English November mid-days.—*St. James Gazette.*



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RUSSIA AND ENGLAND; BATOU M AND CYPRUS.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER AND ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

THE strength of England depends upon the strength of the whole empire. Those who proudly boast that the sun never sets upon her dominion, may reflect that England, surrounded by her colonies, is independent of the outer world for all that constitutes the necessities of life, and that in the event of a general war, our thirty-five millions of inhabitants would be fed and clothed by the raw productions of our world-wide possessions, even should the ports of the whole globe be closed against us. The reciprocity of commercial interests would bring about the desired result; England would receive the raw commodities, while she would return to the colonies her manufactures. This fusion of interests should link the mother-country with her offspring in a mutual bond of confederation that would establish a world within a world, and consolidate our power throughout.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLIV., No. 5

In another century one-half the world may be English-speaking, and therefore the chief question for us to-day is, How can the communication between England and her colonies be best secured?

This is a subject of the gravest importance. Common sense insists that a practical organization for the defence of our colonies should be determined that would render all commercial routes secure.

A reference to the map shows the immense advantages which Great Britain at present possesses in the occupation of various positions which, in time of war, would constitute links in a chain of coaling stations, without which it would be impossible for the commerce of the world to be continued. It is, fortunately, so long since England was at war with a great maritime Power that we are apt to ignore the vital impor-

tance of such a question as the necessity for an uninterrupted line of coaling depôts. The fact must be faced that the power of a fleet depends entirely upon its supply of coal, and that, as the commerce of Great Britain is almost entirely dependent upon steam, our coaling stations must be, if possible, at five days' interval from each other, and certainly should not exceed eight.

In 1869 the Suez Canal was opened as the new commercial highway toward the East. The dangerous navigation of the Red Sea prohibits the employment of sailing vessels, therefore the entire commerce of that route is dependent upon steam. It is evident that in time of war that route would become impossible unless the coal supply could be assured. At the present moment England possesses Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and is in occupation of Egypt. Upon the western side of the Suez isthmus she is therefore safe. On the east she holds Perim, Aden, Ceylon, Bombay. South of the equator, near Madagascar, Port Louis in Mauritius is an invaluable station. Madras and Calcutta, in the Bay of Bengal; Penang and Singapore, in the Straits of Malacca, Hong Kong, on the route to Canton and Shanghai, are all very worthful; Port Hamilton, which has recently been occupied, completes the chain from China to Japan.

We thus see a series of coaling stations from England to Japan, *vid* the Suez Canal, which would in a general European war give us the control of the Eastern route.

To appreciate the importance of these positions we must invert our status, and consider that we are an enemy of England; let us say France.

The recent acquisition of Madagascar by France will enable her to form a coaling depôt, but she will have no chain; she would positively be unable to reach that point should she be engaged in a war with us. The Mediterranean would be occupied by a British fleet supported by the line of stations from Gibraltar; Egypt is under British influence *and occupation*, to ensure the security of the canal passage; therefore from Plymouth to Port Said, and from Port Said to Yokohama, there would be a continuous and unbroken chain of stations upon which our fleets, whether naval or mer-

cantile, could depend for a supply of coal.

There are a few persons of considerable experience who have astonished me by advocating the Cape route in time of war in preference to that by the Suez Canal. There is no reason why both these routes should not be adopted at the option of all vessels outward bound; but it must be remembered that the Cape route is impossible to vessels homeward bound, owing to the strong westerly gales of southern latitudes.

The postal authorities, too, are compelled to prefer the shortest route; that is unquestionably the Suez Canal. In case of emergency the Government would naturally be compelled to select the quickest route for transport of troops to India, which would be the Suez Canal; therefore in time of war there can be no doubt that without any abandonment of the long sea route by the Cape of Good Hope, the Isthmus of Suez would be preferred as the direct course toward our Eastern possessions. It becomes under the circumstances an absolute necessity that the route from England *vid* the Mediterranean to the East should be rendered independent, and that the coaling stations should be practically impregnable.

There are advantages upon the Atlantic line which cannot be denied; we have St. Helena and Ascension, without which it would be impossible for a war vessel to steam at full speed from Brest or Toulon to the Cape of Good Hope. No enemy's steam cruiser could venture into those Southern seas in the total absence of coaling stations, therefore it is argued that our commercial fleet would be safer by that route than by the Mediterranean; but I argue that the power of Great Britain must be undeniably paramount in the Mediterranean to ensure the direct and rapid passage *vid* the Suez Canal to India. If we cannot ensure that, our stations at Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus are but exposed positions, requiring defence, instead of strongholds to protect British interests, and the sooner we evacuate them the better.

I am not one of those peace-at-any-price politicians who would give up territory for the whim of an idea, whether it be Ireland at our own doors or Cyprus

at the extremity of the Mediterranean. The argument put forward by some persons (who claim to be intelligent Englishmen) that England would be stronger without her colonies or India, is simply based upon an absurd acknowledgment of incapacity. It might as well be argued that a rich man would be happier, and could exist more frugally, if he exchanged his mansion for a four-roomed cottage. I have reasonably taken for granted that England can be rendered independent of the whole world for a supply of the necessities of life by her own colonies should a general coalition against her close all foreign ports; we shall therefore be dependent upon our colonies should the Great Powers be united as our enemies.

It will accordingly be admitted that our chain of coaling stations must not only be continuous along our maritime commercial routes, but they must be strongly fortified, as they would become the salient points of attack. In addition to this necessity will be the establishment at convenient intervals of dockyards for the repair of ironclad vessels. At the present moment the greater number of our coaling stations are defenceless, and there is no dockyard where a first-rate man-of-war can be repaired between Malta and Hong Kong. When I visited the latter station in 1881 it would have been entirely at the mercy of a Russian squadron should war have been suddenly declared.

There must be a general reform in this apathetic indifference to facts, unless we are resolved to succumb to some unforeseen disaster. For some years lately the British Administration has declined to regard the actual danger face to face, and has endeavored to avert its gaze from the inevitable; we have been so absorbed with the home struggles of political parties that the true aspect of foreign affairs has been unheeded by the public. A bombardment of Alexandria and the wanton destruction of a city through utter carelessness, was followed by an immediate advance on Cairo without a policy. This display of political fireworks was the commencement of well-known complications which lost the Soudan to Egypt and brought disgrace upon our reputation. We declared to the Sultan, to the

Khedive, and to the world, that we had no intention of remaining in Egypt for a longer term than six months; that our object was to restore the authority of the Khedive and to reform the Administration; after which, as the political family doctor, we should retire, without a fee. This was three years ago, and we are in Egypt still.

In front of Egypt, only sixteen hours distant, lies Cyprus; we are there also. *And there we must remain if the uninterrupted passage to the East is to be assured.*

An important question to the British public in this connection is, "Who is to be our enemy?" From what quarter is the impending danger? The answer is unquestionably, Russia. There may be occasional jealousies on the part of France, but she has too much to lose, too much to fear, to lightly incur the responsibility of another war in Europe so long as a Bismarck exists upon her frontier; but Russia is a giant from whom the wrestling match of war could wring no prizes. There can be no doubt that the interests of Great Britain and Russia will always clash, not only in Eastern Europe, but in Asia. It may be said that the interests of Great Britain and of France clash in Egypt; but to the French, the policy in Egypt is one solely of sentiment. We may therefore assume that Russia is our real antagonist, while France is a possible adversary that may form a hostile alliance against us with the Northern power. This is the contingency of the future for which England must be prepared. Let us, then, regard our position and consider the probabilities of a war with Russia.

The late Lord Beaconsfield acquired Cyprus as a *place d'armes*. This acquisition was a set-off against the action of Russia which had secured the occupation of Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan in Asia Minor. The position of Batoum, at the south-east corner of the Black Sea, forms a close communication with the harbor of Sebastopol in the Crimea; thus a powerful Russian fleet would possess four secure bases of operations in those land-locked waters—Odessa, Nikolaev, Sebastopol, and Batoum, embracing the coasts of north, east, and south. The line of fortified positions from Batoum inland, Ardahan, and

Kars, would be supplied from Batoum as the base, should a Russian army advance into Asia Minor.

The roadsteads on the west shore of the Black Sea are notoriously dangerous, as there is no adequate protection from the north-easterly gales; Varna, Bourgas, and Kustendjé could not be relied upon during eight months of the year. Although it might be difficult for a Russian fleet to force the passage of the Bosphorus, there can be no question of her authority in the Black Sea, and the Turkish positions Trebizond and Sinopé upon the south coast lie at her mercy, together with those already named upon the west. Russia is therefore absolute in the Black Sea, and could close the entrance to the Bosphorus.

I cannot conceive the reason for so great an increase in the Russian naval force of the Black Sea unless this object has been held in view. The stoppage of the Bosphorus mouth would completely paralyze the entire trade of the Danube, and would act as a blockade of the long line of Turkish shore, while Russia would be free to pour in supplies and troops for an invasion of Asia Minor from Batoum.

Such a movement would check the natural operation of an Anglo-Turkish force should we be in alliance with the Sultan. Russia would advance on Afghanistan upon the first favorable opportunity, when the death of the present Ameer, or some other cause, should have been followed by rebellion. Already a pretext has arisen, and a border quarrel may at any time become the signal for a general conflagration. Should Russia advance upon Afghanistan and be encountered by a British-Indian army, the first counter-movement should be an Anglo-Turkish advance across the Caucasus to interrupt her communications with her rear. Had Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum remained in the hands of Turkey, a magnificent base for such an operation would have existed, the fact of which would have imperilled a Russian direct advance toward India. No unprejudiced observer of the past thirty years can have hesitated to admire the unflinching persistence of Russia in planning and gradually carrying into execution a carefully prepared scheme for this advance; while a certain set

of English politicians have steadfastly closed their eyes to an intention that has been manifest to the whole world except themselves.

In 1877 Louis Kossuth wrote, "The Eastern question is a question of Russian power. 'Hinc omne principium, huc refer excitum.' This is the summary of European interests considered from the European point of view. Every policy is either a cheat or a fallacy which does not take this fact as a starting-point." In 1873 General Valentin Baker Pasha, then Colonel of the 10th Hussars, accompanied by Lieutenant Gill, R. E. (since murdered together with Charrington and Palmer by the Arabs), organized an expedition at his own cost to survey the line of approach to Merv, which was then considered the objective point of a Russian advance. The result of this expedition was published in 1876 (*Clouds in the East*), and, as usual, the importance of the information, since verified by events, was totally unappreciated by the British Foreign Office. It will be interesting to consider some facts therein stated, and to reflect upon the rapid fulfilment of the Russian policy then prophesied by the author. He takes it for granted that the Caspian must be accepted as the base of a Russian advance on India and says:—

"We know that Russia is now planning expeditions against the Tekés, who were not in contact with her at Khiva, and who occupy a part of the old Persian frontier, and that fertile and well-watered territory which forms the main road for the march of an army from the Caspian to Herat. . . .

"A most important question still remains for review, viz., the influence which future railways will have, both strategically and politically, upon the country now under consideration. This again becomes a great question of policy, for here a passive line of action is sure to succumb to the active. We may consider that it would be advantageous for us not to increase the facility of land communication between Europe and India. But, if Russia takes the contrary view, not only will railways in course of time connect the east and the west, but all those railways will be constructed in Russian interests, and for Russia's strategic advantage. . . . Railways would completely obviate those difficulties of transport, supply, and want of water upon which the security of India from attack now depends. For the concentration and supply of large bodies of men, a plentiful rolling stock is absolutely requisite, and a break of gauge at once neutralizes this supply. Russia, and Russia only, has foreseen this difficulty. On her west-

ern frontier she has considered the difference which railways would make in any future invasion from the German or Austrian side, aided by all the rolling stock of either of those two countries, and she has broken her gauge at her proper frontier. Thus, by withdrawing her rolling stock she renders her railways practically useless to an invader. In the great strategical system of railways which she has inaugurated since the Crimean war, this object has never been lost sight of. Uniformity of gauge within her own territory, and a different gauge from other countries that border on her, has been carefully maintained."

Since the above was written, in 1876, the strides of Russia have been unceasing. What was then foreshadowed has already come to pass. The Teké Turkomans have been not only conquered, but they have become the allies of the conquerors. A Russian railway has actually been completed to Merv, and a British Commission is now engaged with the Russian authorities in marking a boundary on the confines of Afghanistan ! Within the last few weeks Russia has defied the terms of the Berlin Treaty, by declaring Batoum to be no longer a free port !

The Black Sea has thus become a Russian lake.

If we contrast the activity of Russia with the apathy of England, there is nothing to surprise us in the present positions of the two rival powers. In 1876 General Valentine Baker endeavored to impress upon the public the extreme importance of the question in these words. Speaking of Afghanistan he said : " Russia is now approaching so near that we cannot afford to leave this important outwork of India in a chronic state of anarchy. The difficulty must be met, and it should be met boldly. The first most important step in the pacification of this country would be the construction of a railway through the Bolan to Quettah, which should be carried on from there to Herat, and with a branch from Candahar to Cabul. Such a line would bring the whole trade from this part of Asia to Kurrachee, and its strategical importance would be immense. It would to a great extent neutralize the projected Russian line to Tabreez, by bringing trade from the south instead of through Persia to Russia ; and (should it become necessary to preserve Afghan independence) it would enable us immediately to concen-

trate a force at Herat long before Russia could hope to occupy that all-important position by a march from the Oxus. But at present Russia, even at Samarcand, is nearer to Herat than we are at Shikapoor. In a strategical point of view this is of vital importance."

It must be remembered that Merv is only 240 miles from Herat, key to India. And Russia, now mistress of the Black Sea, has railway communication from the Caspian to Merv, and her base is thoroughly protected by the possession of a fortified Batoum. Russia has thus arrived at a position that will enable her at any opportunity to assume the initiative. Is it possible that England will remain inactive with these astounding proofs of Russia's determination ?

Great empires built up by energy and conquest cannot be held and governed on narrow views. The conditions of war are not now what they once were ; campaigns are now decided in a few short weeks, and victory lies with those who have made the most careful preparation. To trust to hastily-organized levies when the emergency arises, is to court defeat, for armies are only consolidated by patient care and skilful forethought. Yet we still trust with blind confidence to that " silver streak " which only protects our own home, and we seem content to leave the safety of the greatest empire that the world has ever seen to the hazards of chance or the mercy of our enemies. If England is at length awakened to the danger, the question arises, " What is she to do ? " By vacillation and delay England has allowed Russia to become the mistress of the Black Sea, and to create and render secure her line of communication to the Afghan frontier. Plainly, then, we must now meet any Russian aggression upon India in Afghanistan, and so this part of the question may be dismissed. But the position now occupied by Russia in the Black Sea enables her to threaten our shortest line of communication with North-west India, and so we must at once set about strengthening that line at the endangered point, which lies anywhere between Malta and the entrance to the Suez Canal. This must have been a foreseen necessity when a secret agreement between Turkey and

England was arranged for the British occupation of Cyprus.

When the British troops disembarked upon that seldom-visited island, in 1878, a chorus of indignation was raised by Mr. Gladstone and his party against Lord Beaconsfield, and Cyprus was declared to be a ridiculous acquisition that would be a useless incumbrance and a costly addition to our already too numerous settlements. The unswept filth of ages blocked the narrow thoroughfares of the Cypriote cities, and an exceptionally bad season prostrated the British force with sickness. Cyprus was accordingly branded with the reputation of a pestilent place, that would be the grave of Europeans. The unused harbor of Famagousta was declared to be silted up, and accordingly unserviceable, which fact having been assumed, afforded a corresponding satisfaction to all those political pessimists who had condemned the acquisition of the island.

Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, was appointed High Commissioner. The towns were cleansed; a sanatorium was established upon Mount Troodos; Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby entered the harbor of Famagousta, and anchored there the Mediterranean fleet of first-rate ironclads; the roadsteads of Lanarca and Limasol were found to be excellent; the troops recovered their health; the island has paid its way in spite of the Turkish tribute of £96,000, and there is no public debt. *Cyprus is now the healthiest station belonging to Great Britain.* The pessimists were wrong; Cyprus has been a success. The best witness to this fact is Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.B., who has recently retired from the command which he has so ably conducted, and to whose wise administration the prosperity of the settlement is mainly due. We have now to regard Cyprus as a *place d'armes*, for which purpose it was occupied by the British force of ten thousand men in 1878, at a time when war with Russia was imminent, and as a fortified post or link in the chain of communication which unites England to India. An examination of Cyprus as a strategical position will induce a wide consideration of our actual position.

In my opinion, the whole Eastern

Question, and with it the question of Cyprus, depends, so far as England is concerned, upon the integrity of Turkey as our ally; we have done little for her, and we may expect too much. We have assumed the enormous responsibility of the Protectorate of Asia Minor under conditions which we must know would never be fulfilled. Turkey promised to reform the abuses of her internal administration, etc., etc. Anybody who knows Turkey must have been aware that such a reform was impossible. Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Honest administrative material does not exist in the Ottoman Empire, and the value of the promises of the Porte have been exemplified since the Crimean war. Under these circumstances, the Anglo-Turkish Convention is in a questionable position. We have assumed the Protectorate of Asia Minor conditionally; we occupy Cyprus conditionally; and should Turkey fail to perform her promises in the government of her Asiatic provinces, we have a back door for an escape from our onerous engagement. Unfortunately, English diplomacy is celebrated for back doors. In the Berlin Treaty we entered Cyprus through a back door, and we may possibly retire through the same exit. Notwithstanding our professed sincerity, the Turk has become an unbeliever in the faith of treaties and political engagements; he believes most thoroughly that "should British interests require the sacrifice of honor, England will somehow or other manage to slip through the Ottoman fingers, and escape from her alliance when called upon to meet Russia in the field."

The position of European Turkey is that of a dislocated and dismembered empire, which upon the next explosion will be reduced to the small piece of land on the Bosphorus between Constantinople and the lines of Tchataldja. Turkey will cease to be a European Power, and upon the outbreak of the next Russian war she will be discovered as represented by Asia Minor, in the vital points of which—Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars—the claws of the eagle are already fixed. A Russian advance from these positions will, according to the terms of the alliance, compel Great Britain to exhibit herself as the cham-

pion of Turkish rights in armed defence of Asia Minor.

Under all the circumstances of the risk and responsibility assumed by England in a defensive alliance with Turkey under the title of a protectorate of Asia Minor, the Cyprus Convention is highly unfavorable in its conditions. The island should have been conveyed from Turkey and transferred as a free gift to England, as a position necessary for her occupation under the probable contingencies of the Anglo-Turkish alliance, and it should have at once become an integral portion of the British Empire.

These were the opinions which I expressed when I studied the question in Cyprus during 1879. Since that time there has been war between Servia and Bulgaria. The latter State has amalgamated with Roumelia, and Greece has only been restrained from war by the blockade of her coasts by the combined fleets of Europe. Russia has defied the Berlin Treaty, and declared Batoum to be no longer a free port. My forecast of the future, expressed eight years ago, has been sufficiently verified to induce us to examine the precise terms of our engagement :—

“If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them shall be retained by Russia, and if any further attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the definitive treaty of peace, England engages to join his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms.”

There is the agreement, which admits of no doubt whatever. England further bound herself by these conditions :—
“That if Russia restores to Turkey, Kars, and the other conquests made by her in Armenia during the last war, the island of Cyprus will be evacuated by England, and the Convention of the 4th of June, 1878, will be at an end.”

Instead of restoring Kars, Russia rivets her hold upon Batoum, which means that she never intends to restore either Ardahan or Kars. England is thus forced to make a counter-move, and incorporate Cyprus with the British Empire. Cyprus should become our possession absolutely, and should be fortified by us as an advanced post.

Although at first sight it would appear that Cyprus is beyond the sphere of military operations in Asia Minor, it must be remembered that Alexandretta and other places upon the mainland are most unhealthy ; therefore, in case of war with Russia, Cyprus would not only be valuable as a coaling-station, but it would form the required *place d'armes* for the concentration of troops, and it would become the strategical base of operation for all movements, both by land and sea. If England is the ally of Turkey, and she can depend upon the integrity of that alliance against Russia, there is not so much need for such a station, as all the Turkish ports, even through the Dardanelles, would be open to our ships. The occupation of Cyprus would therefore suggest that a far-seeing Government had considered the possibility of a Russo-Turkish alliance, and had therefore determined to secure a *pied-à-terre* in a strategical position that would entirely dominate the east coast of the Mediterranean, while our fleet should blockade the entrance to the Bosphorus.

These views which I entertained after a careful examination of the physical geography of Cyprus, coupled with a personal knowledge of the west coasts of the Black Sea, and a limited acquaintance with the Crimea, have remained not only unchanged, but have been strengthened by the current of events. The time has arrived when England must act with resolution upon some thoroughly determined policy that will ensure the confidence of Turkey. It is ridiculous to suppose that with our small army we can resist the advance of Russia unaided by allies ; Turkey is our natural ally, and without her material assistance England would be impotent in Asia Minor. Should Russia advance on Afghanistan (which means India) the counter-movement would be an attack upon the Crimea, and upon her positions, Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum. This would be an undertaking of the first magnitude, and should Russia seize the opportunity and occupy the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus entrance from the Black Sea, that passage might be closed to a British fleet, and it would be hardly possible to interrupt the Russian communications.

Even if Austria and Hungary were our allies, they would be powerless to operate against Russia in the Black Sea should the mouth of the Bosphorus be closed. It is evidently the game of Russia to obtain possession of the Asiatic shore from Batoum to the Bosphorus entrance, which would not only give her the command of the passage, but would open the route for an advance upon Constantinople from the East.

If such be the policy of Russia—and after the events of the last few days who can doubt that it is?—a powerful combination against her would be necessary, and England should lose no time in preparing for the struggle. A Russian advance toward India must be met by a counter attack in Asia Minor and the Caspian. A coalition of the States of Eastern Europe—Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey—in addition to England, should operate in the Crimea and in Asia Minor. The importance to Russia of Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars would then be thoroughly appreciated by herself and by her adversaries, who have foolishly permitted her to occupy strongholds that will at any rate delay, if not prevent, the advance of an army toward the Caspian.

The time has arrived when every patriotic Englishman should awaken to the necessity of preparation. The facts are patent: Russia is ready to make use of the first favorable pretext for renewing the Eastern question; this time she has the advantage of fixed positions within the heart of Asia Minor, and a railway terminus at Merv that will serve as a base for an advance upon Herat. England is unready; torn by conflicting factions, wearied by party struggles which have demoralized the country, we have lost heart at home and reputation among foreign States. The weakness of England is the signal for a forward stride by Russia; the announcement is therefore made that "Batoum is no longer a free port."

The advent of a Salisbury ministry supported by Lord Hartington will once more restore a prestige that caused the voice of England to be respected in days gone by, but unless the people of England unanimously support that Government with the determination to uphold the interests and the honor of their

country, the voice of England in the affairs of Europe will soon be "*vox et præterea nihil*."

THE quickness and adroitness with which Russia is gliding down the eastern coast of the Black Sea, must certainly strike all those who consider the length of time and the heavy sacrifices employed by her statesmen in bygone times in the similar advance on the Caspian Sea. From the time when Ivan the Terrible wrested the important town of Astrakhan from the hands of the Tartar Khan, up to the recent date of the capture of Tchekishlar, nearly three hundred years had to elapse; while the advance on the Black Sea scarcely necessitated half the time. Russia accomplishes her work in a much smoother way than England does in spite of all the perfect means of information at the disposal of England, and the superior diplomacy which Englishmen like so much to boast of. It is very natural that Russia, having succeeded a long time ago in converting the Caspian into an exclusively Russian water, should strive to gain a similar position on the Euxine. The start was made on the Crimean shores, then followed annexation of the apparently unimportant Circassian ports, at the occupation of which English statesmen grumbled a little, while the other European powers were in part indifferent to the Czar's schemes in this part of the world, in part delighted with the humanitarian work of Russia, who was said to have put down the abominable traffic in Circassian slaves and to have established order among the incessantly-fighting mountaineers of the Caucasus. Unchecked and unopposed, Russia had therefore full leisure to proceed southward, and although the acquisition of Batoum was deemed by the *enragés* of the Muscovite press a very poor compensation for the heavy costs of the late Russo-Turkish war, the cabinet of St. Petersburg was well aware of the great value of the tit-bit they were allowed to swallow, notwithstanding all the opposition of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

A friend of mine, who happened to take an active part in the late Berlin Congress, related to me how surprised the representatives of other European powers were on witnessing the efforts

made by the English delegates to preserve this small unimportant place from the grasp of Russia ; they could not discover any motive at all for the opposition of Lord Beaconsfield, and it was taken for a simple freak of the English diplomatist. Well, Russia thoroughly understood what she was aiming at ; she was fully aware of the fact, that Batoum is the deepest and safest harbor on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, measuring close in shore from thirty to fifty fathoms, that it is sheltered from the most violent storms, and that in former times the Turks themselves always used this place as the starting-point for their expeditions to the interior of Circassia and of the Caucasus in general. I can well imagine how old Gortchakoff and the polite, but astute Schouvaloff, must have smiled on seeing the restriction put upon Russia in the so-called free-port clause, for they knew beforehand that stipulations can never bind the hands of Russia, and really, the ink with which the treaty was signed by the Russian plenipotentiaries was hardly dry, when measures contrary to the obligations accepted in Berlin were taken and sanctioned in St. Petersburg. I shall not speak of the great hurry with which the construction of the railway toward Tiflis was inaugurated and finished ; a railway by which the northern line running from Poti was suddenly made useless, and the many millions spent upon the harbor of the last-named place literally thrown into the sea. For this Russia may have had a valid excuse in the notoriously unhealthy climate of Poti, although Batoum itself is not entirely free from fever—but how can we explain the excessively hard, nay, cruel measures adopted against the newly subdued Mohammedan inhabitants of Batoum, measures quite exceptional with Russia in her contact with newly conquered Mohammedans ? It must be borne in mind that the great majority of the population of Batoum and its environs was Mohammedan and belonged to the nationality of *Lazes*, a hardy race, which has furnished at all times the best sailors to the Ottoman navy. Their unshakeable faithfulness and fervent zeal for the Islam have always been remarked even among the most fanatical Mohammedans. Of course such a population

could not be quite welcome in a place destined to become a future *place d'armes*, and no sooner had the Russians taken over the reins of government, than the Lazes, otherwise a free and independent people, were subjected to such vexatious rules and unbearable exactions, that nearly two-thirds of them left their ancestral home, and without being able to sell their property, migrated to Asia Minor. A migration to Asia Minor being equal to starvation and hopeless perishing, we may well guess what has become of the poor Lazes driven from their homes ; but even this hard lot did not frighten the remaining portion into patient submission to the Russian yoke, as the emigration to Turkey is still going on.

The place of the Lazes having been filled up by Armenians and Russians, the politicians at St. Petersburg have pretty well attained the goal of their desires. The majority of the Batoum population is now Christian ; the old Moslem town has nearly entirely disappeared, new streets have sprung up, and a formerly Mohammedan town has been turned suddenly into a Christian one. While this metamorphosis was going on under the shelter of the title of a free commercial port, the military authorities of the place were indefatigable in carrying out orders from St. Petersburg, which were totally contrary to the spirit of the Article of the Berlin Treaty, expressly framed to prevent Russia from converting Batoum into a naval stronghold.

The fortifications, consisting of three huge earthworks lined in the interior with stone walls, and provided with roofed cannon-stands and port-holes, had been begun shortly after the conclusion of peace with Turkey, and soon after the ratification of the Berlin Treaty. As a proper illustration of the good faith of Russia, we may quote the fact that a foreign consul residing at Batoum having privately asked a Russian officer how it came that they were in such a hurry to act against the obligations entered into at Berlin, got the answer, " You are mistaken, sir ; we do not build, we rather destroy the fortifications left by the Turks." Of course this novel method of destruction went unremittingly on until the *soi-disant*

future Marseilles of the Black Sea was turned into a Kronstadt; and as by that time the strong inimical Mohammedan element, too, was happily put out of the way, Russia had only to wait for the proper moment to take off the mask, and declare Batoum to be no more a free commercial port. This she has now done.

The reason for having found the present a favorable moment is a two-fold one. As most important we must consider first the feverish zeal shown by Russia in the completion of her great line of communication, running from South Russia across the Caucasus, and along the northern frontier of Persia to Merv, and finally to Bokhara and Samarkand. In this gigantic line, the Turcoman portion of which is far from being finished, Baku and Batoum play a decidedly pre-eminent part; and we can easily understand that Russia, laying a particular stress upon the last-named place, was anxious to discard every possibility of interference with her future schemes in Central Asia. It is scarcely fifteen months since—the relations between England and Russia growing daily more threatening—Batoum was loudly proclaimed to be the place from which the English would try to enter the Caucasus, and from which the Turks would try to stir the Mohammedan mountaineers to revolt. Considering England's strong optimism, and the still stronger sluggishness of the poor Turks, this rumor was certainly one of the most fantastic ever invented by coffee-house politicians; but it found, nevertheless, believers in official Russia, and even at that time the ultimate repudiation of the Article of the Berlin Treaty was already foreshadowed. We were told by a semi-official paper published in the Caucasus, that Russian trade suffered greatly through the free competition of foreign merchants, and that the custom-house line erected behind Batoum was too expensive for the government, etc., etc.—pretexts which have been quite recently repeated in the official press of St. Petersburg, but which were by no means effective enough to hide the real intention of Russia, which is, *the creation of an uninterrupted and in all respects safe line of communication from*

South Russia across the Caucasus to Central Asia, the future camping ground of the Czar's army against India.

In her effort to glide stealthily along the eastern coast of the Black Sea, Russia has besides had in view the extension of her commercial and political influence over Armenia and Anatolia, as well as the future grasp of the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Whatever may have been the result of the recent annexation of Kars, Ardahan and the environs, Batoum is, up to the present, simply a military outpost, for the commercial influence over Armenia is still greatly in the hands of other European nations, who will be driven from the market only when Russia will be able to close the ports on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. The annexation of Batoum will soon be followed by that of Trebizond, Samsun, etc., just as the occupation of Batoum was preceded by the seizure of Anapa, Sukhum-Kaleh, etc., for the government of St. Petersburg has never swerved from its quietly-conceived and well-digested original plans, and still less can they be deterred by harmless threats and diplomatic remonstrances. This policy of Russia on the eastern coast of the Black Sea corresponds entirely with that adopted by former conquerors in this region, for, beginning from the mythical times of the Argonauts, up to the conquests of the Turks, it was always pre-eminently the eastern and not the western coast of the Black Sea toward which the main attention has been directed, and from the possession of which the sway over the northern and western coasts has been easily secured. However fantastic it may seem, there is no doubt that Russia's recent move in Batoum is in strict connection with her policy in Bulgaria and with her future schemes on the Danube. The larger her possessions on the east coast of the Black Sea, the larger and the more extensive will become her influence over Varna and the Danube embouchures; and our statesmen can rest assured that the growl uttered at Batoum does not only refer to Central Asia, and does not designate England as the sole enemy of Holy Russia, but it originates also from the pain of the wound lately inflicted at Sofia, and now revenged.

There ought not to be any doubt on that point, and the recent utterances of the German press, referring to the exclusively English interest in Batoum, is utterly erroneous and dangerous. It is just the very thing Russia wishes to be believed. By keeping closely to the eastern coast she has tried mainly to avoid raising the jealousy of Austro-Hungary and Germany; and the shortsightedness of political writers in the last-named countries, who protest against being made the cat's-paw of Great Britain in her Central Asian troubles, must have delighted the astute Russian politicians.

It is precisely this double-faced intention manifested by Russia in her repudiation of the Article 59 of the Berlin Treaty, from which Germany and Austro-Hungary ought to infer the necessity of a strict and close alliance with Great Britain against Russia's menacing attitude in the East. Nothing is more childish and preposterous than the opinion of a certain class of political writers, who, partly from an ill-concealed mischievous joy, partly from shortsightedness, are anxious to make the uninitiated reader believe that Russia's policy in the East threatens merely and exclusively England, and that Central Europe has not the slightest reason to be troubled by the continual encroachment of the northern Colossus upon southern Asia. If Germany imagines that with an incessantly increasing industry and trade she is able to dispense with the markets of Armenia and Asia Minor, and if Austro-Hungary is indifferent to Russian influence being paramount on the Balkan peninsula, then of course the said Powers may adopt the course devised

by these writers. But I hardly believe that the value of the Pomeranian grenadier could be permanently fixed in the face of Russian restlessness; a change of policy will and must take place, and the time for it has now come. It is really astonishing that English diplomatists do not perceive the great encouragement they have continually given to Russia by the indulgence and condescension shown her. In 1870, when Russia was anxious to put aside the bar thrown in her way through the late Paris Treaty, she acted only after having received the sanction of the European tribunal at the Conference of London, while quite recently in the Batoum Question she found such a demand quite superfluous, and proceeded according to her own pleasure and good will. To-day she repudiates this article of the Treaty, to-morrow she will discard another, and, judging from the intrepidity of Russian diplomacy, we may be well prepared to see all international obligations ridiculed at St. Petersburg, and all treaties wantonly torn into pieces.

The end of Batoum as a free port does, therefore, by no means belong to what may be called political bagatelles. It ought to be taken as the last straw which must break the back of the camel of European optimism, unless they have already provided in certain quarters effective measures to check Russian progress at the very moment they like to do so—a possibility which may be well doubted; or that they have fixed beforehand the share in the spoil allotted to each of the Great Powers—an assumption which is still more unfounded.—*Fortnightly Review*.

EGYPTIAN DIVINE MYTHS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

ANCIENT Egypt is one of the battle grounds in the long quarrel as to the origin and the nature of early religion. Did religion arise from an instinctive tendency of human nature, from an innate yearning after the Infinite, and were its primal forms comparatively

pure, though later corrupted into animal worship, fetichism, and the cult of ghosts? Or did religion arise from certain inevitable mistakes of the undeveloped intellect—did it spring from ghost worship, magic, and totemism, that is, the adoration of certain objects

and animals believed to be related to each separate stock or blood-kindred of human beings? These, roughly, are the main questions in the controversy; and perhaps they cannot be answered, or at least they cannot be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." Complete historical evidence is out of the question. We are acquainted with no race of men who were not more or less religious long before we first encounter them in actual experience or in history. Probably a close examination would prove that in even the most backward peoples religion contains a pure and spiritual element, as well as an element of unreason, of magic, of wild superstition. Which element is the earlier, or may they not have co-existed from the first? In the absence of historical evidence, we can only try to keep the two factors in myth and religion distinct, and examine them as they occur in different stages of civilization. When we look at the religion and myths of Egypt, we find both elements, as will be shown, co-existing, and both full of force and vitality. The problem is to determine whether, on the whole, the monstrous beast-worships are old or comparatively late; whether they date from the delusions of savagery, or are the result of a system of symbols invented by the priesthoods. Again, as to the rational element of Egyptian religion, is *that*, on the whole, the result of late philosophical speculation, or is it an original and primitive feature of Egyptian theology?

In the following sketch the attempt is made to show that, whatever myth and religion may have been in their undiscovered origins, the purer factor in Egyptian creeds is, to some extent, late and philosophical, while the wild irrational factor is, on the whole, the bequest of an indefinitely remote age of barbaric usages and institutions. The Fathers of the Christian Church were decidedly of this opinion. They had no doubt that the heathen were polytheists, and that their polytheism was either due to the wiles of the devil, or to survival of ancestor worship, or simply to the darkness and folly of fallen man in his early barbarism. Mr. Le Page Renouf (in his *Hibbert Lectures*), Dr. Brugsch, M. Pierret, and the late

Vicomte de Rougé (an illustrious authority) maintain, against the Fathers and against M. Maspero and Professor Lieblein, of Christiania, the hypothesis that the bestial gods and absurd myths of Egypt are *degradations*. In this essay we naturally side with Professor Lieblein and M. Maspero.* We think that the worship of beasts was, in the majority of cases, a direct animal worship, and a continuation of familiar and world-wide savage practices. Mr. Le Page Renouf and M. Pierret, on the other hand, hold that this cult was a symbolical adoration of certain attributes of divinity, a theory maintained by the later Egyptians, and by foreign observers, such as Plutarch and Porphyry.† It is not denied on one side that many and multifarious gods were adored, nor, on the other side, that monotheistic and pantheistic beliefs prevailed to some extent at a very remote period. But the question is, Are the many and multifarious gods degradations of a pure monotheistic conception? or does the pure monotheistic conception represent the thought of a later period than that which saw the rise of gods in the form of beasts?

Here it is perhaps impossible to give at once a decided and definite answer.

There is nothing to tell us what the gods were at their *début*, nor whether the Egyptians brought them from their original seats, or saw their birth by Nile-side. When we first meet them their shapes have been profoundly modified in the course of ages, and do not present all the features of their original condition.‡

Among the most backward peoples now

* M. Lefébure (*Les yeux d'Horus*, p. 5) remarks that Egyptian religion is already fixed in the earliest texts, and that, thanks to a conservatism like that of China, it never altered. But even China is not so conservative as people suppose, and that there were many reformations and changes of every kind in the long history of Egyptian religion is plain even on M. Lefébure's own showing.

† See Brugsch's idea that the crocodile was worshipped as an emblem of the sun arising from the waters (*Rel. and Myth.* pp. 104, 105). Meanwhile M. Lefébure thinks that the crocodile is not the rising sun but a personification of the west, which swallows the setting stars (*Osiris*, 105). The Egyptians, like most savages, had a Nature-Myth explaining that the stars, when they became invisible, were swallowed by a beast.

‡ Maspero, *Hist. de l'Orient*, 4th edition, p. 25.

on earth there are traces of a religious belief in a moral ruler of the world. That belief, however, is buried under a mythology in which, according to the laws of savage fancy, animals take the leading rôles. In the same way the religious speculation of early Egypt was acquainted with "a Power without a name or any mythological characteristic."* "For some obscure reason, monotheistic ideas made way very early into Egypt."† At the same time, the worship of Egypt and the myths of Egypt were early directed to, and were peopled by, a wilderness of monkeys, jackals, bulls, geese, rams, and beasts in general. Now it may be, and probably is, impossible for us to say whether the conception of an invisible being who punishes wickedness and answers prayers (a conception held even by the forlorn Fuegians and Bushmen) is earlier or later than totemism and the myths of animals. In the same way, it is impossible to say whether the Egyptian belief in an all-creating and surveying power—Osiris, or Ra, or Horus—is, in some form or other, prior to, or posterior to, the cult of bulls and rams and crocodiles. But it is not impossible for us to discern and divide those portions of myth and cult which the Egyptians had in common with Australian and American and Polynesian and African tribes, from those litanies of a purer and nobler style which are only found among civilized and reflective peoples.‡ Having once made this division, it will be natural and plausible to hold that the animal gods and wild myths are survivals of the fancies of savagery, to which they exactly correspond, rather than priestly symbolisms and modes of worshipping pure attributes of the divine nature, though it was in this light that they were regarded by the schools of esoteric theology in Egypt.

The peculiarity of Egypt, in religion and myth as in every other institution, is the retention of the very rudest and most barbarous things, side by side with the last refinements of civilization. The

existence of this conservatism (by which we profess to explain the Egyptian myths and worship) is illustrated, in another field, by the arts of everyday life, and by the testimony of the sepulchres of Thebes. M. Passalacqua, in some excavations at Quornah, struck on the common cemetery of the ancient city of Thebes. Here he found "the mummy of a hunter, with a wooden bow and twelve arrows, the shaft made of reed, the points of hardened wood tipped with edged flints. Hard by lay jewels belonging to the mummy of a young woman, pins with ornamental heads, necklaces of gold and lapis lazuli, gold earrings, scarabs of gold, bracelets of gold," and so forth.* The refined art of the gold-worker was contemporary, and this at a late period, with the use of flint-headed arrows, the weapons commonly found all over the world in places where the metals have never penetrated. Again, a razor-shaped knife of flint has been unearthed; it is inscribed in hieroglyphics with the words, "The great Sam, son of Ptah, chief of artists." The "Sams" were members of the priestly class, who fulfilled certain mystic duties at funerals. It is reported, by Herodotus, that the embalmers opened the bodies of the dead with a knife of stone; and the discovery of such a knife, though it had not belonged to an embalmer, proves that in Egypt the stone age did not disappear, but coexisted throughout with the arts of metal-working. It is certain that flint chisels and stone hammers were used by the workers of the mines in Sinai, even under Dynasties XII., XIX. The soil of Egypt, when excavated, constantly shows that the Egyptians, who in the remote age of the pyramid builders were already acquainted with bronze, and even with iron, did not therefore relinquish the use of flint knives and arrow-heads, when such implements became cheaper than tools of metal, or when they were associated with religion. Precisely in the same way did the Egyptians, who, in the remotest known times, had imposing religious ideas, decline to relinquish the totems, and beast-gods, and absurd or blasphemous

* Le Page Renouf, p. 100.

† Maspero, *Rev. de l'Hist.* i. 125 (1st edition).

‡ See a collection of lofty and beautiful Egyptian monotheistic texts in Brugsch (*Rel. and Myth.* pp. 96, 99).

* Chabas, *Etudes sur l'Antiquité Historique*, p. 390.

myths which (like flint axes and arrow-heads) are everywhere characteristic of savages.

Our business, then, is to discern and exhibit apart, so to speak, the metal age and the stone age, the savage and the cultivated practices and ideas, which make up the pell-mell of Egyptian mythology. As a preliminary to this task, we must rapidly survey the history of Egypt, as far as it affected the religious development.

The ancient Egyptians appear to be connected, by race, with the peoples of Western Asia, and are styled, correctly or not, "Proto-Semitic." * When they first invaded Egypt, at some period quite dim and inconceivably distant, they are said to have driven an earlier stock into the interior. The new comers, the ancestors of the Egyptians, were in the *tribal* state of society, and the various tribes established themselves in local and independent settlements, which (as the original villages of Greece were collected into city states) were finally gathered together (under Menes, a real or mythical hero) as portions, styled "nomes," of an empire. Each tribal state retained its peculiar religion, a point of great importance in this discussion. In the empire thus formed, different towns, at different times, reached the rank of secular, and, to some extent, of spiritual capitals. Thebes, for example,† was so ancient that it was regarded as the native land of Osiris, the great mythical figure of Egypt. More ancient as a capital was This, or Abydos, the Holy City *par excellence*. Memphis, again, was, in religion, the metropolis of the god Ptah, as Thebes was of the god Ammon. Each sacred metropolis, as it came to power, united in a kind of pantheon the gods of the various *nomes* (that is, the old tribal deities), while the god of the metropolis itself was a sort of Bretwalda among them, and even absorbed into himself their powers and peculiarities. Similar examples of aggregates of village or tribal religions in a State religion are

familiar in Peru, and meet us in Greece.*

Of what nature, then, were the gods of the *nomes*, the old tribal gods? On this question we have evidence of two sorts: first, we have the evidence of monuments and inscriptions from many of the periods; next we have the evidence, in much more minute detail, of foreign observers, from Herodotus to Plutarch and Porphyry. Let us first see what the monuments have to say about the tribal gods, and the divine groups of the various towns and of each metropolis. Summaries may be borrowed from M. Maspero, head of the Egyptian Museums, and from Mr. Flinders Petrie, the discoverer of Naucratis. According to these authorities, the early shapes of gods among the Egyptians, as among Bushmen and Australians and Algonkins, are *bestial*. M. Maspero writes,† "The essential fact in the religion of Egypt is the existence of a considerable number of divine personages of different shapes and different names. M. Pierret may call this 'an apparent polytheism.'‡ I call it a polytheism extremely well marked. . . . The bestial shapes in which the gods were clad had no allegorical character, they denote that straightforward worship of the lower animals which is found in many religions, ancient and modern. . . . It is possible, nay it is certain, that during the second Theban Empire (1700-1300 B.C.) the learned priests may have thought it well to attribute a symbolical sense to certain bestial deities. But, whatever they may have worshipped in Thoth-Ibis, it was a bird, and not a hieroglyph, that the first worshippers of

* Maspero, *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 126. "The unity of political power which, despite the original feudal organization of the country, had existed since Menes, brought with it the unity of religion. The schools of theology in Sais, Heliopolis, Memphis, Abydos, Thebes, produced, perhaps unconsciously, a kind of syncretism into which they fused or forced all the scattered beliefs."

† *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 120.

‡ Pierret, *Essai sur la Mythologie Egyptienne*, p. 6. "Polythéiste en apparence, la religion Egyptienne était essentiellement monothéiste." M. Pierret explains the divine animals thus: these creatures, employed as symbols, became sacred for no other reason than because they had the honor to be used as vestments of religious thought (*Le Panthéon Egyptien*, p. vi.).

* Maspero, *Hist. de l'Orient*, p. 17. Other authorities regard the Egyptians as a successful race, sprung from the same African stock as the extremely unsuccessful Bushmen.

† XI.-XX. Dynasties.

the ibis adored.* The bull Hapi was a god-bull long before he became a bull which was the symbol of a god, and it would not surprise me if the onion-god that the Roman satirists mocked at really existed."† M. Maspero goes on to remark that so far as it is possible to speak of one god in ancient Egypt, that god was, in each case, "nothing but the god of each nome or town." M. Meyer is resolute in the same opinion. "These sentiments (of reverence for beasts) are naturally no expression of a dim feeling of the unity of godhead, of a 'primitive henotheism,' as has so often been asserted, but of the exact opposite."‡ The same view is taken by MM. Chipiez and Perrot. "Later theology has succeeded in giving more or less plausible explanations of the animal gods. Each of them has been assigned as a symbol or attribute to one of the greater deities. As for ourselves, we have no doubt that these objects of popular devotion were no more than ancient fetishes."§ Meanwhile it is universally acknowledged, it is asserted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, as well as by M. Maspero, that "the Egyptian religion comprehends a quantity of local worships."||

M. Maspero next describes the earliest religious texts and testimonies. "During the Ancient Empire I only find monuments at four points—at Memphis, at Abydos, and in some parts of Middle Egypt, at Sinai, and in the valley of Hammamat. The divine

* Mr. Le Page Renouf, on the other hand (*Hib. Lect.* p. 116), clings to the belief that the ibis-god sprang from a misunderstanding of words, a kind of *calembour* or pun.

† When we hear of the *one god* he is only the god of the town, or nome, and does not exclude the *one god* of the neighbors. "The conception of his unity is, therefore, at least as much geographical and political as religious. Ra, the *one god* at Heliopolis, is not the same as Ammon, the *one god* at Thebes. . . . The unity of each of these one gods, absolute as it might be in his own country, did not exclude the reality of the other gods. . . . Each *one god*, therefore, imagined in this way, is only the *one god* of his town, or nome, *noutir noutti*, and not a national god, recognized by the whole country." (*Hist. de l'Orient*, p. 27.)

‡ *Geschichte des Alterthums*, p. 72.

§ *Egyptian Art*, English translation, i. 54. The word "fetish" is here very loosely employed.

|| *Hib. Lect.* p. 90.

names appear but occasionally, in certain unvaried formulæ. Under Dynasties XI. and XII. Lower Egypt comes on the scene; the formulæ are more explicit, but the religious monuments rare. From the eighteenth century onward, we have *representations* of all the deities" (previously only named, not pictured), "accompanied by legends, more or less developed, and we begin to discover books of ritual, hymns, amulets, and other materials."*

What, then, are the earliest gods of the monuments, the gods which were local, and had once probably been tribal gods? Mr. Flinders Petrie† observes that Egyptian art is first *native*, then *Semitic*, then *renaissance* or *revival*. In the earliest period, till Dynasty XII. *native* art prevails, and in this earliest art the gods are invariably portrayed as beasts. "The gods, when mentioned, are always represented by their animals" (M. Maspero says that the animals were the gods) "or with the name spelt out in hieroglyphs, often beside the beast or bird. The jackal stands for Anup" (M. Maspero would apparently say that Anup is the jackal), "the frog for Hekt, the baboon for Tahuti; . . . it is not till after Semitic influence had begun to work in the country that any figures of gods are found." Under Dynasty XII. the gods that had previously been represented in art as beasts appear in their later shapes, often half anthropomorphic, half zoomorphic, dog-headed, cat-headed, hawk-headed, bull-headed men and women. These figures are probably derived from those of the priests, half draped in the hides of the animals to which they ministered. Compare the Aztec pictures.

It is now set forth, first, that the earliest gods capable of being represented in art were *local* (that is originally *tribal*), and, second, that these gods were beasts.‡ How, then, is this phenomenon to be explained? MM. Pierret and Le Page Renouf, as we have seen, take the old view of the Egyptian priests that the beast-gods are mere symbols of the attributes of divinity.

* *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 124.

† *The Arts of Ancient Egypt*, p. 8.

‡ Beasts also appear in the chronological roll of the earliest kings. Turin papyrus (Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, Engl. transl. p. 32).

MM. Chipiez and Perrot regard the beast-gods as "fetishes," and suppose that the domestic animals were originally worshipped out of gratitude.* But who could be grateful to a frog or a jackal? As to the *fact*, their opinion is explicit: "the worship of the hawk, the vulture, and the ibis had preceded by many centuries that of the gods who correspond to the personages of the Hellenic pantheon," such as Dionysus and Apollo. "The doctrines of emanation and incarnation permitted theology to explain and accept these things." Our own explanation will have been anticipated. The totems, or ancestral sacred plants and animals of groups of the original savage *kindreds*, have survived in religion as the sacred plants (garlic, for example) and animals of Egyptian towns and nomes.†

Here we are fortunate enough to have the support of Professor Sayce.‡ He remarks:—

These animal forms, in which a later myth saw the shapes assumed by the affrighted gods during the great war between Horus and Typhon, take us back to a remote prehistoric age, when the religious creed of Egypt was still totemism. They are survivals from a long-forgotten past, and prove that Egyptian civilization was of slow and independent growth, the latest stage only of which is revealed to us by the monuments. Apis of Memphis, Mnevis of Heliopolis, and Pacis of Hermopolis, are all links that bind together the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Egypt of the stone age. They were the sacred animals of the clans which first settled in these localities, and their identification with the deities of the official religion must have been a slow process, never fully carried out, in fact, in the minds of the lower classes.§

Thus it appears that, after all, even on philological showing, the religions and myths of a civilized people may be illustrated by the religions and myths of savages. It is purely through study of savage totemism that an explanation has been found of the singular Egyptian practices which puzzled the Greeks and Romans, and the Egyptians themselves.||

* Chipiez and Perrot, i. 64.

† Eusebius quotes from Alexander Polyhistor an absurd story that Moses founded a town, and selected the ibis for its protecting animal (*Prap. Ev.* ix. 432).

‡ Herodotus, p. 344.

§ *Ibid.* p. 344.

|| Mr. Le Page Renouf ridicules, in the *Hibbert Lectures*, this discovery of Mr. M'Lennan's, whose original sketch of his ideas was certainly hasty, and not well *documenté*.

The inhabitants of each district worshipped a particular sacred animal, and abstained from its flesh (except on rare occasions of ritual solemnity), while each set of people ate without scruple the animal or vegetable gods of their neighbors.* Thus the people of Mendes sacrificed sheep and abstained from goats, while the Thebans sacrificed goats and abstained from sheep.† To explain this, Herodotus repeats a "sacred chapter" of peculiar folly. Ammon once clad himself in a ram's skin, and so revealed himself to Heracles, therefore rams are sacred. But on one day of the year the Thebans sacrifice a ram, and clothe the statue of Ammon in its hide, thereby making the god simulate the beast, as in the totem dances of the Red Indians. They then lament for the ram, and bury his body in a sacred sepulchre.‡ In the same way the crocodile was worshipped at Ombos (just as it is by the "men of the crocodile," or men of the cayman, among Bonis in South America and Bechuanas in South Africa), but was destroyed elsewhere. The yearly sacrifice and lamentation for the ram is well illustrated by the practice of the Californian Indians, who adore the buzzard, but sacrifice a buzzard with sorrow and groanings once a year. In the same way the Egyptians sacrificed a sow to Osiris once a year, and tasted pork on that occasion only.§ Thus it seems scarcely possible to deny the early and prolonged existence of totemistic practices in Egyptian religion. We have not yet seen, however, that the people who would not eat this or that animal actually claimed to be of the stock or lineage of the animal. But Dr. Birch points out || that "the Theban kings were called sons of Amen, of the blood or substance of the god, and were supposed to be the direct descendants of that deity," who was, more or less, a ram.

* Herodotus, ii. 42.

† Compare Robertson Smith on "Sacrifice," *Eucyc. Brit.*

‡ Herodotus, ii. 42. "All the folk of the Theban nome abstain from sheep and sacrifice goats." "The sacred animals or totems of one district were not sacred in another." (Sayce's note.)

§ Herodotus, ii. 47; Lefébure, *Les Yeux*, p. 44; Plutarch, *De Is. et Os.* 8; Bancroft, iii. 108; Robinson's *Life in California*, 241, 303.

|| Wilkinson, edit. of 1878, ii. 475, note 2.

Thus it seems that the Theban royal house were originally of the blood of the sheep and claimed descent from the animal. Other evidence as to the totemism of Egypt may be found in Plutarch, Athenæus, Juvenal, and generally in ancient literature.* Thus it remains certain, however and whenever the practice was introduced, that the cat, the goat, the wolf, the sheep, the crocodile, were worshipped by local communities in Egypt, and that, in each district, the flesh of the local sacred animal might not be eaten by his fellow-townsmen. If, then, we find animals so powerful in Egyptian religion and myth, we need not look further, but may explain the whole set of beliefs and rites—the local beast-gods, not eaten by their worshippers, but eaten by the people of other nomes—as a survival of totemism. Or will it be maintained that totemism among the lowest races of Australia, America, Asia, and Africa, sprang from a priestly habit of worshipping the attributes of God under bestial disguises? Among other defects, this theory does not account for the local or tribal character of the creed. If the sheep typifies divine longsuffering, and the wolf divine justice, why were people of one nome so fiercely attached to justice, and so violently opposed to mercy?

The beast-gods of Egypt were the laughing-stock of Greeks, Romans, and Christians like Clemens of Alexandria and Arnobius. Their prevalence proves that a savage element entered into

Egyptian religion. But the savage element in its rudest form is only part, though perhaps the most striking part, of the creeds of Egypt. Anthropomorphic and monotheistic conceptions are also present, forces and phenomena of nature are adored and looked on as persons, while the dead are gods, in a sense, and receive offerings and sacrifice. It is true that all these factors are so blended in the witch's cauldron of fable that the anthropomorphic gods are constantly said to assume animal shape: that the deity, at any moment addressed as one and supreme, is at the next shown to be but an individual in a divine multitude; while the very powers and phenomena of nature are often held to be bestial or human in their shapes. Various historical influences are at work in the growth of all this body of myth and observance.

It is certain that many even of the lowest races retain, side by side with the most insane fables, a sense of a moral Being, who watches men, and "makes for righteousness."

This sense is not lacking in Egyptian religion, and expresses itself in the hymns and prayers for moral help and for the pardon of sin, and in the Myth of the Destruction of Mankind by the wrath of Ra. Once more, as a feeling of national unity grew up, the common features of the various tribal deities were blended in one divine conception, and various one-gods were recognized, just as in Samoa* one god is incarnate in many beasts. We have the sun-crocodile, Sebek-Ra, the sun-ram, Ammon-Ra, just as in Samoa we have the war-god owl, the war-god rail-bird, the war-god mullet, and so forth. The worship of the Pharaoh of the day was also a cult in which all could unite. The learned fancy of priests and theologians was busy at the task of reconciling creeds apparently diverse or opposed.

In the complex mass of official and departmental gods three main classes may be more or less clearly discerned, though even these classes constantly overlap and merge in each other. Adopting the system of M. Maspero,† we distinguish—

(1) The Gods of Death and the Dead.

* *De Is. et Os.* 71, 72; *Athen. Deip.* vii. 299; Juvenal, xv. Plutarch says: "Even at the present day the people of Wolf-town (Lycopolis) are the only Egyptians that eat the sheep, because the wolf, whom they worship, does the same, and the fish-folk of Oxyrhynchus, when the people of Dog-town were eating that fish, collected dogs and sacrificed them, and ate them as victims," whence a civil war began. The reader must remember that it would be most hazardous to interpret every bestial form in Egyptian religion as originally a totem. When animal forms were used as hieroglyphs they might readily become attached to divine figures and legends, with no totemistic reference or intention. A number of facts must combine before totemistic character can be demonstrated. Among these facts is the exclusive attachment to and refusal (except on sacramental occasions) to taste the flesh of the one beast who is worshipped, combined with a belief in descent from or close mystic connection with him.

(2) The Elemental Gods.

(3) The Solar Gods.

But though for practical purposes we may take this division, it must be remembered that, from the religion of the Eighteenth and later Dynasties down to the Greek period, any god may, at any moment, appear in any one of the three categories, as theological dogma, or local usage, or poetic predilection may determine.

The fact is that the Egyptian mind, when turned to divine matters, was constantly working on, and working over, the primeval stuff of all mythologies, the belief in "a strange and powerful race, supposed to have been busy on earth before the making, or the evolution, or the emergence of man." The Egyptians inherited a number of legends of extra-natural heroes like the savage Qat, Cagn, Yehl, Pundjel, Ioskeha, and Quahteht, like the Maori Tuten-ganahau and the South Sea Tangaroa. Some of these were elemental forces, personified in human or bestial guise; some were merely idealized medicine-men, or even actual men credited with magical gifts and powers. Their "wanderings, rapes, and manslaughters, and mutilations," as Plutarch says, remained permanently in legend. When these beings, in the advance of thought, had obtained divine attributes, and when the conception of abstract divinity had become pure and lofty, the old legends became so many stumbling-blocks to the faithful. They were explained away as allegories (every student having his own allegorical system), or the extra-natural beings were taken (as by Plutarch) to be "demons, not gods."

A brief and summary account of the chief figures in the Egyptian pantheon will make it sufficiently plain that this is the true account of the gods of Egypt, and the true interpretation of their adventures.

Returning to the classification proposed by M. Maspero, and remembering the limitations under which it holds good, we find that—

(1) The Gods of Death and the Dead were Sokari, Isis and Osiris, the young Horus, and Nephthys.*

* Their special relations to the souls of the departed is matter for a separate discussion.

(2) The Elemental Gods were Seb and Nut, of whom Seb is the earth, and Nut the heavens. These two, like heaven and earth in almost all mythologies, are represented as the parents of many of the gods. The other elemental deities are but obscurely known.

(3) Among solar deities are recognized Ra, Ammon, and others, but there was a strong tendency to identify each of the gods with the sun, especially to identify Osiris with the sun in his nightly absence.* Each god, again, was apt to be blended with one or more of the sacred animals. "Ra, in his transformations, assumed the form of the lion, cat, and hawk."† In different nomes and towns, it either happened that the same gods had different names, or that analogies were recognized between different local gods, in which case the names were often combined, as in Ammon-Ra, Souk-Ra, Ptah, Sokar, Osiris, and so forth.

Athwart all these categories and compounds of gods, and athwart the theological attempt at constructing a monotheism out of contradictory materials, came that ancient idea of dualism which exists in the myths of the most backward peoples. As Pundjel in Australia had his enemy, the crow, as in America Yehl had his Khanukh, as Ioskeha had his Tawiscara, so the gods of Egypt, and specially Osiris, have their Set or Typhon, the spirit who constantly resists and destroys.

The great Egyptian myth, the myth of Osiris, turns on the antagonism of Osiris and Set, and the persistence of the blood-feud between Set and the kindred of Osiris.‡ To narrate, and as far as possible elucidate, this myth is the chief task of the student of Egyptian mythology.

Though the Osiris myth, according to Mr. Le Page Renouf, is "as old as Egyptian civilization," and though M. Maspero finds the Osiris myth in all its details under the first dynasties, our accounts of it are by no means so early.§

* "The Gods of the Dead and the Elemental Gods were almost all identified with the Sun, for the purpose of blending them in a theistic unity" (Maspero, *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 126).

† Wilkinson, iii. 59. ‡ Herodotus, ii. 144.

§ The principal native documents are: the

They are mainly allusive, without any connected narrative. Fortunately the narrative, as related by the priests of his own time, is given by Plutarch, and is confirmed both by the Egyptian texts and by the mysterious hints of the pious Herodotus. Here we follow the myth as reported by Plutarch and illustrated by the monuments.

The reader must, for the moment, clear his mind of all the many theories of the meaning of the myth, and must forget the lofty, divine, and mystical functions attributed by Egyptian theologians and Egyptian sacred usage to Osiris. He must read the story simply as a story, and he will be struck with its amazing resemblances to the legends about their culture heroes which are current among the lowest races of America and Africa.

Seb and Nut—earth and heaven—were husband and wife, or, as Plutarch put it, the Sun detected them in adultery. In Plutarch's version, the Sun

cursed Nut that she should have no child in month or year; but, thanks to the cleverness of a new divine co-respondent, five days were added to the calendar. This is clearly a later addition to the fable. On the first of those days Osiris was born, then Typhon, or Set, "neither in due time, nor in the right place, but breaking through with a blow, he leaped out from his mother's side." * Isis and Nephtys were later-born sisters.

The Plutarchian myth next describes the conduct of Osiris as a "culture hero." He instituted laws, taught agriculture, instructed the Egyptians in the ritual of worship, and won them from "their destitute and bestial mode of living." After civilizing Egypt, he travelled over the world, like the Greek Dionysus, whom he so closely resembles in some portions of his legend that Herodotus supposed the Dionysian myth to have been imported from Egypt.† In the absence of Osiris, his evil brother, Typhon, kept quiet. But, on the hero's return, Typhon laid an ambush against him, like Ægistheus against Menelaus. He had a decorated coffer (mummy case?) made of the exact length of Osiris, and offered this as a present to any one whom it would fit. At a banquet all the guests tried it; but when

Harris Papyrus of the Nineteenth or Twentieth Dynasty, translated by M. Chabas (*Records of the Past*, vol. x. p. 137); the Papyrus of Neb-seni (Seventeenth Dynasty), translated by M. Naville, and in *Records of Past*, x. 159; the Hymn to Osiris, on a stele, Eighteenth Dynasty, translated by M. Chabas (*Rev. Archéol.* 1857; *Records of Past*, iv. 99); "The Book of Respirations," mythically said to have been made by Isis to restore Osiris, a "Book of the Breath of Life" (the papyrus is probably of the time of the Ptolemies—*Records of Past*, iv. 119); "The Lamentations of Isis and Nephtys," translated by M. de Horrack (*Records of Past*, ii. 117). There is also "The Book of the Dead," of which many editions exist in French and German: that of M. Pierret (Paris, 1882) is convenient in shape. M. de Naville's new edition is elaborate and costly. Sarcophagi and royal tombs (Champollion) also contain many representations of the incidents in the myth. "The myth of Osiris in its details, the laying out of his body by his wife Isis and his sister Nephtys, the reconstruction of his limbs, his mythical chest, and other incidents connected with his myth, are (*sic*) represented in detail in the temple of Philæ" (Birch, ap. Wilkinson, iii. 84). The reverent awe of Herodotus prevents him from describing the mystery play on the sufferings of Osiris, which he says was acted at Sais, ii. 171, and ii. 61, 67, 86. Probably the clearest and most consecutive modern account of the Osiris myth is given by M. Lefébure, in *Les Yeux d'Horus and Osiris*. M. Lefébure's translations are followed in the text; he is not, however, responsible for our treatment of the myth. The Ptolemaic version of the temple of Edfou is published by M. Naville, *Mythe d'Horus* (Geneva, 1870).

* Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, xii. It is a most curious coincidence that the same story is told of Indra in the Rig Veda, iv. 18. 1. "This is the old and well-known path by which all the gods were born: thou mayst not, by other means, bring thy mother unto death." Indra replies, "I will not go out thence; that is a dangerous way; right through the side will I burst." Compare (Leland, *Algonquin Legends*, p. 15) the birth of the Algonquin Typhon, the evil Malsumis, the wolf. "Glooskap said, 'I will be born as others are.'" But the evil Malsumis thought himself too great to be brought forth in such a manner, and declared that he would burst through his mother's side. Mr. Leland's note, containing a Buddhist and an Armenian parallel, but referring neither to Indra nor Typhon, shows the *bona fides* of the Algonquin report.

† "Osiris is Dionysus in the tongue of Hellas" (Herodotus, ii. 144, ii. 48). "Most of the details of the mystery of Osiris, as practised by the Egyptians, resemble the Dionysus mysteries of Greece. . . . Methinks that Melampus, Amythaon's son, was well seen in this knowledge, for it was Melampus that brought among the Greeks the name and rites and phallic procession of Dionysus" (Compare *De Is. et Os.* xxxv.) The coincidences are probably not to be explained by borrowing; many of them are found in America.

Osiris lay down in it the lid was closed, and fastened with nails and melted lead. The coffer, Osiris and all, was then thrown into the Nile. Isis, arrayed in mourning robes like the wandering Demeter, sought Osiris everywhere lamenting, and found the chest at last in an *erica* tree that entirely covered it. After an adventure like that of Demeter with Triptolemus, Isis obtained the chest. During her absence Typhon lighted on it as he was hunting by moonlight; he tore the corpse of Osiris into fourteen pieces, and scattered them abroad. Isis sought for the mangled remnants, and, whenever she found one, buried it, each tomb being thenceforth recognized as "a grave of Osiris." It is a plausible suggestion that, if graves of Osiris were once as common in Egypt as cairns of Heitsi Eibib are in Namaqualand to-day, the existence of many tombs of one being may be explained as tombs of his scattered members, and the myth of the dismembering may have no other foundation. On the other hand, it must be noticed that a swine was sacrificed to Osiris at the full moon, and it was in the form of a black swine that Typhon assailed Horus, the son of Osiris, whose myth is a *doublure* or *replica*, in some respects, of the Osirian myth itself.* We may conjecture, then, that the fourteen portions into which the body of Osiris was rent may stand for the fourteen days of the waning moon.† It is well known that the phases of the moon and lunar eclipses are almost invariably accounted for in savage science by the attacks of a beast—dog, pig, dragon, or what not—on the heavenly body. Either of these hypotheses (the Egyptians adopted the latter †) is consistent with the character of early myth, but both are merely tentative suggestions.‡ The phallus of Osiris was not recovered, and the totemistic habit which made the people of three different districts abstain from three different fish—*lepidotus*, *phagrus*, and *oxyrhincus*—

* In the Edfou monuments Set is slain and dismembered in the shape of a red hippopotamus (Naville, *Mythe d'Horus*, p. 7).

† The fragments of Osiris were *sixteen*, according to the texts of Denderah, one for each nome.

‡ *De Is. et Os.* xxxv.

§ Compare Lefebure, *Les Yeux d'Horus*, pp. 47, 48.

was accounted for by the legend that these fish had devoured the missing portion of the hero's body.

So far the power of evil, the black swine Typhon, had been triumphant. But the blood-feud was handed on to Horus, son of Isis and Osiris. To spur Horus on to battle, Osiris returned from the dead, like Hamlet's father. But, as is usual with the ghosts of savage myth, Osiris returned, not in human but in bestial form, as a wolf.* Horus was victorious in the war which followed, and handed Typhon over bound in chains to Isis. Unluckily Isis let him go free, whereon Horus pushed off her crown and placed a bull's skull on her head.

There Plutarch ends, but † he expressly declines to tell the more blasphemous parts of the story, such as "the dismemberment of Horus and the beheading of Isis." Why these myths should be considered "more blasphemous" than the rest does not appear.

It will probably be admitted that nothing in this sacred story would seem out of place if we found it in the legends of Pundjel, or Cagn, or Yehl, among Australians, Bushmen, or Utes, whose own "culture hero," like the ghost of Osiris, was a wolf. The dismembering of Osiris in particular resembles the dismembering of many other heroes in American myth; for example, of Chokanipok, out of whom were made vines and flint-stones. Objects in the mineral and vegetable world were explained in Egypt as transformed parts, or humors, of Osiris, Typhon, and other heroes.‡

Once more, though the Egyptian gods are buried here, and are immortal in heaven, they have also, like the heroes of Eskimo and Australians, and Indians of the Amazon, been transformed into stars, and the priests could tell which star was Osiris, which was Isis, and which was Typhon.§ Such are the wild

* Wicked squires in Shropshire (Miss Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*) "come" as bulls. Osiris, in the Mendes nome, "came" as a ram (Mariette, *Denderah*, iv. 75).

† *De Is. et Os.* xx.

‡ Magical Text, Nineteenth Dynasty, translated by Dr. Birch; *Records of Past*, vi. 115; Lefebure, *Osiris*, pp. 100, 113, 124, 205; *Livre des Morts*, chapter xvii.; *Records of Past*, x. 84.

§ *Custom and Myth*, "Star Myths;" De

inconsistencies which Egyptian religion shares with the fables of the lowest races. In view of these facts it is difficult to agree with Brugsch * that "from the root and trunk of a pure conception of deity spring the boughs and twigs of a tree of myth, whose leaves spread into a rank impenetrable luxuriance." Stories like the Osiris myth, stories found all over the whole world, spring from no pure religious source, but embody the delusions and fantastic dreams of the lowest and least developed human fancy and human speculation.

The references to the myth in papyri and on the monuments, though obscure and fragmentary, confirm the narrative of Plutarch. The coffer in which Osiris foolishly ventured himself seems to be alluded to in the Harris Magical Papyrus.† "Get made for me a shrine of eight cubits. Then it was told to thee, O man of seven cubits, how canst thou enter it? And it had been made for thee, and thou hast reposed in it." Here, too, Isis magically stops the mouths of the Nile, perhaps to prevent the coffer from floating out to sea. More to the point is one of the original "Osirian hymns" mentioned by Plutarch ‡. The hymn is on a stele, and is attributed by M. Chabas, the translator, to the seventeenth century.§ Osiris is addressed as the joy and glory of his parents, Seb and Nou, who overcomes his enemy. His sister, Isis, accords to him due funeral rites after his death, and routs his foes. Without ceasing, without resting, she sought his dead body, and wailing did she wander round the world, nor stopped till she found him. Light flashed from her feathers || Horus, her son, is king of the world.

Such is a *précis* of the mythical part of the hymn. The rest regards Osiris in his religious capacity as a sovereign of nature, and as the guide and protector of the dead. The hymn corroborates, as far as it goes, the narrative

of Plutarch, two thousand years later. Similar confirmation is given by "The Lamentations of Isis and Nephys," a papyrus found within a statue of Osiris, in Thebes. The sisters wail for the dead hero, and implore him to "come to his own abode." The theory of the birth of Horus, here, is that he was formed out of the scattered members of Osiris, an hypothesis, of course, inconsistent with the other myths (especially with the myth that he dived for the members of Osiris, in the shape of a crocodile *), and, therefore, all the more mythical. On the sarcophagus of Seti the First (now in the Soane Museum), among pictures and legends descriptive of the soul's voyage after death, there is a design of a mummy. Behind it comes a boat manned by a monkey, who drives away a pig called "the devourer of the body," referring to Typhon as a swine, and to the dismemberment of Osiris and Horus. The Book of Respirations, finally, contains the magical songs by which Isis was feigned to have restored breath and life to Osiris.† In the representations of the vengeance and triumph of Horus, on the temple walls of Edfou, in the Ptolemaic period, Horus, accompanied by Isis, not only chains up and pierces the red hippopotamus (or pig in some designs), who is Set, but, exercising reprisals, cuts him into pieces as Set cut Osiris. Isis instructs Osiris as to the portion which properly falls to each of nine gods. Isis reserves his head and "saddle." Osiris gets the thigh, the bones are given to the cats. As each god had his local habitation in a given town, there is doubtless reference to local myths. At Edfou also the animal of Set is sacrificed symbolically, in his image made of paste, a common practice in ancient Mexico.‡ Many of these myths, as M. Naville remarks, are doubtless ætiological—the priests, as in the *Brahmanas*, told them to account for peculiar parts of the ritual, and to explain strange local names. Thus the names of many places are explained by myths setting forth that they commemorate some event in the

Rougé, *Nouv. Not.* p. 197; Lefébure, *Osiris*, p. 213.

* *Religion und Mythologie*, p. 99.

† *Records of Past*, x. 154.

‡ *De Is. et Os.* 211.

§ *Rev. Archéol.* May 1857.

|| Plutarch says that Isis took the form of a swallow.

* Mariette, *Denderah*, iv. 77, 88, 89.

† *Records of Past*, iv. 121.

‡ Herodotus, I. ii. 47; Plutarch, *Is. et Os.* 90. See also Porphyry's *Life of Pythagoras*, who sacrificed a bull made of paste.

campaign of Horus against Set. In precisely the same way the local superstitions, originally totemic, about various animals, were explained by myths attaching these animals to the legends of the gods. If the myth has any historical significance it may refer to the triumph of the religion of Horus over Semitic belief in Set.

Explanations of the Osiris myth, thus handed down to us, were common among the ancient students of religion. Plutarch reports many of them in his tract *De Iside et Osiride*. They are all the interpretations of civilized men, whose method is to ask themselves, "Now, if I had told such a tale as this, or invented such a mystery play of divine misadventures, what meaning could I have intended to convey in what is apparently blasphemous nonsense?" There were moral, solar, lunar, cosmical, tellurian, and other methods of accounting for a myth which, in its origin, appears to be one of the world-wide early legends of the strife between a fabulous good being and his brother, a fabulous evil being. Most probably some incidents from a moon-myth have also crept into, or from the first made part of, the tale of Osiris. The enmity of Typhon to the eyes of Horus, which he extinguishes, and which are restored,* has much the air of an early mythical attempt to explain the phenomena of eclipses, or even of sunset. We can plainly see how local and tribal superstitions, according to which this or that beast, fish, or tree was held sacred, came to be tagged to the general body of the myth. This or that fish was not to be eaten, this or that tree was holy; and men who had lost the true explanation of these superstitions explained them by saying that the fish had tasted, or the tree had sheltered, the mutilated Osiris.

This view of the myth, while it does not pretend to account for every detail, refers it to a large class of similar narratives, to the barbarous dualistic legends about the original good and bad extra-natural beings, which are still found current among contemporary savages. These tales are the natural expression of the savage fancy, and we

presume that the myth survived in Egypt, just as the use of flint-headed arrows and flint knives survived during millenniums in which bronze and iron were perfectly familiar. The cause assigned is adequate, and the process of survival is verified.

Whether this be the correct theory of the fundamental facts of the myth or not, it is certain that the myth received vast practical and religious developments. Osiris did not remain the mere culture hero of whom we have read the story, wounded in the house of his friends, dismembered, restored, and buried, reappearing as a wolf or bull, or translated to a star. His worship pervaded the whole of Egypt, and his name grew into a kind of hieroglyph for all that is divine.

The Osirian type, in its long evolution, ended in being the symbol of the whole deified universe—under-world and world of earth, the waters above and the waters below; it is Osiris that floods Egypt in the Nile, and that clothes her with the growing grain. His are the sacred eyes, the sun that is born daily and meets a daily death, the moon that every month is young and waxes old. Osiris is the soul that animates these, the soul that vivifies all things, and all things are but his body. He is, like Ra of the royal tombs, the Earth and the Sun, the Creator and the Created.*

Such is the splendid sacred vestment which Egyptian theology wove for the mangled and massacred hero of the myth. All forces, all powers, were finally recognized in him; he was sun and moon, and the maker of all things; he was the truth and the life, in him all men were justified. His functions as a king over death and the dead find their scientific place among other myths of the homes of the departed. M. Lefébure recognizes in the name Osiris the meaning of "the infernal abode," or "the nocturnal residence of the sacred eye," for, in the duel of Set and Horus, he sees a mythical account of the daily setting of the sun.† "Osiris himself, the sun at his setting, became a centre round which the other incidents of the war of the gods gradually crystallized." Osiris is also the earth. It would be difficult either to prove or disprove this contention, and the usual divergency of opinion as to the meaning and etymology of the word "Osiris" has always

* *Livre des Morts*, 112, 113.

* Lefébure, *Osiris*, p. 248. † *Osiris*, p. 129.

prevailed.* Plutarch† identifies Osiris with Hades; "both," says M. Lefébure, "originally meant the dwellings—and came to mean the god—of the dead." In the same spirit Anubis, the jackal (a beast still dreaded as a ghost by the Egyptians), is explained as "the circle of the horizon," or "the portals of the land of darkness," the gate kept, as Homer would say, by Hades, the mighty warden. Whether it is more natural that men should represent the circle of the horizon as a jackal, or that a jackal totem should survive as a god, mythologists will decide for themselves. The jackal, by a myth that cannot be called pious, was said to have eaten his father, Osiris. Thus, throughout the whole realm of Egyptian myths, when we find beast-gods, blasphemous fables, apparent nature-myths, such as are familiar in Australia, South Africa, or among the Eskimo, we may suppose that these are survivals, or we may imagine that they are the symbols of nobler ideas deemed appropriate by priestly fancy. Thus the hieroglyphic name of Ptah, for example, shows a little figure carrying something heavy on his head, and this denotes "him who raised the heaven above the earth." But is this image derived from *un point de vue philosophique*,‡ or is it borrowed from a tale like that of the Maori Tutenganahau, who first severed heaven and earth? The most enthusiastic anthropologist must admit that, among a race which constantly used a kind of picture-writing, symbols of noble ideas *might* be represented in the coarsest concrete forms, as of animals and monsters. The most devoted believer in symbolism, on the other hand, ought to be aware that most of the phenomena which he explains as symbolic are plain

matters of fact, or supposed fact, among hundreds of the lower peoples. However, Egyptologists are seldom students of the lower races and their religions.

The hypothesis maintained here is that most of the Egyptian gods (theriomorphic in their earliest shapes), and that certain of the myths about these gods, are a heritage derived from the savage condition. It is beyond doubt that the Egyptian gods, whom Plutarch would not call gods, but demons, do strangely resemble the extra-natural beings of Hottentots, Iroquois, Australians, and Bushmen. Isis, Osiris, Anubis *do* assume animal shapes at will, or are actually animals *sans phrase*. They do deal in magical powers. They do herd with ghosts. They are wounded, and mangled, and die, and commit adulteries, rapes, incests, fratricides, murders; and are changed into stars. These coincidences between Cahroc and Thlinkeet and Piute faiths on one side, and Egyptian on the other, cannot be linked. They must spring from one identical mental condition. Now, either the points in Egyptian myth which we have just mentioned are derived from a mental condition like that of Piutes, Thlinkeets, and Cahrocs, or the myths of Thlinkeets, Cahrocs, or Piutes are derived from a mental condition like that of the Egyptians. But where is the proof that the lower races ever possessed "the wisdom of the Egyptians," and their splendid and durable civilization? *—*Nineteenth Century*.

* See the guesses of etymologists (*Osiris*, pp. 132, 133). Horus has ever been connected with the Greek Hera, as the atmosphere!

† *De Is. et Os.* 75.

‡ Lefébure, *Osiris*, 159.

* A curious example of a choice to make between the symbolical and historical methods occurs when we read (in Diodorus, i. 85) that Osiris, like the daughter of Mycerinus (Herodotus, ii. 129), was buried in a wooden cow. The symbolical method explains the cow as "the goddess of the space under the earth." The historical method remembers that, in Abyssinia, the dead of a certain tribe are still sewn up in cows' hides, placed in a boat, and launched on the waters (Lefébure, quoting Speke). Professor Sayce thinks the cow "must have been a symbol of Isis-Hathor." What do the Abyssinians think?

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

BY JAMES HUTTON.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER was born in Paris on January 4th. 1773. While he was yet but a child, his father left the capital for a small estate in the neighborhood of Luynes, in Touraine. The reasons for this change of home were eminently characteristic of the country and time. Jean Paul Courier, the father, was a clever and accomplished man, whose money enabled him to find acquaintances in a rank far above his own. Among these was a certain duke, who had done him the honor to borrow one hundred and sixty thousand francs, but was showing no haste to repay them. The plebeian creditor took his revenge in an aristocratic fashion, and it soon came to his grace's ears that his duchess was playing him false. The duke, in his turn, chose a form of vengeance much in vogue among the upper classes. One night, as M. Courier was leaving the opera-house, he was set upon by two armed ruffians, whom, however, he managed to keep at bay till assistance arrived. One of his assailants was discovered to be the duke's valet; the other was a private in the King's Guards. They were pronounced guilty, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel;* but the magistrates were strictly forbidden to investigate the affair, nor was the duke's name ever publicly mentioned in connection with it. Courier was banished from the Court.

Thus deprived at one blow of his money and his noble acquaintances, the father turned his back on Paris, and devoted himself thenceforth to a country life, and to the education of his son. Gifted with a lively wit, and a very fair scholar, the teacher found it no hard matter to inspire his sympathetic pupil with so keen a love for Greek literature that at the age of fifteen he was scarcely less familiar with Euripides and Sophocles than with Corneille and Racine.

Young Paul's classical studies were checked, however, for a time, by his

removal to the Artillery College at Châlons; and in the spring of 1794 he joined the army of the Moselle. In the following year, having absented himself without leave on the occasion of his father's death, he was sent in punishment to Albi, in the south of France, where his duty consisted in receiving and inspecting cannon balls and gun-carriages; as a relief to the monotony of which wearisome details, he occupied himself in translating Cicero's oration, "Pro Ligurio." From Albi, Courier was sent to Toulouse, where he entered heartily into all the festivities and dissipations that marked the reaction which supervened upon the termination of the Reign of Terror. Unhappily, among the qualities he had inherited from his father was a certain laxity of morals, in consequence of which he was obliged one Sunday morning to make a hasty retreat from Toulouse, without the sanction or knowledge of his military superiors. His success in love affairs could not be attributed to his good looks, for he is described as being tall and lanky, with a wide mouth, thick lips, and a face scarred by small-pox.

This fresh irregularity having been condoned, Courier was ordered, after a brief delay, to join the army of England, at that time quartered in Brittany. As usual, consulting only his own pleasure and convenience, he leisurely travelled along the northern coasts, and finally fixed himself at Rennes, where he sketched a rough draft of his "Eloge d'Hélène." A few months later he obtained his transfer to the army of Italy.

On the 18th May, 1799, the main body of the French army, under Macdonald, quitted the Eternal City, leaving General Garnier with only six thousand men to make head against a multitude of enemies. The unequal struggle was maintained for four months, till on the 29th September the French were driven into the Castle of St. Angelo. On that day Courier had gone to pay his farewell visit to the Vatican, and had grown so absorbed in his studies, that night

* A sentence duly executed in the Place de Grève, as recorded in Lady Morgan's journal.

came on before he bethought him of his critical position. No sooner did he issue into the darkening streets than his uniform was recognized and an infuriated mob gathered at his heels, uttering cries of "*Al Giacobino!*" One man even fired a musket at him, and accidentally killed an old woman; while Courier, taking advantage of the confusion, escaped to his lodgings in the house of one Chiaramonte, a kind-hearted old man, who drove him in his own carriage to St. Angelo. A few days later the French embarked on board Commodore Trowbridge's squadron, and were landed at Marseilles. Between Marseilles and Paris the diligence was stopped by a band of brigands, calling themselves Legitimists, who despoiled the passengers of everything they possessed that was worth taking. A yet graver misfortune overtook the plundered artillery officer; he burst a blood vessel, and for four months was confined to his room in imminent danger of his life. On his recovery Courier frequented the society of such learned scholars as Akerblad, Millin, Clavier, Ste. Croix, Boissonade, etc., but took no part in the political movements of the day. It was about this time that he translated Cicero's philippics, but a sudden relapse again claimed for him his mother's affectionate nursing. Shortly afterward he sustained an irreparable loss through the death of that tender parent, to whom he appears to have been devotedly attached.

During the next few years Courier employed his leisure in various translations and imitations of the lesser classics, both Greek and Roman. They are of no particular merit, and remarkable chiefly as the work of a young officer whose nights were devoted to pleasure.

In the autumn of the same year he was appointed, through the influence of Generals Duroc and Marmont, who had been fellow collegians with him at Châlons, Chef d'Escadron of the First Regiment of Horse Artillery, then stationed at Piacenza. Instead, however, of hastening to report himself, he spent a month on his farm in Touraine, and then travelled so entirely according to his own caprice that it was not until the

18th March, 1804, that he presented himself at the headquarters of his regiment. The Consulate was by that time nearly played out, and the colonels of the different regiments had received instructions to sound the feelings of their respective corps as to the proclamation of an Empire. In Italy the idea was entertained somewhat coldly, though neither officers nor men cared to thwart the whim of their favorite leader. To Courier the assumption of the imperial title seemed a great mistake, and even a step backward in the path of true dignity. It was a falling off from the natural grandeur of the man; and from that moment whatever attachment he may originally have felt for his profession gradually cooled down and finally changed to disgust. In a letter dated from Piacenza, May, 1804, Courier gives a graphic description of the scene that was enacted in his own regiment:—

"We have just made an Emperor, and for my part I was not at all in the way. This is how it happened. This morning [Colonel] D'Anthouard calls us together, and states the reason, bluntly, without preface or peroration—'An Empire or the Republic, which is most to your taste?' as who should say, 'Roast or boiled, broth or soup, which will you take?' His speech finished, we look at one another, sitting all round in a circle. 'Gentlemen, how do you vote?' Not a word: no one opens his mouth. That lasted a quarter of an hour or more, and became embarrassing for D'Anthouard and for every one else, when Maire, a young man, a lieutenant whom you may have seen, stood up and said: 'If he wants to be Emperor, let him be; but so far as my opinion goes, I don't like it at all.' 'Explain yourself,' said the colonel; 'is it your wish—is it not your wish?' 'It is not my wish,' replied Maire. 'Very good.' Fresh silence. We began to scan one another's faces as people do who see each other for the first time. We should be still at it if I had not taken up my parable. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'it seems to me, under correction, that this is not a matter which concerns us. If the nation wants an Emperor, is it for you to discuss the point?' This reasoning appeared so strong, so luminous, so pertinent, that I carried away the meeting. Never had orator such a complete success. We all get up, sign, and go off to billiards. Maire said to me, 'Upon my word, commandant, you speak like Cicero, but why do you so particularly desire that he should be Emperor?' 'To be done with it, and get away to our billiard match. Were we to stay there all day? And why are you against it?' 'I don't know,' said he, 'but I fancied he was made for something better.' The lieutenant's remark seems to me not far wrong. In fact, tell me what does a man like Buonaparte—a

soldier, a leader of armies, the first captain in the world — mean by wishing to be called 'Majesty'? To be BUONAPARTE and make himself 'Sire'! He aspires to descend; no, he thinks to rise by placing himself on a level with kings. He prefers a title to a name. Poor man! His ideas are below his fortune."

Toward the latter part of the same year Courier was promoted to the command of the Horse Artillery attached to the army of South Italy, under General Gouvion St. Cyr, and received from the hands of Marshal Jourdan the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Twelve months later he volunteered for the campaign in Calabria, a brief and inglorious affair which served only to increase his dislike to the profession of arms. He himself was so far unlucky that on several occasions he was robbed of everything but the clothes in which he stood. "I am not one of those," he wrote to a friend, "who have most reason to complain, seeing that I have still all my limbs; but the shirt on my back does not belong to me, from which you may judge of our discomforts in general." He also referred to his losses in a humorous letter of thanks addressed to General Mossel, from Mileto:—

"I have received, General, the shirt you bestow upon me. God reward you, General, either in this world or in the next. Never was charity better placed. I am not, however, quite naked. I have even a shirt on my back, though, to tell the truth, it has no flap either in front or rear. . . . There is no one but you, General, in the whole army capable of such a charitable act; for, besides that my comrades are, for the most part, as badly equipped as myself, it is now accepted as an axiom that I cannot keep anything, experience having shown that whatever is given to me goes to the brigands as a matter of right. . . . People, therefore, are weary of clothing me and of giving me alms, and it is the general belief that it will be my fate to die as naked as I was born."

Sick at heart over the incessant massacres of patriots, weary of the monotony of his professional duties, twice placed under arrest for grave derelictions from duty, and repeatedly involved in disputes with the military authorities, Courier sent in his resignation, which was at last accepted. His farewell to his brother officers was thoroughly characteristic:—

"Good-by, Major! Good-by, my comrades, old and new, known and unknown! Drink what is cool, eat what is hot, make love as you may. Good-by."

To M. Akerblad he mentioned that he had been present at a discussion as to whether the words *porco* and *asino* could be admitted into heroic verse, the decision being given in the affirmative on the authority of Homer. "Noting this decree," he sarcastically remarks, "to your Tuscan literati, and to all whom it may concern. It is a point that interests many individuals who, otherwise, could never hope to see their names in epic poetry."

Courier reached Paris about the middle of April, 1809, just as all France had gone mad with exultation over the victories of Abensberg and Ecmühl. He had also the mischance to encounter some old comrades, whom he had not seen for many years, on their way from Spain to join the victorious army in Germany. Among them was General Count Lariboisière, who pressed him to resume the service, promising to exert his utmost interest in his favor. In a moment of weakness, or of enthusiasm, Courier consented, and obtained a provisional order to proceed to Vienna. It was not, however, until the middle of June that he reported himself at headquarters, and was instructed to join the Fourteenth Corps, then engaged with the enemy. Unprovided with money or a horse, he was compelled to make his way on foot to the scene of hostilities, where, famished and fever-stricken, he stood to his guns in the island of Lobau until nature gave way, and some of his men carried him to a boat that was about to cross the Danube. Conveyed to Vienna he speedily recovered his health, and with it his old distaste for the military profession. He accordingly sought out Generals Lariboisière and Aubry, and begged them to erase his name from all the states of the army. That simple formality he chose to regard as his final manumission from military servitude, and forthwith took his departure for Strasburg, whence he wandered on to Lucerne, and there amused himself with a free but singularly elegant translation of Plutarch's life of Pericles. Of Plutarch he wrote to a friend:—

"He is a pleasant author, and very little known by those who do not read him in his own tongue, for his merit lies wholly in his style. He laughs at facts, and makes use only

of such as suit him, caring for nothing else than to appear an able writer. He would make Pompey win the battle of Pharsalia if, by doing so, his diction would be better rounded. He is right. All those absurdities called histories owe their sole value to artistic treatment."

Early in November Courier arrived in Florence, and on the following day repaired to the Laurentian Library, in which, during the previous year, he had noticed a manuscript of Longus, which appeared to be complete. On a closer examination he now discovered that it contained some ten pages of the "Daphnis and Chloe" that had been missing from all previous editions. This discovery he communicated to M. Rénouard, a Paris publisher, who happened just then to be in Florence, and who evinced great interest in the matter, promising to bring out original editions of the Greek text and of Courier's proposed translation. The manuscript being particularly difficult to decipher, Courier employed Signor Furia, the librarian, and Signor Benoini, his assistant, to make a clear copy, and to mark the place in the supplement occupied by this passage he slipped in between two folios a half sheet of paper, the under-side of which was unluckily besmeared with ink. The volume, it should be explained, comprised several manuscripts, and among others one of *Æsop*, on which Signor Furia had been at work for some years, and had thus become familiar with the transcriber's peculiar formation of Greek characters and contractions. It was in exhibiting this discovery to M. Rénouard that Courier found that his marker stuck so tightly to the folio that he could not detach it without using dangerous violence. Signor Furia, being equally nervous, the French publisher undertook and adroitly accomplished the delicate task, but not without effacing at least a score of words scattered over as many lines. The librarian, though naturally somewhat disconcerted, appears at first to have treated the mishap as entirely accidental, which was undoubtedly the case, and while under that impression he declined Courier's offer of the copy made by himself and his assistant, contenting himself with attaching to the injured folio the marker that had wrought the

mischief, and on which was written the following confession :—

"This scrap of paper, inadvertently placed in the manuscript to serve as a marker, proved to be blotted with ink : the fault is wholly mine, through my heedlessness ; in testimony whereof I append my signature."

"COURIER."

"Florence, the 10th November, 1809."

The affair, however, was not so easily brushed aside. The "*Corriere Milanese*" published a gross misrepresentation of the affair, of which Courier wisely refused to take any notice. But when, fuming under this exposure of his own carelessness in having so long overlooked this missing fragment (really of no great intrinsic value), Signor Furia was foolish enough to follow the newspaper with an equally garbled narrative, a commotion was raised which at length came to the knowledge of General Gassendi, Minister of War, who had been making inquiries about a Chef d'Escadron of the Horse Artillery, missing since Wagram, and also of the Director-General of the Library, until then comfortably ignorant of the misadventure. Both these important personages now threatened to pounce upon the unfortunate Hellenist, who had been rendered famous by an ink blot. To General Gassendi Courier wrote a letter of explanation, couched in a strangely familiar strain, while in a lighter vein he sketched his critical position for the information of an ex-brother-officer :—

"Ah! my dear friend," he wrote, "my affairs are very much worse than you have been told. I have two ministers at my heels, one of whom wants to have me shot as a deserter, the other to have me hanged for having stolen some Greek. I reply to the former : 'Monseigneur, I am not a soldier, and consequently not a deserter.' To the latter, 'Monseigneur, I do not care two straws for Greek, and have stolen none.' They retort—the one : 'You are a soldier, for only a year ago you got drunk in the Island of Lobau, with L—— and such-like rakes, who spoke to you as to a comrade. You followed the Emperor on horseback, therefore you shall be shot.' The other : 'You shall be hanged ; for you have smirched a page of Greek to play a trick on certain pedants who know neither Greek nor any other language.' Thereupon I bewail myself, and ask : 'Shall I then be shot for having drunk to the health of the Emperor ? Must I then be hanged for a dab of ink ?' . . . In truth, I trouble myself very little about it. I believe that I am really beyond the reach of these gentlemen, and equally quit of their protection and their persecution."

His belief was justified. He was molested neither by the Minister of War nor by the Director-General of the Library, but an indiscretion on the part of M. Rénouard provoked him to publish his famous letter addressed to that publisher, in which he first gave his countrymen a taste of his pungency as a satirist. At the time this pamphlet created an extraordinary sensation, for men had lost their sense of independence and self-respect, and spoke of the superior authorities only with bated breath. It was generally approved by Courier's personal friends, except by M. Sylvestre de Sacy, who very properly objected to its offensive personalities and savage tone. To this charge Courier pleaded guilty, but urged in extenuation of his offence that, "seeing men and dogs at his heels, he had twirled his cudgel around, without much caring whom he struck."

In the summer of 1812 Courier left Italy for the last time. On his return to France he resided chiefly in Paris for the sake of enjoying the acquaintance of Clavier, under whose roof he learned to dream of domestic happiness, and began, in a fitful way, to desire a home for himself. Against this new sentiment his inveterate horror of restraint and his tendency to Bohemianism struggled fiercely though ineffectually, for in the spring of 1814 he found himself pledged to marry the daughter of his learned friend, a young lady of considerable personal attractions, endowed with much good sense and amiability, and possessed of many accomplishments. And yet his marriage was hardly arranged before the engagement was broken off through his besetting waywardness. Within forty-eight hours, however, he had repented of his capriciousness, and earnestly besought Madame Clavier to forgive him and intercede for him. His strange behavior he attributed to the same cause that wrought the ruin of Psyche, namely, the counsels of kinsfolk, and he promised to work for M. Clavier in any way he might command. He would make translations, researches and notes, would copy out extracts, and would even strive to become an Academician. This curious act of contrition being accepted, the mature bridegroom of forty-two years of age was married

on the 12th May, 1814, to a fair bride of only eighteen, of whose society he grew weary in a few weeks. By way of a change he went off by himself to his farm in Touraine, and shortly afterward projected a voyage to "the ancient Lusitania." The tender remonstrances and loving appeals of his young wife at last succeeded in inducing him to renounce this design, and after a while, as one of his biographers remarks, he became "acclimatized to a matrimonial life."

Under the first Restoration and during the troublous scenes of the Hundred Days Courier kept aloof from politics. At the beginning of the second Restoration he was favorably regarded by the returned exiles as one who had long since broken with the Empire; but his constitutional opinions soon gave umbrage to the ultra-Royalists, who were taking an unwise revenge for their long exclusion from power. Toward the close of 1815 he happened to be in Touraine, and, as he wrote to his wife, dined on one occasion in the company of Chouans, Vendéens, and ultra-Royalists, who had toasted her health:—

"There were two priests there," he continued, "both of whom got tipsy. One of them had to conduct a funeral service, which was the first thing that escaped his memory. On returning home, at ten o'clock at night, he found that the corpse and the mourners had been waiting for him since noon. He at once busied himself with burying the body. He chanted at the top of his voice, and set the bells ringing—a hideous uproar. The other, who was farther gone than his neighbor, wanted to fight me. Being told that I had a young and pretty wife, he indulged in several hussar-like jokes, which greatly diverted the company."

Many of the Royalist priests, indeed, had acquired the license of camps, and were a disgrace to their sacred calling. Men of that stamp were little calculated to command the respect of their parishioners, and seldom concerned themselves to act as peacemakers between the hostile factions into which rural France was then divided. Scarcely less mischievous was the insolence of the mayors and other municipal officers, whose petty tyranny inflicted much serious suffering upon the helpless peasantry. As soon as it was known that Courier no more held with the Royalists than with their predecessors, he became a butt for all sorts of annoyance and spoliation. His

trees were cut down and carted away by individuals to whom he was able to bring home the trespass and robbery, but the mayor took them under his protection, and no redress could be obtained. Others filched away entire roods of land, or withheld their rents, and the law, when set in motion by one of the disaffected, was powerless to coerce the evildoers. All this greatly disquieted Courier, not merely on his own account, but through his generous sympathy with the weak and unfriended.

It was not enough for him to unburden his mind to his wife. He felt that humanity and patriotism alike required of him to do something for his harassed and down-trodden neighbors. Under this conviction he wrote his memorable "Pétition aux Deux Chambres," dated the 10th December, 1816, a brilliant little pamphlet of ten pages. The clear statement of facts and incidents that outraged the commonest feelings of humanity, the fearless and uncompromising tone, the pungent, incisive diction—all combined to create a sensation through all classes of the Parisian world, and ministers were forced to acknowledge that they had strained to the utmost the forbearance of the nation, and that it would be necessary henceforth to temper the zeal of their subordinate agents. M. Decazes, the Minister of the Interior, is supposed to have been far from displeased at the check so unexpectedly inflicted upon his ultra-Royalist colleagues and the Court, untaught by the lessons of adversity. In any case, it is certain that such rigorous proceedings were thenceforth discountenanced, though too much license was still allowed to rural and municipal authorities.

No one seems to have been more surprised than Courier himself at the success of his first essay as a political writer; but, instead of immediately pursuing the path that invited him onward to popularity and usefulness, he turned aside to translate that not very edifying tale commonly known as "The Ass" of Lucian which was subsequently published in 1818. A serious attack of illness, which well-nigh proved fatal, followed by the death of his father-in-law, whom he sincerely esteemed and loved, reduced him to such a state of physical

prostration that the management of his property devolved upon his wife, who ever afterward kept it in her own hands. While suffering in mind and body Courier unwisely offered himself as candidate for one of the three vacant chairs at the Academy. His canvass was hopeful, and he secured the promise of a considerable number of votes. Nevertheless, he was unanimously rejected. He felt the disappointment keenly, and had not the good sense to hide his feelings. Irritated by the impertinence of some second-rate journal, which had reminded him that to become an Academician something more was needed than Greek, he dashed off a truculent undignified letter to the Academy, in which he not only stooped to pick up the challenge of the journalist, but ungraciously sneered at his more fortunate rivals. This unwise effusion naturally did not increase his reputation, but a better reception was accorded to his ten letters to the editor of the "Censeur," all full of the keenest irony and caustic humor. In the first he plunged, as usual, headlong into his subject:—

"You compassionate us peasants, and you are so far right that our lot might undoubtedly be better. We are at the mercy of a mayor and a *garde-champêtre*, whose tempers are easily disturbed. Fine and imprisonment are no trifles. But bear in mind that in the olden time we could be killed for five *sous parisis*: that was the law. Any noble who killed a *vilain* was bound to cast five sous upon the grave of the deceased; but liberal laws are seldom rigorously enforced, and, for the most part, nothing was paid for killing us. Nowadays, it costs a mayor seven and a half sous for stamped paper merely to put a working-man into prison, and the magistrates interfere. Inquiries are instituted, and then only is judgment pronounced, conformably to the good pleasure of the mayor or the prefect. Does it seem to you, sir, a small thing what we have gained in the course of five or six hundred years? We were subject to forced labor, to arbitrary taxation, we could be killed at pleasure; now, we can only be thrown into prison."

In an evil hour for himself he next ventured to publish "Le Simple Discours de Paul Louis, Vigneron de la Chavonnière, aux Membres du Conseil de la Commune de Veretz." It is one of the most forcible pamphlets that ever proceeded from his pen, and was written in opposition to a project for purchasing by voluntary subscription the

domain and château of Chambord, to be presented to the infant Duke of Bordeaux. The sum of fifteen hundred thousand francs was, nevertheless, wrung from the servility of the rural communes, and the domain of Chambord became once more an appanage of the Crown. For his part Paul Louis Courier was brought to trial upon a charge of having outraged public morality by maintaining that the vicinity of a Court is bad for the peasantry of the district. Being found guilty he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred francs, time, however, being allowed him to arrange his private affairs. His letters to his wife from Ste. Pelagie are very touching, and evince a tenderness of heart scarcely in harmony with his usual deportment. In prison he became acquainted with Béranger, to whom he oddly enough alludes as "the man who writes pretty songs." The song-writer employed his compulsory leisure in publishing a collected edition of his poems, ten thousand copies of which were sold in a week!

On the expiration of his term of imprisonment Courier returned to his home in the country, vowing never again to come within the clutches of the public prosecutor. For some time he adhered to this prudent resolution, but the old Adam was not to be so easily cast out, and in 1822 appeared his "*Pétition à la Chambre des Députés pour les Villageois que l'on empêche de danser.*" For this clever brilliant trifle he was again summoned before the tribunal, but escaped with a reprimand. This second experience, however, made him more cautious for the future, and thenceforth he published his political papers with so much secrecy that not even his most intimate friends were aware to what press he had recourse. His industry appears to have been stimulated by the obstructions placed in his way, but the hour of repose was at hand. In the early months of 1824 he brought out his wonderful "*Pamphlet des Pamphlets,*" which proved the crowning-stone of his literary reputation. This brilliant effusion, the last as well as the most powerful of the political writings of Paul Louis Courier, has been characterized as "the song of the

swan." Nothing short of the translation of the entire pamphlet would give an adequate idea of the vigor and eloquence of this remarkable production. According to one of his editors, "it is the definition, the theory, the apotheosis of pamphlets." Armand Carrel is still more enthusiastic, and describes it as "a fragment of irresistible fascination, the style of which, from one end to the other, harmonizing with the impulse of a most capricious and daring inspiration, may be quoted as an example in our language of what is most refined as taste and most marvellous as art."

After spending the months of January and February, 1825, in Paris, Courier made his last journey to La Chavonnière, leaving his wife in the capital. It was apparently his intention to dispose of all his landed property (a small estate, in truth) and withdraw entirely from country life, devoting himself thenceforth to literary pursuits. Whatever may have been his plans they were frustrated by his violent death on the 10th April, within a few paces of his own house. Five years afterward a peasant and a young girl deposed that, while concealed in a thicket, they saw three men approach Courier, one of whom tripped him up, whereupon another fired at him and killed him on the spot, the third merely looking on. The first assailant having died in the meantime, and the actual murderer, Courier's own *garde-champêtre*, lying at the point of death, the two hidden witnesses, no longer afraid of evil consequences to themselves, came forward and told what they had seen. The dying man confessed the truth of their statement, but died without disclosing the motive that had prompted him to kill his master, and apparently without revealing the name of the third accomplice. The murder thus remained still hidden in mystery, nor does it appear that any great trouble was ever taken to investigate the case.

Courier has been called the Rabelais of politics, the Montaigne of the present century, the successful rival of Pascal; and no doubt there are many points of resemblance between him and those illustrious writers. But in his case preeminently does Buffon's saying hold good—the style was the man himself.

The touches of grim, often grotesque, humor, the keen, biting sarcasm, the classical illustrations, the intolerance of wrong, the scorn for all that is mean and

ignoble, the untameable love of independence—all that was Courier's own, and marked him as a man distinct from his fellows.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

SUPPOSING the ghost of Lord Byron to take an intelligent interest in mundane literature, it may safely be presumed that for some time past Heaven has received from it thanks for the circumstance that Algernon Charles Swinburne is not only a critic, but a creator. We can even fancy a similar feeling on the part of a ghost of more sardonic temperament, that which animated the corruptible part of Thomas Carlyle, who, in the flesh, would have esteemed the term "backbiter" a peculiarly offensive present from a minor poet. On the other hand, it ought to be a matter of serious gratitude to Mr. Swinburne that the majority of his own critics are men of hand untainted with the sin of original writing, who, therefore, are able to mete out praise or blame to him in a spirit of calm impartiality nursed by a mournful consciousness that rivalry is impossible. An author criticising an author resembles one cook commenting on the dishes of another; while a mere critic giving an opinion is like one of those who sit at table, out of pure devotion to good eating, educating less fastidious diners into more perfect taste. Our bards, from Lord Tennyson downward, are uniformly unjust to the "indolent irresponsible Reviewers," the sombre, pathetic gladiators of modern intellectual life, who periodically hack and hew each other for the edification of the intelligent British public, and whose *brevis lux*, for the most part, burns out so swiftly and so uselessly—and they conveniently ignore the open secret that the most intemperate criticisms are in the nature of stabs in the dark administered by their brother-craftsmen. The players in the game of literature are less competent judges than the spectators.

The chief difficulty of the critic is to find means of clearly and adequately

expressing his ideas. For a thousand readers who feel a vague intangible dissatisfaction or pleasure in a bit of literary workmanship, it is hardly possible to find one capable of analyzing the causes and of enumerating them in clear language. But when a poet himself voluntarily assumes the censor's pen, and when, as Mr. Swinburne has done, he discourses with frank volubility on the merits and demerits of his literary brethren, he infinitely lightens the labors of his own critics. Authors speaking of each other can hardly avoid letting the careful observer into the secret of their own ideals and tendencies. A poet, for instance—unless he be a poet of pre-eminent powers, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Dante—cannot frame a definition of poetry without disclosing somewhat of his own endowments. He tells us what poetry is *to him*, and that is a great point gained. Examples in illustration of this fact lie at the door. To Thomas Carlyle poetry was "sincerity and depth of vision;" and he struggled on, laboring only to see. He was a poet without the faculty of rhyming, and to harmony, accordingly, he attached little importance. Mr. Matthew Arnold, again, finds poetry to be, at bottom, "a criticism of life," and few will deny that he himself is more of a critic than of anything else. The phrase, in one sense, is but an intellectual label for a vague, indistinct idea, and is perhaps only Carlyle's thought in ethical language. Here, as frequently, however, Mr. Arnold has sacrificed the deeper shades of meaning to his straining after lucidity, and the mystic has given the thought its richer clothing. Now, poetry is not to Mr. Swinburne what it was to Carlyle and what it is to Matthew Arnold; it is to him the language of imagination and harmony. A passage in his essay on Byron and

Wordsworth puts his conception of poetry so clearly before the reader that it deserves quotation ; he says that he " regards it as indisputable. . . . that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony ; that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called ; and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even should they be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or the critical faculty should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and highest poetry."

Next to Mr. Swinburne's essays, the most valuable aid to an understanding of his merits is a clear apprehension of the characteristics of the school to which he belongs. He is differentiated from the highest order of poets by his poetical affinities, a fact which tells fatally against any claim of signal originality put forward in his behalf. We can classify him ; but we cannot classify Burns. The one is cosmopolitan, the other a denizen of an intellectual parish. He falls naturally into a place beside Shelley, Rossetti, and William Blake, and in his writings may be found marked resemblances to certain special characteristics of Wordsworth on the one hand and of Catullus on the other. The tone of his mind is prominently exhibited in his dislikes and preferences, for he is as much a sectarian in literature as Methodists are in religion. In nothing more than in his exaggerated hero-worship is this peculiarity visible. The language in which he speaks of Mazzini—

" Since man's first mother brought to mortal earth

Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this one,"

can only be paralleled by an article which lately appeared in a religious periodical, where the writer gravely contended that Mr. Moody is as powerful a preacher as was the Apostle Paul. But by far the most instructive of his partialities is that for Blake, in whose person was developed to an abnormal degree the most fatal weaknesses of the school of Shelley. Without entering upon the controversy as to Blake's

sanity, it may be stated as an incontrovertible fact that one most glaring defect of his character, a defect that reduced a man of rare and exceptional endowments to the position of an ineffectual worker, was an uncontrolled and undisciplined imagination ; and a little consideration will show that this flaw—so conspicuously prominent in Blake—taints, in a greater or lesser degree, all the other objects of Mr. Swinburne's admiration, and especially the members of that school of which he is now the most distinguished living representative. The extravagances of Victor Hugo in prose as in rhyme are indisputable. So are those of Dante Rossetti, so are those of Shelley ; and in pointing out their existence it is surely needless to say that the recognition of one fault is not blinding us to those most rare and exquisite gifts with which these three writers were endowed. More in Shelley than in the others (and Shelley has been to some extent Mr. Swinburne's model) does the failure to tone down, to adapt, to subject his imagination lead him out of the atmosphere of his reader. He fell into a snare which is set for all lyric poets. A dramatist who knows that his comedy or tragedy must keep strictly in touch with human passions or be promptly damned is all the better for the curb—at least, it is not unreasonable to suppose that on the dramas of Molière, Shakespeare, and Aristophanes the effect of the check was salutary ; the history of literature teems with names of men of mighty intellects, whose works, as the centuries have followed one another to swell the sum total of the world's age, have fallen silent and dumb. The poet's fine frenzy is apt to carry him into the ether, unless he has some substitute for the old woman on whom Molière tried his comedies before having them acted. Burns was probably saved from many a fantastical flight by a wholesome dread of rising beyond the comprehension of the Ayrshire peasants with whom he corresponded ; and the compactness, imaginative closeness, and clear intelligibility of the " *Divina Commedia*" are doubtless in part due to Dante's earnest desire that his poem might be understood and taken to heart by unscholarly contemporaries, men who did not know Latin. On the other hand, the unhar-

nessed genius of Sir Thomas Browne has left no worthy memorial of its power. It was Carlyle's grave misfortune that he could not bend his mind to attain so trivial a result as to make his narrative interesting. Rare flashes of genius make no book a work of art. "Frederick," in spite of all the labor spent on it, is a dull monstrosity. While the zealous admirer of Shelley is apt to become his extravagant disciple and endeavor to maintain for him a falsely high position, the more judicious critic cannot but feel that nine-tenths of his beautiful verses are out of touch with humanity. In this case harmony and imagination have not combined to make the most enduring poetry of which the author was capable. Much of Shelley's verse is as dull to read as any of Wordsworth's. Neither these nor Coleridge kept a continuous grasp upon human passion and sentiment; all of them made the mistake of trying to write beyond their range.

Nature has given to thinking men no gift more splendid than that of a powerful imagination, but there is no faculty which it is more necessary to guide and moderate. Ungoverned, it will, as with Blake, produce nothing but fantastic shapes, in which the elect alone will perceive the promise of beauty, the earnest of what might have been; as with Shelley, cloud-castles and ethereal glimmerings, lovely, but divided from the common thought of man. Governed and disciplined, as with Dante or Shakespeare, it leads to the highest summits of human thought, but by paths which any but the feeblest climbers may follow. Now with Mr. Swinburne and his friends it seems to be regarded as a rule that fancy should be allowed to take its wildest flight unreined. It is no fault that imagination brings before the reader's eye a false picture of a fact, provided that the picture be sufficiently striking. While Shakespeare used his imagination to find expression for deep glimpses of truth or beauty which escaped through the meshes of ordinary language, or to fix and present those fine and delicate ideas which elusively float through the mind, Mr. Swinburne has made it a mere instrument for manufacturing metaphors. We prize the attribute in Shakespeare as an attri-

bute, by Mr. Swinburne it is rated as a central quality. In the greatest the insight is greatest; but Mr. Swinburne holds that as nothing, and mentions imagination and harmony as the primary and supreme qualities of the poet. Yet it is surely evident that the two latter are the servants of the first. Harmony is practically valueless unless by sound it amplifies truth not otherwise fully expressible, or suggests what cannot be directly conveyed; its habitation by tenants so bright, beautiful, and invisible as to be inexpressible save by the most delicate imagery, is the distinguishing feature of the poetic element. For harmony itself, *i.e.*, the true harmony (the marriage of sound and sense, not the jingle of vocables), insight is the poet's first requirement. Unless it be true, according to a well-known saying of Macaulay, that poetry revels in ignorance, and must, therefore, forever be retreating before science, the proper exercise of imagination should be preceded by a just, detailed, and accurate observation of facts and their bearings.

It is for these reasons that a poet's capabilities are most severely tested when he attempts dramatic composition. No command of form, no power of using the language of imagination will aid a dramatist who fails to have a sure and deep insight into human character. Now it is here that Mr. Swinburne has most signally failed; although his *Atalanta in Calydon* is incomparably his finest poem, the merits of it are not of the dramatic order; to borrow the language of painting, the characters are mere studies in mono-tint, or, as Mr. Whistler might say, nocturnes in agnostic gray. This fault of *Atalanta* is still more obvious in his other dramatic writings. As a dramatist, Mr. Swinburne has failed from two causes. He is a bad narrator and he has never succeeded in painting a single recognizable portrait of man or woman. Neither Lord Tennyson nor Mr. Browning has accomplished anything really great in this branch of their art, but both have done infinitely better than Mr. Swinburne. The failure is no doubt very largely due to the first of the causes which we have mentioned. Carlyle used to hold that the faculty of telling a story clearly was in itself a strong proof of in-

tellectual power, and he was right. As, in society, the unmitigated blockhead always succeeds in advertising his true character when he tries to assume the part of *raconteur*, strangling the life out of a tale in the telling of it, so in literature the faculty of story-telling is nearly the highest. In *Les Casquets* Mr. Swinburne has a tale to relate in twenty-six stanzas, and he arrives at the fifteenth before the story is begun; and, after all, it requires studious consideration on the part of the reader to know what he is driving at. How we sigh for the *sancta simplicitas* of less pretentious poets as we wade through this dense growth of a fruitful—too fruitful—imagination!

A dramatic poem, in addition to much else, ought to be a fretwork of interlaced biographies. An indispensable qualification of him who assays it is, consequently, a fine insight into character. It is surely unquestionable that a poet incapable of accurately estimating real personages must be still more incapable of giving life-like features to the creations of his imagination. This is a homely but effective test to apply to Mr. Swinburne. Of the many writers of whom he has discoursed in prose and verse, is there one of whom he has given such a picture as might suffice to afford a stranger some vital idea of his personal and peculiar traits of character? He has written page on page of Victor Hugo, and, except as proving the uninteresting fact that the lesser poet admires the greater, they are all futile. The literary student will gain more by reading six pages of *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* than from all Mr. Swinburne's eulogies of its author. He has failed to make even his own conception vivid and distinct. Language of almost grovelling worship—"Man may not praise a spirit above man's,"—"Lord of a subject age," etc., vague allusions, and the imaginative gush with which they are intermixed, do not help us to see and fix either the features of Victor Hugo or the special qualities of his writing. This sort of literature, however, is by no means new. Take the religion out of fourth-class hymns, and it will be found that it is to their ecstatic race that Mr. Swinburne's addresses to his ideal Mazzinis and Hugos belong. Neither the

former nor the latter is calculated to give pleasure or profit to any creature here below. The transaction, so to speak, is entirely between Mr. Swinburne and—not his Maker, but his secular saint. Had the chief object of his veneration not been alive at the time of composition, we might suppose him to have written his *New Year's Ode* for use at the annual festival of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the other friends of Humanity. Were his effusive admiration the outcome solely of an amiable and inoffensive friendship, it would easily be possible to pardon its exaggeration. Much is forgivable to the intense lover or the submissive disciple. But when Mr. Swinburne turns in scorn upon those who differ from him in the choice of the objects of their veneration, when in prose and verse he attacks men and bodies of men with virulence, he cannot expect to get off so easily. The world recognizes a vast difference between the hero-worship of a humble and reverent mind and the narrow bigoted partisanship of a sectary's interested championship of his brethren. Mr. Swinburne's onslaughts upon the reputation of the authors he dislikes have destroyed such weight as might otherwise have been given to his praises of those of an opposite description.

Mr. Swinburne's complete failure as a critic, and partial failure as a poet, have not sprung from want of preparation. The cultured reader of his poetry feels as he turns from verse to verse that here has been laboring an artist who has taken infinite pains to make himself acquainted with all that has been previously done in his art. At one place the music of a burden, at another the beat of a rhyming syllable; here the structure of a phrase, and there the leaning of the thought mark the performance, not of a plagiarist, but of a docile and malleable student. It might, perhaps, be said that no one but a critic could have learned such lessons, and in that we partly agree. Mr. Swinburne has that most valuable qualification, an open eye for beauties. It is very seldom, indeed, that, on reading his critical essays, one finds him singling out a passage or a quality for praise which should be blamed. False virtues he but seldom lauds; nay, the main

cause of the badness of his criticism is that he exaggerates and extravagantly extols individual beauties without weighing them against defects. It thus happens that, occasionally, as when writing on Shakespeare or Charlotte Brontë, his criticism, so far as it goes, is sound and valuable; the defect which we feel in it is due not to sins of commission but of omission. Even when speaking on Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge, Mr. Swinburne is often right; he lays his fingers on indubitable excellences, and one is frequently grateful for the manner in which he brings into beautiful distinctness qualities which a less clear-sighted reader sees only lurking dimly in the background. This, however, is the most that can be said for him. At bottom, there is no function in the universe for which Mr. Swinburne is more thoroughly unfitted than that of a critic. The chief reason is a rather remarkable one. Intellectual color-blindness only approximately expresses the nature of his most conspicuous defect. He is sensitive to those qualities in others which, in a greater or less degree, he himself possesses, he is blind to other beauties, and deaf to other sounds. The force of the criticism will only be appreciated by remembering how it applies to all sides of the personality we are considering. The characters of his dramas, it must be allowed, have sprung from his general observation and analysis of mankind. We have already called them studies in monotint; they are many only in appearance; in reality, they are one with slight variations. The author shows himself absolutely blind to many common characteristics of the human mind; that he has delineated others with great power saves his books from worthlessness, but not his dramas from failure. In dealing with living people Mr. Swinburne applies the same method; the exalted embodiments of abstract qualities which he calls Victor Hugo and Joseph Mazzini are characters more imaginary than those of Meleager and Atalanta. Nor has he one set of brains to criticise men and another for books. The faults of his attempts to estimate the one are precisely the same as the faults of his attempts to estimate the other.

It is natural that the critic should

have preferences, for who is without them? but prejudices? The poetry of life is indiscoverable except by conscious or unconscious analysis, and without catholicity of taste and breadth of sympathy it is impossible to appreciate the aims or trace the passions of diversely constituted men. As the peculiar poet of a peculiar school Mr. Swinburne is entirely unfitted to be a guide through the mazes of contemporary or other literature. His eminence depends on the abnormal development of one quality, or rather set of qualities, and when he strikes beyond his range he becomes merely ridiculous. A poet of death and love, whose gaze is fixed on the melancholy aspect of both, and whose soft and mournful agnostic psalms are only relieved by adoring hymns to Thalassius, can have but little sympathy with the burning energies, the hopes and fears that animate the great mass of humanity. The languid doubter whose creed is expressed in the following words—

“ Friend, who knows if death indeed have life
or life have death for goal?
Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas declare
nor skies unroll
What has been from everlasting, or if aught
shall always be.
Silence answering only strikes response
reverberate on the soul
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it
set in all the sea ”—

cannot see eye to eye with those who recognize in life a training-ground, and in death a goal, and who perceive a faintly shadowed but stirring picture of the end in Mr. Browning's fine metaphor :—

“ The red wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow,
Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what need'st
thou of earth's wheel ? ”

Consequently we find Mr. Swinburne's poetry and criticism to be a mass of turgid rhapsody only relieved here and there by a gush of pure and brilliant light whenever the rays of his torch fall upon the rigidly limited portions of life within his ken.

It is of good omen that the world's greatest men have hitherto shown themselves capable of faith in something or other. Mr. Swinburne's ideas have never been long held but by minds of

an inferior order. Were it not for the passionate intensity of his utterance and the pleasing elegance of his versification they would attract little attention. The union of strong feeling with polished and scholarly diction is unusual and for that very reason attractive. If his prejudices and impulsiveness have led him into such sorry mistakes as that of posing as a political rhymester, they have contributed to his success by enabling him to put old ideas in new words. It may, however, be interesting to note a few of his peculiarities of method as distinct from his peculiarities of thought. The organization which we are portraying is peculiar and uncommon. It is closely related to those of Blake and Shelley, but it has its own special marks. Mr. Swinburne is a unique celebrant in song of joy and beauty, but the joy is that of Eros and the beauty that of mystery. He enters but partially into the life of his fellow-men. He is sometimes lumberingly witty with a bitter wit; he is never humorous; and although not destitute of fine and tender feelings, there is a sad want of cheerfulness, of geniality, about him—even in his poems to children is noticeable a tinge of melancholy not out of place, except that it is wholly unrelieved. A most remarkable phenomenon he is, as revealed in his writings; a constant brooder over fate and destiny; a man plunged in doubts as to man's place and mission, with no rule of life; a singer of love-songs, to whom love is only love; a hymn-writer to the God of Doubt, worshipping no other deity; a non-moral and æsthetic poet, if you will, but how could the evangelist of no-knowledge be didactic? It is perhaps as well that such a character has appeared only in miniature. Had Mr. Swinburne possessed the fibre and strength of a Dante, he might have caused the world infinite sorrow by creating for its terror and mystification some sad, earnest epic of agnosticism, deepening the pathos of life and raising up anew the phantom of despair. It has happened, not unfortunately, however, that Mr. Swinburne has given to the world no cause to apply to himself the phrase wherewith he describes St. Paul—"Faith's fervent Antichrist." On every side his inclinations are closely

hemmed in by the limitations of his genius.

That Mr. Swinburne is the most artificial of British poets must be evident to any careful reader. The execution is everything with him. However diminutive are the jewels of poetic truth in his works we may always expect to find them cut and set with rare and subtle skill. He is more of a literary lapidary than an intellectual miner. He clothes his mind's progeny in verse's most glistening raiment. The soft alliteration, the recurrent burden, the apt repetition, the softened clink of ear-pleasing rhymes combine with carefully arranged cadences to build up forms in which the greatest poet might be glad to enwrap his thought; all the keener, therefore, is the disappointment to find them often mere mansions of the dead, inhabited only by ghosts of ideas. It is painful to find so gifted an author guilty of the deadly literary sin of diffuseness; to find him more and more, as he grows older, getting into the habit of involving a minimum of matter in a maximum of tangled sentences. It thus happens that many of his most elaborate poems are very dull reading. They do not keep the intellectual faculties awake, for the interest which they excite is only that of watching the skilful manipulation of words, and that soon satiates. The mill is all that could be desired, but it grinds little corn. No poetry is more attractive than that of Mr. Swinburne at first, none sooner loses relish. Three causes of its palling so quickly on the student are these:—First, there is the scarcity of fresh thought. Mr. Swinburne, in this respect is like some contemporary novelists who, putting their best into one good story, have been forced afterward to fall back upon the old material, and in later works have produced only variations of their first. He is not fertile. Secondly, the measures in which he writes fall upon the ear with a uniform effect. He may change the form as he pleases, yet the peculiar fall of syllable and turn of sentence remain. "His poetry is written in monotone. The third and last reason for the decreasing interest with which his poetry is read lies in his use of words. An examination of this defect requires explanation a little more elaborate.

Mr. Swinburne's vocabulary is choice and beautiful. His system of mingling the language of the cultured nineteenth century with carefully selected archaisms is highly suitable to a style of poetry which does not aim at being natural. Exception has sometimes been taken to the excessive number of erotic adjectives in his poems, but unreasonably, for, where the sentiments are so generally erotic, the poet cannot be blamed for clothing his thoughts in the very words called into being by the feelings with which they correspond. It is far more to be regretted that, in poems in which Mr. Swinburne has leapt clear of his ordinary tenor, he should tarnish their beauty by indecent allusions. Unquotable metaphors drawn from the mysteries of love are inserted with equal profusion in agnostic disquisition and in declamatory verse. The vice is very un-English, and has probably been nursed by Mr. Swinburne's extensive reading in French literature. Whether Nature knows anything of decency or not, civilization does; and the poet is doing small service to freedom of thought by showing a tendency to revert to the lascivious license of Paganism. We can pardon Marston and Marlowe for not being in advance of their age, and their consequent gross and immodest writing, but not so easily Mr. Swinburne, who would drag his contemporaries back centuries in their manners. This is a general fault of his phraseology; there are many of a smaller type not unworthy of a moment's attention. It is rather remarkable that, despite his wide and varied reading, his vocabulary is really very limited. The same words are used over and over again. It has become a common practice, if not a by-word, to gibe at the recurrent "foam" and "fire," "blood" and "blossom" of his poems, but there are several other monosyllables, such as "glad" and "grave," which serve equally well to make the author's signature unnecessary. In fact, when we come to look closely into Mr. Swinburne's "harmony and imagination" we are irresistibly reminded of a proud Spanish gentleman, dressed and ornamented, ay, and bearing himself, too, like a prince of the blood, but with hardly a *real* in his pocket. Not until we find the same

word doing duty on several occasions do we fully recognize the astonishing poverty of this seeming millionaire in vocables. As an example, the curious reader may be referred to the very many offices which the word "vassal" has had to fill in Mr. Swinburne's recent poems. He makes of it a literary maid-of-all-work. Within the compass of a few pages occur the following lines:—

"When the soul keeps watch and bids her
vassal memory watch and pray."
"When day is the vassal of night."
"No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or
speech."

There is no surer sign of greatness in a writer than the perfect accuracy where-with he can mould words into expressing the finest shades of meaning. Here, however, one word is made to stand for three different ideas, and that same word is forced into several other positions which, for the present purpose, it is needless to mention. It is an insult to the English language to suggest in this way that its vocabulary is insufficient to provide suitable expression for fine shades of meaning. Not the least of the pleasures derivable from reading Wordsworth's poetry is to feel the intense reality which he can impart to the homeliest word, often an unobtrusive adjective with which we have rubbed shoulders daily without noticing the true beauty of its features. In his case the force of imagination could make the commonplace shine with new meaning. Mr. Swinburne accomplishes the converse feat. He deals so much in exaggerated language that he ends by diminishing the expressiveness of his own words. He is like a man in the habit of swearing, in whose mouth a volley of oaths gets to have no more force than the gentle reproof of another. How excessive is his artificiality no one ever fully feels until his poems are laid down for those of some of the Elizabethan dramatists. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to bring him into comparison with Marlowe—with whom, however, he is not unrelated intellectually—but, for the mere gratification of curiosity, if for nothing else, it is worth while to compare a fine passage of the one with a fine passage of the other. Let Mr. Swinburne speak first:—

" Above the sun's head, now
 Veiled even to the ardent brow,
 Rose two sheer wings of sundering cloud,
 that were
 As a bird's poised for vehement flight
 Full-fledged with plumes of tawny fire and
 hoar gray light."

Compare this with Marlowe's :—

" The horses that guide the golden eye of
 Heaven
 And blow the morning from their nostrils,
 Making their fiery gait above the clouds."

He who has read much of Mr. Swinburne's poetry will not be in a position to judge fairly of the relative merits of the two passages. He will at once feel that "sheer wings," "sundering clouds," "tawny fire," and "hoar light" are old servants of the poet and familiar acquaintances of the reader; whereas the strong glowing thought of Marlowe, bursting clear and bright from his mind, gathers the words that it needs to its service, and, common although they are, endues them with that beauty which the quick have more than the dead. Mr. Swinburne deprives himself entirely of that resource of art, or rather that natural faculty of bringing out a flood of meaning by the sudden and

unexpected use of a noble epithet. In such lines as the following the artificiality entirely destroys the force of the sentiment, and suggests the idea that the writer has culled his string of verbs from the pages of a dictionary of synonyms :—

" Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
 Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
 Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel,
 snarl, and sneer."

A man who is poor in ideas must inevitably be poor in words. Mr. Swinburne's thoughts run in narrow grooves, but he is an ingenious inventor of new dresses for them; he will never win a hearing on account of the breadth of his sympathies, but he may do so by his passionate way of expressing his sentiments. He is a determined upholder of the anti-dogmatic dogma that to know anything is impossible; but he never expresses any doubt of the Swinburnian *dictum* that, to doubt of all things is the lot of mortals. He is not an encouraging writer, for it is almost as depressing to read morbid disquisitions on love as it is to ponder over the gloomy doctrines of an agnostic.—*Contemporary Review*.

A VISIT TO SOME AUSTRIAN MONASTERIES.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

BESIDES the solid, historic investigation as to "what has been," and the philosophic inquiry as to "what will be," there is the, if less practical yet ever interesting, speculation as to "what might have been"—a speculation to which exceptional circumstances may give an exceptional value.

As the "advanced" Radical programme now avowedly includes the disestablishment and disendowment of the National Church, and as (to our very great regret) such a step seems to approach nearer and nearer to the area of practical politics, the phenomena presented by the very few remaining churches which yet continue in the enjoyment of their landed property can hardly be devoid of interest to those who really care about matters either of Church or State.

A Teutonic land, such as Austria,

admits of a more profitable comparison with England than do countries which are peopled by the Latin races. Moreover, the Austrian Church, like the Church of England, still survives in wealth and dignity, and thus strongly contrasts with the Churches of Spain, Italy, and France, as well as with those of Northern Germany.

But not only is it thus exceptional, but it is yet more so in the possession of monastic institutions of extreme antiquity, which still retain possession of large domains, even if their possessions may have been somewhat diminished. The vast and wealthy Austrian monasteries which are to be found in the vicinity of the Danube may enable us to form some conception of what our St. Albans and St. Edmunds, Glastonbury and Canterbury might now be had no change of religion ever taken place in

England, and had our abbey lands continued in the possession of their monastic owners.

Besides such considerations of general interest which induced the present writer to visit these rare examples of ecclesiastical survival, there were others of a personal nature. When a mere boy he had found in his father's library and read with great interest a presentation copy of Dibdin's charming account of his antiquarian tour in France and Germany.* Therein were graphically described his visits in August 1818 (in search of manuscripts and early printed books) to the great monasteries of Kremsmünster, St. Florian, Mülk and Göttwic, as also to Salzburg and Gmunden, with vivid pictures of their artistic and natural beauties. The strong desire kindled in a youthful imagination to follow Dibdin's footsteps and see sights so interesting and so rare having, after persisting undiminished for thirty years, at length been gratified, it may not be uninteresting to compare what the traveller saw in 1885 with Dr. Dibdin's observations made exactly sixty-seven years before.†

The centre from which these monastic visits can best be made is the bright, clean, busy city of Linz, and to Linz accordingly we went after pausing at Würzburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg, and Passau by the way. The Danube journey, from Passau to Linz, was performed on the 19th of August, a day which felt more like November, so great was the cold. To one who comes fresh from the Rhine, the wildness of the Danube is very striking. The latter river, with its long stretches of forest intervening between the rare and scanty signs of man's handiwork, still presents much of the aspect it must have worn in the days of Tacitus, especially its lofty frowning left bank, the old *Frons Germaniæ*.

At Linz the Erzherzog Karl Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated close to the steamers' landing-place, and

its windows command a pleasant view of the Danube and the heights on its opposite shore. Good carriages and horses can also be hired at the hotel; and one was at once engaged to take us next day to pay our first monastic visit—namely, that to the great monastery of St. Florian,* the home of some ninety canons regular of St. Augustine.

The day was delightful, the open carriage comfortable with its springs and cushions in good order, and a very civil coachman, with a smart coat and black cockade, drove our pair of spanking bays briskly along a pleasant road which, after for a time skirting the Vienna railroad, turned south and began between fields and woodlands to ascend the higher ground whereon the distant monastery is perched. The greensward of a picturesque wood we traversed was thickly spangled with brilliant blossoms of *Melampyrum nemorosum*. This lovely little plant requires more than most others to be seen alive to be appreciated, as its colored leaves become invariably and rapidly black when preserved for herbaria. Nor can it be a very common plant, as, though we repeatedly looked for it, we never saw it in any of our country rambles save in this one wood. The true flower is a brilliant yellow drooping tube, while the blossom is made up of several of these surmounted by a crown of brightest blue or purplish bracts—that is, modified foliage leaves.

In a short time the spires and cupolas of St. Florian's began to appear above a distant wood; they were again lost to sight as we descended a declivity, but soon the whole mass of the vast monastery came gradually into view during the last ascent. Though its community celebrated five years ago the thousandth anniversary of their foundation, none of the buildings, save some fragments of the crypt, are even of mediæval date, the whole having been rebuilt during the reign of the Emperor Charles VI.,

* *A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany*. By the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D. Second edition. London, published by Robert Jennings and John Major, 1829. In three volumes.

† See vol. iii. pp. 217–276.

* St. Florian is said to have been a soldier and martyr of the time of Diocletian, who was thrown from a bridge with a stone tied about his neck. He is a popular saint in Bavaria and Austria, though not nearly so much so as St. John Nepomuk. He is usually represented in armor pouring water from a bucket to extinguish a house or city in flames, and is popularly esteemed an auxiliary against fires.

who reigned from 1710 to 1740. To English ideas it has rather the character of a palace than a monastery, and indeed within it are apartments destined for imperial use, to lodge the sovereign and his suite when visiting this part of his dominions.

Passing the small village immediately without the monastery walls, we drove within the first enclosure, and, having sent in our letters of introduction, were conducted into the church, wherein vespers had just begun.

It is a stately edifice, rich in marble and gilding, and provided with handsome pews (carved seats with doors) throughout its nave. The choir is furnished with stalls and fittings of rich inlaid woodwork, while at the west end of the nave is the celebrated organ, which has more stops than any other in Austria, and three hundred pipes, which have now, just as at the time of Dibdin's visit, completely the appearance of polished silver. The woodwork is painted white, richly relieved with gold. "For size and splendor," he remarks,* "I have never seen anything like it."

The office was but recited in monotone by less than twenty of the canons, each having a short white surplice over his cassock.† It was no sooner finished than a servant advanced to invite us to see the Herr Prelat, or abbot, whose name and title is Ferdinand Moser, Propst der reg. Chorherrenstifter St. Florian. We found him in the sacristy, a man of about sixty, of pleasant aspect, with a manner full of dignified but benevolent courtesy, such as might befit an Anglican bishop or other spiritual lord of acres. Ascending a magnificent staircase to the richly furnished abbatial range of apartments, we were soon introduced to the librarian, Father Albin Cxerny, a venerable white-haired monk

who had been for three-and-forty years an inmate of the monastery. Our first visit was to the library, consisting of one handsome principal room with smaller chambers opening out from it and rich with 50,000 volumes, many having been added since they were gazed at by the English bibliographer, our predecessor. We were greatly interested to find that there was yet a lively tradition of Dr. Dibdin's visit, and were shown first the portrait, and afterward the tomb, of the abbot who had received him; and, to our great satisfaction, the librarian at once took down from their library shelf the three volumes of Dibdin's tour (which had been presented to the monastery by their author), and, turning to his description of the scene around us, spoke with just admiration of its engravings, and with touching kindness of his predecessor in office—the Father Klein (now long since deceased) who had received with so much docility the bibliographical doctrines* of his English visitor. Among the books of the library is an elaborate German flora in many quarto volumes with a colored plate of each species, as in our Sowerby's *English Botany*.

There is a very fine refectory and large garden and highly ornamental conservatory—or winter garden—for the abbot's use, but thrown open to the public except on great feast days. The imperial apartments are richly and appropriately decorated, and the banquetting hall is magnificent. The bedrooms were strangely mistaken by Dibdin, as the librarian pointed out, for monastic "dormitories."†

By the kindness of the superior the very same treat was given to us as had been given to our predecessor in 1818. We were taken to the church, where seated in the stalls we listened for the best part of half an hour to a performance upon their world-renowned organ. Our experience was much like that of Mr. Dibdin, who wrote: †

To our admiration the organ burst forth with a power of intonation (every stop being opened) such as I had never heard exceeded. As there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased by being reverberated from every part of the building; and for a

* *Loc. cit.* vol. iii. p. 242.

† It should be recollected that these religious are not Benedictines but Augustinians. Part of their ordinary dress consists of a singular garment which, by a zoological analogy, may be termed an ecclesiastical "rudimentary organ." Over the black cassock is worn a long and very narrow slip of white linen hanging down in front and behind, and united by a tape round the neck. This odd appendage is, we were told, a much diminished survival of an ordinary monastic scapular of a white color which was worn by them in former ages.

* *Loc. cit.* p. 257.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 242.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 243.

moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed and the sides burst asunder. We could not hear a word that was spoken ; when, in a few succeeding seconds, the diapason stop only was opened . . . and how sweet and touching was the melody which it imparted ! A solemn stave or two of a hymn (during which a few other pipes were opened) was then performed by the organist . . . and the effect was as if these notes had been chanted by an invisible choir of angels.

Our last visit was to the spacious crypt, around the interior of which lie (above ground) in bronze sarcophagi the bodies of the abbots and of a few of the monastery's benefactors, while in its centre are the remains of the other members of the fraternity, each in a cavity closed by a stone engraved with a name and date, and reminding us of the catacombs of Kensal Green. Here lie all those whom Dibdin saw. In another sixty-seven years will this monastery be still enduring, and another visitor in 1952 be shown the resting-places of those on whose friendly faces we ourselves have gazed ?

Austria certainly shows a marvellously tenacious power of endurance, and in spite of many political changes has been so far singularly exempt from revolutionary destruction. No lover of antiquity, no one who rejoices to see yet surviving social phenomena elsewhere extinct, can fail to exclaim *Esse perpetua* ! The convent * of St. Florian still possesses, as we have already said, its old landed property. This property it does not let out either on lease or by the year, but it is its own farmer, all the work, whether of arable land, pasture, or forest, being performed by hired labor exclusively.

Though the community is so large, yet the number within the monastery is almost always much less. This is because the convent possesses not only its lands, but also (as did our own monasteries) the right of presentation to various livings. These are still no less than thirty-three in number, and members of the community are sent out to serve them, but they are liable to recall at any moment. A considerable number of the canons are also sent out to

act as professors in different places of education. Upon the death of an abbot his successor is freely elected by the members, who assemble from all parts for the occasion. Neither the Pope nor the government has any right of nomination, or even of recommendation, but the government can veto the election of an obnoxious individual. This right of veto, however, has been, we were told, very rarely exercised.

The abbey farm has a large supply of live stock. We saw sixty-seven cows in their stalls, and they seemed very well looked after. The abbot has his own private carriage and horses, and we saw twenty-six horses of different kinds in the stables. The collection of pigs was very large, and included some which had recently arrived from England. They were shut up in four dozen pens, the whole of which were enclosed and roofed over by a very large and solid outhouse.

It was with some surprise that I found the superior of this great abbey was as unable to converse either in French or English as was his predecessor when visited by Dibdin. He and the librarian were both, however, well up in English politics, and we were playfully reproached with our late Prime Minister's sentiments toward Austria, nor could we but feel surprised at hearing Mr. Gladstone's questions as to "where Austria had done good" quoted in this secluded monastic retreat.

After cordial farewells, a rapid drive soon carried us back to Linz, in time to escape a storm which had been threatening us, and to enjoy in security the long-continued reverberations of thunder which sounded among the mountains, and to see the city lit up by rapidly repeated flashes of extreme brilliancy.

The next day was set apart for a visit to our first great Benedictine house—that of Kremsmünster.

Although material progress enabled us for this purpose to dispense with the use of horses, yet we rather envied the conditions under which Dibdin had visited that monastery. "By eleven in the morning," he tells us,* "the post-boy's bugle sounded for departure. The

* The word "convent" properly denotes the community, whether male or female, which inhabits a religious house. The word "monastery" denotes the dwelling-place itself.

* *Loc. cit.* p. 216.

carriage and horses were at the door, the postboy arrayed in a scarlet jacket with a black velvet collar edged with silver lace; and the travellers being comfortably seated, the whip sounded, and off we went uphill at a good round cantering pace." Our pace, on the contrary, was of the slowest which a stopping-at-every-smallest station train could be credited with. We had to start from our inn at Linz at a quarter past six, and we did not accomplish the whole journey from door to door in much less time than that in which the about equally long journey to Kremsmünster from Gmunden was made by road sixty-seven years before.

As we approached Krems, the mountains of the Salzkammergut stood out boldly on the horizon, but more striking to us was the prodigious monastery, with its Babel-like observatory tower, the whole mass of its buildings rising from an elevated hill overhanging the small townlet of Krems at its base.

By good fortune, close to the station, we overtook a monk on his road home, who kindly escorted us by a short cut through the monastic gardens, of which he had the key, up to the monastery and to the Prelatura, when, after a short wait in an anteroom, the abbot, Herr Leonard Achleitner, came and invited us into his study (an elegant apartment furnished in crimson velvet), where he read our letters of introduction. Again we were forced to use our little store of German. The courteous prelate lamented that official business called him away from home, and, after inviting us to dine and sleep, consigned us to the care of a pleasant and healthy-looking young monk, by name Brother Columban Schiesfingstrasse, who was careful that we should fail to see and learn nothing which it interested us to inspect or to inquire about.

The huge abbey—an eighteenth-century structure, though its foundation dates from the eighth—consists of a series of spacious quadrangles and a large church similar in style to that of St. Florian, save that the choir is a western gallery and that the decorations generally are not so fine.

This great house is the home of one hundred monks, three hundred students, and many servants. As was the case

with the Augustinians, so here many of the monks are non-resident, being appointed to serve the twenty-five livings to which the abbot has the right of presentation. The abbot is freely elected for life by the community. An applicant for admission among its members need not be of noble birth or the possessor of any fortune, but if he is the owner of property he must make contribution therewith on his admission. The novitiate lasts for a year, and for four years longer the newcomer is free to leave if he likes. After that he is held morally bound, but not legally so, as now the arm of the law cannot be employed to force back any monk who may desire to leave. The youngest members are provided with one cell for each pair, but when more advanced each has a room to himself. The monks who act as professors have each two rooms, the prior has three rooms, and the abbot a whole suite of apartments. They have much land, none of which is let to farmers, but is entirely cultivated by hired labor, except of course their forests. These are to be seen from the abbey windows extending up the sides of distant mountains, and our host assured us they were richly stocked with deer and roebuck, pheasants and partridges.

As to their church services, they do not rise at night nor extraordinarily early. All their office is but recited in monotone, and the matins of each day are said the evening before, not in church, but in a room set apart for that purpose. They do not have high mass even on Sundays, but only on great festivals, when each wears a cowl in choir. On all other occasions they only wear their ordinary black cassock and scapular without any hood, nor have they, any more than the Augustinians, a large monastic tonsure.

The abbot, in spite of his stately lodgings and his importance, ordinarily dines with the community in their refectory, and no special dishes are served at the high table, but only those of which all are free to partake.

At the time of our visit the students and most of the professors were away for their vacation, and we could but inspect the means and appliances of learning.

The immense tower, at the summit of which is the observatory, has each story devoted to a scientific collection of a different kind. Thus there is a large collection of fossils and minerals; another of chemical materials and instruments; another is a cabinet of physics, and there is besides a moderately good zoological gallery, and also some skeletons and anatomical preparations. Lining the whole staircase, and also in other parts of the tower, are some hundreds of portraits in oil of former students, each one with his powdered wig, and all anterior to 1799. Every portrait is numbered, but unfortunately in the troubles of the Napoleonic wars the list was lost. It was to me a very sad sight to see this multitude of young faces about whom no one now knew anything, not even a name—lifelike shadows of the forgotten dead!

At Kremsmünster, as at St. Florian, there are royal apartments and also a picture gallery, a gallery of engravings, and other galleries of old glass, china, and objects of *verfu*. In the church treasury are many relics, much plate, and expensive vestments—some given by the Empress Maria Theresa. There is, however, hardly anything mediæval, except a very large chalice of the time when communion in both kinds was partaken of by the laity.

The library contained, we were told, no less than eighty thousand volumes, but to our regret we had no time to properly inspect even a portion of its contents, though some things in it are very curious and others beautiful. There is an elaborate manuscript treatise of magic with illustrations, and another on astrology. A book of the Gospels of the eighth century is wonderful for its most beautiful writing, and there are various ancient missals admirably illuminated. The works treating on the different physical sciences were, we were told, not in the general library, but in separate departmental libraries for the use of each professor. I did not succeed in ascertaining that there was any record or recollection of Dr. Dibdin's visit. The librarian, however, was away for his vacation.

The gardens are attractive, with many interesting plants and various green-houses, but the most interesting object

external to the monastery was what at first sight might be mistaken for a sort of *campo santo*. This consisted of a large space, in shape an elongated parallelogram, bounded by a sort of cloister with an open arcade of pillars and round arches. This space was traversed at intervals by passages similarly arcaded on either side, and these passages connected the two arcades on each longer side of the parallelogram. In each rectangular space, thus enclosed by arcaded passages, was a large fishpond abundantly furnished with large trout or gigantic carp. The walls of the quasi cloister were hung round on every side with deer's heads and antlers, and the venerable monk who went round this place with us assured us they had all been shot by members of the community, he for one having been a very keen monastic sportsman in his younger days, as were many of his younger colleagues now, who found good sport in their well-stocked forests.

From the fishponds we were conducted to the monastic lavatory, and thence to the refectory, with many hospitable regrets that our visit should have taken place on a Friday, with its consequently restricted table.

In the refectory we were received by the prior, Father Sigismund Fellöcker, a monk devoted to mineralogy.

The party having assembled, all stood round and repeated the ordinary monastic grace, after which, being placed at the prior's right hand at the high table, we all fell to amid a lively hum of conversation, no one apparently being appointed to read aloud during an obligatory silence, as is usually the case in monasteries.

The feast consisted of maigre soup, omelettes, sauerkraut, excellent apple turnovers, and crayfish. Before each monk was a small decanter of white wine, made at one of their houses in Lower Austria, for at Krems the vine will not ripen enough for wine-making. Dinner being over and grace said, the prior and most of the monks retired, but the sub-prior invited us and another guest and two monks to sit again and taste some choicer wine, white and red, which we did willingly, for the rain was pouring in torrents and we could not leave. Droll stories and monastic rid-

dles went round till coffee came and also the hour at which we had intended to depart. Not liking, however, to begin our long and tedious railway journey to Linz wet through, we accompanied our kind young guide Brother Columban to his cell, where, at our request, he played with skill and taste air after air upon the zitta till the clouds cleared and he was able to escort us, as he kindly insisted on doing, to the outside of the ample monastery's walls.

Much interested with our first experience of the Austrian Benedictines, we looked forward with pleasure to our visit next day to their far-famed monastery of Mlk.

Leaving Linz by steamer at half-past seven on the morning of the 22d of August, we reached in four hours our point of disembarkation. Long before our arrival there the magnificent palatial monastery was a conspicuous object, with the soaring towers and cupola of the abbey church, the whole massed on the summit of a lofty cliff very near the right bank of the river. This commanding position was in the later part of the tenth century a fortified outpost of the heathen Magyars, from whom it was taken in 984 by Leopold, the first Markgrave of Austria, the founder of the present monastery, who, with his five successors, is buried in the conventual church. Centuries afterward it had again to do with Hungarians, who besieged it for three months in 1619. When visited by Dr. Dibdin it had also recently suffered from war. The French generals had lodged in it on their way to Vienna, and during the march through of their troops it was forced to supply them with not less than from fifty to sixty thousand pints of wine per day.

In spite of the antiquity of its foundation, the monastic buildings are all modern, having been erected between 1707 and 1736.

A walk of about a mile from the landing-place led us (after passing round beneath the walls of the monastery and ascending through the town of Mlk) to a gate, passing through which, and traversing a spacious quadrangle, we ascended a stately staircase to the Prelatura, or abbot's lodgings. The community were at dinner, but we ventured

to send in our letters, and the first to come out and welcome us was the prior, Herr Friedrich Heilmann, a monk who had inhabited the monastery for forty years, but who was as amiable as venerable, and full of pleasantry and humor. He introduced us to the Herr Prelat, Herr Alexander Karl, who then came up conversing with the monks who attended him on either side.

Rather short in stature, he wore his gold chain and cross over his habit, and on his head a hat, apparently of beaver, shaped like an ordinary "chimney-pot," except that the crown was rather low. He displayed at first a certain stiffness of manner, which made us feel a little ill at ease, and which seemed to bespeak the territorial magnate, no less than the spiritual superior. This uneasy feeling, however, was soon dissipated, for nothing could be more cordial and friendly than the whole of his subsequent demeanor to us throughout our visit. As we were too late for the community dinner, the abbot consigned us to the hospitable care of the prior, and sent word to ask the librarian to show us whatever we might wish to see after dinner. Since many of the ninety monks who have their home at Mlk were now away, the community had not dined in their great refectory, but in an ordinary, much smaller apartment. To the latter the genial prior conducted us, and sat beside us, chatting of the good game which stocked their forests—their venison, partridges, and pheasants—while we, nothing loth (for the heavy journey and walk had given us a hearty appetite), partook of soup, boiled beef, roast lamb, salad, sweets and coffee, which were successively put before us. The prior had been a keen sportsman, and still loved to speak of the pleasures of earlier days. Invigorated and refreshed we set out to see the house, and our first visit was to the adjacent refectory. It is a magnificent hall, worthy of a palace, with a richly painted ceiling and with pictures in the interspaces of the great gilded caryatides which adorn its walls.

Passing out at a window of the apsidal termination of the refectory, we came upon an open terrace, whence a most beautiful view of the Danube (looking toward Linz) was to be obtained, with

a distant prospect of some of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. We here met the venerable librarian, Herr Vincenz Staufer, Bibliothekar des Stiftes Mölk, into whose hands the prior now consigned us. After contemplating with delight the charming scene before us and viewing with interest the parts which had been occupied by Napoleon's troops, we entered the library, which is a hall corresponding in shape and size with the refectory, and like it abutting on the terrace balcony by an apsidal termination.

It is a stately apartment furnished with costly inlaid woods, and with a profusion of gilding on all sides, including the gilt Corinthian capitals of its mural pilasters. The library is much richer now than it was when visited by Dibdin, and it contains sixty thousand volumes. Among its treasures are an original chronicle of the abbey begun in the twelfth century, a copy of the first German printed Bible, and a very interesting book about America, executed only two years after its discovery by Columbus. There are also mediæval copies of Horace and Virgil. Various other apartments, besides this stately hall, are devoted to the library, among them one containing four thousand volumes of manuscript. The librarian turned out to be an enthusiastic botanist; so with his help we made out the names of several Austrian wild plants which had interested us. Having done the honors of his part of the establishment, he reconducted us along several spacious corridors to the prior, whom we found in his nice suite of five rooms, well furnished, ornamented with flowers, and with his pet Australian parrot. He took us to see the royal apartments, which are less handsome than those of St. Florian, and to the abbey church, which is exceedingly handsome of its rococo kind. It is cruciform with a high and spacious central dome. The choir is in the chancel, but there is a large organ and organ gallery at the west end. All round the church—where a clerestory would be in a Gothic building—are glazed windows that look into the church from a series of rooms which can be entered from the corridors of the monastery. The church is rich in marbles and profusely gilt.

We were finally conducted to the lodging assigned us, which opened (with a multitude of others) from the very long corridor at the top of the staircase we first ascended. On the opposite side of the corridor is the door which gives entrance to the abbot's quarters. This very long corridor is ornamented with a series of oil paintings representing the whole house of Hapsburg as figures of life size. It begins with fancy portraits of Hapsburgs anterior to the first Imperial Rudolph, and continues with portraits, more or less historical, of all the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire and with the subsequent Emperors of Austria, including the present Francis Joseph. Ample vacant space remains to similarly depict a large number of his successors.

Our room was comfortably furnished with all modern appliances, including a large looking-glass and a spring bed, and the window commanded a fine view of the mountains toward Vienna. After a little more than an hour's rest the abbot himself came to invite us to go with him to see his garden and join in a slight refection habitually partaken of between dinner and supper—a sort of Teutonic "afternoon tea." The garden was very pleasantly situated, with a well-shaded walk overlooking the Danube, and with a fine view of the mountains of the Soemmering Pass, between Vienna and Gratz. He told us that his lands were only in part cultivated by hired labor, the more distant being let out to tenants at fixed rents. As abbot he had the right of presentation to twenty-seven livings. We then entered a very large summer-house, a long hall lined with frescoes illustrating the four quarters of the world, and representing their beasts, birds, flowers, as well as their human inhabitants. The painting was wonderfully fresh, though it was done 130 years ago. Here was taken the "afternoon tea," which consisted of most excellent beer, a dish of cold veal, ham, and tongue, cut in thin slices, a salad, cheese and butter. The abbot sat at a principal table with his guests, including a monk from Kremsmünster, the aunt and sister of a freshly ordained young monk who was to sing his first mass the following day, the young monk himself, and a secular

priest who had come to preach on the occasion, and also the prior and the librarian. At other smaller tables sat other monks and apparently one or two friends from without; most of them smoked (the genial prior enjoying his pipe), and parties of four amused themselves with cards, playing apparently for very small stakes. The demeanor of all was easy and quite *sans gêne*, but in no way obnoxious to hostile criticism. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to a further examination of the vast building until eight o'clock, when we were summoned to supper. Of this the community generally partook in the smaller room in which we had dined; but, in honor of the event of to-morrow and of his guests, the amiable abbot had ordered supper to be served in the magnificent refectory, which was illuminated with what poor Faraday taught us was the best of all modes of illumination—wax candles.

We were but a small party in the great hall. On the abbot's right sat the aunt and sister of the young priest—the latter with her brother next her. On the abbot's left were the secular priests, ourselves, and the librarian, and one or two more. Our supper consisted of soup, veal, soufflé, and roast chicken. For wine we had at first a good but not select wine—being from the produce of several vintages mixed—but afterward came a choice white wine of one vintage. Supper ended, the whole party retired together and separated in the large corridor outside the abbot's lodgings, the ladies being politely conducted to their rooms, which were adjacent to our own.

The next day (Sunday) was the festival of the first mass, which was to be sung with full solemnities, though ordinarily there is no high mass on Sundays at all.

It was to take place at eight o'clock, but long before that time the church was fairly filled, and the clerestory boxes filled with visitors, who from that vantage ground could see well. First came the sermon, to hear which the monks left their choir to occupy benches opposite the pulpit; they wore no cowls, but white cottas (a Roman shrunken surplice) over their cassocks. The worthy priest who preached had evi-

dently determined not to make a journey for nothing. For a full hour his eloquence suspended the subsequent proceedings. At last came the mass, in which the abbot was but a spectator in his stall. The new priest occupied his throne, as if abbot for the day. There was an assistant priest, as well as the deacon and subdeacon, and all the choir boys had garlands of flowers round the left arm, with flowers round the candles they carried as marks of rejoicing at this "first mass." The aunt and sister were accommodated with seats for the occasion in the monks' stalls.

The high mass was not liturgical; no introit, offertory, sequence, or communion was sung by the choir, which was in the western organ gallery. The music was florid, and there were female as well as male singers, accompanied by a full band.

We had to take a hurried leave of our friendly host, and, promising to pay another visit at the first opportunity in compliance with his very friendly request, we took the train to St. Polten in order to go thence to visit the Benedictine monastery of Göttwic or Götlweih. We had specially looked forward to visiting this house, for, though smaller than any of the three previously visited, it had been most attractively described in Dibdin's tour.* The abbot in his time was Herr Altmann, who had, he tells us,† "the complete air of a gentleman who might have turned his fiftieth year, and his countenance bespoke equal intelligence and benevolence." He received Dr. Dibdin with great courtesy; and as his bibliographical tour is by no means a common book, the following extracts may not be without interest to our readers:

Pointing out the prospect about the monastery, the abbot said: "On yon opposite heights across the Danube we saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army in contest with the Austrians, upon Bonaparte's first advance toward Vienna. The French Emperor himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and we entertained him the next day with the best *déjeuner à la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception, but I own that I was glad when he left us. Observe yonder," continued the abbot; "do you notice an old castle in the distance? That, tradition reports,

* See vol. iii. pp. 260-273. † P. 263.

once held your Richard the First, when he was detained a prisoner by Leopold of Austria." The more the abbot spoke, and the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading on fairy ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance. On our way to the library I observed a series of paintings which represented the history of the founder, and I observed the devil or some imp introduced in more than one picture, and remarked upon it to my guide. He said, "Where will you find truth unmixed with fiction?"

We now entered the saloon for dinner. It was a large, light, and lofty room; the ceiling was covered with paintings of allegorical subjects in fresco, descriptive of the advantages of piety and learning. We sat down at a high table—precisely as in the halls at Oxford—to a plentiful and elegant repast. We were cheerful even to loud mirth; and the smallness of the party, compared with the size of the hall, caused the sounds of our voices to be reverberated from every quarter.

Behind me stood a grave, sedate, and inflexible-looking attendant. He spoke not; he moved not, save when he saw my glass emptied, which, without previous notice or permission, he made a scrupulous point of filling, even to the brim, with the most highly-flavored wine I had yet tasted in Germany, and it behoved me to cast an attentive eye upon this replenishing process. In due time the cloth was cleared, and a dessert, consisting chiefly of delicious peaches, succeeded. A new order of bottles was introduced, tall, square, and capacious, which were said to contain wine of the same quality, but of a more delicate flavor. It proved to be most exquisite. The past labors of the day, together with the growing heat, had given a relish to everything which I tasted, and in the full flow of my spirits I proposed "Long life and happy times to the present members, and increasing prosperity to the monastery of Göttwic." It was received and drunk with enthusiasm. The abbot then proceeded to give me an account of a visit paid him by Lord Minto, when the latter was ambassador at Vienna. "Come, sir," he said, "I propose drinking prosperity and long life to every representative of the British nation at Vienna." I then requested that we might withdraw, as we purposed sleeping within one stage of Vienna that evening. "Your wishes shall be mine," answered the abbot, "but at any rate you must not go without a testimony of our respect for the object of your visit—a copy of our *Chronicon Gottwicense*." I received it with every demonstration of respect.*

Our amiable host and his Benedictine brethren determined to walk a little way down the hill to see us fairly seated and ready to start. I entreated and remonstrated that this might not be, but in vain. On reaching the carriage, we all shook hands, and then saluted by uncovering. Stepping into the carriage, I held aloft the Göttwic Chronicle, exclaiming "*Valete domini eruditissimi! dies hic omnino*

commemorazione dignus," to which the abbot replied, with peculiarly emphatic sonorousness of voice, "*Vale! Deus te omnesque tibi charissimos conservet*." They then stopped for a moment, as the horses began to be put in motion, and, retracing their steps up the hill, disappeared. I thought that I discerned the abbot yet lingering above with his right arm raised as the last and most affectionate token of farewell.

We had no sooner arrived at our inn—the Kaiserin Elizabeth—than we, not without much difficulty, engaged a carriage and pair to take us the two hours' drive thence to Göttweih, along the same road driven over by Dibdin. I passed several sets of pilgrims such as he describes, as also the statue of St. John Nepomuk, which he took for St. Francis. At first our path was bordered by poplars, but afterward, for miles, by damson trees which were loaded with fruit. At the commencement of the last quarter of our journey we entered a defile in the wooded mountains, a most welcome shelter from a driving wind and blinding dust. The monastery then soon became visible at the top of a lofty elevation, reached by a long winding road, which we, unlike our predecessor, ventured to drive up. No doubt half a century has done something to improve it. As we mounted, we obtained charming glimpses of the Danube, and a good view of an adjacent town. We pulled up within the courtyard of the monastery a little after two o'clock, and found the community engaged in afternoon service, which was largely recited in the vernacular. The church is much smaller than that of the other monasteries we visited, but is more interesting, as, in spite of its stucco ornaments, its substance is ancient, and the romantic character of its nave and the pointed architecture of its chancel are distinctly traceable. The latter part, which contains the monks' choir, is raised up many steps, on either side of which is a way down into a light and rather lofty crypt, in which is buried the founder of the monastery, Altmann, Bishop of Passau, who died in the year 1091.

When the service was concluded, we made our way to the cloister entrance, and having sent in our letters were received by the abbot, Herr Rudolph Gusonhauer, in the well-furnished suite

* This copy was placed by Dr. Dibdin in the library at Althorp.

of apartments which constituted the abbatial lodgings. We found him at first much disquieted from a fear that we should make some large demand upon his time, which he assured us was insufficient for the multitude of calls upon it. When reassured, however, by learning the modest nature of our demands, he was all courtesy, and insisted on showing us himself the library and some of its most precious contents. He, indeed, invited us to sleep, or at least to dine, but we had lunched before starting, knowing that we could not reach the abbey in time for the community dinner, and we much preferred spending the short time at our disposal in inspecting whatever might be seen to taking a solitary dinner. Dibdin's pleasant experience of Göttweih's hospitality was therefore impossible for us. We were, however, shown the pleasing portrait of his kind host, Abbot Altmann, who, we were told, survived till the year 1854, though the last ten years of his life were passed in blindness. The library is said to contain 60,000 volumes, besides 1,400 volumes of manuscripts, and no less than 1,200 books printed before the year 1500. Among the latter was one dating from before the time when type was first used, each page of printing being one large woodcut. Among the manuscripts was a small Bible 700 years old, entirely written in the monastery itself on the finest parchment in such small characters as to make ordinary eyes ache to read it, but most beautifully written. One manuscript was of the sixth century, and of course we were careful to see the celebrated *Chronicon Gottwicense*. We also carefully visited the refectory, and noted in the corridor the paintings of legendary events in the founder's life, noted by Dibdin.

The apartments prepared for imperial use, and which were used by Napoleon the First, are finer than those of Mölk, and are approached by a wonderfully imposing staircase. From their windows delightful views may be obtained, but, indeed, the monastery is so charmingly situated on a summit amid such umbrageous mountains that not only northward on the Danube side, but also southward, there are delightful prospects and agreeable walks. The monastery is

evidently much visited, and in its basement are rooms which are used as a public restaurant and had the appearance of doing a good business.

The community consists but of fifty monks and two novices. It is not nearly so wealthy as the abbeys we had previously visited, but the abbot declared himself fully satisfied both with its present condition and apparent prospects.

After showing us the library we were committed to the care of an attendant, and other visitors arrived, a carriage and pair with two Augustinian canons from a neighboring house, and other carriages fully of laity. On taking our farewell of the abbot, who was now, indeed, busy with his guests, some of whom were old school-fellows he had not seen for years, he cordially wished us farewell, exclaiming, "Truly this is a wonderful day. Heaven has opened and showered down upon us the most unexpected marvels."

We rapidly drove along the, mainly downhill, road to St. Polten, which we quitted next day to return by rail to Linz, and went thence, through Gmunden and Ischl, to Salzburg, there to pay the last of our monastic visits, that to its venerable abbey of St. Peter.

St. Peter's, Salzburg, is the origin of the whole of its surroundings. From it have arisen city, archbishopric, principality, and it is one of the most venerable establishments in Austria. Unlike those yet visited, it stands in the very heart of a city, in close proximity to the cathedral of which all the earlier abbots were the bishops.

Though far from a picturesque building, it yet contains more fragments of early art than Mölk or Kremsmünster. The outer gate gives admittance to a romanesque cloister, almost entirely paved with ancient tombstones. Adjacent to the cloister are remains of the old chapter house in the pointed style of architecture. The abbey church, though horribly disfigured, with the best intentions, in 1774, still shows some traces of its early romanesque character. Till the above-mentioned date, it had exceptionally preserved its old decorations, being entirely lined with old frescoes, and having its choir closed in by a wooden rood-screen with its rood.

We were conducted over the establishment by the reverend prior, assisted by Father Anselm, who greatly lamented the architectural ravages of the eighteenth century. In that same century St. Peter's Abbey was a not unimportant scientific centre, and its zoological and mineralogical collections are still worth a visit, especially the latter, which is very rich. There are also interesting and instructive models illustrating the topography and geology of the neighborhood and of the Salzkammergut generally. The treasury of its church is also rich, and its library of fifty thousand volumes contains many precious manuscripts, the chief of which, "The Book of Life," goes back to the sixth century, and contains a long list of benefactors with their anniversaries, for masses. There are also manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries not less wonderful for their state of complete preservation than for the brilliancy and beauty of their illuminations.

It being very near the hour of dinner, we waited in an anteroom to the refectory for its arrival. Therein are hung the portraits of a long line of abbots, including the one who welcomed to the abbey my predecessor Dr. Dibdin.* In the refectory itself we met the abbot, a bright, rather small and youngish man, who cordially shook hands and invited us to take our place beside him at the high table. The company consisted, this being vacation time, only of the abbot, twelve monks, five novices, three guests, and some lay brothers. The guest beside us was Dr. von Schafliaentl, professor of geology at Munich, who was the only German present who could speak any English. The repast was of the usual plain character, but the wine fully merited the reputation it has acquired and made at Stein (near Vienna), where the community possess a vineyard.

Before taking our leave we visited the abbot in his lodgings, which are remarkably elegant, and consist of seven richly furnished apartments and an oratory. He seemed to take an amiable pleasure in showing us everything of

interest, and cordially invited us to renew our visit.

St. Peter's Abbey is rich, but only contains about fifty monks when all are at home. Not many are required for external work, as not more than half a dozen parishes belong to the abbey. With St. Peter's terminated our long-desired visit to these curious instances of ecclesiastical survival, the still established and endowed monasteries of Austria, which we found to be just what we had anticipated to find them. That these were no abodes of stern austerity we knew, but we hardly expected to find such diminished observance as regards public worship. The men with whom we conversed had much book learning, and some were devoted to one or other of the natural sciences. We found also that they were well up in the politics of the day. Nevertheless we were surprised to find that none of the five abbots we visited were any more able to converse in either French or English than were those visited by Dibdin sixty-seven years before. It should be recollected, however, that the principals are selected largely with a view to wise administration of the abbey lands, and not for learning. All the five, in spite of the more or less sumptuousness of their lodgings, partook of the plain monastic fare, and we remarked the earnest gravity with which each superior took his part in whatever of devotion we witnessed. The existing communities are not responsible for relaxations of monastic discipline which already existed before the present monks joined them. Nor would it be fair to expect that men who had attached themselves to a body, enjoying a certain degree of comfort and freedom, should readily acquiesce in the institution or reintroduction of severities for which they never bargained. Though we met with a certain breadth of view and tolerant spirit in those we ventured to converse with on subjects affording opportunity for the display of such qualities, yet it would not be just to conceal that we met with no tendency to what would be called unorthodoxy by the strictest theologians. At Kremsmünster, at MÖlk, and at St. Peter's we took occasion to turn the conversation upon Dr.

* See vol. iii. p. 197.

Döllinger, and in each case we found that with expression of the warmest personal esteem there was manifested the most unqualified condemnation of the line he had taken. Whatever may be thought, however, of these institutions, whether they may be admired or their continuance in their present state deprecated, they are full of interest for us in England, as it is more than probable

that such as they are our own abbeys would have become, had events in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries turned out otherwise in England than they did turn out, so that abbots of St. Albans and St. Edmunds might still be sitting in our House of Lords beside our Archbishops of Canterbury and York.—*Nineteenth Century*.

REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

BY LEON METCHNIKOFF.

I.

THE most momentous intellectual conquest of our day is, perhaps, the discovery of the great law of the unity and continuity of life, generally styled the law of evolution. Not only are the remotest branches of knowledge—as, *e.g.*, physics and psychology, or chemistry and politics—connected by it into a systematic and harmonious whole; but by it also has been realized that union between science and philosophy for which the clearest minds of former ages longed in vain. The secular feud between idealists and materialists ceases on the solid ground of the evolutionary doctrine, where every science becomes philosophical without surrendering to any metaphysical or *à priori* conception; whilst, on the other hand, our psychological and ethical inquiries acquire a firm basis and scientific precision and accuracy as soon as they are touched by the vivifying spirit of this theory.

Since we admit the unity of life, and since we consider cosmic phenomena, in spite of their amazing apparent diversity, only as various manifestations or consecutive degrees of one evolution, we are compelled to infer that our methods of political or historical knowledge ought to be essentially identical with those generally prevailing in physical or biological researches. Metaphysical speculations on social matters, in which the greatest philosophers of former centuries delighted, lose their hold upon the sceptical mind of our age, and even the economic empiricism of Adam

Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, grows inadequate to the modern demand for positive knowledge of the natural laws pervading the evolution of human societies. Sociology, *i.e.*, a strictly scientific statement of these laws, is considered nowadays as an integral part, as the necessary “*couronnement de l'édifice*” of a methodical conception of the world. The very name of sociology has been created *ad hoc* by Comte, who esteemed himself to be the founder of that *Novum Organum* or Gospel of modern intellectual regeneration.

In his classification of sciences, based upon their increasing concreteness and speciality, he states that science, though essentially one in opposition to metaphysics and theology, ought to be divided into branches, or sciences in a more restricted acceptation of the word, each of them corresponding to a well-defined series, the number of which he fixed at six, as follows: first, Mathematics; second, Astronomy; third, Physics; fourth, Chemistry; fifth, Biology; and sixth, Sociology.

Without insisting upon the number of these divisions or their philosophic value, I shall only consider the limits of sociology as they have been traced by the master-hand of the French patriarch of that strange mixture of knowledge and faith (“*Catholicism minus Christ and plus erudition*,” as it has been styled), which still holds sway over so many minds under the name of the Positive Philosophy, and the peculiarities of which are partly due to the depressed state of his health at the time when he

wrote his most important sociological works, and partly, perhaps, to his native pedagogic whims.

According to Comte, sociology ought to be a science, so to speak, exclusively human. Social facts may be common in the life of animals, and even of plants, but he entreats the sociologists of his school not to pay them any attention. While other sciences are cultivated for the sake of truth, Comte would have sociology to be learned only for the sake of human morality. As to the methods of sociological research, he admitted them in his first writings to be similar to the strictly scientific methods of observation and induction, but he soon retracted that admission, and declared that sceptical analysis ought not to enter the sacred precincts, synthesis alone being worthy of such elevated study. Thus he voluntarily created an abyss between science and sociology.

Referring to the limits and object of sociology, the statements of the great founder of the French positive philosophy appear, in certain respects, far more worthy of acceptance. Selecting, arbitrarily, the human individual as the starting-point of his researches, he observes that one part only of our activity is based upon egoistic instincts arising from need of nutrition or personal preservation in general; that part, including our uppermost psychological recesses, belongs to the biological domain. Sociology includes the remainder—viz., that part of human activity which is based not upon individual self-satisfaction, but upon what he calls *altruistic* instincts, supposing them to be inherent in every living being. The physiological roots of *altruism* he perceives in the sexual attraction, the natural result of which is the *association* of a male and a female for the preservation of species,—an end not personal to either of them.

A psychologist would observe first, that Comte uses the word "instinct" in a sense which is not very clear and is throughout unscientific;—for, according to modern researches,* we do "*instinctively*," i.e., unconsciously, that which previously we did knowingly, and thus to account for an "instinct" as a

primum movens sounds somewhat like the "purgative force of the rhubarb;"—secondly, that the distinction he makes between egoistic and altruistic instincts is superficial. From the subjective point of view, it is obvious that whether they act under the impulse of sexual attraction or under that of hunger, individuals aim merely at the satisfaction of physiological (egoistic) want; nor are their objective results so essentially different as Comte pretends: hunger as well as sexual attraction is able to lead men and animals—in some cases to struggle, in others to *co-operation*. And if he did not exclude the social life of animals from the field of his humanitarian sociology, he might easily perceive that associations for food or for self-defence have generally a far more social character than primitive conjugal alliances for progeny.

Nevertheless, the greatest, perhaps the only valuable, service rendered by Comte to social science lay in the very clear distinction he made between the sociological and the biological domains, when he referred to sociology only such aggregation of individuals as is based on *co-operation*, conscious or unconscious, and abandoned groupings based on struggle to biology. Thus, I may say, he opened the door of true social science without himself entering its precincts, and, unfortunately, I must add, misleading his followers with his erroneous statements as to the unavoidable subjectivity of the methods of social knowledge. I insist upon that high service; that remarkable definition of the boundaries and of the object of sociology appears, so to say, drowned amid the numberless quaintnesses of his whole system, and none of his admirers, orthodox or schismatic, have ever cared so far as to disengage from his hardly readable volumes the few lines.

II.

Owing to his restricted acknowledgment of the principle of the unity of Nature, Comte appears, at any rate, scarcely a precursor of the modern scientific evolutionism. Looking for a more complete and methodical compendium of that theory, we have to cross the Channel and to approach Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and his

* Romanes, various writings; also A. Herzen, "Studii fisiologici sopra la volontà."

many other valuable essays on ethical, political, and other sociological subjects. No mind could perceive more perspicuously than Herbert Spencer does the admirable unity of Nature, and no pen could describe it with half so much clearness and attraction as his. While the science of Comte, always behind his age, appears like a mosaic of six stray pieces—and the author takes painful heed to make us feel the gaps which he supposes really to exist between them—the science of Spencer on more than one point gets the start of the erudition of modern specialists, and is throughout livingly and harmoniously one, according to the unity of Nature.

In the system of Spencer, as in that of Comte, sociology appears at the top of the scientific series, but with him this pinnacle of knowledge is really and solidly connected with the building itself. In spite of their much greater complexity, social phenomena are essentially identical with those of inferior cosmic life. Sociology for Herbert Spencer is a physical science like others, requiring no peculiar synthetic or subjective methods, and its aim with him cannot be any other than the reduction of the specific laws of social life to the universal laws of motion.

Passing to the delimitation of the sociological domain and to the definition of the object of that science by Herbert Spencer, I must observe that those matters, in modern evolutionism, present a degree of complication which Comte avoided by the artificial isolation he created for sociology in his philosophical system. Natural science teaches us that association is the law of every existence. What we usually call society in common speech is only a particular case of that general law. A being, whether social or not, is never absolute, indivisible; but essentially comparative and multiple, resulting from the action of a number of forces converging on one point.

Political and social systems speak a good deal about "individual" and "society;" but the very point where the individual ends and society begins has never yet been fixed with any accuracy. The most prominent botanists and zoologists, who have to deal with this matter for their own technical pur-

poses, have been led to acknowledge several degrees of individuality: we can consider each individual as a whole, or a person, in comparison with the individuals of a degree beneath it; but when we compare it with the individuality of a superior degree, it soon loses its personality and appears as a part, a member, or an organ. There are myriads of plants (*algæ*) and animals (*infusoria*), which are styled monocellules and which, indeed, are considered as consisting of one single organic element or cell, although their anatomical structure appears, sometimes, very complex and perfect in its peculiar style. But organic cells quite identical with these form also aggregations, or associations, more or less compound; and such groups of cells either live independently, unfolding their own botanical or zoological individuality, or enter, in the shape of textures and organs, into the composition of other still superior individual beings. Men, like other *mammalia*, are, in fact, associations of such colonies of cells. Our inveterate tendency to consider ourselves as an end and a centre of the creation makes us prone to prejudice that our own individuality is the only genuine one.

It would be hardly possible to review in a few lines the remarkable researches into the various degrees of vegetable and animal individuality of Nägeli, Virchow, Huxley, Haeckel, and many others; and it is beyond my competence to settle whether absolute individuality, *i.e.*, morphological indivisibility, ought to be granted to cells—as was asserted till the last few years by the most authoritative scholars—or whether organic cells themselves consist of individualized elements (*plastids*) still more primordial. But that is not intimately connected with the main object of the present essay, and the biologists are now somewhat at variance on the point. I shall only observe that the great De Candolle distinguished six degrees of individuality in plants alone; Schleiden reduced that number to three (the cell, the shoot, the *caulis* or stock), while Haeckel, again, doubled that number. For shortness' sake, we may admit the classification very recently (in 1883) proposed by a young Italian scholar, M.

Cattaneo,* who, considering the question from a zoological point of view, fixed the number of such degrees of individuality at four, as follows: 1. *plastids*, i.e., cells or any other primordial elements, after dividing which we should get not a being of any kind, but mere amorphous organic matter; 2. *merids*, i.e., colonies of such plastids; 3. *zoids*, i.e., such individuals as are autonomous so far as their individual preservation is concerned, but which are obliged to unite with other individuals of the same series for preservation of species (like superior animals and men); and 4. *demis*, i.e., colonies of zoids: conjugal couples or pairs, families, tribes, societies.

Assuming that the proper aim of sociology is the investigation of the natural laws regulating the connections between individuals and society, it is obvious that before we approach sociological studies themselves we must answer the preliminary question—which of the various degrees of individuality above mentioned we accept as the starting-point of our researches; or, in other terms, where ought the domain of social science properly to begin?

For Comte social life begins as soon as two individuals of the series of *zoids* (he explicitly says, man and woman) unite themselves in a conjugal pair, the result of which union is the arising of a *dem*, i.e., a compound individual of a superior species. Thus he asks us to look for the object of sociology, not in the material fact of an aggregation, but in the *consensus* or convergence of forces represented by the uniting individuals, aiming at an end which is personal to none of them. In that sense his teaching seems to be of capital significance for the progress of the real social science. But that meaning can be only obtained from the spirit of his doctrine, not from its letter; and the great philosopher himself was more than once false to his own premises. It seems that Comte was not fully aware of the extreme difficulty of settling in a scientific sense the point where individual life becomes social, and we hasten to see how the far more learned English evolutionist—I mean

Herbert Spencer—gets out of the whirlpool where the ship of the French positive philosophy foundered with all hands on board.

In his "Principles of Sociology" Herbert Spencer pays but little attention to these preliminary questions as to the limits and the specific laws of sociology; and we are compelled to go back as far as his "First Principles," etc., to get a knowledge of the way in which those questions are answered by his system. This is to be regretted, not so much because of the practical inconvenience of perusing many volumes about matters but indirectly connected with the object of our researches, but far more on account of the impossibility of summarily reviewing so monumental a work in the few pages of this essay.

III.

To French Positivism, sociology appeared too much isolated from genuine knowledge by a gulf which Comte asserted to be unfathomable. With the modern scientific school, the danger comes rather from the opposite side, and sociology is threatened, so to say, with being swallowed up, or absorbed, by zoology.

Indeed, to botanists and zoologists is due the capital discovery of the unquestionable fact that (with the single exception of the lowest monocellular ones) organisms are societies. And if we were arbitrarily to reserve the appellation of society exclusively to the *demis* of M. Cattaneo's classification, still we could not get out of the difficulty even by such an anthropomorphic (i.e., anti-scientific) restriction. An "organism is a society"—that great sensational thesis is imposed on our mind more and more with every new advance of natural science; while, on the other hand, the chief sociologists of these later years, starting from their more or less synthetic point of view, come to the conclusion that "Society is an organism."* The great Darwinian law of the struggle for life, which is the specific law of evolutionary biology, plays a part still more and more prominent in the most recent sociological writings, and the very object of social

* "Le colonie lineari e la morfologia dei molluschi."

* See the *Revue Philosophique* of M. Ribot, for 1883, *passim*.

science appears to be well-nigh dissolved in the vast domain of biology.

Such a zoological conception of the task and method of sociology seems to prevail more especially in Germany. It would be scarcely possible to quote even the titles of the more or less eminent works published in that learned country with the aim of giving us a compendium of social knowledge based upon the Darwinian principle of struggle for life, and the thence ensuing natural selection. I think the apex of that remarkable philosophical revival is attained with the "Manual of Zoology," issued but a few years ago by the well-known German biologist, M. Jaeger. In that important book we find the fundamental sociological phenomena accounted for in a few pages, entitled "Theory of Biological Individualities," and forming the necessary complement to the "Theory of Morphological Individualities," *i.e.*, individualities included in the scheme of a mere zoological classification.

M. Jaeger distinguishes three consecutive degrees of biological individuality, beginning with the *conjugal couple*, or *pair*, passing through the intermediary stage of a family, and finally rising to the highest phasis of its evolution in the form of *States*. For shortness' sake, I must pass over the discoveries of M. Jaeger with reference to the *primary* (conjugal pair) and *secondary* (family) biological individualities, and come directly to the most interesting political group or order of societies, for which M. Jaeger accounts as follows :—

"§ 220.—The tertiary biological individual, consisting of secondary ones, is the *State*. Its characteristic is the division of labor among the members of the community, and that leads sometimes to a morphological differentiation; each speciality of labor takes the name of a *trade*. That species of biological individuals is to be observed only in several insects (termites, ants, bees), and in men. Two cases are to be strictly distinguished in the formation of States :

(a) The State is formed by numerical increase of a family by reproduction; that is what we call '*States by Generation*.' The lowest form of them is the '*Sexual State*,' the uppermost form, proper only to man, is the '*National State*.'

(b) The State is formed by an aggregation of individuals unconnected by ties of proximate consanguinity, and varying considerably among themselves. A State of this kind can be met with among men

only, and is called *international* or *aggregative* (United States of America, Switzerland).

"The '*States by Generation*' are the most natural ones, because the regulating principle of every organization—*viz.*, '*Subordination*,' exists there in the presence of ancestors of various degrees. The '*State by aggregation*' encounters far more difficulty of organization, because its members are, at first, merely '*co-ordinated*,' and the principle of seniority is there null and void. The evolution of these '*States by aggregation*' presents the following stages :

(a) *Bipartite State* (*Parteistaat*)—*e.g.*, United States—external strength, but internal weakness; citizens perpetually suffering from insecurity.

(b) *Oligarchy*—seigniorial sovereignty, exercised at first by an aristocracy of money, which, by inheritance, is transformed into aristocracy of birth, what we call *Patriciate* (Classical Republics, Switzerland). When such a State does not perish prematurely, it then attains the phase of tyranny, and will follow thereafter the way of all flesh.

"§ 221.—In opposition to the preceding, and far above it, we find the State by generation formed of *cephalic* (having a chief) families, and all the members of which are united by the ties of consanguinity. We meet with that form of State among men and among animals, and we can divide the various stages of its evolution as follows :—

"1. '*Sexual State*,' consisting of two trades: the *reproductive* one (sexuated individuals), and the *working* trade (asexuated individuals), the former securing the preservation of species, and the latter the preservation of individuals.

"2. '*State with Slaves*' (*Sklavenstaat*) is a secondary and superior form of the State by generation, and a consequence of a military State, which, by pillage, embodies in itself a number of individuals not connected with it by ties of consanguinity; but such individuals here are not, as in the aggregative States, coördinate only, and thus capable of checking the organization, but subordinate . . . (ancient Rome and the States formed by several ants).

"3. '*State of Property*' is an immediate sequence of the former. While servilism consists in the incorporation of individuals who can enter into sexual connections with their masters, property is the addition of animal species with which such connections are impossible (domestic animals in the pastoral States, or agricultural States when vegetables and cultivated plants are introduced).

"We have enumerated the various forms of State presented by animals. The further development of these organisms being proper only to man, is beyond our province; we must add, however, that the most elevated stage which can be attained by a society—Constitutional Monarchy—is exclusively proper

to the *national* period of the 'State by generation,' while 'aggregation' can lead only to less elevated forms (Republic, Federation, or Despotism)."

I heartily wish these astonishing pages were engraved on marble plates and put into the drawing-room of every intemperately Darwinizing philosopher: perhaps they would pay them that valuable service which Spartan parents expected the performance of an intoxicated Helot to render to the morality of their children. However, I pray my readers to pay attention to the fact, that the above-quoted paragraphs are not due to any personal peculiarity of the learned author, but that they are logically consistent with that zoological conception of the object of sociology which grows, every year, more and more prevalent, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, and which already numbers among its followers protagonists of more unquestionable philosophical eminence. Such is, for instance, a former Austrian minister, M. Schaeffle, whose "*Bau und Leben des Socialen Körpers*" can scarcely be ignored by any modern student of social subjects. The fundamental principle pervading that work is the essential identity of the object of sociology with organic beings. And if that capital thesis be true, nobody can say what limit could be reasonably fixed between social science and zoology, and thus I am not able to perceive why M. Jaeger ought not to put the Bismarckian *Kulturkampf*-ing Monarchy at the very summit of a zoological classification.

I could account for the eminent position held by Herbert Spencer on the preliminary question of sociology no better than by stating that he ranges himself at a *juste milieu* between Comte's humanitarian conception of sociology and that of the modern school, boldly jumping over every political and moral difficulty, and confident that the great "struggle for life" principle, so brightly pervading the whole domain of modern biology, is also the only needful key to the mysteries of social life and knowledge.

Since his "First Principles" appeared, we find Herbert Spencer among the first who have proclaimed with requisite scientific competence that society ought to be considered as a living be-

ing. From that capital thesis he always draws the best of his arguments directed against "revolutionary metaphysicians," *i.e.*, against those who, being confident in the social philosophy of the last century, and especially in Rousseau, esteemed that the "Social Contract"—a mere creation of conscious human agencies—can be made and unmade at will and at any time, by a decree either of a government regularly existing in peaceful days or of a revolutionary Committee of Public Safety.

Since the time of Menenius Agrippa society has been only too frequently compared to a living body, and the term "social organism" has for long insensibly acquired rights of citizenship in the languages of civilized nations. But when Herbert Spencer teaches that society is an organism, and that it "grows," he does not mean to pay any tribute to the usual metaphorical style, nor are his words intended allegorically. In his "*Principles of Sociology*" that part of his philosophical programme is somewhat lightly touched upon, in a way which may, perhaps, seem not convincing enough to those who do not know the ample unfolding of it in his previous writings. I do not know whether, in so acting, Herbert Spencer was inspired only by a natural apprehension of repeating his own former statements, or rather by the fact that his organic theory of society was in our days already admitted even beyond the limits, perhaps, which he himself would think desirable. However this may be, after having pointed out the analogy of societies and living organisms, he warns us that the analogy, nevertheless, does not go so far as complete identification; and, from his former cross-arguments, he re-quotes the two capital ones. Society, he says, is a living organism, but still it is not to be confounded with biological organisms: first, because it is *discrete*, while plants and animals are *concrete*; and, secondly, because its sensibility is not concentrated in a specific sensorium, but each of its members is capable of pleasure and suffering on its own account, all in the same degree, or nearly so. Thus, in dealing with zoological organisms, we have to consider only the benefit of the whole, while in the sociologic domain we must

especially consider the benefit of the parts. Although he adds that those restrictions are rather a digression than a part of his subject, nevertheless, in my opinion, they amply justify our not making Mr. Spencer accountable for the astonishing discoveries of a M. Jaeger.

IV.

Passing to the pragmatism of Herbert Spencer's sociology, we clearly see that he holds a position far nearer to Comte's definition of that science than to the zoological school, which we for shortness' sake may style German, although it reckons well-known adherents also in other countries.* Herbert Spencer does not so rigorously as Comte proscribe animal societies from his sociological province, theoretically; but practically he begins the descriptive or concrete part of his work just at the point at which French positivism wishes it to be commenced—viz., with the appearance of the human family.

That the family is the elementary cell of society, is a commonplace; but there are many commonplaces which are very questionable. If animal life be considered, then it is obvious that no social organization, properly so called—i.e., no economical and political association whatever, could spring from a sexual or family sprout, since we see a good deal of co-operation among animals whose matrimonial conditions do not exhibit the least permanence or organization. Wolves, for instance, pressed by hunger, form vast co-operative societies for robbery, with division of labor remarkably far advanced, though we find no family life among them. Wild horses live in unbounded sexual promiscuity, but they, nevertheless, form perfectly organized flocks "co-ordination" and "subordination." On the other hand, large-sized *felidæ* (e.g., lions) form permanent monogamous families, not admitting divorce or separation, but still they may be called typically unsociable, and such is also the case with *Gorillas*, although those anthropomorphic apes have a highly organized polygamous

family. Many more instances could be easily obtained from the classical works of Brehm ("Thierleben"), Houzeau ("Facultés intellectuelles des animaux comparées à celles de l'homme"), and many others. A young French scholar, M. A. Espinas,* states quite correctly that there is antagonism rather than filiation between animal society and family; and that remarkable statement he logically and biologically accounts for: where there is no family, young ones could hardly be bred, were they not protected by an organization of a larger social type—viz., by some kind of political society.

The modern progress of ethnological studies by no means confirms the supposition that, among men, social life must begin with the constitution of a family, which is generally considered as the natural school of subordination. Of course, we know that some dark Australians, Patagonians, and other destitute people, among whom there is scarcely any political organization, or none at all, enjoy the benefits of patriarchal subordination to such a degree that their wives are always beaten and not unfrequently eaten. But, against one such example, instances of the contrary—viz., of economic and political organization co-existing with sexual promiscuity—can be quoted by scores.† It may be observed that ethnological data, like statistical figures, can be only too easily compelled to testify for or against any philosophical thesis we like, until we subordinate them to a rigorous methodical system. I will, therefore, adduce no more examples, but only point to the island of Ceylon, where wild Veddas of the interior, wanting nearly all social organization, present, nevertheless, a permanent family with patriarchal subordination; while, on the other hand, civilized Cingalese or Malabarians, in spite of their highly advanced economic and political conditions, still preserve one of the most rudimentary forms of sexual connections—viz., polyandry. I am prone to think that the single example of the island of Ceylon, if duly investigated, would show to demonstration

* I can quote, e.g., in France, "l'Homme et la Société," par le Dr. G. Le Bon, or Dr. Letourneau's "La Sociologie par l'Ethologie," etc.

* Alfred Espinas, "Des Sociétés Animales."

† Waitz and Gerland, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker."

that the antagonism between family and society, noticed by A. Espinas among birds especially, is also the lot of men.

Further, in reviewing the well-known writings of Maine, Morgan, Lubbock, Bachofen, Giraud-Teulon, Elie Reclus, and others, we cannot avoid the conclusion that sexual promiscuity more or less restricted—viz., unbounded hetairism, polyandry, collective marriages as they still exist among so many tribes of Southern Asia,* the *hrub* or the "frank-quarter" of the Hassanian Arabs,† etc.—preceded everywhere the organization of a family based on subordination of wives. And we must ask ourselves, Who regulated or restrained the primordial unbounded promiscuity, since family did not exist there at all? And I do not see how we can help coming to the conclusion that some social organization must have existed in these promiscuous, that is, pre-familial times. Indeed, only a regular collective power could prevent females from being monopolized by the strongest of the tribe, and thus prevent primordial promiscuity from being transformed directly into the patriarchal family of the well-known biblical type, without passing through so many intermediate degrees.

The little digression above made was intended to show that there is no sound reason whatever for commencing sociology with the constitution of the family. Comte alluded to such a commencement in his well-known statement, that sociology is the science of the *altruistic* instincts which, he supposed, were based upon the sexual organization of our species. Herbert Spencer does not state his reasons for following in that respect his French predecessor. Thus, his particular position between Comte's humanism on one side and the zoological "struggle for life" school in social science, remains somewhat uncertain.

Indeed, M. Schaeffle insinuates that the great leader of British evolutionism ought, logically, to belong to the school that admits no limits between the social and the biological organisms. In his

* Elie Reclus, "Les Nafrs," in M. Lanesan's *Revue Internationale des Sciences Biologiques*.

† Brun-Rollet, "Le Nil Blanc et le Soudan."

"Structure and Life of the Social Body" already mentioned, he endeavors to demonstrate that one, at least, of the two restrictions opposed by Herbert Spencer to the organic theory of society is null and void. In § 2, Chap. III., of his "Introduction," entitled, "Analogies and Differences between Organs, Textures, Cells, and Intercellular Substances of Plants, Animals, and of Societies," he enunciates the idea that the discrete character attributed by Herbert Spencer to the social organism does not constitute any essential difference between societies and plants or animals (p. 53). And in the book itself, 1st Section, Division III., p. 93, he repeats his argument while describing public wealth, considered as the intercellular substance of the social organism. The gist of his demonstration is as follows: "In biological bodies cells are not closely contiguous throughout, but the connections or interstices between them are filled by a less perfectly organized matter, such as, e.g., the serum of the blood, etc." And so likewise, he suggests, in a social body distances between individuals certainly exist, but they are filled up by material objects also of an inferior structure, serving to preserve connection between the social organs: these are, roads, railways, telegraphs, etc.—in short, what is usually called public wealth in general.

As to the second of Herbert Spencer's restrictions—viz., the fact that society does not possess a specific sensitive organ, but that each of its members is fit to feel pleasure or pain for himself—I venture to observe that that statement is true only with reference to *certain* organisms and to *certain* societies. Human societies indeed consist of individuals who are physiologically autonomous and depend upon one another, biologically, only for the procreation of the species. But Herbert Spencer perfectly knows that such human individuals, in their turn, ought to be considered as associations of biological individuals of a somewhat inferior style. And should we further descend the biological scale, we again meet with living beings whose sensibility is diffused, and individuals become even more autonomous than they are in the political societies of our days, because they do

not depend upon each other, either for reproductive or for nutritive purposes, and seem to be merely connected by a simple mechanical tie.

If sociology is to interfere with such matters, it should be only to inquire what is the mysterious reason inducing the elementary plastids or cells to unite together, and thus to form those primordial societies which are, perhaps, the starting-point of sociological evolution, but which certainly are the starting-point of all progress in vegetable as well as animal life. That reason seems the more mysterious because such aggregations are by no means imposed on the cells or plastids for their personal preservation, since we see myriads of those "absolute individuals" multiplying and prospering in their unsocial loneliness, and even attaining to such a complex structure that eminent observers even doubt whether they really are monocellular.* Whether they are or not, I believe we shall better leave to be answered by special students of anatomical and embryological matters. But, since we are speaking about sociology in its present condition, it becomes obvious that the main thing we want, before and above all, is a rational scheme for classifying in a systematic way the rich store of facts, biological, ethnological, statistical, etc., which the easy erudition of our days keeps ready at our disposal. Mountains of magnificent marble blocks heaped and thrown up at random are not worth so much as the most modest dwelling; and however precious these scientific data may be, we run the danger of being only confused by them so long as we have no convenient plan for their rational classification.

I have already given reasons why the sociological scheme of Comte seems inadequate to the task; and I hope it would be superfluous to give other reasons why I do not hasten to accept the organic "struggle for life" sociological scheme which, through M. Schaeffle's scholastic subtleties, leads us directly to the rough quaintnesses of M. Jaeger. From Herbert Spencer's intermediate position we can only perceive that it is connected with Comte's humanism on

its practical side, while his own organic theory, though restricted, theoretically brings him nearer to the zoological conception of the object of social science. We know what kind of restrictions Herbert Spencer quotes, but—and this is to be regretted—the author gives us no criterion plain and sharp for judging whether the barrier thus created is strong enough to prevent the sociological domain from being overrun with merely zoological notions. At least, one of the two (the discrete character of societies) could be easily scaled by M. Schaeffle, and we have already seen that the author himself does not quote it as very substantial.

Far more substantial, indeed, ought to be the second of Herbert Spencer's restrictions—viz., that a society does not possess a special *sensorium* like superior animals, and thus a social organism cannot practically be allowed any end or aim but the welfare of its organs and members. However attractive to us may be that important point of his sociological scheme, we must own that the restriction refers only to a particular case observable in two species of societies, but is not philosophically inherent in our conception of organism or of society. And indeed the polemic raised some years ago by Professor Huxley about what he calls Herbert Spencer's *administrative nihilism* yields us a sufficient proof that the prominent English evolutionist has not yet said his very last word upon that important subject.

V.

The "grand" Colbert, anxious for the development of commerce, convoked the richest merchants of Paris in order to take their advice. "Monseigneur," said a certain Hazon, a first-class wholesale dealer from the Rue St. Denis, "if you are so kindly disposed toward us, pray, let us alone: commerce certainly will prosper when you don't care a bit about it." That reply of a Parisian *gros bonnet* is the very motto of the political theory of Herbert Spencer.

Of course, I need not remind my readers of the remarkable essays published by the author of "First Principles," in the pages of this same CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, on governmental non-interference. I merely endeavor

* Ed. Claparède and Lachmann's "Researches on Infusoriæ."

to state that each of the three branches into which modern theoretical sociology divides itself has its proper political programme according to its philosophical premises. Thus, French positivism is prone to a kind of learned patriarchy, somewhat like a scientific papalism or the Chinese Tribunal of Ceremonies. The "struggle for life" school puts forth the *Kulturkampf*, either Social-democratic or Bismarckian; while Herbert Spencer revives the old Manchester *laissez faire, laissez passer*—i.e., the doctrine of no governmental or revolutionary interference.

I do not remember exactly who was the prominent man who said that people "have not the age of their own years, but that of the century they live in." Our century grows mature, i.e., sceptical, and no reasonable man in our days, provided that his mind is of the average height of our century, will espouse any one of these three political theories without being sure whether it really rests on a solid scientific basis. Hackneyed commonplaces, splinters of wornout metaphysical doctrine, have lost their credit with us. An invincible impulse draws us toward the reconstitution of an ethical unity which could reconcile our mind with our heart, our avowed principles with our everyday dealings: but that unity ought to be strictly scientific. Our mind (using Comte's admirable words) consents to be the minister of our heart, but it never again shall become its slave. The public conscience is tired with the hypocrisy of so many years during which we have practised Malthus six days in the week, sanctifying the seventh by preaching Christ, with his disrespectful hints upon rich men, camels, and needles. And no practical case of morals or politics can be knowingly settled before we have got a rational knowledge of those general laws for which man has always been scrutinizing the powers he supposed to rule over Nature.

The nature-pervading spirit most generally recognized by learned men in our days is the spirit of evolution, and Herbert Spencer has gained to himself unquestionable rights to our gratitude for having shown how that general law mechanically comes from the still more universal law of permanence of motion.

But while his evolutionism leads us directly to the longed-for intellectual unity so far as the inferior branches of knowledge are concerned, in far more important social matters we see three essentially different political theories, each of them pretending to be the very last and the most genuine fruit of the root of evolution. Besides, we know also other political doctrines haunting modern minds, and which are generally put together under the name of *revolutionary*, on account of the warlike position held by their adherents toward the regularly constituted political and social powers and agencies.

If we were to follow step by step the most prominent leaders of the political theories above mentioned, we could scarcely get a convenient standpoint to settle with accuracy which of them all ought to be considered as the most authentic progeny of their common evolutionary stock. For this end we are rather compelled to choose an independent position from which we can survey at once the most unquestionable scientific results of them all, and to trace at our own risk and peril some narrow path leading us directly from the physical basis to the sociological summit of the evolution.

Starting from the principle of unity and continuity of life, we need not repeat that any classification of cosmic phenomena and of scientific branches has its reason, not in the reality itself, but only in the impossibility inherent in our mind of perceiving unity without confusion. A rational division of the scientific organism into a number of branches or series must be strictly conformable to the series of natural phenomena for each of which we are able to account by means of a single general law. Thus, returning to Comte's classification of science, we see that he considers as so many distinct branches astronomy, physics, and chemistry. But all the concrete phenomena observable within the domain of each of these sciences are already in our days explicable by means of a single law—that of gravitation, scientifically expounded by Newton. Nowadays, we are not only authorized to consider philosophically caloric, light, electricity, and chemical affinity as so many transformations of

mechanical motion, but we have learned, too, many a practical process of converting them into each other at our will. Hence, we can simplify the classification of the great French positivist without contradicting his own philosophical method, or the fundamental law of evolution, and thus we get the first term of a rational classification of sciences, which we may style *anorganology*.

But we cannot ascend the scale of natural evolution without meeting with orders of facts for which our mind is not able to account on the simple ground of the Newtonian law of gravitation: such, namely, are the complex phenomena of organic life; and, since Charles Darwin's time, we know that all that vast series of concrete phenomena can be reasonably referred to one single scientific principle, which is the law of struggle for life, with all its well-known logical consequences. Thus we become able to range all the various branches of knowledge dealing with the different stages of individual organic life under a single flag, bearing the celebrated Darwinian motto—Struggle for life.

Difficile est communis propria dicere, and I am well aware of the fact that my readers' attention would soon be tired with this apparent rehearsal of the spelling-book of evolutionism. Unfortunately, nevertheless, I am compelled to dwell still further upon the connections existing between anorganology and biology, or rather, between the concrete provinces proper to each of these sciences.

Of course, we do not want much perspicacity to distinguish an ass from a flower, or both from a stone. But the more we enlarge our knowledge of natural life, the less we become able to fix any limit between vegetable and animal organisms, or between organisms generally and mineral bodies. The two great orders of cosmic life—the organic and the inorganic—are not superimposed, like geological strata in some parts of the earth's crust, but they entwine each other, ramifying still more and more, till their branches become infinitesimal, like capillary arteries and veins in a human body. Still more. Are we sure that the distinction we make between inorganic and organic series corresponds to different provinces really existent, and is not merely due to the impossi-

bility of our mind accounting for certain phenomena on the ground of a single law, without the addition of a new one, more limited? I do not know; but even if the second supposition be true, still, we could not abandon the distinction between *anorganology* and *biology*, without confusing the little we know of reality.

Inorganic life does not disappear where organic life begins, and, under more than one aspect, the most perfect human body behaves itself just as any physical body would do in similar conditions. Every further step of evolution implies all the former ones *plus* something else which was not perceptible before, or, perhaps, did not even exist there except virtually. *Iguanodon*, *Pterodactylus*, etc., may not live in our day, but we can easily see them, duly improved and corrected, in so many animals of our present zoological epoch. Individuals, and even species, died which could not stand the improvements required by the progress of zoological evolution, but the type, instead of dying, lives with an intensity highly increased. Thus, if we would search for a natural province where the law of gravitation abdicates its power for the sake of the struggle for life, we certainly should be at a loss; nor could we point to any natural province where inorganic life is replaced entirely by organic life. Our best reason for strictly distinguishing biology from anorganology is that we cannot satisfactorily account for organic phenomena by gravitation alone: the *surplus* above mentioned has accumulated there to such a degree that we must look for a specific principle.

Hence, the best definition of anorganology would be, that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena on the ground of the Newtonian law only, whether they occur in the heavens or on the earth, in a rock or in a human body. Biology, then, is that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena requiring the addition of more specific law—viz., the Darwinian law of struggle for life and transformism. Such phenomena, indeed, are observable only in individuals,* but these individuals may be

* Some modern cosmologists state that the stars—our earth with its moon at least—ought

either microscopic plastids or exceedingly large aggregations of the most perfect individuals, styled *zoids* in M. Cattaneo's classification : nevertheless, the phenomena must be referred to the biological domain so far as they are explicable on the ground of the Darwinian law (struggle for life or competition), which is not a *deus ex machina*, but merely a synthesis of numberless mechanical, physical, and chemical agencies.

VI.

Returning now to the preliminary question of theoretical sociology, we find it very much simplified by these summary remarks. In fact, we need no longer care much about the hardly controverted thesis—whether society is or is not an organized body, and whether there exists or not any morphological boundary between individuals and societies. Societies may be individuals exactly as the most perfectly organized animals are, in their turn, mere physical bodies, but sociology still may be a science just as really, or rather rationally, distinct from biology, as biology itself is from astronomy, physics, or chemistry.

At first sight it appears that the organic theory of societies is of capital interest, and that when once we grant that society is a living being and that it grows, we thereby settle beforehand that no interference, governmental or revolutionary, is desirable with social matters : thus we seem compelled to espouse Herbert Spencer's political theory. But so it seems at first sight only. Far more unquestionable it is that potatoes grow, and that no crop of them can be yielded if we sow turnips in their place. Nevertheless, every agriculturist knows that the let-them-alone policy in such a case is by no means advisable, and that the crop directly depends on intelligent care paid to their thriving. Our boys and girls also grow, and even we may admit that in eight cases out of ten it would be better to let them grow alone rather than to submit them to the

pedagogic attention flourishing in a good many of our public and private schools. But could we reasonably pretend that no education at all is preferable to the smallest amount of rational education ?

It seems plain that we ought not to search for any natural region or province which could be called sociological throughout, and thus monopolized by merely sociological studies, because there is no such region in the world which could be styled organic in the absolute sense of the word, exclusive of phenomena of an inferior inorganic character. The only question to be settled is—whether or not there are series of phenomena not explicable by the Newtonian mechanical law supplemented by the Darwinian biological law of struggle for life or competition ? If there is none, then no sociology is required at all, and we must say that scientific organism has attained its full growth since anorganology is completed by a biology based on such a rational and strictly scientific ground as is the specific law of modern transformism. But when there are such series of phenomena, then it becomes plain that the binomial scientific series — anorganology and biology—ought to be completed by a third superorganic term (in Herbert Spencer's acceptation of that word) which can be no other than sociology. And, whether those phenomena are peculiar to human species only—which was the opinion of Comte—or whether they are observable in zoids of an inferior anatomical structure—which is the opinion of some prominent modern biologists—or, still further, whether we can meet with them all in the lower morphologic regions of colonies and even of plastids—that is only a secondary matter, which will be satisfactorily settled as soon as (and which cannot be reasonably settled before) we get rid of the preliminary question of the limits, specific methods, and of the very object of sociology.

Theoretically, no one among the most zealous adherents of the organic school in sociology goes so far as to deny that the completion of the binomial scientific series above by a third, a sociological term, is highly desirable; and we have seen that M. Jaeger himself modestly concedes that there may be social en-

to be considered as organic bodies. S. L. Brothier, "Histoire de la Terre." And it is plain that if we would grant to them any individuality, the attraction of small masses by larger ones should also assume a character of struggle.

tities of a higher order not included in his zoological province. Nevertheless, after the perusal of his pages quoted above, we cannot help becoming rather anxious about what may be the business of a "Sociolog der Zukunft," since a mere figure of zoological classification is able to convince every reasonable man that States *acephalic*, whether the great American Republic or Switzerland, are irrevocably, *vom Hause aus*, sentenced by a natural law to alternate torture between oligarchy and tyranny, unless they prefer to "perish prematurely;" while the unquestionable benefits of "Kulturkampf," out of which there is no salvation, are greedily monopolized by people whom the struggle for existence has endowed with national monarchy based upon *cephalic* family, etc.

Nobody has doubted for many years that struggle for existence is a very powerful agent of evolution. It remains only to settle whether it is really a scientific law (and as such it must be necessarily limited), or rather a kind of *deus ex machina* accounting for all, a materialistic Providence autocratically pervading the whole creation.

I must observe that if the struggle-for-existence principle could scientifically account for social phenomena, then the high merits of Charles Darwin would be much diminished in my eyes, because then it would appear that the most momentous philosophical work of our age was not his "Origin of Species," but far more the "Essay on Population," by Malthus. Indeed, the modern transformism (Alfred R. Wallace explicitly states it) is grounded upon the application to biology of that same law of competition which Malthus, as early as 1798, asserted to be the fundamental law of the social life of man. Thus the most modern writings of the struggle-for-existence sociological school, far from being the seed of something new and productive of future progress yet unknown, are rather mere rehearsals of a worn-out doctrine which, after being unfolded only a step further by Ricardo, soon lost all its scientific value with J. B. Say, and no sooner reconquered some uncontested rights to our attention than, with Rodbertus and K. Marx, it threw itself into the deep sea of modern socialism. It seems obvious that the hack-

neyed Malthusian axioms, now translated into the biological jargon of organic sociologists, cannot yield any more than they have already yielded in their original shape of the renowned "progressions" with their unstatistical ratios and with their ethical *couronnement de l'édifice* of more or less morally restrained procreation.

VII.

The shining merit of Darwin resides especially in the amazing perspicacity with which his genius transformed that worn-out politico-economical thesis into the very principle of regeneration, not only for the biological science of our day, but also for modern philosophy altogether. Such a miracle could be performed only by his clear perception of the fact that the great law of competition or struggle for life, unduly applied by the Malthusian politico-economy to a series of phenomena for which it cannot account, is really a capital principle pervading the individual life throughout. Since the Malthusian law, stating that the number of competitors always exceeds the means of subsistence, is true with animals, we might logically foresee that it would not do for human societies; because the animals, being far more prolific than men, simply consume the food they find ready in Nature, while the lowest human tribes—provided that they possess some social organization—generally produce a large part of what they consume; and slavery, appearing at a very low degree of social evolution, yields us a sufficient proof that, even in those destitute conditions, men united into a society produce more food than is strictly required for the subsistence of them all.

Herbert Spencer states with all the requisite evidence that the general law of evolution is the permanence of force, and we can follow it throughout the vast dominion of inorganic stages of evolution without being compelled to apply to any other law. It is only when we meet with the multiplicity of organized beings that a specific law is required, and then Charles Darwin brings in his struggle for existence philosophically, which does scientifically account for numberless transformations of living individuals. From the fact that social life

is the natural complement of the individual life, we are not authorized to infer that the fundamental law of both individual and social modes of being must be identical: organic life is, too, merely a complement of the inorganic, but it requires its specific law. In many cases we can easily see how the struggle for life impels men, like animals, to the constitution of a league or society; but even then we can assert *à priori* that the laws of an alliance are not the laws of war. In many other cases social action seems not to be imposed on them by considerations of personal preservation; but it is plain that the roots of social life must be deeply buried in their physiological needs and wants, egoistic, altruistic, or whatever else they may be.* Are not the roots of organic life itself buried also deeply in physical and chemical properties of matter? Besides, we know also not a less number of such instances where sociability is not only indifferent, but rather hurtful and dangerous from the point of view of competition and preservation of individuals alone.†

I have no room to quote here the remarkable researches of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, nor to cite instances which can be gathered easily from zoological and ethnological works. I trust that the following few lines, borrowed from A. Espinas's book about *Animal Societies*, will suffice. He says: "So far as *accidental societies* are concerned, utility (*l'intérêt*) seems to play the most prominent part, and sympathy (*i.e.*, a stimulus not explicable by the law of struggle or competition) only consolidates the ties which interest had formed. Among those who have an interest in forming societies, those only really do so who are prone to mutual sympathy. As to the *normal societies*, formed by animals of the same species, we are induced to give the first place to sympathy, admitting the instincts of preservation only as an element consolidating the unions connected by sympathy."

Further, I have already mentioned more than once that the first aggregations of plastids, which really are the starting-

point of morphological progress, have never yet been rationally accounted for by the law of struggle for life, and it seems rather questionable whether they ever can be. At least, a learned zoologist, Prof. Kessler, of St. Petersburg, in a paper read before the Zoological Society of that town, insisted upon the necessity of admitting the law of sociability, or co-operation, as a powerful agent of biological progress. Indeed, we cannot perceive any personal advantage arising to the cells or plastids from the fact of their aggregating together, and thus forming the first rudiment of a social or collective organism, instead of pursuing their individual advancement, as they ought to do, were there not a principle quite distinct from struggle pervading throughout the superior degrees of cosmic evolution in its organic stages.

Wherever we see a phenomenon of association—be it in the shape of a vegetable and animal organism, or in that of a more perfect human community—we cannot fail to detect something new, as essentially distinct from the law of individualistic competition or struggle, as that specific Darwinian law itself is distinct from the Newtonian universal law of gravitation. That something is, namely, the consensus of a number of more or less individualized forces aiming at an end, not personal to one of the allies, but common to them all, and that is what we call *co-operation*.

Such characteristic facts, proper to all phenomena of a series, are just what we call a principle or a scientific law. Thus, we cannot avoid acknowledging a principle superior to that of struggle, and we are induced to complete the binomial series of sciences stated above by a third term—viz., sociology—the specific law of which is *co-operation* (as struggle for life is the specific law of biology), and the object of which is the investigation of the natural means and ways by which, at various stages of evolution, is obtained that consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end common to them all. The proper domain of this superorganic science includes every department of the organized world (it being obvious that socialization must imply organization, and that no society can be found where the acting forces are not biologically individual-

* Interesting information on that account can be got in the well-known work of Prof. Van Beneden on "Parasitism, Mutualism, and Commensalism among Animals."

† See A. Espinas, "Des Sociétés Animales."

ized) where co-operation is observable. The only criterion of social science is thus co-operation, whether co-operating individuals are human or animals, zoids or plastids.

Herbert Spencer is perfectly right in denying the character of society* to a host of people listening to a lecture, but I doubt whether the reason on which he bases his statement—viz., the non-permanence of such aggregations, is adequate. We could easily exemplify many quite temporary aggregations, the sociological character of which appears unquestionable, since we see in them that convergence of individual forces to a common end which is the only criterion of a society. On the other hand, aggregations of men, or other zoids, might be permanent without our being obliged to consider them as sociological phenomena, because that characteristic of co-operation may be wanting altogether. Two men carrying a burden may be considered as a sociological rudiment, or cell, but a hundred men lodging in one house for their lifetime, or meeting together every day during twenty years at the Library of the British Museum, do not present any appreciable embryo of sociability. A nation may perhaps be considered at once as a *dem*, or biological entity, but before we account for its sociological character, we must inquire whether there is any co-operation, and in what degree, between the individuals forming the political whole, and by what means that degree of co-operation is obtained.

At the lowest degrees of the biological evolution, individuals of a very primordial anatomical structure (cells or plastids) cannot form a colony or society without mechanically adhering to each other or being connected together by some mechanical tie. Step by step a division of physiological labor, with its natural consequence, *subordination*, begins to be observable with individuals so connected together by merely physical ties. Prof. Huxley, in his polemic against Herbert Spencer, states quite rightly that the most perfect zoological beings present that subordination pushed to the extreme degree. In the zoids of a superior anatomical

structure (birds, mammalia, and men) we see the sensitiveness so completely concentrated in a specific sensorium, and the co-operating individuals so perfectly complying with the interests of the whole, that their physiological personality disappears, and they become mere organs. I must, nevertheless, observe that when we say, it is hot, that is not because the mercury rises in the thermometer, that rising being only an index of the rising temperature around; and should we come under the point at which mercury freezes, or above the point at which it boils, we ought to search for another criterion of the increasing or decreasing temperature. So the progress of subordination in superior biological organisms is only a morphological token of a greater co-operation obtained than would be possible with a less degree of subordination or with a still more primordial mechanical tie. But the evolution does not stop at that point, and the superior biological individuals, produced by such co-operative agency of organs based on subordination, in their turn unite together and form aggregations or societies of a superior style, called *dem*s.

The ties uniting together the members of these superior societies greatly vary: they may be partly more or less mechanical, like those which are characteristic of the lowest social order, but their mechanicality never reaches so far as a direct adherence (that is what Herbert Spencer means by the *discrete* character of societies as opposed to the concrete character of animals), or as any vascular membrane like those which unite together the individuals in a colony of molluscs; they may be also partly based on division of labor, but subordination here never attains that point at which the physiological autonomy of the individuals would disappear, and they become mere organs.

But, while on the further side of the sociological evolution mechanical adherence (1st degree), and subordination (2d degree), are considerably decreasing, a highly superior mode of obtaining co-operation begins here to be appreciable—viz., conscious and voluntary consensus of the members of the *dem*, or community (3d degree). I doubt whether a human or animal society can

* "Principles of Sociology," *loc. cit.*

be met with in which that specific element of conscious and voluntary consensus is wanting altogether, but it may intervene in various degrees. The more this superior element prevails over the two inferior ones (viz., mechanical aggregation and subordination), the more the co-operation obtained is conscious and voluntary, the further also a society is advanced on its evolutionary way. Hence, whenever we wish sociologically to account for a concrete phenomenon of community or aggregation, we ought to consider :—

1. The quantity of co-operation yielded.

2. The means, more or less conscious and voluntary, for obtaining consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end not personal to one of the allies.

Examples can be gathered in history and ethnology of societies not highly civilized, the members of which enjoy a freedom unknown in the most liberal European monarchies and republics in our day : such were the communities of Cossacks in Southern Russia in the 17th century, and such are, if M. Raffray* be trusted, the Abyssinian Shakos. But these people content themselves with co-operation in a degree which would appear very meagre from our civilized point of view. On the other hand, we see geographical regions—e.g., the Lower Valley of the Nile, or of the Yang-tze-Kiang and Hoang-ho—where physical conditions require from the inhabitants far more co-operation than they were able to yield freely and consciously in their state of civilization ; and, in fact, those countries have always been, and are still, classical for their despotism, either political, or castal, or whatever else it may be.

I sum up in a few words :—

1. *Mechanical Constraint*, which is compatible only with the lowest stages of the individualized (biological) life.

2. *Subordination* by specialization of labor, or by political tyranny (which is only a particular case of the former), always degrading for the larger part of the individuals united, if not for them all ; and

3. *Consensus* more and more *conscious* and *voluntary*.

Such are the three stages of sociological evolution, and, I think, the ratio of that progression is so easily appreciable, that I need not dwell more particularly upon it. It results that, so far as an end can be scientifically assigned to social evolution, that end can be but one : namely, anarchy — i.e., a large amount of co-operation of autonomous individuals as perfect as their biological organization allows, and that amount of co-operation yielded not by any mechanical tie, nor by any subordination, either by physiological or political constraint, but plainly and completely by their own conscious and free will in the modern psychological acceptance of these words.

Whether it please or displease the learned *Kulturträger* of whatever proclivities, the last word of the scientific theory of evolution is that very terrifying word, anarchy, so eloquently anathematized *ex cathedra* by Darwinizing sociologists and so many others.

:VIII.

If we review the evolution of cosmic life in the past so far as it is observable by strictly scientific methods, we are compelled to acknowledge that a large amount of progress has been already effected in the physical, biological, and even sociological provinces, without any apparent interference of a conscious human will with cosmic matters. Speaking anthropomorphically, we can say that evolution has an aim, that its aim is progress, and that Nature attains it surely and practically without our consciously and intentionally caring much about it.

But we must not be forgetful that progress in evolution can be asserted only so far as the cosmic whole is considered, and that its way is studded with corpses of individuals, nations, and worlds, fallen because they could not stand the transformations required by the restless progress of evolution.

We can certainly assert that the law of the future society is anarchy, and that it surely shall be attained by Nature left alone. But the further progress of any particular society of the present day is by no means warranted by any immovable natural law of evolution. Theoretically, it may be a consolation

* "L'Abyssinie," par Ach. Raffray.

for each of us to know that if we do not thrive in our life, because of our inability to stand the changes asked for by evolution, somebody else shall thrive certainly; but practically, we are all allowed to wish that the thriving one should be ourselves.

Dr. Lange, although not a professional sociologist, teaches us that the way of progress in evolution is nothing less than rectilinear, and he even disrespectfully compares the so-much-talked-of cosmic or historical Providence to a hunter who, in order to kill a hare, discharges about one million shots in every direction. The hare is thus reached, of course, but so are many unlooked-for people also, without reckoning so much powder burnt in vain. On the other hand, Charles Darwin adduces many examples of intelligent human interference with biological matters directly arriving at an end which would take centuries to accomplish by the alternate teachings of natural evolution alone. The only caution needed for the success of such interferences is the security that our personal end does not lie out of the way of evolution. Since we see that the result of natural sociological progression is anarchy, the only question which remains to be settled refers to the methods and practical ways leading most directly to that social ideal of the future.

But is not evolution exclusive of revolution in this sense, that it flows like a majestic and peaceable stream—that it *abhorret saltum*—while revolution

seems to contain in every syllable of its terrifying name something catastrophic, and is throughout full of pang and commotion? Ask modern geologists whether such revolutionary episodes as the earthquake of Ischia or the eruption of Krakatoa are erased from the history of our earth, now that we know that its crust is formed not by cataclysm, but by evolution? Ask a mother whether her child was not painfully shaken and, perhaps, more than once in danger of death, every time it crossed one of those breakers of dentition, passage to puberty, etc., that appear like so many milestones marking the natural way of our individual evolution?

In one of his most remarkable essays, Herbert Spencer states that the very source from which every constituted government draws the best of its power is "the accumulated and organized sentiment of the past, . . . the gradually formed opinion of countless preceding generations," that even in the most Liberal countries of our days, constituted powers are far less than we commonly think controlled "by the public opinion of the living," and far more "by the public opinion of the dead." That statement points out the very reason why our social atmosphere becomes so soon impregnated with deadly miasmas, emanations from the tombs of past generations, when a refreshing breeze from the future does not purify it, blowing through a revolutionary agency.—*Contemporary Review*.

PROSPECTS OF HOME RULE.

BY E. A. FREEMAN.

THE people of the British islands have been asked their minds as to the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and they have answered with a widely different voice in different parts of those islands. The great divisions of what in legal phrase is called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have answered as it was perhaps natural for each of them to answer. If we take Great Britain as a whole, and hold it to have spoken by the voice of the major-

ity of the whole island, we have the answer which was almost sure to come, but which is none the less worthy of attentive study. Of the two islands lying side by side, which are held to form one united and indivisible whole, the smaller asks for a less close union, for a more independent voice in settling its own affairs, and the greater island answers that the demand of the smaller shall not be granted. But when we no longer look at the greater island as a

whole, when we look on it as made up of parts, each of which has a distinct being of its own, then the seeming answer of the greater island is seen in another light. It is not the whole of Great Britain which has refused the demand of Ireland; it is simply one part of it, the largest part certainly, we may say the dominant part, but still only one part out of three. The other two parts have, both decidedly, one all but unanimously, given their voice for the demand of Ireland. The demand of Ireland has been favorably received by those parts of Great Britain which, by their own position, are better able to understand the demand, better able to throw themselves into the position of those who make it. It has been rejected by that part of the island whose acceptance of it, on the first time of the question being asked, would have been little short of miraculous. In other words, while England has given a very decided vote against Home Rule, Scotland has accepted it by a large majority, Wales by an overwhelming majority. And we may say further that, in England, that part of the country where we expect to find most of political intelligence and independence is on the whole in favor of Home Rule, in some parts most markedly in favor of it. If London is against Mr. Gladstone, Northumberland in the wider sense is for him, Northumberland in the narrower sense is for him without an opposing voice. And to any one who looks into the real heart of the matter, the wonder will be, not that England gives a large majority against Home Rule, but that Home Rule got any English support at all. We are told that Mr. Gladstone's influence is destroyed forever. Never was there such a proof of Mr. Gladstone's unabated influence as the last election. He has not carried his point; he is, as far as England is concerned, defeated. But even in England he has the support of a considerable minority. We may feel pretty sure that any other man but Mr. Gladstone, maintaining such a cause against such opposing influences, instead of gaining a considerable minority, would not have gained so much as a hearing.

Now there are those who had thought and spoken about Mr. Gladstone's

scheme before the election took place, who had thought and spoken of the general question of Home Rule before Mr. Gladstone had put forth any scheme or had professed his acceptance of Home Rule in any form. There are those who had done so even before the question had shown itself to be the great coming question by the usual test, that of being declared by the wise men of the earth to lie beyond the bounds of practical politics. Such old-standing lookers on the subject will certainly think, and they may be tempted to speak, on their old subject now it has put on a new shape. And those to whom the subject is an old one, who have looked at it, less as an immediate party question than as a contribution to political history, may be allowed to look at it and to speak of it in their own fashion. To them it is not the first of objects to know what position this or that statesman is likely to take up in this or the next session, how near this section of this party can draw to that section of the other party, or even what measures are likely to be soon brought in, under what combinations they are likely to be carried and under what combinations they are not. It will concern them more to think what principles have gained or lost by what has lately happened, and what is likely to be the lasting result on general history of an historic incident that stands almost by itself. For the first session and the election of 1886 really are unique in history. First the Parliament, then the people, of England was asked to do what no people has ever done, what we may safely say that no other people was ever asked to do. History nowhere records that a ruling people, of its own free will, without compulsion, without the pressure of immediate danger, ever gave freedom to a subject people.* Now, casting aside constitutional fictions which only confuse the real state of things, this is what the English people was asked to do for the Irish people

* On some of these points, besides what I wrote in this Review (August, 1874), and elsewhere years ago, I said something in the *Contemporary Review* of last February. I wrote then before the election, before Mr. Gladstone's Bill was announced. I write now with the further light of six stirring months.

ple. For practically the English are a dominant, and the Irish a subject people. The legal theory indeed is very different. In that theory Great Britain and Ireland are parts of an United Kingdom, no part of which has any advantage over any other part. But, as diplomatic treaties and documents cannot alter facts, so neither can Acts of Parliament. Great Britain and Ireland are formally called an "United Kingdom," but that formal style does not make them so. The most obvious constitutional arrangements, the most familiar forms of speech, show that no real union has taken place. Ireland still bears the distinguishing badge of a province, the badge of a land subject, dependent, in some way marked off as separate from another land, the presence of a governor distinct from the central power. The existence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland shows of itself that Great Britain and Ireland are not a really United Kingdom. So do those common forms of speech by which Englishmen every moment express their deep, though perhaps unconscious conviction that they are a ruling people, with the people of Ireland for their subjects. I must point out again that the every-day phrases, "We must govern Ireland, we must do this or that for Ireland," while no one ever says "We must govern Scotland," while no Scotsman or Irishman says "We must govern England," prove, without going any further, that the practical relations between Great Britain and Ireland are altogether different from the relations between England and Scotland, that England and Scotland do form an United Kingdom, but that Great Britain and Ireland do not. And to these familiar phrases which are now growing old, the late election has added some lesser, new, rhetorical phrases which teach exactly the same. We have heard protests against Home Rule, or against some particular form of Home Rule, as being a "disintegration of the Empire;" a "disruption of the Empire;" we have even heard Englishmen called on not to give up their "dominion," or "supremacy." Now when it comes to hard words like "disintegration," plain men are a little puzzled; they can only guess that they are high-polite for some-

thing like "splitting asunder." As for "disintegration of the Empire," the "Imperial" talk to which we have, of late, got used has for the last few months been getting taller and taller, partly as a contribution to the controversy on Home Rule, partly as a contribution to other controversies alongside of it. We have heard more than one orator speak of the United States as a "great Empire," a "great English-speaking Empire." This is of course mere thoughtless flourish; but when another orator spoke of the civil war in America as being waged by the North for "imperial unity," we might have looked for a meaning. It sounded as if "imperial unity" was opposed in a marked way to some other kind of unity. Yet as "imperial unity" was precisely the kind of unity for which the North was not fighting, one is driven to suppose that here too meaning was not thought of, but that the word "imperial" was chosen rather than the natural words "federal" or "national," simply because it contained more syllables than they did.*

Now talk of this kind is mere talk; it means nothing; it must come of simple love of big words. But when orators apply the same kind of phrases, "disintegration of the Empire," "disruption of the Empire," and the like, to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, or to any other scheme of Home Rule, it is more than mere talk; wittingly or unwittingly, the words express a truth. When we are told that to give Home Rule to Ireland would be a "disruption of the Empire," or the like, it is plain that the word "Empire" cannot be used in the sense in which it has of late become the favorite name for the Queen's dominions as a whole. For Empire, in that sense, would be in no way touched by Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, by the restoration of Grattan's Parliament, or by anything short of making Ireland a perfectly independent kingdom or commonwealth. Nothing short of that can be any "disintegration" or "disruption" of the "Empire" in the fashionable sense. If the "Empire" was not "disintegrated" by giving Home

* On these Imperial and kindred matters, may I venture to refer to my little book, "Greater Greece and Greater Britain,"—two lectures and an essay—published last May?

Rule to Canada and New Zealand, it will not be "disintegrated" by giving Home Rule to Ireland. But the phrase, as applied to Ireland, none the less implies a truth; it implies one of the deepest political convictions of the ordinary Englishman. Let us put it into a decent and historical shape, into the words of the statute of Henry the Eighth which declared that "the Kingdom of England is an Empire." What was chiefly meant by those words was to assert that England was not the dependent of Charles the Fifth and the Pope. That assertion is now needless, unless Prince Bismarck should ever make it needful again. But the words also had another meaning, one which lives in its fulness to this day. The "Empire" then had no reference to India or Australia; it had a reference to Ireland, perhaps to some nearer lands. It meant to say that Ireland was a dependent land, a dependent kingdom, and England an Imperial kingdom over it. And so, though our laws forbid, we all believe to this day, with this addition that, in this Empire of England over Ireland every English elector is part-Emperor. It was therefore with perfect truth, with far greater truth than can be found in the commonly received babble about "Empire," that orators in the late election called on the ruling, the Imperial, nation, not to give up the Empire which King Harry asserted for himself, and which by implication he asserted for all of us. With perfect truth it was that Englishmen were told not to "disintegrate the Empire," that sometimes in plainer words they were told not to give up their own "dominion." That is, we all have an "empire," a "dominion," a "supremacy,"—an "empire," a "dominion," a "supremacy," over the subject land of Ireland. That "empire," "dominion," "supremacy," we are told not to give up. Most of us hardly need the advice. Ruling nations are not much in the habit of giving up "empire," "dominion," or "supremacy," and till lately the English nation did not seem likely to be the first to begin. The wonderful thing is that the English nation has come so near to doing so as it has, that one man has been found daring enough to propose such a surrender, and that a large

minority of the nation has been found ready to listen to him.

The plain state of the case is, that all these phrases, both the old familiar ones and the new rhetorical ones, are perfectly true. They express facts. But they express facts which are altogether inconsistent with the theory of an United Kingdom, the theory that England, Scotland, Ireland, are formed into one political whole, no part of which has any political advantage over any other; the fact being that in practice no such union exists, but that, instead of it, one part of the kingdom bears rule over another. In the more lowly and familiar phrase "we"—that is the people of England or of Great Britain—have to "govern Ireland," as "we" have to govern India or any other subject land. In the grander rhetorical phrases "we"—the same people—have an "empire" over Ireland; we hold Ireland as our province. And it is added with equal truth that "we" do not wish "our empire" to be "disintegrated;" that is, we do not wish to give up our dominion over our province. Now let it be set down at once, that there is no particular wickedness in all this. It in no way proves the English people to be worse than other people. It is simple human nature. As no people ever willingly gave up dominion, it is no special blame to the English people that they do not wish to give it up. It is rather to their praise that part of them, though not the larger part, have shown themselves ready to give it up. The one thing to be understood is that the theory of the United Kingdom is a mere theory, that, instead of an United Kingdom, there is the practical fact of "empire," the "empire" of the ruling English people over the dependent people of Ireland.

Of course I here speak of practical, not of forced dependence. The point of the whole argument is that there is practical dependence where there is formal unity. Now some measure of practical dependence cannot fail to exist wherever a more and a less powerful state are brought into close political connection, whether it be merely the connection of very close alliance, or the closer connection of a common sovereign. The world in all ages is full of ex-

amples ; the Roman Empire and its foreign allies, before its allies were finally changed into subjects, is the most instructive of all. Rome was practically mistress of a crowd of kingdoms and commonwealths with which she was nominally on terms of equal alliance. So England and Scotland from 1603 to 1707,* Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800,* were united by the tie of a common sovereign only, and the accidents of hereditary succession might have snapped this tie in the case of Scotland, just as it did in our own days in the case of Hanover. In each case the smaller country was in everything else absolutely independent of the larger ; it had its distinct administration under the common sovereign ; it had its legislature as free as that of the greater country. Yet it is certain that Scotland in the one case, Ireland in the other case, was so far dependent as this. In all external affairs, the common sovereign was certain to consult the interests of the greater country first ; he was certain to follow the advice of his Parliament and his ministers in the greater country. If the interests of the greater and the lesser country clashed, the lesser had no choice but either to submit or to try the chances of resistance. It must be so in all such cases ; the smaller country may be perfectly independent in all its internal affairs ; but the fact of practical dependence may always come out at any moment in the department of war, peace, and alliance. Here is practical dependence in cases where the formal relation is that of equality in the shape of separate independence : the same dependence may equally exist where the formal relation is that of equality in the shape of incorporation. Or rather in this test case it may exist in a shape which is far more deeply felt and which has a far wider range. Between 1782 and 1800 Great Britain, as alone guiding the policy of the common king, could practically control the external affairs of Ireland ; but it could not legislate for the internal affairs of Ireland ; in them Ireland was as free as Great Britain. Since 1800, Great

Britain and Ireland have been formally incorporated into one United Kingdom. Ireland has thereby gained a share in the direction of the common affairs of the United Kingdom, such a share as the number and influence of her representatives in Parliament may give her. Her representatives have further gained the privilege of voting on questions which touch England or Scotland only. On the other hand, Ireland has lost all independent control over her own internal affairs : the members for England and Scotland vote on questions which touch Ireland only ; the members for Ireland may be, and often are, out-voted on purely Irish matters by the members for Great Britain. This is the natural and inevitable result of the incorporation of the separate Parliaments of a greater and a lesser state. The question comes whether the share which the lesser state gains in the common affairs of the whole is or is not counterbalanced by the loss of the power of managing its internal affairs as it chooses. The answer must depend on many circumstances ; on the size of the smaller state, on its geographical position, on its past history, on the degree of national feeling which its people keeps, and a good deal too on their political tact and sagacity. Within the range of the British Islands, a traditional Home Rule has undoubtedly worked well among some of the smaller members. The kingdom of Man and the Norman islands—that part of Normandy which remained Norman while the rest stooped to become French—have always kept their local independence. Subjects of the British Crown, with no means of influencing its external policy, subject even to the authority of the British Parliament whenever that Parliament chooses to exercise its power,* these islands have, under all ordinary circumstances, kept the management of their own affairs, and have seldom, if ever, had any complaint against their neighbor and protector. They would clearly lose by giving up their local independence, and becoming parts of the United Kingdom, with so many representatives in Parliament as might be fitting for their numbers. I

* Those years must of course be excepted in which under the Commonwealth and Protectorate, Scotland was incorporated with England.

* It is hard to see how this came about, except by the mere law of the stronger. But it is fully acknowledged as the primal law.

suspect that a man of Orkney or Shetland, who is represented in Parliament, might not wholly object to exchange his full fellowship in all the rights of the United Kingdom for such a dependence as that of Man or Jersey. What undoubtedly suits the smallest members of the group, this full independence at home, combined with, we may say plainly, subjection in international matters, may or may not suit the largest members. It is to be noted that it is the second in size among the members of the United Kingdom which most distinctly asks to be put into a relation of the same kind as that which is found to suit those small members of the geographical group which are not members of the United Kingdom. One of the changes since I wrote six months back is that it would now be untrue to say that there is no wish for anything at all like Home Rule either in Scotland or in Wales; still there is certainly no such demand for it as there is in Ireland. Here comes in the effect of differences in circumstances of many kinds between Scotland and Ireland and Wales and Ireland. Let us look specially at Scotland, as having, like Ireland, once been a distinct kingdom, which Wales never was in the same sense. It is plain on the face of things that Scotland, with a national feeling as strong, though of a different kind, as that of Ireland, with a much smaller representation than that of Ireland, has held in the Parliament of the United Kingdom a position quite different from that of Ireland. Scotland has taken her share in the common affairs of the kingdom, and the particular affairs of Scotland have for a long time past been commonly settled as Scotland has wished. This has been the result, partly of the geographical position and the past history of Scotland, but yet more of the national character of the Scottish people. One cannot say that Scotland is practically dependent; Scottish affairs may at any time be settled against the will of the Scottish people, but as a matter of fact they seldom are so settled. Irish affairs are constantly settled against the will of the Irish people; such settlement may be right or wrong, but in either case the result is that Ireland is practically a dependency. If it is proposed to give Ireland Home

Rule—never mind the nature or the wisdom of any particular scheme—the course is straightforward and consistent. If it is proposed to put Ireland in the condition of a Crown Colony, that course also is straightforward and consistent. The Irish people are either fit for self-government or they are not fit. If they are fit, they ought to have it; if they are not fit, they ought to be practically kept out of it, however delicately the work of keeping out may be done. In no case should there be such a mockery as the present state of things, in which Great Britain can always hinder Irish affairs from being settled as Ireland wishes, while the only comfort that Ireland gets back again is that she can often hinder the affairs of Great Britain from being settled at all.

To these questions Mr. Gladstone's scheme suggested an answer, by no means the only possible answer even from his own side, but one possible answer, founded on certain intelligible principles. That scheme has gone into the historic past; it is not likely ever again to be brought forward in exactly the same shape. To discuss its details, then, is mere matter of curiosity, and of many of them I do not feel myself qualified to speak one way or the other. I leave the Land Bill to be discussed by others who have stronger financial heads than mine, and I leave many practical details to those who have a practical experience which I have not. But the main outlines of the scheme are none the less worthy of remembrance as a political study, and it is still as likely as not that those main outlines may be the general shape of the Home Rule of the future. Mr. Gladstone's scheme, in its main principles, stood out as one of three possible ways of giving Ireland that control over her own affairs for which she asked. I set aside total separation, the establishment of a perfectly independent kingdom or commonwealth. Some say that Home Rule must lead to it; but as yet no one directly asks for it. At this moment separation lies beyond the range of practical politics; it is quite possible that, by carefully declaiming against it, by attributing it as an object to those who disclaim it, it may be brought within that range. The question is cer-

tainly not set aside by merely saying that we could not live with an independent state so near to us, for we contrive to live with both France and Belgium practically nearer to us. But it does matter a great deal that all geography, all past history, points to a certain connection among all the members of the great group of the British islands. The map of itself shows the whole group as forming a world apart from the world of the European mainland. Setting aside separation, then, there seem to be three possible ways of relaxing the connection without destroying it, three ways of putting an end to the state of things in which Ireland is really a dependency of Great Britain under the guise of incorporation, without breaking every political tie between the two countries. One way would be a simple return to the state of things which was from 1782 to 1800, the plan of two perfectly independent Parliaments under a common Sovereign. This plan is obvious from its simplicity; but the objections to it are equally obvious. Ireland, as has been said before, while perfectly independent in its internal affairs, would be practically dependent in all international matters. The common King of Great Britain and Ireland could not fail, in all matters of peace, war, and alliance, to act by the advice of the Ministry, Parliament, and people of Great Britain. If the advice of the Ministry, Parliament, and people of Ireland chanced, as they easily might, to be different, they would have to give way. This would be a very awkward state of things in a constitutional government, one that could be avoided only by a somewhat awkward expedient. That is to say, the foreign affairs of the two kingdoms might be put into the hands of somebody answering to the Delegations which act between Hungary and Austria, an arrangement which would hardly be thought consistent with due parliamentary control in either country. As yet, though we have heard something about "Grattan's Parliament," it can hardly be said that this scheme is before the country. But it should be borne in mind that it is a scheme perfectly possible and intelligible, that it has been thought of before and may be thought of again, that the Irish party which ac-

cepted Mr. Gladstone's scheme may, now that scheme is defeated, fall back upon something more like this as a scheme of their own. And one may be allowed to whisper very gently that it would not be altogether without precedent if those who have overthrown Mr. Gladstone's scheme should seek to outdo him by bringing forward this or some other scheme going much further than his. At any rate, be the establishment of such a scheme likely or unlikely, wise or foolish, it is one possible alternative, and, as such, it must be looked in the face.

This scheme, it will be seen, makes Ireland formally independent; it makes her really independent in internal matters; it leaves the possibility of the dependent relation coming up again at any moment in international affairs. The only way really to get rid of all dependence on the part of Ireland would be to reconstitute the whole political system of the United Kingdom according to a really federal method. The word "federal," at least its substantive "federation," has of late been used almost as freely and quite as vaguely as the word "imperial." Yet the word "federal" has a distinct meaning in political study, and it is well not to use it or any other word without exactly knowing what we mean by it. By "federal," "federation," ought to be meant, not some vague materia for a rhetorical flourish, but a definite form of government, which has existed in the past and which still exists in the present, one which may now be studied on a small scale in Switzerland and on a great scale in the United States. Now there could not be a federal relation, such as this, between Great Britain and Ireland; two members are not enough for a federation. But a federal relation between England, Scotland, Ireland, perhaps Wales, perhaps some other members, would be perfectly possible. Its different members might agree to vest certain powers in purely English, Scotch, Irish, assemblies, and to vest certain other powers in an assembly common to the whole body. The establishment of such a federation would be a very singular event in history. For federations in general have been formed by an exactly opposite process, the

union of several smaller members into a greater whole, not by the splitting of a greater whole into several smaller members. Still this relation also is perfectly conceivable, and it must therefore be looked in the face. But the inherent difficulties of the scheme are many and great, and they may not have come into the heads of some who have glibly used the words "federal" and "federation," without stopping to think what they meant. A federation of so few as three or four members would most likely be somewhat awkward in its working; but this difficulty is of small moment compared with the overwhelming preponderance of votes in the House of Representatives which must be given to the single canton of England. It would be like Thebes of old or Prussia now. The only way to establish real federal equality would be to abolish England, Scotland, and Ireland, as separate wholes, to cut up each country into several smaller cantons, and to make those cantons the constituent members of the federation. In other words, "Repeal the Union, restore the Heph-tarchy." A beautifully mapped out federation might be in this way devised; only are either Englishmen, Scotsmen, or Irishmen ready to wipe out thus the existence of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as distinct and substantive wholes?

Of these two plans the first in its own nature implies the absence of Irish representatives from Westminster; they have their own place in their independent Parliament at Dublin. The second in its own nature implies the presence of Irish representatives at Westminster, or at any more central place which might be chosen for the federal Parliament. One of the fiercest questions which arose over Mr. Gladstone's scheme would be at once settled by either of them in opposite ways. Yet it was wonderful that such a question could arise over Mr. Gladstone's proposal to exclude the Irish members. That is, it was in no way wonderful that many should object to Mr. Gladstone's scheme altogether, and even that they should make the exclusion of the Irish members a chief argument against it; but it was wonderful that any should profess to accept the main lines of Mr.

Gladstone's scheme, and should yet propose to get rid of this most essential feature of it. Mr. Gladstone's scheme, looked at as a political study, was a very bold one. It started from a fact; it gave that fact a prominence hitherto unfamiliar, and then tried to give it a wholly new character. Mr. Gladstone found Ireland nominally an equal part of an United Kingdom, practically a dependency of another part of that kingdom. His scheme acknowledged the fact of dependence, and put it into the strongest light. Ireland was to remain part of the Queen's dominions, part of "the Empire," if any one likes the word; it was even to remain part of the United Kingdom. But it was no longer to remain a part of the United Kingdom on the same nominal level as other parts. Its dependence was to be proclaimed; it was to keep its existing badge of dependence and to be burthened with new ones. It was to keep its Lord-Lieutenant, an officer thoroughly in place in a dependency and thoroughly out of place anywhere else. Ireland was to be shut out from all control, direct or indirect, over the external affairs of the kingdom of which it was still to form a part. It was even to be burthened with tribute. Now tribute is in no way implied in the dependent relation, but it is made possible by it; its payment may, under some circumstances, be just and reasonable. It is a monstrous wrong that Bulgaria or any other Christian land should be made to pay tribute to the Turk, because the Turk is certain to spend the money in doing all the mischief he can to his Christian subjects and dependents. But there is no injustice in a really protected state paying an acknowledgment for protection. To take an example on the tiniest scale, there is no wrong in the few hundred francs which the little commonwealth of Andorra pays to France as an acknowledgment for French protection. In this case, Great Britain was supposed to undertake a great deal of costly work of which Ireland would have the advantage, and for this Ireland was to pay. Here is nothing really unjust, if the dependent relation is allowed; but here is a very marked badge indeed of dependence. Lastly, whatever rights the dependent land was to receive were

not to be the subject of a treaty, like the Union of 1800 ; they were to be a simple grant of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and the Parliament of the United Kingdom was still to keep a reserved power over the dependent land. Never was the dependence of one land upon another more clearly set forth than the dependence of Ireland on Great Britain was in that scheme of Mr. Gladstone's which its enemies spoke of as involving the "disintegration" and "disruption of the Empire."

And yet, as has been already said, they so spoke of it with perfect truth, if what they meant was that the practical "empire" of Great Britain over Ireland was to come to an end. So it was to be by the very bill which would have made Ireland openly dependent and tributary. It might seem as if nothing could be more distasteful, almost insulting, to Irish feeling than a measure which brought down Ireland, hitherto an integral and equal part of the United Kingdom, to so low a level. And yet it was not so ; the bill was not displeasing to Ireland, but the opposite. That is to say, the bill would have taken away the shadow and given the substance ; under the form of dependence it would have given a higher measure of independence than Ireland had enjoyed at any time since the Union. It is the easiest thing in the world to say that the Irish accept Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule simply because they look on it as a means to more complete separation : it is always easy, and it often has an air of wisdom, to charge others with motives which they disclaim. The Irish say, and say with every appearance of sincerity, that they care for the management of their own affairs, and that they do not care for international affairs, the policy and "prestige" of the "British Empire," and all that kind of thing. They were therefore satisfied with a bill which would have given them all that they cared for and would have refused them only what they did not care for. Such a state of mind is neither wonderful nor unreasonable ; it is unintelligible only to those who are themselves so possessed with the Jingo swagger that they cannot understand that other people may be without it. There is no direct ground for distrusting the Irish

professions ; at the same time it is perfectly possible that, whether Irishmen at this moment look for it or not, whether they wish for it or not, Separation may be some day or other the result of Home Rule. It is only the ordinary course of human nature that it should be so ; Separation must be looked forward to as a possible thing, like any other remote chance, a chance which the rejection of the late scheme may very likely have brought nearer. And if separation comes, what then ? Then we should certainly have come to the "disintegration of the Empire" or whatever may be the plain English of those hard words. But there is the simple fact of history that the "Empire" has gone through a good many "disintegrations," and that it has commonly been the better for each of them. Complete Separation might work well or ill ; that we cannot tell for certain beforehand ; it might, whenever the question comes, be right to vote for it or to vote against it. The only thing to be insisted on is that it is to be looked at like any other political change, not as something in itself wicked or monstrous. If Ireland were politically separated from Great Britain, there is no reason to think either that the physical course of the universe would change or that the moral nature of man would suddenly become worse than it has been from the beginning.

The exclusion of Irish members from Westminster—if exclusion it is to be called when they do not want to come—followed naturally on the main principle of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. By that scheme Ireland was to be a dependency, self-governing at home, dependent abroad. In such a system Irish members can have no place in the Parliament of Great Britain. The representatives of a dependency can have no place in the assembly of the ruling country. The essence of the scheme was that Ireland was to do for herself at home and to be done for by Great Britain abroad. In such an arrangement Irish members were not wanted at Westminster ; they were not wanted to settle the particular affairs of Great Britain, neither were they wanted to settle the common affairs of the kingdom which they were ready to leave to Great Britain. It is indeed said that they have

been and may be useful in balancing parties in Great Britain. This argument is new and singular. The use of representatives has hitherto been thought to be to represent the needs of their own people, not to act as makeweights in the debates of strangers.*

Let it be remembered that I am not arguing for Mr. Gladstone's scheme, least of all for its practical details. In whose hands, for instance, the police should be is a most important practical question; but it is a question for practical statesmen to settle according to the expediency of the moment; it forms no part of my subject, the study of political constitutions in themselves. I am not even arguing for the main principles of the scheme; I am only trying to distinguish them from the main principles of other schemes. For we may be certain of one thing and of one only, namely that some scheme will have to be tried again. If any one thinks that Home Rule is thrust aside forever, he has indeed failed to read the history of the great movements of our own century or of any century. The progress made by Home Rule in this first attempt is wonderful. On that head read Sir Charles Duffy in the August number of the *Contemporary Review*. Some scheme will have to be brought forward by somebody, possibly another scheme on the same general lines as Mr. Gladstone's, possibly on the federal principle, possibly on some other. The great objection to the federal plan is that a really fair federal system would involve such a breaking up of old names and associations as Englishmen would hardly endure, and which I should suppose that Scotsmen and Irishmen would not endure either. I must myself prefer the kingdom of England to the canton of Wessex. On the other hand, while the federal scheme is under discussion, we cannot put out of sight that both in Scotland and in Wales signs of a tendency to something like Home Rule have shown themselves in a way which no one had thought of at the beginning of the year. Voices have been heard directly bearing on the

subject, and the vote itself at the late election is the most instructive of all. Its geographical aspect is, as was hinted at the beginning of this article, a lesson indeed. England has rejected the Irish demand for Home Rule, because Englishmen, as a rule, cannot throw themselves into the position which makes Irishmen seek for it. It is the hardest thing for men of a race which is wont to rule, to learn to understand the feelings of a race in any way subject or dependent. Scotland and Wales, lands assuredly not now subject or dependent, but which, as smaller nations attached to a larger, can at least conceive the possibility of subjection or dependence, better understand the Irish demand; they are better able to throw themselves into the position of the Irish in making it; they therefore give a more decided majority for Home Rule than England gives against it. From accepting the demand of Home Rule for Ireland, some at least in both countries have gone on to think of Home Rule for themselves. The cry has not been very loud, but that it should have been heard at all is the thing to be noticed. And Home Rule for Scotland and Wales could assuredly take no shape but a federal one.

Glaring as are the objections to the federal system as applied to the United Kingdom, it has certainly one advantage which will draw favor to it in many eyes. It would supply, and, as far as I can see, no other scheme would supply, a ready way out of the Ulster difficulty. That difficulty is a very real one, one which I myself insisted, six months back, as one of the many difficulties which beset the whole question all round. It is a real difficulty, but it should not be magnified beyond its true size. We must not talk of Ulster, as if all Ulster were of the same mind, or as nearly of the same mind as Leinster, Munster, and Connaught are. A great part of Ulster is of the same mind as Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. But the part of Ulster which is not of that mind has a perfect right to be thought of. It may even have as fair a claim to Home Rule as against the rest of Ireland as Ireland has to Home Rule as against the rest of the United Kingdom. And under the federal system that Home Rule might at once be given to it. Here is a point to

* Of the awkward position which some proposals would give to the Irish members, giving them votes on common affairs, but no votes on specially English or Scottish affairs, I spoke fourteen years ago in this Review.

be weighed; only it is not to be forgotten that there is another point to be weighed too. If the Protestants of the rest of Ireland have a right to some safeguard against the Roman Catholic majority, the Roman Catholics of these special districts of Ulster have equal rights to some safeguard against the Protestant majority. And we must remember another point, that while Ulster has a perfect right to ask for Home Rule, if it chooses, as against Leinster, Munster and Connaught, it has no right to hinder Leinster, Munster, and Connaught from getting Home Rule as against Great Britain. It may be believed that, when each country has settled down into a regular order of things, none of these dangers will be found so great as it seems. Still it is a matter to be thought over by the practical statesman. It is one of the dangers and difficulties which surround every side of the question. Whatever we do, we shall have dangers and difficulties to deal with. It is the work of statesmanship to find out what course is likely to be accompanied with the least amount of danger and difficulty. The dullest eye can see what course is accompanied by the greatest amount of danger and difficulty, namely the course of doing nothing at all.

The discussion of the whole matter has been a good deal confused on all sides by the lavish use of historical parallels, those historical parallels with which everybody is so delighted when he thinks they tell his own way, and which everybody is so apt to sneer at as "antiquarian rubbish," whenever they happen to tell the other way. The truth is that in this case there are plenty of negative parallels, and none other. The whole case stands quite by itself. If the Irish people had won in warfare, or had obtained out of fear of warfare, any measure of Home Rule from Separation downward, to that there would have been plenty of parallels, old and new. But nothing ever happened at all like what Mr. Gladstone proposed. Part of a kingdom, supposed to be incorporated with the rest on equal terms, was to receive a large measure of independence, under cover of sinking to the state of a dependency. And the people concerned accepted the terms as fairly expressing

what they wished. A very unusual remedy was proposed for a very unusual state of things. We were told something about Hungary and Austria, something about the United States, something about almost every case in which two or more countries are or have been joined together on some terms short of incorporation. But in none of these cases was there to be found either an existing relation at all like the existing relations between Great Britain and Ireland, nor was the new or revived relation that was substituted at all like that which it was proposed to substitute in Ireland. Hungary and Austria were never incorporated into one constitutional state. The ancient constitution of Hungary, suppressed by violence, was restored when it was found safer to restore it, and Hungary and Austria entered into a relation not unlike that between Great Britain and Ireland at the end of the last century, but utterly unlike anything proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and just as unlike the federal system which others have thought of. Something much more to the purpose would very likely be found in the relations, not between Hungary and Austria, but between Hungary and Austria severally and the *partes annexæ* of each. The relations between Hungary and Croatia, between Austria and Dalmatia, would supply real analogies to the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, though in the case of Hungary and Croatia there is the marked difference that Croatia has an assembly of its own. And be it remembered that, whatever is wrongful, and there is plenty of it, in the policy of the "Austro-Hungarian Monarchy," consists not at all in the voluntary relations between the kingdom and the archduchy, but in the relations, by no means always voluntary, between the kingdom and the archduchy and their several *partes annexæ*. Hungary and Austria have a perfect right to unite on any terms that they please, or to separate on any terms that they please; the question is whether they have any right to drag Croatia, Dalmatia, Trent, and a crowd of other lands, with them.*

* In *The Times* of August 7th there was an article headed "Heterogeneous Austria and Hungary," founded on a report of the American Consul-General at Vienna. It is well

Sweden and Norway are united in much the same way ; but then Norway has not won freedom from Sweden, even in the sense which Hungary may be said to have won her freedom from Austria. Finland is a case of a country enjoying a full amount of Home Rule and constitutional government under a sovereign who in the rest of his dominions is despotic. But here nothing has been gained, nothing has been lost ; the old system has simply gone on under a new ruler. The Emperor of Russia stepped into the place of the King of Sweden as Grand Duke of Finland, and that was all. Poland, on the other hand, united to Russia on nearly the same terms as Finland, only with a new constitution instead of an old one, has shown how the same arrangements may succeed in one case and fail in another.* A nearer approach than any other in Europe has been the Danish grant of a constitution to Iceland, spoken of by Mr. Bryce in the House of Commons ; but even this is not quite exact. All references to federal systems are out of place ; so are all references to cases where ancient liberties have either been preserved or have been won back either peaceably or by force. A minute examination of all these cases, with their occasional slight points of analogy with Ireland, would be a curious historical study, and one by no means void of political teaching.

But it would supply no such real analogy as that between Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800 and Hungary and Austria since 1867. The case, not of a dependency, not of a

separate kingdom, but of part of a nominally united kingdom, asking for some measure of separation from the rest, is a rare one. The separation of Belgium from the Netherlands is the most like it ; still that comes more nearly to cases of the recovery of ancient rights. It is not exactly such a case, as there had never before been an united and distinct kingdom of Belgium ; but it was the same thing in principle ; it was the throwing off of a new and artificial state of things. When Sicily parted from Naples in 1848, it was yet more distinctly the falling back on ancient rights. And if the state of things to be remedied was rare, perhaps unique, the remedy proposed was yet more clearly unique. That was no argument against it, as it was no argument for it ; but it would have been better to attack and defend the measure as something avowedly unlike anything that had ever before been done in the world, than to argue for or against it from supposed parallels which have no relevance either way.

The bill of this year is dead ; but it is quite possible that its main principles are not dead ; it is quite certain that Home Rule in some shape or another is not dead. The real fear indeed is, not that Home Rule is likely to be treated as dead, but that Home Rule may be taken up, without real zeal, without real conviction, as a means of outbidding a rival party. Of all kinds of legislation, the worst is that which is undertaken with the view of "dishing" the other side.—*Fortnightly Review*.

EVIL UNSELFISHNESS.

DOGMAS are the bones of religion, and positive law is the backbone of morality. Those rather priggish though perfectly true apophthegms, now becoming rather unpopular, but hereafter

worth reading, as clearly the work of an observant man who knows the present facts and relations, but is perhaps all the better for not being troubled by any historical prejudices. For one thing, he avoids the vulgarism of using the phrase "Empire of Austria" so as to take in Hungary and its *partes annexæ*. He quotes a singular recent admission from a Hungarian source. "The dualism established between Austria and Hungary has doubtless realized

to revive, recurred to us strongly when reading, a fortnight since, the evidence given at the inquest on Mr. J. S. Lowe, the Manchester merchant, who was found dead on August 21st in the railway-carriage near Leicester. A pistol-

the political aspirations of the Magyars as far as Home Rule is concerned, *but it seems to have had little effect upon the harmony or rather disharmony between the several races inhabiting the kingdom.*"

* I mean of course the kingdom of Poland united to Russia in 1815. Then Russia for the first time acquired really old Polish territory.

shot had been heard after the train left Bedford, with Mr. Lowe alone in his compartment, but no attention was paid to it, and the body was taken out of the carriage at Leicester quite dead, in such a position that he must have been shot by a weapon held some inches from his head, with torn coat, broken umbrella, and revolver lying on the footway outside the carriage-door. The police started a theory of murder, for which there was little evidence, except the condition of the clothes and umbrella, the fact that the pistol had not touched his skin, and the existence of a letter from Mr. Lowe, telling his wife that he had collected £1,200 in London, though no such sum was found. Of the truth of the statement in the letter there was no proof; indeed, it is certain the money was not collected on the alleged day, and though there will doubtless be a careful civil trial, in which new facts may come to light and may entirely change the aspect of the case, the balance of opinion in Manchester is that Mr. Lowe, who owed some £11,000 which he was unable to pay in proper time, killed himself to secure some heavy insurances for his creditors and his family, having first carefully arranged a little drama calculated to raise a suspicion that he had been murdered, strong enough to compel the insurance offices to pay the money. He, it is reasonably supposed, had written the letter, torn his coat, broken his umbrella, and dropped his pistol outside, all with a deliberate intent to defraud, or rather, perhaps, in his own mind, to coerce the insurance offices, which are, as a rule, not liable in the event of suicide. There will be a much more careful inquiry yet than any the Coroner could institute, and we have no intention of prejudicing the case; but as yet the published evidence at the inquest almost forces the conclusion of suicide—though, we are bound to add, the jury who heard it returned an open verdict—and if it really were one, what a wonderful psychological problem is presented for consideration? Here we have a man not only distinctly sane—unless, indeed, we accept the unhistoric supposition that every suicide is a lunatic—but rather unusually clever, who could think out a sensational drama nearly as well as Mr.

Wilkie Collins, and coolly trust his uninstructed intelligence to frame one which should mislead the trained intelligence of the police. Having determined on death, he deliberately, while, as it were, dying—for all his preparations would have been ridiculous if he had repented—worked out a colossal deception, whereby £14,000 which would have belonged to insurance offices was transferred to his creditors and family, and then slew himself, committing both crimes for the sake of other people. He may, in his own judgment, have benefited by death, for we suppose every suicide has in his mind a theory that in the grave, or in the mercy of God—which, poor man, if it exists at all, is operative here as well as there—he will find escape from the evil with which his imagination tortures him; but he could not benefit personally by the fraud, must rather have suffered from the sense that he was even in dying committing crime. He could not receive the money or keep the money, could not, in fact, benefit by it in any way, except possibly by retaining a reputation for ultimate solvency which at such a moment could hardly have pressed on him as a strong temptation. He must have been actuated mainly by the feeling for others which theologians call “altruism,” and which there is a soppy kind of opinion afloat will one day, when all the dogmas have been buried, and belief is only the Hindoo *bhakti*, an attitude of mind always meritorious, whatever its object, will make the best possible substitute for a positive moral law. In this case it made no substitute at all. Mr. Lowe, on the theory placed before the Coroner, threw away his life and his rectitude from a purely, or almost purely, unselfish motive, stealing money, if he did steal it, without an idea of ever benefiting in person by the theft. Altruism, in fact, supplied a dominant motive, as if cultivated, we agree with the fanatics of the theory, it usually or very often would do, but rather concealed from the man who felt the motive than revealed to him, the immorality of the resulting act.

The presumption that every criminal is an egotist—a presumption which completely dominated so keen an ob-

server as Charles Reade—is so fixed in the British mind that a clever counsel could, we imagine, by presenting ably the idea we have presented roughly, greatly perplex the average British jurymen. Mr. Lowe, he would say, could not have been at once bad and good, a self-murderer and a fraudulent breaker of bargains, and a man careful in his very despair of his creditors and his family. Such a character is impossible out of a story-book, and as murder is not shut out by the evidence, though no murderer is visible, murdered poor Mr. Lowe must have been. Yet, though suicide for others' sake is uncommon, and it is unusual to break the Eighth Commandment knowingly in the act of dying, a little reflection would teach the jurymen that criminality for the sake of others is by no means unfrequent. Half the adulteries committed in the world have altruism for a leading motive. Not a year passes without a case or two of murder committed by a mother, sometimes even by a father, upon children in order that they, entering sinless upon another world, may escape the miseries the parent has endured, or, it may be, has fancied to exist, in this. Every corporation which has tolerated crime has had in it men who perpetrated the crimes solely for the sake of others. In the too celebrated Sheffield case, Broadhead may have identified himself with the saw-grinders till his identity was almost lost; yet it is certain that he ordered no execution for his own advantage, and benefited personally by no crime, while his action, as we remarked at the time, was but a repetition of the action of many a Churchman of the Middle Ages, or later. Ravallac hoped nothing for himself from the death of Henri Quatre, and Orsini blew up an innocent multitude solely for the sake of men whose consequent enfranchisement he could never hope to witness. Unselfishness, in fact, with him was a passion leading to direct defiance of the moral law, as no doubt it has also led with some of the nobler Nihilists, who have occasionally been guilty not only of assassination, but of the mean offence of theft, in order that other Russians might benefit by their use of resources

so obtained. Many of the patriots and terrorists of history have been criminals led to crime by altruistic feeling. Indeed, actuaries say that the crime attributed to Mr. Lowe, specially strange as it is because committed in the moment before death, is by no means unique, and that many a reported case of "heart-disease" might be fought by the insurers as suicide committed to make a family secure, if it were not so inconvenient and impolitic to make the public suspect the insurance offices of litigiousness. The truth is, unselfishness is only self-suppression, and though self-suppression is so rare that the world perforce admires it, its value as a working motive of morality really depends upon its object. An Indian Yogi suppresses self to perfection, and is only a brute after all. The object may be bad or indifferent, or the product, as in the wonderful case of the penitential nuns, whose self-suppression lasts through life, and seems to common men incredible or insane, the result of an illusion. The pursuit of nobleness for oneself, though in some sort a selfishness, is a far safer guide; and obedience to a law from above, if only you can get one, safer still. Christ, in that lofty teaching of altruism in which he seems to say that it contained the whole law, prefaced it with a command that is really the most tremendous modification of the subsequent precept, reducing it sometimes and in special cases, as when the community inflicts punishment, to a shadow. In practice, altruism is very apt, man being unable to love all men equally, to become devotion to those who are near, and this may almost as easily develop crime as virtue. "These fathers of families," said the French statesman, "are capable of anything," and certainly they are very often capable of preferring their children to an obedience to the inflexible moral law. "My child was being robbed," says Lady Mason, "so to protect him I forged a will." The idea which to so many men, including most of the new Radicals, seems so superior to Christianity, is after all a very flabby one, giving but little help in action, and that little only when interpreted by a less uncertain motive of human conduct.—*Spectator*.

RURAL TUSCANY.

BY LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

AMONG the countries which are the most interesting and celebrated for their agriculture, Tuscany occupies the foremost rank. By reason of the fertility of its soil, the number and nature of its population, and the quality of its products, this highly-favored land has often attracted the attention and called forth the praise of political economists. As regards the outer aspect of the country, Tuscany has been endowed by Nature with extraordinary multiformity. Few districts of so small an extent have been so unevenly formed. In the north and east are the Apennines, in the interior the narrow valleys and innumerable wooded hills, and in the west and south extensive plains and marshes—three regions which, as regards their exterior, have very little in common. With regard to production, organization of labor, and manners and ideas of the several populations, they are likewise essentially different. It will be interesting, therefore, to examine the agricultural physiognomy of each of these three regions, and afterward to point out the influence it has exercised on the ethnographical nature of their respective inhabitants.

I.—*The Mountain Region.*

The summits of the Apennines are covered with snow during the greater part of the year, and firs, pines, and larches grow on their uppermost slopes. Further down are huge forests of aspen, beech, and chestnut trees. To the mountaineer the chestnut tree is an object of supreme importance, as it is useful both for timber and vines. Besides, in many districts its fruit, which is partly roasted and partly made into *polenta*, forms one of the chief sources of nourishment. Oaks and cork trees are among the principal products of these regions. The swine, vast numbers of which are kept by the great landed proprietors, are fed upon the acorns. The inhabitants of these higher regions are mostly large landed proprietors. The introduction of mining, and the erection of iron-works in several mountain districts, have

caused immense injury to the forests, because, for want of coal, it was necessary to consume vegetable fuel for industrial operations. This necessitated replanting, and, although great pains have been taken to repair the havoc which has been done, the attempt has not succeeded.

The contracts for getting wood are not unlike the system of joint tenure, of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. The contract is a mutual one between the owner of the wood on the one hand and the workmen on the other, the latter of whom have to fell and cut the timber, and construct charcoal piles for burning it. Thousands of people spend the whole of the year in the forest, in the winter occupied with the wood, and in the summer with the preparation of the charcoal, in which they earn daily from two shillings to half-a-crown.

The further we descend, the more land we find under cultivation—more of human labor and less of unsophisticated nature. In the middle portions of the mountain there is more agricultural wealth, more industry, and consequently there are more well-to-do people, and, as there is no limit to the partition of the soil, more small landowners and cultivators. Most of the inhabitants possess a small dwelling and a piece of arable land; and although it is often not much larger than an acre, it is an object of the tenderest solicitude, on which no expense is spared. It is a touching sight to behold these tiny, modest patches, which even Arthur Young, that most ardent upholder of a large landed proprietary, could not regard without admiration. He tells us that the passion for farming is so strong and irresistible that it has sufficed to surmount every obstacle, and to clothe even the rocks with verdure. But this can only be done, he adds, when the rock is the property of the cultivator. Secure him the undisputed possession of a bare stone, and he will convert it into a garden. It was in the Cevennes that Young observed this; and it is the same

in all mountain regions where there are small proprietors, as, for instance, in Wurtemberg and Lombardy; but nowhere is it seen to the same extent as in Tuscany. In all that concerns his small enclosure, the peasant will exert himself to the uttermost, and will submit to any privations. These small farms are continually on the increase. They take in a portion of the forest lands year by year, and contribute toward the clearing of the woods.

The hills contain valuable mineral wealth. We find there quarries and mines which were known and explored in the time of the ancients, which lay idle during the first centuries of the Middle Ages, were resumed under the Medici, and again discontinued; and finally, in modern times, have come to be appreciated as they deserve. There we find the marble of Carrara and Scarravezza, the slate of Pomezzana, and the precious stones of Cardoso. Then there are the metals—argentiferous lead, ore of iron, zinc and antimony, and even mercury mines. Only few of these treasures are now brought to light, but every year new undertakings are being formed with Italian and foreign capital for procuring them. The paper manufacture likewise thrives in these regions; there are about sixty factories, which carry on a large wholesale export trade, and new ones are continually springing up. Numerous streams provide the various industries with impelling power, almost free of cost. All these, it will be seen, are excellent conditions for the prosperity of the country, the elevation of the people, and the progress of enlightenment.

The industries using hydraulic power indirectly afford advantages to the small cultivator. It has its constantly recurring stoppages as well as its regular annual *saison morte*; and the mining and factory operative devotes these seasons to agricultural pursuits, in which all his family take part, inasmuch as the cultivation of their field is with them an affair of state, an honor, and a luxury. The wife frequently wields the spade and scythe, the children collect and carry the manure, each according to his strength and ability furnishing his contingent of zeal and application.

It is a common saying that a small

landed proprietary attracts less capital than a large one. In Tuscany this may be understood in a less absolute sense. There the peasant spends a great part of his wages either in enlarging or in beautifying his estate. Everything else is held in subordination to this. Instead of investing his money in savings banks, the peasant confides it to the fertile earth. The relatively high rate of wages, consequently, is favorable to a small proprietary, which makes the laborer active, industrious, and indefatigable. These are the blessed results of the fortunate alliance of agricultural and industrial labor, which steam is about to drive altogether out of Europe.

II.—*The Hills and Valleys.*

In the interior of the land we have a totally different aspect of nature, a different people, and different agricultural and industrial arrangements. The environs of Florence, Siena, the valley of the Arno, and the Nievole and Chiana valleys, form the heart of Tuscany. There the agricultural institutions, customs, and contracts are most characteristic. Few districts are so naturally fertile and, at the same time, so enriched by human industry and economy. We see there thousands of enclosures covered with the olive and the vine, in the middle of which is a house built of bricks and limestone, lime-washed either yellow or pure white, in which the family reside. The land is divided into innumerable parcels, and every enclosure forms a square, which, as a rule, is encompassed by poplar or mulberry trees. The olives and vines are scattered here and there about the field. The fields are sown with corn and vegetables, and thus, thanks to the prodigal bounteousness of Nature, the same soil brings forth wheat, wine, and oil.

But, however fertile the soil of Tuscany may be, it is mainly indebted to the hand of man for the rich harvest it yields, to his industry, his indomitable labor, his intelligence and thrift. Its hills and valleys, now so full of gladness, were once wasted by roaring torrents, carrying with them in their headlong course not only the soil, but the detritus of rocks, and, in consequence of the floods, culture was continually rendered more difficult and ungrateful.

But the peasantry were taught wisdom by sad experience, and, their faculty of invention having once been awakened, they were not long in devising a remedy against these devastations. Not only did they change the current of the streams, but they so disciplined and subdued them as to transform them into beneficent agents. They built massive walls, they excavated dykes, laid drains, and, in short, applied all the remedies which the state of engineering science, as it existed previous to the time of the Medici, placed within their reach. This immense labyrinth of protective bulwarks and dams, it is true, swallowed up a large amount of capital, but Tuscany was then probably the richest country in Europe, and all the profit which the inhabitants derived from industry and commerce was literally invested in the land.

But although the amount of capital thus invested is so considerable, the physical labor of the Tuscan peasant is anything but light. He profits, no doubt, by the institutions of his ancestors, but he must not only be careful to preserve them intact, he must continually endeavor to improve them. The least want of vigilance on his part might cause the ruin of the entire fabric of hydraulic appliances. Besides, the peasant has a great many other calamities to contend against. The Tuscan wines are the best in Italy, and both the people and the Government have ever made a point of maintaining and increasing their reputation; but the grape disease has for a long time diminished their quantity and deteriorated their quality, the consequence of which is, they have become so dear that only well-to-do people can afford to enjoy them. The olive-tree, also, which forms another valuable resource of the Tuscan peasant, has been threatened with danger for a number of years, which Léonce de Lavergne ascribes to the cooling of the temperature caused by the clearing of the forests, and to the violence of the north winds. Doubts are still entertained respecting the correctness of this view, but Peruzzi and Beaulieu confirm it, and we also incline to the same opinion. On the other hand, it may be regarded as some compensation for this evil that the mulberry-tree, which for-

merly was little cultivated in Tuscany, is vastly on the increase, and this, by promoting the production of silk, furnishes another source of labor and income to the agricultural and industrial population employed in the manipulation of this valuable textile material.

The interior of Tuscany is the classical land of the *métayage*, or reciprocal tenure, to which we have already alluded. Small proprietors who cultivate their own land are scarcer there than in the mountains, and the few there are can hardly be considered prosperous. We also find a certain number of small proprietors who hold their lands in virtue of an inheritable lease (*emphyteusis*), or, as it is there called, *contratto di livello*. This kind of fief was formerly very common, and was encouraged by succeeding Governments with a view of checking the territorial enlargement of estates in mortmain. These *livellari*, as such landholders are called, stand in a very precarious position. The minute and uncertain issues of the inferior tillage of the South impose a difficult task upon the peasant, who has neither money nor credit, and who, moreover, requires the produce of the harvest to supply the necessities of life for himself and his family.

The harvest frequently proves a failure for years in succession, so that the *livellaro* is either driven to desperate expedients, or falls a prey to destitution. In the mountains, where field labor forms only part of the income, and his wages enable the peasant to wait for a favorable harvest, the case is otherwise. But, besides these poor peasants whose sole occupation is agriculture, there is another and a more fortunate class, consisting of those small owners who do not cultivate their own land. As a rule, they are either tradespeople or small merchants carrying on business in towns, who have invested their savings in the purchase of a plot of land, which they let out on the half-produce system. The middle class of Florence prefer this method of investing their money to any other, as they have no confidence in anything but real estate.

The half-profit system—*métayage*, or *mezzeria*—has been in vogue in Tuscany for several centuries. It arose out of the *colonia parsitaria* of the ancient Ro-

an Empire. The land was parcelled out for State purposes into a multitude of small plots, and handed over to agricultural families, who received a certain share of the produce, and whose interest it consequently was to make it as productive as possible. The *colonia arsiaria* and the *mezzeria* formerly existed in several European countries, but have now almost disappeared. The latter still preserves a lingering existence in some of the southern districts we have named, but is fast dying out here. It is in Tuscany, as we have already said, that it has taken the deepest root, and where it flourishes most.

The plot of land cultivated by a family on the *mezzeria* system is called a *podere*. As a rule, several *poderi* form a *fattoria*, in the centre of which there is a building containing a warehouse for the produce; rooms for the preparation of oil, flax, wine, and brandy; and the dwelling of the manager (*fattore*). In this way from five or six to sixty or eighty, but more generally about twenty, *poderi* are connected. As a single *podere* consists of from five to twenty acres, a *fattoria* may, as a rule, comprise from 100 to 250 acres.

The *mezzeria* contract is made for a year, and is terminated by giving three months' notice; but such terminations are very rare, as the contracting parties generally remain associated all their lives. The fundamental principle—equal division of products—is generally kept up, but in many places the contract contains a clause which sometimes binds the peasant to defray the entire cost of some particular branch of the farm, and at other times secures to the owner the whole of the crops belonging to some other branch. The cost of the seed is generally on joint account, and the purchase of the cattle, which, according to ancient tradition, devolves entirely upon the owner, is, in many places, equally incumbent on the farmer. All the wages of labor are paid by the farmer, and extraordinary expenses only are defrayed by the owner.

The head of the family which farms a *podere* is called a *cappoccio*, and the wife *massaja*. The husband superintends the field labor, and the wife looks after the stable and the poultry-yard. The children assist in the work, and on leav-

ing the parental roof, either to get married or to engage in some other occupation, they receive a "partnership portion." All business is transacted in the name of the *cappoccio*, who is in close communication with the landowner, or *padrone*, and *fattore*, or manager.

Down to a recent period the relations between the owner of the land and his partner were exceedingly simple and patriarchal. An account current was kept, showing a balance sometimes in favor of the one, and sometimes in favor of the other. The *padrone* was the banker, no matter whether he had to make advances to the farmer, or simply to act as the custodian of his money. On neither side was the balance subject to interest. The farmer, who disdained to invest his money in anything but real estate, willingly handed over his savings to the landowner, in return for which he received advances whenever he stood in need of them. The settlements were annual. When one of these joint-farmers died, and left a wife and young children behind him, the family were scarcely ever deprived of the farm; they were allowed to carry it on with the aid of hired farm-laborers (*garsoni*), the owner defraying all the necessary expenses, besides supporting the family and crediting his account with the outlay, which the sons, when grown up, paid off by instalments.

This simple and honest dealing is in great danger of disappearing, partly because the farmer is often unable to repay what he owes to the landlord, and partly also because he is getting more enlightened, and prefers to invest his savings in a way that will bring him interest. Frequent quarrels also now occur in regard to matters connected with the economy of the farm, the farmer, for instance, often opposing the introduction of innovations. In this way, one nail after another is continually being driven into the coffin of the joint farming system. As already shown, the equitable apportionment of the expenses and the profits is not now adhered to with the same regularity as formerly, for not only is the farmer saddled with more labor and more expenses, but he is unable to calculate, as formerly, upon receiving advances from the *padrone*. The system is partly de-

generating and partly losing ground, and, as in the district of Lucca, for example, it is being gradually supplanted by a kind of natural tenure, between which and a rent-charge the distance is not very great.

Another circumstance, also, which is contributing to the change that is taking place in agricultural economy is this, that for years back large estates have been constantly springing up where corn and cattle are produced in immense quantities.

Not only is the classical tradition of the *messeria* fast disappearing, but the cohesion which formerly existed among the rural population is gradually giving way. Formerly it was no uncommon thing to see several families banding themselves together for farming on joint account, a sight which is seldom seen nowadays. Neither do we see the widows and orphans of the peasantry remaining on the farm, as they used to do. The bond which formerly existed between families of associated farmers, is in process of being broken, also, by the two new classes which are continually increasing in number, viz. the farm-servants (*garzoni*), and the agricultural laborers (*pigionali*).

The hills and valleys of Tuscany are densely populated. Every family counts, on an average, five or six children, and if more than half the children that are born did not die in infancy, the population would be enormous. This density of population is easily accounted for. As already shown, the excellent Tuscan agriculture requires great care and perseverance, and demands the constant attention of the whole family, be it ever so numerous, without affording much leisure. Besides keeping the dams and drains in proper repair, there are an immense number of farm duties which require successively to be performed throughout the year, so that a farm of fifteen to twenty acres is sufficient to keep a family in constant occupation. But the intervals of repose are likewise profitably employed, as the men generally occupy them in some handicraft, such as masonry, joiner's work, etc., and the women in the pursuit of domestic industries. There the latter still play an important part, and create a certain de-

gree of well-to-do comfort. The most important branch of domestic industry is the straw hat manufacture. Who is there that is not acquainted with those elegant covers for the head, the so-called "Florentine straw hats?" Even as early as 1812, Lullin de Chateauxvieux, an author then residing there, estimated the production at £145,000 to £150,000, since which time these figures have more than quintupled. In recent years the exports have averaged £375,000, and the home consumption amounts at least to as large a sum. The wages of labor absorb 80 per cent. of the price, so that in this article alone the domestic workpeople earn about £600,000 per annum. Generally, the workwoman purchases the raw material herself, and sells the ready-made hats to a dealer, in the same way as the domestic flower-makers sell their flowers ready-made. In this way she can easily earn from seventeen to twenty-two pence a day, and this, be it remarked, is only a subsidiary occupation. The greater part of the straw goods is exported to England and America. A large English house has established itself in Prato which employs several thousand hands in this kind of work the whole year through.

Since the cultivation of the mulberry tree became general in Tuscany, the breeding of silkworms, the winding and weaving of the silk, and all the other manipulations necessary to the manufacture of this valuable textile material form a copious source of income for the women and girls in the country districts. Flax and hemp are likewise woven and spun in the cottages. More than thirty million pounds of flax and a hundred million pounds of hemp are annually produced there. As there are only three mechanical spinning factories occupied with these materials, the manufacture is almost exclusively confined to private hands, and the people have consequently much greater facilities for adding to their income, than in Bohemia, for instance, where mechanical industry is much more widely extended. Every family makes its own clothes. A country girl, working in hemp and flax, earns, it is true, only about threepence a day; but, under the circumstances existing there, considering the fewness of the

wants of an agricultural laborer, and the temperance he carries into all the relations of life, this comparatively small resource is not a thing to be despised.

But nothing is eternal. Even this state of things is undergoing a change. Many large establishments for the manufacture of textile fabrics have already sprung up, against which it is impossible for domestic industry to compete much longer. Thus, impelled by the irresistible spirit of the age, social and industrial transformations combine to alter the position, and to modify the agrarian contracts, of the rural population.

III.—*The Maremmes.*

The third region of Tuscany consists of those wide plains which extend from the south to the sea and the Roman frontier. They are called Maremmes (from the Latin word *maritima*), and present the appearance of an immense desert. The ground is intersected by large undulating elevations. Nature, here left to herself, presents only impenetrable pine, oak, and cork-tree forests, interrupted either by ponds and marshes, or by large open spaces. Further, immense prairies, partly under water, which serve as pasture grounds for sheep, horses, and cattle. These animals, which roam about the desert in a semi-wild state, are under the care of some hundreds of shepherds, who spend only the winter among them—this season being the least dangerous, as we shall presently see—while in summer they migrate northward toward the mountains. It is seldom that the herds belong to the owners of the land; as a rule, they are the property of foreigners who contract with them for the right of pasturage.

The climate of the Maremmes, as far as the weather is concerned, is one of the finest in Italy. The heat of summer, as well as the cold of winter, is tempered by the situation of the coast, and a shower of rain suffices to cause the magnificent grass for the cattle to spring up out of the earth as if by magic. The natural fertility of the soil is enormous. Mountain treasures also exist in abundance. The Maremmes may justly lay claim to be numbered among those districts which Nature has

most munificently endowed with mineral wealth. Some data in reference to this subject will not be out of place here.

Already the Etruscans of ancient Italy opened out a large number of mines which were explored during the first half of the Middle Ages, and were only given up in the thirteenth century. Among the strata opened out in ancient times we may name, for example, the iron, copper, and argentiferous lead mines of Massa Maritima (formerly called Massa Metallorum), the silver veins of Montieri, and the copper mines of Campiglia and Monte Catini. In the Middle Ages Massa was in great repute on account of its copper, which was taken even to the Flanders market, and also on account of its argentiferous leads, from which nearly all the silver for the Tuscan mint was procured. Many of these mines have been restored during the present century, and especially during the last twenty years, and several new ones have been discovered and explored, as, for example, the copper beds of Caponne Vecchi and Valastrucci, the coal mines of Monte Bamboli, and the argentiferous lead mines of Castellaccia. The most brilliant results are obtained in the exploration of copper at La Cava, near Monte Catini, which, for the last forty years, has been carried on by an English company, in whose hands it has developed to an enormous extent, and who export large quantities to England.

But, besides metals, the earth here yields other valuable materials which are of great service to modern industry, such, for instance, as boracic acid, which is converted into borax, and is well known to be of vast importance in the manufacture of glass and earthenware. According to Beaulieu, it was a person named Carderel who first erected several large works in Tuscany, for the production of this material, which have since been much enlarged. From 1818 to 1860 more than 40,000 tons of boracic acid were obtained, and since then its exploration has greatly increased. The entire produce is sent to England, where the demand for it is so great that three times the quantity would be insufficient to supply it. There are also a large number of sulphur beds in the Maremmes, especially at Radicondoli and Scanzano.

If, in spite of all these advantages, this province is now, or was formerly, avoided, the fault is solely to be attributed to the *malaria* so prevalent there.

In ancient times the Maremmes were undoubtedly the most flourishing part of Italy. When the land began to be cultivated by slave labor, the small farmers were driven out, the country was depopulated, and the drainage neglected. Foreign invasions also contributed toward the destruction of the plains. Thus toward the beginning of the Christian era the prosperity of the Maremmes was greatly diminished. The Middle Ages gave them the *coup de grâce*. Civil wars, condottieri, and "grim death" turned them into a desert in the fourteenth century. The fragments detached from the mountains, and the dunes formed by the sea at the mouths of rivers, caused an accumulation and an obstruction of the water, which inundated the land and turned it into a bog. From these, and from other causes which it is not our task here to investigate, but to which we may add the clearing away of the timber from the mountains, arose the deadly and pestilent miasmata and malaria.

As early as the sixteenth century efforts were made to drain the plains. The clever Italian engineers who took part in this work invented the well-known Colmatage system, now become so general. The works began under Cosmos I.: canals were dug and dams erected; but succeeding rulers left the matter in abeyance, and it was only in the latter part of the last century that it was resumed. It was seen that the amelioration must commence with the draining of the lake of Castiglione, and this was done by connecting it with the river Ombrone. By employing the colmatage in this way a series of drainages was accomplished, which rendered many a vitiated plot of land either wholly or for the greater part innocuous, and these drainages are still being continued.

If, on the one hand, the Government either undertook these labors on its own account, or subsidized them, private people, on the other, did not lag behind. On all sides they have opened up new lands, and established immense farms, many of which, especially those between the lake of Castiglione and the

river Ombrone, excite astonishment on account of their extent and judicious management. Here the small landowner is unknown; farming on a large scale is the order of the day, and testifies to the truth of what Hippolyte Passy and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu said of them—that it quickly and easily transforms neglected districts into smiling landscapes. The labor season begins on the disappearance of the malaria, that is, after the first autumn showers. Very few of the people who have the management of the farms are permanently settled there, but multitudes of laborers who spend the summer in the Apennines go there and occupy themselves with agriculture during the winter. The industrial laborers and those employed on the mountains in the numerous mines and manufactories of the Maremmes, assisted by their wives and children, get in the harvest, leaving, for the time being, their establishments for that purpose. Their daily pay, which amounts to between two and three shillings, is looked upon as a godsend; but after the harvest, the hospitals of the neighboring towns are filled with fever-stricken patients. But, generally speaking, the unhealthiness disappears in proportion as culture advances. The permanent staff employed on the various farms also increases gradually, and a great number of those who only go to the Maremmes during the cold season settle there altogether. It may be said that the increase of population and of opulence go hand in hand.

Mining and manufactures, which are a powerful aid to agriculture, have for the greater part contributed to this state of things. We have already spoken of the mineral wealth; the most important of the industrial occupations is the borax manufacture, which disposes of its whole produce to England, and the alabaster manufactories of Volterra, which furnish employment to more than 1,200 hands, and export their produce to Russia, India, China and the United States. The rise of manufactures is rapid, and is destined to alter entirely the appearance of the country, and to impress upon it a new and specific physiognomy. At the same time there is no more effectual support for agriculture than that which is furnished by large in-

dustrial operations. They people the deserts with inhabitants, and take away from them their insalubrity. They attract the immigrant by the wages they pay, and by that means create a large demand and a home market for agricultural produce, while at the same time, when needful, the staff employed in them renders great assistance in field labors. However neglected a district may be, and however much behindhand in its cultivation, no sooner does manufacturing industry make its appearance there, but its beneficent effects are immediately made manifest in increased culture and production. As regards the Maremmes more especially, their future is assured, and is destined to become important. Malaria is unable to maintain its ground in the presence of industrial and agricultural civilization, and nature is being rehabilitated in all its pristine beauty and luxuriance.

IV.—*Ethnographical.*

Notwithstanding the difference in language and costume, the mountain inhabitants of most countries, in consequence of the identity of climate and occupation, appear to bear the same stamp of customs and ideas, and universally to resemble each other in the principal features of their social physiognomy. Therefore, in order to determine the national character of the people of Tuscany, we must leave the higher regions and betake ourselves to the hills and valleys, where we can best study the influence which the organization of labor exercises on the national character.

What strikes us most in the rural population of the interior of Tuscany is the uniformity of their lot, and of their lives. Elsewhere in the country there are various degrees among the peasantry; there are rich, poor, and well-to-do. But here we find no such gradations. The agricultural class is equally removed from wealth and poverty; it occupies the medium position of a modest and industrious competency. The prevalence of small holdings, and the existence of the system of joint tenure are incompatible with any other state of things. With a piece of land of such small dimensions it would be difficult to save any considerable sum, and no less

difficult to invest what might be saved in such a way as to become rich. Financial speculations are out of the question, for the peasant has neither time, nor intelligence, nor ability to enable him to engage in them. He is so wanting in enterprise, as we have already seen, that he has not even the spirit to place his money out at interest, but if he is a small holder he employs it in improving his farm, or, if he is a joint occupier, he hands it over to his *padrone*. The material stagnation, therefore, in which he is sunk is inherent in the nature of the agricultural system, and is easily explained.

But if the system has this disadvantage, that under it the peasant is unable to raise himself above a certain level, it possesses, on the other hand, the merit of affording him great security, satisfaction, and freedom from anxiety. Generation succeeds generation on the same estate. The people are neither ambitious nor troubled about the future. They live in the present, without giving themselves a thought beyond. Their physiognomy and their habits and customs bear the stamp of contentment, which neither fears to fall nor hopes to rise. They are industrious and temperate. All that they require in the way of food is wheaten bread; in the higher regions substituted by polenta of chestnuts, or maize, onions, vegetables, fruit, cheese of sheep's or goat's milk, and *minestra* (a kind of soup consisting of salt and water containing either vermicelli or oatmeal balls). Except on festive occasions they never taste animal food (except milk or cheese), and as to wine, they rarely drink it, more especially as the native wines, as we have already said, are rather dear at present. They are a little more particular as regards dress. The women, even of the humblest households, would consider themselves badly off without their silk dress, their jewelry, and their fine straw hats. As regards their morality, it may be said that they are not over straight-laced; nevertheless they are not unchaste. Their outer life is intimately bound up with the Church. The holidays furnish opportunities for meetings and amusements. In every house we meet with pictures of saints, and at the entrance to every stable there is an

image of St. Anthony. Without including Sundays, there are thirteen special festivals in the year, which are celebrated by High Mass and a total cessation from labor; and twenty-five half-holidays on which only Mass is said, and work is continued as usual. These festivals, along with the Sundays, make ninety days which are more or less devoted to religion; to which have to be added the "nine-day devotions," and the processions, which are often held even on work-day evenings. Families also assemble after meals in order to say their prayers and count their beads.

But manufacturing industry, and the alterations in the organization of agricultural labor, begin sadly to interfere with these patriarchal customs. The manufactories are unable to stand so many holidays. Another disturbing element is furnished by the continually increasing class of the *pigionali*, who have other customs, aims, and ideas; they sell their services to occupiers who are beginning to farm on a large scale, or who want to put more land under cultivation, to the State, and to municipal bodies for the furtherance of public works. The remissness of former times in matters of this kind is amply made up for now. Streets and roads are being made, canals dug, forests cleared and brought under cultivation, drains laid and waterworks erected, in accomplishing which the services of the *pigionali* are especially valuable. This class, which possesses neither stability nor cohesion, is a decomposing element in the midst of a hereditary rural population. It interferes with its habits and inclinations, and propagates pauperism and demoralization, although Peruzzi's complaints on this subject appear to us to be exaggerated. The religious customs and political views and family traditions which have hitherto prevailed, have no doubt been endangered by the sudden development of this class of laborers.

Another circumstance calculated to disturb the equality which has hitherto prevailed among the Tuscan peasantry, is furnished by a number of the joint occupiers of the valley region, who have united their savings in order to invest them in trade. They purchase corn, oil, wine, and other articles, which they sell again when there is a rise in the

prices. Enterprise, jobbing, and speculation have penetrated even into these once peaceful abodes. Peasants are becoming rich; a thing which never happened of yore. The once compact body of the agricultural population is being gradually dissolved. The first to detach themselves were the *pigionali*, with their uncertain and precarious existence, and to them succeed the trading, speculating peasants, who, as they become rich, gradually throw off their native simplicity, and rid themselves of their stagnant ideas.

The political occurrences in which Italy has played her part during the present century, have not less contributed to its material and social transformation. Many of the institutions which exercised great influence on the ethnographical physiognomy of the people have disappeared. The institution of the *Code Napoléon*, for instance, has completely altered the laws relating to inheritance, and made it more difficult to uphold the integrity of ancestral property than it was before. The relations between the people and the clergy have been modified, the functions of the latter appertaining to civil registration having devolved into secular hands, so that the rural population, although they may be more than ever attached to their priests, are much less dependent upon them. The grants of public money made to girls on the occasion of their marriage by governments and communes, and other venerable and poetical customs which have been handed down, are sacrificed to the levelling spirit of the age. Until within a very recent period things were not over bright in the country with respect to education. There were few schools, and the few there were were generally too remote to be of service; and, besides, there was no taste for learning on the part of the peasantry. Private teachers went from house to house, giving instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a very cheap rate (1d. to 1½d. per hour). These "teachers" were mostly hawkers, who disposed of their wares at the same time as they gave their lessons, so that we can easily imagine what the instruction they gave was worth. Now there is a large number of district schools in which instruction is given

gratis ; and the parents are all the more eager to send their children there as, with the progress of manufacturing industry, a sense of the advantages of knowledge is awakened in their minds.

Let us shift the scene to the Maremmes where, as we have seen, there are neither small holdings nor economy. The great majority of the inhabitants consists of industrial workmen and agricultural laborers, and often, according to the season of the year, the functions of both are united in the same person. There we find nothing either picturesque or patriarchal. Poetical customs and old traditions have no place there. Religious sentiment is weaker, political convictions are stronger, the bond between the various classes is not nearly so firm, and the social relations are stiffer. The people dwell in villages or hamlets, and their habits are less stable. They have more independent notions. The contrasts of wealth and rank are sharper and of more frequent occurrence. The intercourse with towns is livelier. The thirst for knowledge is more ardent, and

both industrial and agricultural employers manifest a more laudable endeavor to cultivate the minds of their workpeople. They have made large sacrifices in erecting schools, for both sexes, in which reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, music, and the arts are taught. They establish savings banks and give wedding portions to the daughters of their employés.

Thus we have seen that the ethnographical condition of the Tuscan rural population is intimately connected with the agricultural and industrial physiognomy of that province. The ancient primitive relations are changing. Everywhere in Europe the same industrial and agricultural processes, the same civil laws, the same distribution of products, and the same agrarian contracts are coming into repute. As Beaulieu remarks : " The rural population, which appeared to be the most strongly fortified against the invasion of modern manners and customs, is now besieged by them on all sides."—*National Review*.

COINCIDENCES??

THE "long, long Indian day" is quickly falling. The retreating sun is darting Parthian shafts over the dusty *maidan* ; and the life and movement of the cantonment, which have been dammed up during the scorching hours, are again astir. Punkahs have been stopped, and windows have been opened to admit the cool evening air. Smart soldiers, in spotless white uniform, are strolling from their barracks in search of fresh air, or perchance beer at the friendly canteen of a neighboring corps. Lawn tennis is in full swing in the club compound. The band has begun to play at the station band-stand, and the Resident's barouche and the more modest "convainces" of humbler Anglo-Indian life are trundling dustily forth with pale-faced ladies, who are going to listen to its strains and enjoy the evening coolness.

I had only lately arrived in India, in command of a draft, and had not previously done duty with the regiment in its Eastern quarters, having been for some

years on the staff, though I had had, in earlier days of my soldiering, some experience of the country. I had paid most of the regulation visits, and felt that I might face the local society, without my conscience reproaching me with any social *lâches* ; so, as there was no counter-attraction, I thought I might as well spend the time before mess by following the carriages to the band-stand as in any other way.

As I sallied from my bungalow, in the coolest and lightest of garments, not unpardonably conscious that the said garments were fresh from the hands of a London artist, and therefore considerably superior to the kits of most of my brother officers, who had been obliged to supplement the ravages of the Indian climate and the Indian moth by the efforts of their *dirsees*, I hailed a brother captain, who was strolling aimlessly forth, and secured him as company, and to tell me who was who in the station fashionable circles. He was a good fellow, a peer's younger son, who, having

passed a meteoric and somewhat expensive career in the Guards, had exchanged to a line regiment, and was expiating his London misdeeds by a few years in an Indian purgatory. He was a standing difficulty wherever he dined, or whatever entertainment he assisted at, as the Indian table of precedence became hopelessly confused over the honorable prefix to his name; and whether he should be told off to a leading lady, or take charge of an undeveloped spinster, or even make one of the unattached crowd of single men who bring up the rear of every Indian procession to the dinner-table, was always a puzzling problem to be solved. Among his brother officers his accidents of birth did not confer any additional dignity, and he usually answered to the name of "Button."

There was little variety in the gathering that met our eyes at the band-stand from similar assemblages that I remembered in days "langsyne." There was the Resident's carriage, drawn by two goodish-looking Walers, with a fat Madrassee coachman in scarlet on the box, with his bare brown feet stuck out in front of him. The two scarlet-clad horsekeepers stood at the horses' heads, each armed with a *chowrie*, with which they lazily switched the flies which buzzed round their charges. Lady Winkle, the wife of Sir Rodolph Winkle, K.C. S.I., the Resident, sat quite the "Burra Mem Sahib," in a dignified attitude inside, conscious of the *éclat* conferred by the escort of two native *sowars*, who were formed up near, slouching in their ill-cleaned saddles, and still more conscious of the presence of the quiet-looking, grizzled old gentleman beside her, who was a member of the Viceroy's Council on an official tour, and whom she hardly knew whether to treat as an equal in the Indian hierarchy, or to conciliate as one whose opinion might or might not be favorable to her husband's prospects. There was the Colonel's phaeton, with two well-bred cobs, and with harness that showed a little more careful fitting and cleaning than mere native supervision could have given. T-carts, pony-carriages, wagonettes, drawn by every variety of animal, Arabs, Walers, Burmans, and filled with the wives and families of the various secretaries, doctors,

paymasters, etc., who made up our European station society. Then came the natives, in almost equal varieties. The fat Parsee, who kept the universal store for the cantonment, with his olive-colored wife and swarm of black-eyed tawny children, with gold-embroidered caps surmounting their sharp, bright-looking faces, filled to overflowing the old victoria, which had been taken as part payment of a bill left by an ex-official, whose liver had finally succumbed, and who had been invalidated home last year. *Tongas*, *juktas*, and bullock-coaches were there in every stage of decrepitude, drawn by *tattoos* and bullocks, whose very existence should have, in most instances, provoked the interference of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Add to these the usual crowd of Europeans and natives on foot, with *ayahs* and babies innumerable, of all colors, white, brown, and black, some in perambulators, and some playing embarrassingly among the legs of the crowd, and we have the scene which presented itself.

I had written my name in the Residency visitors' book, as in duty bound, and thought that this was a good opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of the great lady herself.

"Button," I said, "you know all the swells, introduce me to Mother Winkle." Thus disrespectfully, I regret, did the officers of H.M.'s regiment in garrison designate that noble person. Alas! poor worm that I was, how soon was I to be taught the real humility of my position! After we had made our way through the small crowd who were doing homage to the great lady, and Button, with his best bow, had said, "Allow me to introduce Captain Melville," I was treated to the most disdainful of inclinations—one which marked my exact position in society—and while I retired to meditate on my littleness, her ladyship turned to renew her conversation with a more important person. But my moment of compensation was at hand. The member of Council suddenly turned round and said, "Did I hear the name of Captain Melville of the —th?" I modestly replied "Yes," and he went on, "I have just come out from England, and saw the Prince before starting, and he told me to be sure to make your acquaintance, if

possible, and to give his remembrances to his old friend."

I tried to look unconscious of the change that came over Lady Winkle's face as she overheard this short colloquy. She turned, and positively beamed on me, saying—

"I had heard that you had arrived at the station, Captain Melville, and have been so anxious to make your acquaintance. Sir Rodolph and I will be so delighted if you can arrange to come and dine with us some night soon. Good gracious! what's that?"

That was the arrival on the scene of a dogcart with a tandem of ponies, driven by one of our subalterns, accompanied by another, which, after wending a devious course from barracks, had finally pulled up with the leader's forelegs in the Parsee's victoria, and the wheeler, with its ears back, showing every disposition to kick. By the exertions of the *syces*, however, and a liberal use of explanatory language from the ambitious driver, the complicated knot was untied, and order restored. The boys got out and joined in the chaffing crowd, which had collected to watch their approach. Among the ring of natives who had gathered round, my attention was much attracted by the appearance of a striking-looking old man, with fiercely twisted-up mustache, and long gray beard, who had pushed to the front, and seemed to take a marked interest in the scene. He looked like an old soldier, and his high features, tall stature, and muscular development spoke of a different race from the more peaceful-looking natives of the south by whom he was surrounded. I could not see that he carried any arms; but though he did not have quite the uniform disciplined air which marks the native army nowadays, he might have been a non-commissioned officer of irregulars, or rather one of the semi-drilled and organized levies of a native ruler.

The youngest of the boys who had come in the tandem cart was one of the subalterns of my draft; a fresh, cheery youngster, the son of a very distinguished officer, who had been particularly commended to my care by his father, and who had been attached to my company accordingly. His father had been one of the heroes of the Mu-

tiny, and had made a name for himself by his fearless gallantry in action, for the devotion of his native followers, and also in no small degree for the unsparing severity with which he had meted out justice to mutineers and rebels. He was equally well known in the army as "Mackinnon the brave," or as "the avenging Colonel." As the subalterns walked about, I could not help remarking that the old native seemed to take particular notice of this boy, and followed him wherever he went. Sometimes it seemed that he got between him and the crowd, and even made a sort of half-turn backward, as if to protect him from another follower. With each movement, his expression appeared to change. When he looked at young Mackinnon, nothing could have been more benevolent and kindly; and when he turned to look behind him, he threw back his head and glared, stern, haughty, and defiant.

I knew that it was hopeless to appeal to Lady Winkle or my friend Button for any information about a casual native, so I looked for some one more familiar with the frequenters of the bazaar. The station magistrate had just cantered up after his usual hard day's office-work, and I asked him who was the old Pathan who was following young Mackinnon.

"Pathan! my dear fellow, I don't see any Pathan."

"There," I pointed. "Perhaps he is not a Pathan, but he does not belong to this part of India. That tall old man with the small red turban and long gray beard."

Again he looked, and again declared that he saw nobody in the least like my description. I thought this odd, but only concluded that the good magistrate's sight was beginning to go, and that he was too proud of his personal appearance to appear in public with spectacles on the eyes whose glance made local malefactors tremble before him. However, the band commenced "God save the Queen." The crowd began to disperse slowly. The subalterns got their tandem under way toward barracks with some difficulty. I lost sight of the old native, and Button and I started on our homeward stroll under the sunniest of smiles from Lady Winkle, and repeated invitations to come and

see her soon at the Residency, and on no account to content myself in the future with writing my name in her visitors' book.

"Very odd how that native stuck to young Mackinnon," I said to Button.

"My dear Melville, you must have made some mistake. I heard you talking about an old man with a red turban, and saw where you pointed; but, for the life of me, I could see nobody but the usual lot of idle coolies."

"Button, you know nothing about it. I believe you would hardly know the difference between a coolie and a rajah."

The usual routine of garrison life went on for several days after this, and the season was so hot that little was done beyond the most ordinary duty, which indeed came round rather heavily on all the officers who were not on leave, as there had been a smartish outbreak of fever, which some attributed to infection brought by natives from the bazaar, where there was always a certain amount of latent disease. Among others, the lad who used to drive Mackinnon about in the tandem cart was knocked over by a severe attack, and the doctors were doing all they could to patch him up sufficiently to move him to the hills and eventually to England. We were all getting rather hipped and low-spirited, and some excitement was much required to take our minds and conversation off the eternal subjects of the height of the thermometer and the doctor's daily report of the cases in hospital. It was much to our delight then that a message was received one day from Yussuf Ali, who commanded the irregular cavalry of the ruler of the native State near which we were serving, to say that a panther had been caught alive in a trap, which he would have enlarged on the *maidan* half an hour before sundown, and asking any of us, who felt inclined for a ride to join in spearing it. Even those of us who could not command the services of a sufficiently trustworthy horse for such a risky sport, could at any rate look on; and those who had horses spent the rest of the afternoon in sharpening boarspears and looking to the soundness of our saddlery. As the evening approached, the company began to gather on the *maidan*, about a mile from bar-

racks. The *maidan*, the scene of action, was a rolling plain, rather long than wide, as the cantonment of the native infantry bounded it on one side, while the other was fringed at a distance of a mile and a half by scrubby and rocky jungle. Its length stretched away for miles; and in the distance we could only dimly see, blue in the evening light, a range of rocky heights, with one white *musjid* standing out in bright relief. The grass was brown, scorched, and dry; and, but that the dust did not rise in clouds, the appearance was that of a barren sandy plain.

Several ladies had come to look on, who were perched on elephants, out of harm's way. Lady Winkle was most imposing on a huge and steady animal belonging to the heavy battery. The *sowar* escort had been dispensed with; but Sir Rodolph was there himself, with a gleam of excitement and enthusiasm in his eye, for he had been a fine rider and a bold *shikarri*, before accession of dignity and increasing years and waistband had made him withdraw from the delights of snaffle, spur, and spear, and devote his energies to administration alone. Lady Winkle was condescending enough to remember that her friendly interest had been aroused in me, and nearly fell out of the howdah in her anxiety to tell me how much she hoped I would get "first spear." As I was riding a common-place old Waler, whose ideas of pace were most limited, I did not anticipate that I should be called upon to receive a crown of laurel or its Indian equivalent from her fair and pudgy hand.

Besides the ladies and some few other mounted European onlookers, there was the usual mob of natives which is to be found at every show; but these remained at a most respectful distance from the central spot, the black cart, on which was the huge wooden trap containing the panther.

There were six sportsmen who were going to join in the chase. Yussuf Ali himself, a lithe, light, active, and very handsome Mussulman—a magnificent horseman, and perfect master of all weapons—a polished gentleman in his quiet courteous manners, and withal a brilliant and dashing soldier. Bad was it for him that he lived while the Pax

Britannica controlled India. If he had been born in the days of the old Mogul emperors, he was just the man to have carved his way to the rule of one of the great proconsulates of which so many turned into independent kingdoms. He rode a high-caste flea-bitten gray Arab, whose lean head, iron legs, thin, well-set-on tail, and muscular shape, covered by a skin which showed the tracery of veins underneath, marked the purest blood of the desert.

Almost as well mounted was young Mackinnon, who well maintained the credit of England in his firm and sporting seat and determined air. His rather ragged-looking Waler did not show the same quality as the gray Arab; but it had won several races pretty easily; and though his master carried a hog-spear for the first time, we all felt it was likely that the struggle for the honors of the day would be between him and the gallant Mussulman.

Next to him was Captain Johnson of the native infantry, one of the keenest sportsmen on our side of India, whose exploits in pursuit of great game were a constant topic of conversation and admiration. To him no kind of encounter with savage beasts could come amiss, and, under equal conditions, nobody present could have hoped to ride on more than equal terms with him. But he had only just returned from a distant sporting expedition, his own horses had not yet arrived, and he had been obliged to place his six feet two inches of bone and sinew on a friend's horse, which certainly could not carry him alongside the light weights. There remained to add to the field, Button, myself, and another of our officers, all three determined to be in at the death if possible; but so moderately provided with horse-flesh that we could hardly expect to be more than the reserve in the first attack.

The sun was rapidly sinking, and there was no time to waste; so all the spectators fell back to about a hundred yards from the cart carrying the trap, which remained black and solitary in the middle of the plain. We took up our position in line in front of the crowd, and could then see that a long rope was fastened to the trap, by pulling which a bolt would be drawn, and the side furthest from us opened. One of Yus-

suf Ali's servants ran forward, at a signal from his master, pulled the rope, and as quickly bolted back behind the shelter of the spears. I had never seen a panther enlarged before, and had expected the animal to bound forth at once, the moment the way to liberty was open. Our friend did nothing of the kind, however. He had been for two days in the trap, and was probably rather stiff, and certainly cowed and sulky. At last, after several stones had been thrown at the trap, and had rattled on its wooden sides, we could just see a long black-looking body gliding from the cart, and drawing itself sinuously along the ground. The native crowd set up a shout, and that and the familiar feeling of the ground beneath his feet made him quicken his pace. The light gleamed on his yellow sides, he looked round him to see the safest direction in which to shape his course, and bounded toward the jungle. We instinctively drew our reins tighter, grasped our boarspears firmer, pressed our legs to our horses' sides, and prepared for the gallop. The panther was half cantering, half bounding toward the friendly shelter which he had marked, and rapidly shaking off his stiffness and increasing his distance from us. We all turned to Yussuf, who was a perfect picture, as he sat with his spear held high in the air on his half-rearing horse, whose eye sparkled with the same excitement as his master's. The panther had got between three and four hundred yards' start, when Yussuf shouted "Ride!" We sat down to our work, and tore in pursuit.

As we expected, Mackinnon and Yussuf quickly shot ahead; but the stride of the Waler gave the latter the advantage, and besides, he was rather on the right, the side toward which the panther was bending, and had thus less ground to go over. Johnson was a bad third; but his cool and experienced eye had marked the panther's probable line, and his fine horsemanship enabled him to save every inch of ground, and would probably bring him up at the critical moment. The rest of us could only say that we had an excellent view of the chase, as we toiled in the rear.

Mackinnon, with his spear ready for the thrust, was rapidly gaining on the

panther, who looked over his shoulder and seemed to calculate whether he could cover the half-mile which lay between him and safety before the thundering hoofs behind him should be alongside. All at once he stopped in his gallop and crouched, almost facing his pursuer, with bristles erect and glaring eyes. The Waler's heart failed him when he found himself face to face with the defiant beast. The horse shied to one side, crossed his legs, and made a tremendous stumble on to his nose. Mackinnon, who had been leaning forward with poised spear, was thrown on to his horse's ears. The panther's spring was delivered, and I felt my heart sink. Suddenly—could I believe my eyes? I could have sworn that there was no one on the plain a moment before—there was a native at Mackinnon's horse's head, whose ready hand on the bridle had saved the Waler from falling. The panther's spring had missed in consequence, and the lad managed to regain his seat. Yussuf's ready spear passed through the spotted body as he shot past, and a minute afterward Johnson gave the *coup de grâce*. The whole was momentary, and when I joined the group, the danger and excitement were over, and the panther lay in death before the snorting horses.

"Lucky for you, my boy," I said, "that that native saved your fall. You just escaped being badly clawed."

"What native do you mean, Melville?" Mackinnon replied. "This confounded brute gave an awful peck, just as I was going to take the spear, and it was all I could do to get him on his legs again."

"Well, I'll swear there was a native standing by at the time. I could just see a red turban over your horse's shoulder, though I could not distinguish his face."

"Anyway, he can't be far off, and he is sure to come and ask for *backsheesh* for his services. He deserves something for his pluck, at any rate, in putting himself in our spotted friend's way." We looked round, but there was nobody. The shouting crowd of onlookers came up, and in the quickly closing night and the maze of turbans, red, blue, and white, that surrounded us, further search was impossible. I could not help feel-

ing certain, however, that I was right, though both Yussuf and Johnson, who had been nearer to Mackinnon than I, assured me they saw nobody. The panther was padded on one of the elephants. Lady Winkle waved us a dignified adieu as she changed the rocking howdah for her easy rolling carriage, to return to the Residency. We lighted our cigars, and slowly rode homeward, the others discussing every incident of the novel sport, while I silently pondered over Mackinnon's escape, and tried to explain its circumstances satisfactorily to myself.

Again the dull and depressing routine of barrack life. We had got through the worst of the hot weather; but the brazen sun by day and the hot winds by night still made exertion wearisome, and sleep almost impossible. We looked eagerly forward to the return from leave of some lucky brother officers, who had been bracing themselves in the hills, when some of us, at least, would be able to quit the sweltering cantonment in our turn. The happy day came at last, and Button, Mackinnon, and I were told that we might be off for a month. We were all pretty well in spite of the long grilling we had gone through; and we decided that we wanted change of scene more than change of climate, and that we would spend our time in the fresher, if not much cooler air of the jungle, and carry out a long-projected campaign against some tigers that we had heard of in a neighboring district. We had been in communication with *shikarris* for some time, in case such a chance should offer itself, so we had little to do but to start off our tents and servants, and arrange for relays of horses to carry us over the first sixty or seventy miles from the station, when we should find ourselves nearly at our shooting-ground, and continue the march with our camp, which we should then have overtaken.

Behold us at last in the saddle, at one o'clock in the morning, or rather in the middle of a starlight night. The moon has sunk below the horizon, but the Southern Cross has risen and illumines our way. The sentry on the main guard challenges as we pass, and gives his parting benediction, "Pass, friend, and all's well." We clatter through the bazaar, disturbing troops of

pariah dogs fighting and growling over the filthiest offal, and push into the silent country. How weird and beautiful it all looks! The gnarled banyan-trees throw deep shadows here and there across the road, and everything that was burned and miserable-looking under the sunlight is covered with a mystic charm by the calm quiet night. On and still on we press, past native temples, whose ghastly images look still more ghastly than by day and glare stonily. Through small hamlets, nearly riding over the inhabitants, who are wooing the cool air, and are lying asleep in the roadway, wrapped in their white cloths. Past the Tapal runner, with letter-bag on his back, jogging along the road to the distant town. His tinkling bell is the only sound that breaks the silence, and we think of its old name, "the tiger's dinner-bell," and how often, on that very road, the post-runner had been missing, and a blood-stained letter-bag had been found, the only relic to mark where the man-eating scourge of the country-side had seized his prey. Past rocks and water-courses, over open cultivated country, and through jungle woodland, till we arrived under the grim shadow of an old fort perched on a rocky eminence, where we found our first relay of horses waiting, and felt that we had covered twenty miles of our journey. What a delicious and refreshing feeling it is to drop into a cool saddle and feel a fresh horse springing gayly under you, after the experience of the last five miles of a tired hack, keeping him on his legs on a rough road, and kicking him along to keep your time! Again we press on to gain our halting-place before the sun comes out in power once more, and we do not draw rein till we arrive at the old but, under the friendly shade of a *tope* of trees, where we intend to wait till night shades us on our onward way. Just six o'clock, and we have done forty miles—not bad going in the dark. We found our second relay of horses here, and, oh blessed sight! a small table with tea ready laid out. How good it was to sit and sip it under the leafy boughs! What would Indian wayfaring be without these *topes* at intervals along the roads, which are as well known to travellers as the wayside inns in England? Where would the European offi-

cial or sportsman pitch his camp? Where would the humble wayfarer halt during the broiling hours to cook his *chuppatti* and have his mid-day siesta? and where could a reasonably cool draught of water be found but in the well under those pleasant natural arches, impervious to the darts of even an Indian sun? We settled down to get through the day, and, indeed, had small difficulty in doing so. There were some old *charpoys* in the hut, and, kicking off our boots, we collapsed into sleep, which passed the hottest hours most satisfactorily. At sundown we again got under way, and by nine o'clock saw our camp gleaming white in the moonlight before us. Bath and a light supper were most welcome, and we turned in, thinking over the campaign which we were about to commence. The jungle air felt fresh, and the jungle wind comparatively cool; but every tent-door was opened wide, and curtains rolled up, to profit by it as much as we could. Closely tucked round with mosquito-net, I heard the insects of the night hurling themselves vainly against my couch, and chuckled drowsily at their discomfiture. Our followers lay round the camp-fire, and their snores rose in chorus with the slow chewing of the bullocks, the pawing of a restless horse at his picket-rope, and the unearthly shriek of the jackal prowling near.

The camp was astir with the first faint glimmer of dawn, and when we turned out among the already half-loaded baggage-carts, we found two *shikarris* squatted on the ground near our tents, waiting to give us their report on our chances of sport. Closely wrapped in their cloths to protect them from the morning air, these jungle sages were looking with contempt on the, to them, derogatory occupations of our domestic servants.

Our best hopes were realized when we were told that two tigers had been haunting a piece of jungle about seven miles distant, and that, if we would march on that day to the neighborhood, they, the *shikarris*, would arrange to have buffaloes tied up during the following night round the likely haunts, and if one of this live bait was killed, we might hope to have a successful beat. Nothing could be more satisfac-

tory, and our march was ordered accordingly. We moved off, a most imposing procession. Two elephants, lent by the ever-kindly minister of the native State, camels, horses, bullock-carts, and a most miscellaneous assortment of followers, from the consequential belted *peon* and the grim-looking *shikarri*, with his old matchlock on his shoulder, to the lowest tag-rag of water-carriers and sweepers, completed by the inevitable native women, who followed their husbands, carrying curiously wise-looking babies on their hips, and all their worldly possessions in a bundle on their heads. Sooth to say, the three European sahibs were not the most respectable-looking of the crowd. Unshaved faces, rusty-looking *shikar* clothes, enormous and hideous sun-hats, formed an *ensemble* which might be comfortable, but was neither dignified nor becoming.

We had at last plunged into real jungle life and scenery; the quaint and picturesque cavalcade moved through a landscape in which the brilliant red blossom of the honey-tree, the rich green of the palms, and the bright emerald of the occasional paddy-fields were a beautiful mixture of color in the tender morning light. The brick-colored land and distant blue rocky hills, with the clear sky, filled up the background.

We pitched our next camp near an old and once strong, but now deserted and ruined fortress. People in England, who only know of the historic strongholds, have little idea of the number of elaborately strengthened places which have been formed in India, and which, under the strong and peaceful sway of Britain, have now lost their *raison d'être*, and are forgotten in the jungles. The one in question was an example. Two rocky and steep scarped hills about half a mile apart, connected by a bastioned line of walled fortification and a deep dry ditch. The hills, 400 to 500 feet high, with several lines of fortification upon them, and a large walled keep crowning each. The native village nestled inside the fortifications at their feet. Some old guns lay, mouldering and grass-covered, on the ramparts, whose sole warders were the troops of monkeys which little feared a stranger, and only acknowledged our

presence by loud and general chattering.

Many were the lamentations over the destruction among the village herds which the *patel* poured into our ears when he came to pay his respects; and many were the hopes expressed that the noble sahibs would slay the two tigers which haunted the neighboring jungle, and relieve the district from the fear of their ravages. Our hopes of brilliant sport rose with each tale of woe, and we waited with eager anticipations for the *shikarris'* next morning's report of the result of their preparations.

The next morning came at last, and with it the welcome news that one of the buffaloes, which had been tied up near the tigers' haunts, had been killed during the night, and that the slayer had been marked down in a ravine about a mile and a half distant, whither he had carried his prey to gorge it at his leisure, and where he was probably now sleeping off the effects of his meal.

The beaters had been already summoned from the villages, and, headed by our friend the *patel*, they began to assemble at our camp, each group, as it came in, more motley and wild in appearance than the last. Our final preparations have been made, and we start for the scene of action. Our nondescript crowd follows—some, and they the proud ones, carrying rusty matchlocks, some with spears, some with sickles or knives tied to the ends of sticks. Tom-toms, horns, pipes, were not wanting, while the professional *shikarris* strove to keep order in the array, carrying bundles of native rockets, with the important air of lictors with their fasces.

A short walk, and we neared the ravine where the tiger had been marked down. It lay by a broken rocky hill or rather cluster of hills, with trees and brushwood on their sides and pieces of dense thicket in their hollows. At the distant side of the hills the ground sloped into a broken woodland, which stretched away for miles toward a blue range of high land in the horizon.

Our beaters were taken in charge by two *shikarris*, who were to dispose them so as to be ready to sweep the ravine and hills before them, while the guns stole quietly round the outskirts to the distant side where the game was likely

to break. Then came the business of taking up our positions. We drew for stations, and my lot fell on the right of the line. Mackinnon was on the left, and Button in the centre, and we were to be placed about 150 or 200 yards apart. I clambered into a tree with my gun-bearer, and took up a safe position, while Button and Mackinnon went on to be posted by the head *shikarri*. Then came the most trying time of the day's work—waiting for the beat to commence. A seat on a knotty branch of a tree is not a comfortable position, when perfect stillness is necessary, and every individual roughness on your perch seems to work its way more and more uncompromisingly into your undefended person. The Deccan hot-weather sun blazes overhead, his beams reflected with almost original intensity from the glowing rock hard by; and the thin, half-withered foliage of the jungle-tree, which gives a good sweep for a rifle, is far from being a sufficient umbrella in point of shade. It is quaint and interesting, however, to watch the animal life in the jungle, when all is still, and its inhabitants are unconscious of observation. First, a magnificent peacock, scenting danger in the wind, comes bustling down the hill, making so much noise that I almost think he must be the tiger. He catches sight of me in the tree, and is horrified to find himself committed to so short a distance from a human stranger. He takes flight, and floats gracefully away, without a movement of his wings after two or three initial strokes. Then a mungoos rushes across the open, full of important business. He disappears into a heap of stones, and a minute or two later again shows himself, and returns to his original cairn. A rustle of leaves—a squirrel has changed his quarters, and moved his monotonous cry from one tree to another. Another rustle.

This time it is a large lizard that has left, with a flop, the stone where he has been sunning himself, and has hustled to other quarters.

Whir, whirl, whirl! tom, tom, tom! went suddenly the beaters' rattles and drums in the distance. The beat at last commenced. Wild shrieks and discordant yells, which might have represented every form of human agony, roused the

echoes of the hills. Bang!—there a firework was thrown into a rocky cave. Stones are being rolled down the cliffs into unapproachable thickets, and every form of Hindoo objurgation and reviling is being shouted, to induce the lurking game to move forward where the rifles are prepared to receive him. The jungle tenants were awakened in earnest. A gaunt hyæna trotted by, looking fearfully over his shoulder. An old bear, with a couple of cubs, came rolling along, and passed within a few yards, complaining loudly at being disturbed. Suddenly a huge dusky form swung slowly through the bushes, about 200 yards from me. I grasped my rifle tighter, reckless that the barrels felt almost red-hot in the sun. I thought he must come down a pass in the rocks within easy shot, and I felt certain that I could cover him, when a wretched native, who had been put in a tree some distance off as a look-out, with the strictest injunctions to silence, could not contain his excitement, and began holloaing and shouting at the top of his voice. Of course the tiger turned, and my chance was gone. He loomed as big as a bullock, a magnificent sight, as his striped side glowed red in the sunlight, while he passed by my left.

I waited for Button's rifle to speak, but heard nothing. There was almost silence for a minute, when I heard two shots in rapid succession coming from where I supposed Mackinnon to be. These were followed, after a pause, by two more. Another pause, and an English "Who-whoop!" rang through the jungle. The line of beaters came up, and told me that though one tiger had been killed, the other had sneaked off to one side and made his escape toward the distant hills. There was nothing more to wait for, and I made my way in the direction that the sound of shots came from. There lay the tiger, terrible still in death. Button had the complacent air of the man who has fired the lucky shot, while Mackinnon looked a little pale, and his gun-bearer was holding forth most volubly to the beaters who had arrived on the spot. As I appeared, Button, with equal volubility commenced to give his account of the death—

"What a sharp thing that was of

yours, old fellow, to send that *shikarri* to bring me to Mackinnon's post! I was sitting waiting for the tiger to show, when the nigger came and beckoned to me to follow him. I thought he must know all about it, so I slipped down from my tree and arrived just in time to see Mackinnon standing on that rock, and firing at the tiger within five-and-twenty yards. He must have hit the beggar, but not hard enough, for the brute was just going to spring, and I don't think Mac would have gone back to cantonments after it. I confess I felt a bit jumpy; but I took as quiet a shot as I could, and put an ounce of lead in the brute's brain and another in his throat, and turned him over. Mac had a narrow squeak. No wonder he looks a bit shaky."

"Lucky indeed you were there, Button," I said; "though I never sent to move you. But how on earth were you mad enough to leave your tree, Mackinnon? You must have thought yourself a better shot than most of us, to choose to meet a tiger on foot."

"Well, you see, Melville, after I had been sitting in the tree for some time I found there were red ants in it, or rather they found me out, and began to bite so viciously that I could stand it no longer, so I thought I would make a run for it, and try to find another perch. Just as I had got on to this rock, the tiger came charging down, and my only chance was to fire. I hit once, I know, but only enough to make him put up his bristles. My gun-bearer had not followed me, and if Button had not come up at that moment, I should have been finished off long before now. I quite gave myself up."

"Well, it was a narrow shave. But, Button, show me the *shikarri* who moved you. He has deserved well of his country, at any rate."

"Oh, I couldn't mistake him—an old fellow with a gray beard and a red turban; seemed awfully keen and excited, but was sharp enough to make no noise."

I had seen all our *shikarris* in the morning, but did not remember one answering to the description. We got all our followers together, and there were certainly no absentees, as the danger was over, and they thought that perhaps

pay-time had come. Even the fat *patel* arrived from the safe position which he had occupied far in the rear of the fray, and added his "*shabash*" to the shouts of delight of the rest of the crowd.

Still, no one with a red turban. The *shikarris* swore that there was no *lal puggri wallah* among them. Who could it be, whose opportune interference had, in all probability, saved Mackinnon from a ghastly death? All declared that they had no hand in moving the sahib from his position. But Button stuck to his story, and said there could be no mistake.

"Do you think I would have been such a d—d fool as to come down to the ground, if I had not been moved by a man who seemed to know what he was about?"

Button's gun-bearer was looked for to see if he had recognized the mysterious messenger; but he was only now coming up in rear of the crowd, and frankly acknowledged that he had been in too great a funk to quit the tree, when he thought a tiger was on foot. He had seen his master suddenly jump down, without apparent reason, and was astonished when he went away. All's well that ends well, and Mackinnon's and Button's gunbearers escaped the licking which they no doubt anticipated for not being handy at the critical moment. Indeed, one could hardly blame the poor wretches for not plunging into the jaws of danger in the reckless and apparently purposeless way that their masters had done.

While our followers were employed in slinging the tiger on a stout bamboo, to carry him home in triumph, we ensconced ourselves in a cool adjacent cave, hailed the coolie with the lunch-eon-basket, and prepared to slake our thirst in well-earned goblets. I was puzzling over the tale of the unknown *shikarri* and his timely appearance, when Button paused in lifting his tumbler to his lips, and said—

"Melville, I believe my red-turbaned friend is first cousin to the man you vowed you saw that day's panther-spearing."

Wild as the suggestion seemed, I could not help feeling there might be a connection between the two events. Both were, at any rate, mysterious, and to

neither was there to me any satisfactory solution. I could only say—

“My dear Button, you thought that day that I was dreaming. Perhaps you dream yourself sometimes.”

No more was said, and we returned to our camp. The whole population of the village turned out to receive us—men, women, and children—all eager to see the dreaded monster, which had only been known to them as the stealthy and ruthless taker of blackmail from their herds, and which might at any time have made a *bonne bouche* of papa or mamma, or brother or sister. We felt very great and beneficent beings indeed, and promised ourselves many more moments of equal triumph before our leave was up. Alas! our hopes were soon rudely blighted. Behind the exulting and shouting crowd appeared a runner, who unrolled his turban, and produced a letter addressed to Captain Melville, with the ominous initials, O.H.M.S., on the envelope. To my disgust, it was from the adjutant.

“MY DEAR MELVILLE,—There has been an outbreak among some fanatics about 150 miles from here, and the Resident has applied for a company to be ready to be sent down to support the native police, who don't seem to be worth much. We are ordered to furnish the company, and yours is the first for detachment. The colonel, therefore, desires that you will return to headquarters at once. A *dawk* of horses has been arranged for you. Sorry to spoil your sport.”

This was disgusting; and there was nothing for it but to obey, and bid farewell to our tented freedom and sport. Why could not those wretched fanatics have controlled their spirits till the drill season, when a little mild campaigning might have been a not unwelcome interlude in our usual series of battalion and brigade parades? The journey out to our shooting-ground had been fatiguing, but at any rate we had been buoyed up against weariness, and it had been made pleasant for us by the anticipation of the fun which we hoped to have; but the journey back, with the immediate prospect of an inglorious and rather distasteful duty, was very different. We got through it, however, and reported

ourselves, to the intense delight of some of our friends, who had feared that the letter of recall might not reach us, and that they would have to go on coercion duty instead of us. Though we were held in readiness, the actual orders for our movement did not arrive till the second day after our return; but Mackinnon and I had our time fully occupied on the intervening day by parades and preparations.

Fortunately for us, there was a railway which could bring us within a few miles of the place where our services were required; and still more fortunately, we were only a small body of troops to be moved, so we were not crammed with regulation tightness into the train, but both officers and men had ample room, a matter of no small consideration toward the end of the hot weather. My company was formed up at the station about six o'clock in the evening, so that we might run the troop-train through and get into camp before morning. There they stood, in cool and easy *khaki* clothes, with greatcoats rolled, haversacks over their shoulders, and their pouches bulging with ball-ammunition, while the active sergeants were telling off the parties to load the baggage in the vans, and allotting its proper complement of men to each compartment of the carriages. All looked serviceable and workmanlike; and though the men seemed at first sight a little drawn and black under the eyes from the effects of the long hot months, they were stalwart seasoned soldiers, whose stamina was at its best.

In these days there is one great satisfaction to a soldier, and especially a regimental officer, in serving in India, that when any troops are required for service, everybody is trained, fit and ready to go. There the army is on a war-footing always, and it is not necessary to break up a brigade to furnish a battalion, nor a battalion to furnish a company. Here are no batches of reserve men or detachments of volunteers from distant garrisons turning up at the last minute, and breaking the hearts of officers and non-commissioned officers alike. Here is no confusion or uncertainty about the necessities for a campaign, and the transport which is to convey them. Everything is clearly by regulation laid down

and known, and though it may and sometimes does happen that there is a local difficulty in providing what is required, the Indian departments so well know their work that that difficulty is always quickly overcome. Add to this that the soldier in India receives in peace-time systematic training in packing loads and arranging them for whatever transport-animals are available—elephants, camels, mules, ponies, or bullocks—and it will be easily conceived how smoothly the military machine works, and how little friction or dislocation is caused by the sudden call to arms.

Mackinnon and I were the only two officers who went with the company, as the battalion was unfortunate in having some still on the sick-list. Button came to the station to see us off, and gave us his blessing, and, what was more to the purpose, put an ice-box with cooling drinks, and a luncheon-basket with dinner, into our carriage, to solace us on our journey.

We sped along through the night without *contretemps*, and arrived at our destination in the gray of the morning. Early as it was, we found the Collector of the district awaiting us, who was profoundly relieved that his hands had been strengthened, and that he might hope now to be able to restore order. The origin of the disturbances appeared to be that a fanatic Moslem, in a moment of religious frenzy, had killed a Hindoo. The murderer had been concealed by the people of his village, who, when a force of police were sent down to search and to enforce the law, had taken up arms, broken into open rebellion, and committed several deeds of violence. The native police had been defied and driven back, and the Collector and other magistrates stoned and threatened. It was now hoped that, if the police had the support of a few soldiers, it would be seen that resistance was hopeless, and that things would settle down into their usual course.

The headquarters of the rioters were rather more than twelve miles distant, and it was arranged that we should encamp for the day, and march in the evening to a village within two miles of their position, and attack them on the following morning, unless in the mean-

time they had seen the folly of their ways, ceased resistance, and given up their ringleaders and the original murderer. The Collector was very loath to proceed to extremities with them, and said, that he would give them every chance of timely submission, by sending a message to tell them of the force which was now coming against them, and the serious consequences of continued resistance. I never expected that our services would be really required. Very few comparatively of the fanatics appeared to have firearms, and the arrival of a train full of white soldiers, whose number rumor would no doubt multiply infinitely, seemed likely to make the desired impression on the country-side.

We set to work to pitch our camp, and make our detachment comfortable for the day, while the Collector sent off his ultimatum.

In the course of the forenoon we were joined by a large body of native police, and between four and five our small column moved off. It was a very trying march. The men were nearly ankle-deep in dust, and dusty clouds, kicked up by every footstep, filled our eyes, ears, and mouths, and made the heat of the atmosphere even more intolerable. We made steady progress, however. The police were some hundred yards in front of my company, as the Collector, who rode with them, wished the surrender to be made, if it was made, to the civil power, and to keep the soldiers as much as possible in the background.

"Oh, Bill! what would you give for a pot of canteen porter?" said one of my men huskily to his next file, as they made their way through the gritty atmosphere.

"*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," said Mackinnon, equally huskily, to me; "I was just going to say that an iced whisky-and-soda would be heavenly."

We reached the edge of some cultivated ground after a time, however, and halted for a few minutes to let the men quench their thirst, and refill their water-bottles at a neighboring well. While we were thus employed, two or three faint reports of musket-shots were heard in the distance, and the police came tumbling back from the front in considerable confusion, the Collector bringing up their rear, brandishing a

white umbrella, abusing them for their conduct, and adjuring them to come back and secure their opponents. The most striking objects in the crowd were the messengers who had been sent in the morning, and who now presented themselves, each with one of his ears in his hand, which had been cut off, and sent as sole receipt and answer to the summons which they had brought.

Things began to look more serious ; and, as the color-sergeant remarked, " it seemed as if there was some blood ahead of us."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and little more could be done, as we had only moonlight to guide us on a not very well-known track. I sent a sergeant with a few men extended before us, to look out for any lurking adversaries, and we pushed on to the village where we were to bivouac, the police crowding together behind us. Our night was not too comfortable ; but the men had their rations, and the Collector's *souvar*-camel came up, with ample supplies for himself, Mackinnon, and me. We hardly expected a surprise ; but an inlying picket was told off, sentries posted, and the rest of us lay down in the best shelter we could find, wrapped in our greatcoats, to seek all the slumber that was possible. Tom-toms and shouting in the distance showed that the rebels remained awake for long ; but even this ceased after a time, and all was still.

All were on the alert, and ready to move between four and five in the morning. Every man had his coffee, to guard against the ill effects of the morning miasma ; and as the police were not to be depended upon if there was any fighting, I made all the preparations for the advance. Mackinnon took the lead with five-and-twenty men, with orders to push through the broken forest-ground, and, if possible, rush the hamlet where the rebels were collected, while I followed close in support with the rest of the company. The Collector rode with the advanced party, while the police took up a safe position in rear of the column. We half anticipated that, when it was seen that we were really in earnest, everything would be left clear before us, and that the rebels would disperse and seek safety in distant retreats.

We moved on for more than a mile in silence, when I suddenly heard an irregular fusilade opened, followed quickly by the sharp reports of English rifles. I quickened the pace of my men, cleared the belt of forest, which had impeded our view, and saw a scattered crowd of natives keeping up a smart fire as they retired on the village, which was in sight half a mile distant. Mackinnon was following them rapidly, with his men extended at short intervals, but well in hand, and kneeling and firing as they advanced. That it was not child's-play was shown by two bodies of natives lying bleeding on the ground where they had fallen, and one of our men who came limping to the rear with a bullet through his leg. The Collector's white umbrella gleamed among the skirmishers as the oriflamme of our force, and his energetic gestures responded to the defiant shouts of our enemy.

My men doubled into line, and we pressed on to support Mackinnon, who was likely to encounter a heavier fire as he neared the village. The tide of the skirmish was too quick for us, however, and Mackinnon's party had it all to themselves. We could see, a little to the right of the village, a small temple, enclosed in high stone walls and surrounded with a cactus-hedge, toward which the stream of natives seemed to be turning, and I doubled my men forward so as to outflank the right of our advanced party and cover their movements with fire. The rebels closed on the temple, and Mackinnon's men gathered to pursue them into the enclosure. Now they were alongside of the laggards. I saw Mackinnon bound over the hedge, his sword gleaming in the air, and I felt sure that it descended not harmless. The bulk of the natives had got inside the walls of the temple, and some were closing the massive gate, while the rest poured a heavy fire over our men, who tried to keep the gate open and to make their way in pursuit. It was all to no avail. The gate was closed and bolted, and Mackinnon had to fall back, under cover of the fire which we poured on the temple walls, with two more men wounded, and carrying the body of one poor corporal, shot through the head. We were checked for the moment, and as we had no artillery to blow open the

gate, it seemed possible that we might be kept at bay for an indefinite time by a handful of ill-armed natives, and possibly have to reduce them by the slow process of blockade and starvation—a thing not to be thought of, if any other expedient could be found, as it would give time and encouragement to any other malcontents who might be in the district to rise also against the civil power. What made the matter more mortifying was to find that, when we examined the village, there were only about twenty-five men in all occupying the temple, though that number fortunately included the leaders of the disturbances, and also the particular malefactors who were to be arrested. The Collector wiped his streaming brow and looked nonplussed. Mackinnon was blown and tired, and could offer no suggestion but to attack again, and try to scale the walls with stormers climbing on the shoulders of other men. I looked at the confounded place and tried to think how we were to get inside without exposing our force to unnecessary loss from the desperate men, who were sure to fight to the last.

While I was considering, the color-sergeant came up and saluted and said—

“If I might make the suggestion, sir, there are some big logs of wood lying behind us, where they have been cutting the forest. Half-a-dozen of us could easily carry one of them with a run and smash in that gate.”

The idea seemed excellent, and indeed there was no other choice. I picked out a good stout well-trimmed log, and told off the men who were to carry this extemporized battering-ram. Half the company, including all the marksmen, lay down on the crest of the little knoll behind which we were, about 200 yards from the temple, with orders to keep up a steady fire on every one who showed himself over the crest of the wall. I took the remaining half with our ram, and made for the gate at a run. Mackinnon was a little to one side of me, and rather gaining ground. I turned to call to him not to get too far in front, as I did not want the attack to be made till the gate had been smashed in, when I saw a native following him closely. “One of our police,” I thought, “who has plucked up more

courage than his comrades, and is determined to show that there is good fighting stuff in some of them.” Then it flashed on my memory that the police wore blue turbans, and this man certainly had a red one. We were covering the ground fast, however; the air was full of the noise of firing, the shouts of the defenders of the temple, and the cheers of my men, and my whole attention was given to the business of the moment.

The ram was completely successful, and the gate was shivered by its blow. We crowded through the opening, and the place was taken. One volley was fired as we entered, and it struck me that the red-turbaned native and Mackinnon, who had been foremost in the race so far, were not actually at my side as we rushed in, which was certainly fortunate for the latter, as the poor fellow who took his place fell dead before the enemy's volley. No one else was hit. Several of the defenders were killed, still struggling, by the excited soldiers, and the others threw down their arms and cried for quarter. I was only too glad to order the work of slaughter to cease, and handed the prisoners over to the Collector, who grimly remarked that their fate was probably only deferred till they fell into the hangman's hands.

To our delight, we saw the pack-animals with our tents and baggage coming up, and we were able to pitch our camp and refresh ourselves after our little brush. As we sat round our breakfast-table, discussing the events of the morning, I asked Mackinnon what happened to him when we attacked the gate.

“Well, it was a confounded piece of cheek of one of the men. Just as I was going in with you, somebody caught my arm and pulled me to one side, and I could not follow till you were all inside the walls. I wish I knew who did it? No one had any business to get in front of me.”

“It was a lucky piece of cheek for you anyhow, my lad. Poor Sergeant Walker, who took your place, was killed by the last volley. I don't think it was one of our men either—it must have been that native who was alongside of you.”

"There was no native anywhere near me, Melville. I saw nobody but the Collector here, and our own men."

"I never saw any native in the last attack," said the Collector. "I was watching our friend Melville with his tree; but I am almost certain that you had a native near you when we first began firing this morning, and he kept near you till the time when the gate was shut in your face and you had to fall back. I thought one of your servants was following you. He looked a respectable oldish man, with a gray beard."

"My servants are a deal too careful of their precious skins. None of them were anywhere handy, I'll be bound. Melville, do you know, it strikes me that this old man with the red turban seems to haunt me, according to your account, wherever I go."

"Haunt you; well, perhaps that is the real word to use."

As I spoke, the word raised a new train of thought in my mind. Could it be, in our prosaic days, and in our ordinary practical life, that a visitor from another world could have in any way interested himself in the fortunes of the very reckless and unromantic subaltern who was sitting before me concluding a copious breakfast by burrowing into the recesses of a jam-pot? Surely not; and yet, why not? Four times had I known of this mysterious native's presence, and always when a special danger seemed to menace the boy. Four times had he been seen and recognized by somebody who was not in the least predisposed to look for his appearance. If he existed in the flesh, how did he appear at points so far apart, and on occasions so dissimilar? and above all, how was it that he never could be found or identified when the occasion of his appearance was past? Mackinnon himself evidently looked upon these circumstances in the most matter-of-fact way, and no suspicion of any connected mystery had occurred to him. I felt too uncertain on every point to venture to hint at the vague ideas which had struck me, and could only hope that some day all that was now inexplicable might find a simple key.

With regard to our present duty, the need for our services had quite passed

away. The outbreak had been entirely suppressed, the ringleaders were in our power, and nothing remained to be done which could not be carried out by the police, who were now full of the most active zeal and energy. For the last two days, thick banks of clouds had gathered in the evenings over the sky, and it was probable that the monsoon would break within a week in the western district in which we found ourselves, when it would be most inadvisable to keep European soldiers under canvas without absolute necessity.

A welcome order soon came, therefore, directing our return to headquarters, and we were quickly *en route*. How delicious the burst of rain was, and how grateful the coolness which spread over the parched and torrid land, as the thunder rolled away in the distance and was succeeded by the first monsoon shower! The spirits of everybody rose, and the inmates of the hospital decreased in number, as we bade adieu to the scorching days and weary nights of the hot weather.

To make things even brighter for H. M.'s —th, a rumor came that our forces in Africa were to be reduced, that our linked battalion would be set free for foreign service, and that the beginning of the cold weather might see us on our way back to England. There is nothing to tell about the intervening time; but rumor for once proved true—our best hopes were realized, and the first troop-ship of the season received us in its kindly embrace.

Soon after we landed in the old country, I received a most pressing invitation from old General Mackinnon to come and dine with him at his snug chambers in London, where he had brought his war-worn hulk to an anchor, within easy reach of his club and the haunts of his old comrades and cronies. As he said, he wanted to thank me for all the care which I had taken of his son, and to hear, at first hand, whether his boy had proved a worthy chip of the old block.

One of my first spare evenings was devoted to the old man, who was delighted to recall the prime of his manhood and his campaigning days in discussing the doings and experiences of his son's regiment in the East, and to hear how things had changed in the

military world since the great struggles in which he took part. Our party was only the father, son, and myself. The boy bolted off to a theatre as soon as we had dined, and the old General said—

"Now, Melville, let us draw our chairs to the fire, and have a quiet smoke. I am so horridly stiff and gouty that I can't get up easily. May I trouble you to ring the bell for cheroots?"

As I rose, my eye was caught by a small and very rude sketch, hanging by the fireplace, of a native of India, in the dress of an irregular of the Mutiny time. Where had I seen any man like it, and how was it that the face and bearing seemed familiar to me? Suddenly came to my mind the occasions when I had seen, in time of danger, a native near the General's son. This was his likeness. There was the bold, soldier-like carriage of the head, which even the rude drawing could not disguise. There were the aquiline features, the fierce mustache, and the long gray beard, the small red turban, and the clothes put on with military neatness.

"Who on earth is that the picture of, General?" I said, hardly nourishing a hope that I might have some explanation of circumstances which had puzzled me so much when they occurred.

"Oh, you are looking at the picture of old Ismael Khan. It was done at Lucknow by a native artist, and really gives a very good idea of one of the finest fellows that ever sat in a saddle. He was one of my regiment in '57, and did right good service before he died."

"Do tell me about him, General. He looks a class of man that is not very common nowadays."

"You may say that, Melville," said the General, lighting a cheroot. "I have had a lot of good fellows under my command at one time or another, but old Ismael was the pick of the basket."

"He was my orderly in the cavalry regiment which I commanded before the Mutiny. He was devoted to my poor wife and the children, and when the sister of that subaltern of yours was a few months old, he used to carry her about in his arms as tenderly as the best of nurses. When the Mutiny broke out, Ismael, who was a Pathan, was faithful to his salt and refused to join

the rest of my scoundrels, who went off to Delhi. He stuck to me through all the first troubles, and when I raised an irregular regiment, I made him a *jem-madar*, and right useful I found him in licking the raw levies into shape.

"I shall never forget his death. It was in the early part of '59, when the spirit of the Mutiny was crushed, and the courage of the enemy was broken. The principal duty of the cavalry was to wear them out completely, following the disperse bands, which were still in the field, from place to place, and never ceasing to worry them till they were quite dispersed or destroyed. We had followed a body of the enemy, horse and foot, for several days, pushing them by forced marches, with few and very short halts. At last we overtook and surprised them. They broke, as usual, and bolted, and I pursued with a squadron. We did not show much mercy in those days, and those who were overtaken had short shrift.

"Most of our horses were dead beat, and I found myself with half-a-dozen men, among whom was old Ismael, close on the leader of the enemy, who had still about twenty followers with him. They got among some scattered trees, and seemed inclined to show fight. I gave the word to ride at them. They just managed to fire a straggling volley and continued their flight, but few of them got away. When I pulled up, old Ismael was not with me, and as I rode back, I found him lying gasping under a tree with a bullet through his lungs. I sent a man back to hurry up the doctor as quick as possible, and raised the old fellow's head, and took his hand and tried to stanch his wound, and cheer him with hopes of getting over it. I had little confidence in his recovery from the first, when I saw the ashen-gray color on his lips, and marked how faintly and with what difficulty he breathed.

"'It is no use, sahib,' he gasped; 'my time has come. You have been a kind chief to me, and I have tried to follow you faithfully. Tell the mem sahib, and the children, that Ismael died a soldier's death, and blessed them when he died; and, sahib, if I find favor where I am going, remember I will still be faithful to you and yours after death.'

"These were the last words he ever spoke coherently. He began to wander. His mind seemed to go back to the old days when he used to nurse the child, and he crooned an old native song he used to sing. Then, when the doctor came up, the rattle of horses' hoofs brought his fighting days to his mind. He grasped his sword and waved it, shouting loud and clear, 'Deen ! Deen !' his old battle-cry, then sank back fainting. The doctor could do nothing, and in a few minutes one of the finest soldiers in our army passed away.

"Melville, that's an old story now, but it always makes me sad to recall it. I have often thought of the promise to

be faithful after death. In the flesh or in the spirit there could be no truer soul than that of old Ismael Khan, and what he said he meant."

I need hardly say with what interest I listened to the General's tale. In return, I told him of the experiences which have been related. The old man listened with rapt attention. When I had finished, he said, "Well, Melville, such a story will, no doubt, be easily explained by most people to whom it is told ; but I don't think you and I will ever be convinced that it is a tissue of mere *coincidences.*"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SOME ASPECTS OF HEINE.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one brief second wander o'er his lips :
That smile was Heine !

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMONG the poets of Germany—we might almost say of Europe—Heinrich Heine stands alone and unique. Everything he wrote is so distinctively *Hein- esque* that a verse, a line, or even a sentence, is often enough to betray the author. In many poets this marked individuality is frequently the result of the limited compass of their singing powers. They strike always a certain key-note, with which, from long repetition, we become familiar ; but the very reverse is the case with Heine. He sweeps the whole poetic gamut in a dozen lines. A single song of his has as varied gleams of light, as swiftly-shifting sparkles of color, as a many-angled spar or diamond. His genius calls into play every emotion and mood of the mind. The poem or ballad opens with a wailing wild and weird as that of a broken heart. The lines seem to drip blood as we read them, and a strange awe holds us spellbound—when, suddenly, there flashes across the page, like a gleam of purple lightning, one of those deadly coruscations of wit with which Heine struck and stabbed at many

a reputation. Hardly has the deep thunder-roll of savage laughter died away, before there rises again the wail and cry as of the death-agony of a lost soul ; and then there is a sudden change in the music, and the lines skip and leap, ripple and run, as if to the accompaniment of dancing feet. Now he holds us in awe solemn and silent as when we stand at twilight in the cool recesses of some dim-aisled minster, and listen to the dying cadence of the organ song ; now there rises in the silence which he himself has created a wild burst of mocking and ribald laughter.

So it is with all he writes. He is a creature of moods and moments, and a dozen varying emotions pass through his mind in as many minutes, each of which he faithfully reproduces in his works. He is by turns a Greek and a Jew, a German and a Frenchman, a moralist and a libertine, a poet and a politician, a sentimentalist and a satirist. He is tossed hither and thither by his passing moods, as withered leaves are tossed by autumn winds. In his gayest mirth we catch the glitter of tear-drops, in his loudest laughter we hear a wail of despair. There are passages of Heine's full of lofty religious feeling—passages which have the deep roll of an organ touched by a master hand ; and yet, even in the noblest of these, the

sharpened ear can detect something of a sullen undertone of doubt, something of the mocking refrain of a sneering and cynical scepticism.

In some of his love songs we find in one verse a freshness cool and sweet as sea breezes wafted across fields of blossoming clover, in the next there rises an atmosphere so close and oppressive that we can almost feel the hot breath of the sensualist upon our cheek.

Heine's prose has the same strange moodiness and variability. Everything he wrote bears the stamp of his own wild genius. Each work of his is so thoroughly *Heinesque* that we feel no one but Heine could have written it; and yet, as we turn the pages, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the paragraph we are reading could have emanated from the same mind as the one which precedes or follows it. The weird shifting of the tableaux he presents, the chameleon-like rapidity with which his moods diversify and change, astonish and dazzle us. One moment we come upon a passage which for solemn grandeur and prophetic power might have been written by one of the seers of the Old Testament—a passage in which Heine flashes the light of his genius athwart the dark sky of existence, so that life and its enigmas seem unsolved and unriddled forever. In the next we shrink back with loathing and repugnance, as the evil smile of the unprincipled voluptuary leers out upon us. Then follows a sentence of wild doubt and scepticism, or one, perhaps, of such audacious profanity that many would regard it, not unjustly, as little short of unpardonable blasphemy; and yet, staggered and thrilled as we are, we lose sight of the too evident impiety and irreverence of the writer in our astonishment at the daring and boldness of his genius.

Fickleness and changeability mark everything Heine puts his hand to, and yet there is one quality in his work which never varies, one particular in which he never disappoints, and that is the incomparable power, beauty, and originality of his style. It is so distinctively his own that, as we have said, a verse, a line, or even a sentence is often enough to betray the author; and yet his originality never degenerates (as is

so frequently the case) into mannerism, his phrases never become stereotyped, and the same unfading freshness and charm linger over every line he wrote.

Heine is a magician, an enchanter. His pen is now an artist's pencil, with which he portrays, in a few bold strokes, a word-picture of surpassing power and beauty; now it is a conductor's baton, with which he directs a choir of invisible musicians. His poems are full of the fragrance of June roses, his songs melodious with the moonlight thrillings of the nightingale. They are the most exquisitely beautiful and musical expressions of emotional feeling in the language. They have the naïve simplicity of childhood, combined with the intellectual insight and vigor of matured manhood. They exhibit the strangest example of tender and touching pathos, blended with the keenest and deadliest satire. Some of his songs have an old-world charm and glamor, alternating with Oriental richness of imagery and coloring, such as few other writers can show, and all are expressed in language which is the very essence of music and melody. "His songs are all music and feeling," says George Eliot; "they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain; there is not an image in it, not a thought, but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a 'big round tear'—it is pure feeling breathed in pure music."

Nor is Heine's prose less striking than his poetry, for he is equally a master of both. No matter what the subject he is discussing—politics or poetry, love or literature, satire or sentiment—there is always the same exquisite lightness of style, the same wonderful nerve and vigor, the same flashes of electric wit and scathing sarcasm. He writes upon "Religion and Philosophy," a topic upon which few Germans could fail to be heavy and ponderous, and there is not a dull line in the book. His wit plays and sparkles about the subject, as the summer lightning illumines and irradiates the purple shadows of evening clouds; and yet, with all this, Heine is as profound in his judgment, as keen

in his insight, and as clear in his criticism as the most learned of his countrymen. We might say without exaggeration that he was almost the first witty German, for before his advent the adaptability of the language for wit was almost unknown. Humorists and satirists had not been wanting, but their sallies were of a somewhat elephantine description; and the sparkling scintillations which flashed from the pen of Heine opened up an entirely new field in German literature. It must be remembered, too, that he had for his predecessor the greatest literary master of Germany—we might almost say, of Europe—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

To judge Heine and Goethe from the same standpoint, as is not unfrequently done, is to do justice to neither. Except the fact that both were poets, they had little, or nothing, in common. Over Goethe's grave rests the serene afterglow as of the setting of a placid, clear-shining planet; the spot where Heine lies is marked only by the wild meteoric trailing of some fallen star. Goethe sits afar off on his intellectual throne almost sublime in his self-carefulness. He husbands his genius with jealous hand, invests it to the best advantage, and never wastes or squanders. He is self-poised, self-centred, and self-contained, and lived till past eighty. Heine is a prodigal and a spendthrift. He lives upon his principal. His genius is self-consuming, and he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. That Goethe soared among the Alpine heights of intellect, far above all other Germans of his day, few will venture to dispute; but in the sunny fields of poetry, Heine flits from flower to flower like the spirit of poesy incarnate. Goethe's voice is the voice of an infinitely wise man, his poems are beautiful as diamonds cut and polished in myriad facets, and set in chastest gold; but Heine is the living voice of Nature herself, and his songs touch and thrill us like the carol of the lark, or the perfume of the first violet.

It would seem as if Nature had intended to create in Heine a spiritual and intellectual giant, who should astonish the world by the power and daring of his genius; a being in whom she wished to display to all men the infinite and varied profusion of her resources.

As if she had, therefore, bestowed on him a double share of the qualities which go to constitute a human soul, but before she had time to knead and interweave them into one coherent unity—so that each might neutralize and counterpoise the other—some evil spirit had snatched her unfinished work from her hand, and cast it headlong into the world; and so there came into existence that rudderless, shipwrecked chaos of wild virtues and wilder vices, whom we speak of as Heinrich Heine.

To the thoughtful mind there is something inexpressibly mournful in his story. It is the story of what should have been a great and noble soul, a soul in which there existed grand intellectual and spiritual possibilities—all, alas! irretrievably dwarfed and perverted by the lack of moral principle; that all-important element without which none can be truly and really great.

And yet with all his time servingness and inconsistency, with all his meanness and paltriness, there is much that is noteworthy in the man. Between the chinks in the armor of wild cynicism and savage satire in which he thought fit to intrench himself, we hear at intervals the throbbing of a sensitive human heart; amid all the clouds of error and evil which darken his life, we catch a glimpse at times of the upward beating and starward aspiration of what were once white, heaven-born pinions, though sorely smirched and bedabbled, alas! by long trailing in earthly mud and mire.

Instability and lack of earnestness were the dominant traits of Heine's character as of his writings. His moral nature seemed utterly wanting in the element which gives tenacity of purpose. He was a democrat who loathed democracy, an imperialist who would have had all men equal, a man of deep religious feeling, and yet a sceptic of sceptics who sneered at his own noblest aspirations. He was of every opinion, and faithful to none—by turns a republican and a monarchist, a despot and a demagogue. One explanation of this is that his intellectual insight was too keen, and his critical perceptions too accurate, for him ever to be a man of one idea, which enthusiasts generally are. Theoretically Heine was a republican, but he was too acute an observer not to see

that, in spite of the frantic flag-waving and drum-beating of the communists, in spite of the frenzied cries of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity to which they gave vent, the fact still remained that these very men, who so boasted of liberty and equality, were but the slaves and puppets of some two or three ambitious schemers, who were ten times more despotic than the unfortunate monarch of whom they had disposed. On the other hand, although there was no more profound admirer of power, as incarnate in Napoleon, than Heine; although at times he expressed himself in language which showed how strongly his sympathies lay in that direction; he was yet too far-seeing to overlook the gigantic blots which disfigured the Napoleonic system of government, and consequently he turned from imperialism with the same dissatisfaction and discontent with which he had turned from republicanism. This was one of Heine's most strongly marked characteristics. He saw each side of the question, and, recognizing the faults of both, could not make up his mind which to espouse, and hence his life was passed in a chronic state of half-heartedness and vacillation. Too often, however, he solved the difficulty by accepting as his guide on the matter the dictates and promptings of his own evil nature, and this is the explanation of many of his harsh and cruel words.

The great secret of the failure and misery of Heine's life, however, is that he was a *moral coward*; a man who wilfully and despicably chose the ignoble part because he had not the manliness to suffer for the right; a man who habitually shrank from the task which duty imposed when it clashed with his own personal inclinations; a man who persistently listened to the promptings of his own evil passions, rather than to the voice of his truer and loftier nature. "Alas! mental torture is easier to be endured," he says, "than physical pain; and were I offered the alternative between a bad conscience and an aching tooth, I should prefer the former." *

* In this quotation, as in many others, the writer has availed himself (where such were to be had) of the admirable renderings given by Mr. Snodgrass in his translation of *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, and in his *Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heinrich Heine*.

Like all men of his class, Heine brought upon himself, by his cowardice and weakness, far greater suffering than that from which he shrank. His wrongdoing gave him no peace. Every duty he sought to evade came back to him with but redoubled force for the delay, every evil action recoiled upon himself. He was the most unlucky of sinners. He once said that if the sky were to shower down crownpieces, he should get only a broken pate, while others gathered the silver manna. Nor was he any happier in his selfish seeking after ease of mind, for there were few men of his time in whom the religious instinct was more strongly developed. With all his profligacy and licentiousness, there was none who in his heart of hearts knew the loveliness and dignity of purity better than he, none to whom duty and honor spoke in more imploring and beseeching language, and hence his life was one continual conflict and battle. Listen to the following beautiful poem "To a child" :—

Oh, thou art like a flower,
So fair and pure thou art !
I look on thee, and while I look
There's sorrow at my heart.
I'm moved upon thy head
To lay my hands, and pray
That God may keep thee kind, and fair,
And pure as thou'rt to-day.

No heartless profligate or callous libertine could have penned these words. They come from the depth of a soul terribly marred and stained by sin and weakness, yet ever crying out with unutterable longing and yearning after the purity and truth which he had lost, and which he saw looking out at him with mournful, mute reproach from the depths of the child-eyes before him.

Strange and contradictory as such an assertion may seem, it is nevertheless a fact (in our opinion, at least) that, in spite of Heine's alternations of atheism, theism, pantheism, deism, and every *ism* in the theological dictionary, or out of it, he was yet a man who at heart was strongly and deeply imbued with religious feeling. We say religious *feeling*, not religious *principle*, for there is a wide difference between the two. There are men almost incapable of a lofty or sublime thought, who yet lead a life of saintly purity, and would scorn to do

anything mean or base ; and, on the other hand, there are men who feel deeply on all religious subjects, who pray earnestly and often, and sing hymns with eyes full of genuine and heartfelt tears, and yet their actions are altogether unworthy, and their lives will not bear too close an examination. It is to the latter class—the sentimental, as Mr. Lowell would call it—that Heine belongs, and even then he is very low down in the scale. His religious feeling was combined with scepticism upon all points, not only of creed or dogma, but even of the simplest and barest belief ; yet nevertheless the feeling was *there*, and remained there, and much of his scepticism was the utterance of his brain only. In Heine's writings, as in his life, he habitually followed his inclinations rather than his conscience. He was one of those men of whom his great contemporary, Jean Paul, spoke when he said that certain of the "latest *litterati* regarded themselves as flints, whose power of giving light they reckoned according to their sharp corners." If a brilliant thought occurred to Heine—no matter how unjust or blasphemous it might be, no matter whose reputation it might blast—he wrote it down, and gave it to the world, choosing to speak that which he did not believe, or which he knew to be untrue and cruel, rather than deprive himself of the pleasure of saying something clever or smart. He would attack his nearest and dearest friend, if in so doing he could display his talents to shining advantage ; and he would jeer at the most sacred subject if it offered opportunity for him to exercise his too-ready wit. Has anything more audacious ever been put into words than his passage on the "Death of Deism" ?

"A peculiar awe, a mysterious piety, forbids our writing more to-day. Our heart is full of shuddering compassion : it is the old Jehovah himself who is preparing for death. We have known him so well from his cradle in Egypt, where he was reared among the divine calves and crocodiles, the sacred onions, ibises, and cats. We have seen him bid farewell to these companions of his childhood, and to the obelisks and sphinxes of his native Nile, to become in Palestine a little god-king amid a poor shep-

herd people, and to inhabit a temple-palace of his own. We have seen him later coming into contact with the Assyrian-Babylonian civilization, renouncing his all-too-human passions, no longer giving vent to fierce wrath and vengeance, at least no longer thundering at every trifle. We have seen him migrate to Rome, the capital, where he abjures all national prejudice, and proclaims the celestial equality of all nations, and with such fine phrases establishes an opposition to the old Jupiter, and intrigues ceaselessly till he obtains supreme authority, and from the Capitol rules the city and the world, *urbem et orbem*. We have seen how, growing still more spiritualized, he becomes a loving father, a universal friend of man, a benefactor of the world, a philanthropist ; but all this could avail him nothing !

"Hear ye not the bells resounding ? Kneel down. They are bringing the sacrament to a dying god !"

These are, to all intents and purposes, the words of an atheist, but Heine was no atheist in reality, although he coquetted with atheism, as he coquetted with sins and vices which in his heart of hearts he abhorred. Despite his Hellenic tendencies, there was too much of the Jewish element in him for Heine ever to wipe out from his secret soul the inborn belief in the Jehovah-God of his fathers ; and, with all his profanity and irreverence, he was deeply imbued with the old Hebrew veneration for the Bible.

"What a book !" he says in his *Memoir of Börne*. "Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, are all in this book. It is the book of books—*Biblion*."

Toward the end of his life he spoke in still more decided language :—

"I owe my conversion simply to the reading of a book. A book ? Yes, an old, homely-looking book, modest as nature, and natural as it is—a book which has a work-a-day and unassuming look, like the sun which warms us, like the bread which nourishes us ; a book which seems to us as familiar and as full of kindly blessings as the old grandmother, who daily reads it with dear

trembling lips and with spectacles on her nose."

That Heine's respect and reverence for the Bible—"the Memoirs of God," as he once called it—did not prevent him from making its traditions a subject for his wit may readily be surmised, and there is one passage of his on the Hegelian philosophy which is so unmistakably *Heinesque* that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"There is the story of the forbidden tree in Paradise, and of the serpent, that little private tutoress who lectured on Hegelian philosophy six thousand years before Hegel's birth. This blue-stock-ing without feet demonstrated very ingeniously how the absolute consists in the identity of being and knowing, how man becomes God through cognition, or, what is the same thing, how the God in man thereby attains self-consciousness. This formula is not so clear as the original words: When ye eat of the tree of knowledge, ye shall be as God! Mother Eve understood only one thing in the whole demonstration—that the fruit was forbidden, and because it was forbidden the good woman ate of it. But she had scarcely eaten the enticing apple before she lost her innocence, her naïve ingenuousness, and discovered that she was much too naked for a person of her position, the ancestress of so many future emperors and kings, and she desired a dress. Truly but a dress of fig-leaves, because in her day no Lyonesse silk-manufacturer had yet come into the world, and because there were in Paradise no milliners and dressmakers. O Paradise! Strange, as soon as a woman attains reasoning self-consciousness, her first thought is of a new dress!"

In Heine, as he himself said, were combined the characteristics of the two races so often used to represent distinct and opposite types—the Grecian and the Jewish. He bowed the knee by turns to Jehovah and to Zeus, and when his unbelieving moods were on him, he treated the one with as scant reverence as the other. His worship of beauty was often but the worship of the senses, the pleasure-drunken and pagan adoration of outward form alone. He loved it for its mere material grace only, not for the sake of that which it symbolized.

It was to him a divinely-painted window upon which his eye was fixed in all-sufficing rapture; he did not look beyond it and above it. It was an end in itself, not a means to an end. Despite his lofty intellect and finely-fibred spirit, he was a man of strong passions, a lover of beauty in all her most sensuous and voluptuous forms. Existence was to Heine the rapturous dream of an oriental paradise, in which white-limbed houris woo and wanton mid rose-trellised bowers, where the nightingale pours forth her melody alike by day and by night. "I love those pale, elegiac countenances," he says, speaking of the Italian women, "from which great black eyes shed forth their love-pain. I love the dark tints of those proud necks; their first love was Phœbus, who kissed them brown. I love even that over-ripe bust with its purple points; as if amorous birds had been pecking at it; but above all I love that genial gait, that dumb music of the body, those limbs that move in sweetest rhythm, voluptuous, pliant, with divine enticement, with indolent death-languor, and yet with ethereal grandeur, and always full of poetry." "In all ages," writes Heine, in another passage, "are to be found men in whom the capacity of enjoyment is incomplete; men with stunted senses and compunctious frames, for whom all the grapes in the garden of God are sour, who see in every paradise-apple the enticing serpent, and who seek in self-abnegation their triumph, and in suffering their sole joy. On the other hand, we find in all ages men of robust growth, natures filled with the pride of life, who fain carry their heads right haughtily; all the stars and the roses greet them with sympathetic smile; they listen delightedly to the melodies of the nightingale and Rossini; they are enamored of good fortune, and of the flesh of Titian's pictures; to their hypocritical companions to whom such things are a torment, they answer in the words of Shakespeare's character, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'"

To Heine the stern dignity of asceticism, the beauty of self-sacrifice, or the heroism of martyrdom were (in his earlier life, at all events) as incomprehensible as an unknown tongue; he can-

not even conceive of them. Life was to him the highest good ; death the bitterest evil. "Let others enjoy the thought of the loved one wreathing their tomb with flowers," he says, "and moistening it with her faithful tears. O women ! hate me ! laugh at me ! mock me ! but let me live. Life is all too merrily sweet, and the world all too lovingly confused. . . . But yet I live. Though only the shadow in a dream, still this is better than the cold, blank emptiness of death. Life is the highest of earth's good ; its bitterest evil is death. . . . But I live ! The great pulse of nature finds a response in my breast, and when I shout for joy I am answered by a thousandfold echo ; I hear a thousand nightingales. . . . The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and Night arises with her longing eye, oh ! then voluptuous joy quivers through me, and the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens."

Poor Heine ! how terrible was the lesson which he had to learn ! how stern the chastening to which God thought fit to subject him ! One who, without bowing the head in silent awe at the solemn thought of life and its mysteries, can compare these life-enraptured, love-delirious words with those wild cries of agony rising from the "mattress-grave," where for eight long years Heine lay lingering in the tortures of a living death, must surely be something less than human.

"I have to be carried like a child. The most horrible convulsions. My right hand begins to die." "I have endured more sorrows the last three months than the Spanish Inquisition ever inflicted !" "Ah ! why must a human creature suffer so much ?" Poor Heine ! If aught of human suffering can atone for sins past, then the torture and agony which marked the close of his life might go far to expiate his sinings, many and manifold as they were ! The story of his sorrows is doubtless known to many of our readers, but as there may be some to whom it is not so familiar, we must briefly refer to it here—especially as the whole history of his life must be read in the light of those eight years. His malady was a soften-

ing of the spinal marrow, and his sufferings were fearful. He was almost blind, his back became bent and twisted, his body wasted away, as did also his legs, which at last became soft and without feeling—"like cotton," as he expressed it. Little did Heine think how prophetically he was speaking when, in the pride of life, he uttered the thought (using strangely enough the very words used by poor Frederick Robertson) that "wherever there is a great spirit pouring forth its thought—there is Golgotha." Still more striking is that other passage in which he says that "great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth ; they scarcely, even, belong to this earth, *the martyr-stake of their sufferings.*"

Alfred Meissner, who visited Heine in 1849, seven years before the poet's death, speaks as follows : "Of a truth I was terrified, my heart contracted, when I saw Heine, and when he stretched out to me his white, shrunken hand. . . . This hand was nearly transparent, and of a pallor and softness of which I have perhaps never seen the like. . . . He told me of his almost uninterrupted tortments, of his helplessness, and of his Job-martyrdom, which had now lasted so long. He depicted to me how he himself had become nearly like a ghost, how he looked down upon his poor broken, racked body like a spirit already departed and living in a sort of interregnum. He described how he lived in images and intuitions of the past, and how gladly he would yet compose, write, and create, and how his blind eye, his unsteady hand, and his ever new-awakening pain, erased everything from his spirit. He described his nights and their tortures, when the thought of suicide crept nearer and nearer to him, until he found strength to hurl it away from him by thinking on his beloved wife and many a work which he might yet bring to completion, and truly horrible was it, when he at last, in fearful earnest and in suppressed voice, cried out, 'Think on Günther, Bürger, Kleist, Hölderlin, Grabbe, and the wretched Lenau : some curse weighs heavy on the poets of Germany !'"

Adolph Stahr, who visited Heine in the same year, tells also of the dying poet's tortures : "During this first visit

it was that he spoke expressly of his sickness and his sufferings, to which he seldom recurred in his later conversations. 'I suffer,' he said, 'unceasing severe pain. Even my dreams are not free from it. Yesterday I hung, as John of Leyden, in a cage in the air, and my pains surrounded me like wild dream-visions.'" Another visitor, referred to by Lord Houghton in his "Last Days of Heinrich Heine," thus describes her visit to the dying poet: "He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child's under the sheet which covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter." The same lady tells us that he looked like "death already wasted to a shadow," when she visited him again some five years later; "On the whole I never saw any man bear such horrible pain," she says, "in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs." Despite the intensity of his sufferings, Heine yet toiled on unceasingly at his literary work, producing poems, criticisms, and articles in abundance, although he was now totally blind of one eye, and the disease had so affected the other that the lid would not remain up, and he had to raise it with his finger before he could see. The picture which his biographer gives of Heine sitting propped up with pillows on his "mattress-grave," with one hand lifting the lid of his paralyzed eye, and with the other painfully tracing large letters on a sheet of paper, is one of the most mournful and touching in the history of literature. All through his illness, down to the very day of his death, Heine's wild wit and humor never deserted him. Even his own fearful sufferings were the subjects of his ghastly jests. He told the doctor that if his nerves were exhibited at the Exhibition, they would take a gold medal for pain and torture. "Latterly he took to reading medical treatises, or rather, to having them read to him, on the nature of his disease, and

he remarked that his studies would be of use to him by-and-by, for he would give lectures in heaven, and convince his hearers how badly physicians on earth understood the treatment of softening of the spinal marrow." * Another time he said that the worms would soon have his body, but that he did not grudge them their banquet, and was only sorry he could offer them nothing but bones.

In the postscript to the "Roman-cero," five years before his death, he wrote as follows (we quote from Mr. Stigand's work): "But do I still exist! My body is so shrivelled up that barely anything remains of me now but my voice, and my bed reminds me of the vocal grave of the wizard Merlin, which lies in the forest of Broceliande in Brittany, under tall oaks whose summits flicker up into heaven like green flames. Alas! I envy thee, my colleague Merlin, those trees and their fresh motion, for no green leaf rustles over my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear only the rattle of carriages, hammering, wrangling, and piano-strumming—a grave without peace, death without the privilege of the dead. . . . My measure has long ago been taken for my coffin, also for my necrology, but I die so slowly that the process is as tiresome for myself as for my friends. Yet patience! everything has an end. You will some morning find the show shut up where the puppet-play of my humor pleased you so often."

There is another passage strikingly *Heinesque* in its wild profanity: "What avails it me," he says, "that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the wearisome loneliness of my sick-room, I get no scent except it be, perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God's satire weighs heavily on me! The Great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me the little

* *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine*, by William Stigand.

earthly, German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humor, in colossal mockery."

It was on February 17, 1856, that the end came, and the "Great Author," of whom Heine spoke put the last full-stop to the story of the life of this erring and misguided, but mighty genius. Some hours before his death he was asked if he had made his peace with heaven. "Set your mind at rest," answered the dying poet; "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*" When the doctor told him, in reply to his inquiry, that death was approaching, he received the news calmly, and at four o'clock in the morning his sufferings ceased forever: the spirit passed peacefully away from the poor torture-racked body, and a lifeless form, transfigured (we are told) by death into almost Christ-like beauty, was all that remained on earth of one of the greatest geniuses this world has known.

Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre at Paris, and though no gilded column or waving bough mark his last resting-place, his sleep is none the less tranquil and serene. Years before his death he wrote the following. We use Mr. Snodgrass's excellent rendering, but it must be borne in mind that a translation, as Jean Paul says, "is always but an inverted, pale, secondary rainbow of the original splendor."

Where will end my weary journey ;
What last resting-place be mine ?
Under tropic palm-tree's shadow,
Under lindens by the Rhine ?

Shall I be in some far desert
Laid to rest by stranger hand ?
Shall I sleep upon a barren
Sea-shore, underneath the sand ?

What heed I ? since God's fair heaven
Will be o'er me there as here ;
And the stars, like death-lamps swaying,
Through the night will shine as clear.

In the history of nearly all great men, especially men of high intellectual genius, there comes, consciously or unconsciously, a supreme moment when they stand, as it were, at the meeting of two roads, and are called upon to decide for themselves as to what shall be the rule upon which they intend thenceforth to order and frame their life. They are bidden to make choice between

pleasure and principle, between sensuality and spirituality, between self-gratification and self-respect ; and as is their decision at this point of their history, so, in most cases, is the whole aim and purpose of their after-life. In attempting to form an accurate perception of the character and genius of any remarkable man, it is very important, therefore, that his own mental and intellectual attitude at the time of the crisis be taken into consideration, as well as the forming and determining circumstances of his previous life ; and in the case of Heine these circumstances are of unusual weight and moment.

"In my cradle," he once said, "lay my line of life marked out for my whole life," and these words have a deep significance. To be born a Jew in Germany at the close of the eighteenth century was a calamity of which we in England in the present year of grace can hardly conceive. "The Jews throughout Germany," says Mr. Stigand in his able work on Heine, "were treated up to the time of the entry of the French as a race of Pariahs. The law took as little account of them as of wolves and foxes. Against murder, robbery, violence, and insult they had no redress. Massacres of Jews took place at various towns in Germany late in the century. At Easter-tide and other festivals the populace regarded it as their sport and their right to hunt the Jews through the streets, to break their windows with stones, and to sack their houses. In most towns they were forced to live separate from the rest of the inhabitants in their own quarter, into which they were shut with gates every night, and on Sundays they were obliged to wear a peculiar dress. No Jew dared appear on a public promenade without danger of stoning. At Frankfort twenty-five Jews only were allowed to marry in the year, in order that the accursed race might not increase too rapidly. From this abominable state of persecution . . . the Jewish population of Germany were freed at once by the entrance of the French troops ; but their emancipation only lasted as long as the French rule. After the liberation of Germany and the final defeat of the French troops, they were thrust back again, in spite of royal pledges to the contrary, into the

old Pariah condition, only to be finally released from it by the Revolution of 1848." [Eight years before Heine's death.]

There is no doubt that to this wicked and relentless persecution much of the Ishmaelitish and savage moroseness of spirit which so characterized Heine was attributable, as well also as the cynical scepticism on religious subjects which he frequently manifested. It seemed, as he once said in his profane way, as if the Deity who was once "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was called Jehovah," but was now become "so moral, so cosmopolitan, and universal," would like "not to remember any more that He was of Palestinian origin," and "nourished a secret grudge against the poor Jews who knew Him in His first rough estate, and now put Him in mind daily in their synagogues of His former obscure national relations."

Another all-important circumstance in the early history of Heine is that when he was little better than a youth he formed a passionate attachment for his cousin Amalie; a passion which, although it appears to have been received with some encouragement at first, was unreturned. The real facts of the case are not known, but it seems probable that Heine was inconsiderately if not heartlessly treated, and it is quite certain that the wild gloom and despair into which he was plunged by his rejection did much to distort and pervert his whole moral character at the very outset of his life. In the following four lines we get a glimpse of his sufferings:—

First I thought I'd ne'er get o'er it;
Life it seemed I must forswear:
Yet I bore it, yea, I bore it—
But to ask me how, forbear.

In one of his songs he tells the whole story in three verses, the last of which is as follows:—

It is an old, old story,
And yet 'tis ever new,
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

Hearts, it may be said, are not easily broken in this prosaic century, but nevertheless it is a fact that, if ever there was a case in which a heart *was* broken; if ever there was a case in which a life was blasted and ruined by hopeless love—it was in the case of Heinrich Heine.

Upon such a nature as his—passionate, moody, and sensitive, even to morbidness—it is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence such an event would have. His spirit, already soured and embittered by the persecution to which, on account of his Jewish birth, he was subjected, was shaken to its very foundation by the shock, and he lost faith in Womanhood, in Humanity, and even in God.

The supreme and critical moment in Heine's history, however, was, in our opinion, that in which he was called upon to decide whether he would accept the advice of some of his friends and allow himself, for mean, self-seeking purposes, and against his own conscientious beliefs, or rather disbeliefs, to be baptized a Christian; or whether he would act according to his sense of honor and truth, and refuse to lend himself to any such base and dishonorable lie. That Heine chose the evil part is only too well known, but bitterly indeed did he repent of it. "I often get up in the night," he said in writing to a friend on the subject of his baptism, "I often get up in the night, *and stand before the glass and curse myself!*" It must also be remembered, as Mr. Stigand tells us, that unless Heine went through the form of conversion to Christianity, there was absolutely no possibility of his obtaining any employment in Germany excepting as a schoolmaster or a Jew-trader. Moreover, he had been led to believe that if he should consent to the performance of the rite of baptism he would probably succeed in obtaining a Government appointment.

It cannot be sufficiently regretted that at the moment when Heine's character was put to so severe a test, not only had he no earnest belief of his own to sustain him in the trial, but his whole mind seems to have been poisoned and permeated by a spirit of cynical doubt and scepticism. To nearly every soul of high intellect there comes, sooner or later, a time when he must face and fight his doubts for himself; a time when all the warm springs of faith and trust seem to have dried up in his heart, till it becomes but a vast and hideous charnel-house, athwart the gloom of which flit no forms save the gray and grim spectres of doubt and

unbelief; and this appears to have been Heine's frame of mind when the critical moment arrived.

At such a time, and in such circumstances, when the earth seems but a monster tomb, and the sky above but a painted vault, there is one star alone in man's spiritual heaven by which he may guide his steps aright; one anchor only to which, storm-tossed and doubt-driven as he may be, he can yet cling for safety and help—the star of high principle, the anchor of unfaltering morality. But these all-important elements were entirely lacking in Heine's character; and so it came about that—unsupported as he was by any sense of high principle, unsustained by any deep or earnest religious belief—it seemed to him but a small matter whether he wore the outward badge of the Jew or the Christian, and hence he was false to honor, to duty, and to conscience. To this deplorable event may be traced much of his after-misery and unrest, for it was hereby that he lost that which is one of the most terrible losses any human soul can suffer—the loss of his own self-respect and self-reverence. From this moment Heine seems to have gone steadily downhill. Regarded by the Jews as a traitor, and by the Christians as an apostate; goaded almost to madness by the persecution to which all his race were subjected; embittered and soured by the betrayal of his affections by his cousin, and with an unutterable sense of self-loathing and self-contempt burning in his soul—can it be altogether wondered at that a man like Heine, sensitive and moody to the last degree of morbidness, should thenceforth have abandoned himself in wild defiance and despair to the promptings of his own fierce spirit, and the gratification of his own evil passions and desires?

Although, when the supreme test of his character came, Heine was untrue to himself and his lofty aspirations; although he meanly and basely chose the evil part; although he determined to be guided by happiness rather than by honor, by pleasure rather than by principle, by self-seeking rather than by self-respect—yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in the whole range of literature there is, perhaps, no instance in which the perverting influ-

ence of unhappy associations and unfortunate surroundings is so mournfully evident as in his. And although, as we have said, he chose the evil part, yet his good angel did not, as is generally the case, desert and abandon him thenceforth, but, on the contrary, she remained by his side down to the very end of his existence, and all through his life we catch some faint flash of her redeeming presence in his spirit, all through his history we hear her mournful cry of anguish at the wreck of so noble a soul.

"A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong, and as broad as you please," says Professor John Stuart Blackie, "and with all this, if he is not good, he may be a paltry fellow; and even the sublime which he seems to reach in his most splendid achievements is only a brilliant sort of badness." These are strong words and stern, but they are true, and there is no more terrible example of their truth than Heine; and much as we may and do admire his genius, and love him for his nobler and more beautiful traits, this all-important defect in his character cannot be overlooked. If we have been severe in pointing out Heine's faults, it is not from any wish to be harsh or ungenerous, but because we believe that no personal attachment to an author, or admiration of his intellectual abilities should be allowed to interfere with that which must ever be the aim and object of all earnest criticism—the arriving at, and the perception of, the truth.

There are excuses to be made for Heine such as can be made for few others. Many of his failings partook more of the nature of *disease* than of *sin*, and for their explanation we must look to pathology alone. His mind was as unhealthy as his body; he was a psychological problem, and cannot be judged by the rules which we apply to ordinary mortals. As the writer of an able article in the *Century Magazine* aptly remarked, what Heine "lacked physically, mentally, and morally was *health*. His love is a frenzy, his wit is often fantastic and grotesque as a sick man's visions, his very enjoyment of nature is more like the feverish excitement of an invalid who is allowed a brief breathing-space in the sunshine, than the steady,

sober intensity of one of her life-long worshippers."

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' books called the "Guardian Angel," professedly a novel, but in reality a psychological study, he says that "it is by no means certain that our individual personality is the single inhabitant of these our corporeal frames;" and he goes on to tell us that "there is an experience recorded which, so far as it is received in evidence, tends to show that some who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own." Dr. Holmes concludes the paragraph with the following strange quotation: "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans, is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."

The phenomena referred to are, of course, nothing more or less than manifestations of that law which, of all others, impresses the thoughtful man with the futility and presumption of any human being setting up to pronounce final judgment upon another; that law which teaches, as no other law can, the lesson of a large and loving charity—we mean the strange and mysterious law of Heredity. As, in its study, the inquirer unwinds, strand by strand, the manifold and complex lines which meet in each human soul, he falls back, staggered and breathless, at the awful mysteries hidden away in "the abysmal depths of personality;" and there is no instance within our knowledge in which so many strange and unreconcilable personalities seem to meet and combine in one human being as in that of Heine. We hear often of the "duality" of his nature, but to us it seems as if plurality were the fitter word, for at various stages in his history, traits and characteristics, of all others the most conflicting and opposite, are recognizable at one and the same moment. These, we believe, can be explained, and explained only, by the laws of Heredity; and were the requisite data forthcoming, the secret of many of his strange and unaccountable inconsistencies would lie unveiled and bare. In the present paper (both from lack of space and of sufficient data) we must content ourselves with a mere

reference to the subject; but we should like to call attention to a passage in Heine's works which seems to imply that he was not altogether unconscious of this diverse personality. "I am a Jew," he says; "I am a Christian; I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one—a Greek, a Hebrew, an adorer of despotism incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism embodied in Proudhon—a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god!"

Another point which must be remembered in the study of Heine is that of his stern literary honesty in regard to himself. His writings are the faithful mirrors of what passed through his brain, and he laid bare his most secret thoughts—thoughts, the mere presence of which in their minds the generality of people would shrink from admitting to themselves, still less revealing to others. We must add, however, by way of exception and warning, that not only did Heine faithfully confess the evil side of his character, but, like the late Lord Byron, he often went further, and made himself out to be worse than he really was. He loved to shock, to astonish, and to startle, and to effect his purpose did not shrink from libelling and blackening himself.

There were traits in Heine's character eminently noble and beautiful. His generosity, his love of children, his devotion to his wife and mother, none can gainsay. Alfred Meissner tells us that, even when in distress for money himself, Heine was always ready to help any who came to him for aid—not even excepting those who were, in many respects, his own personal enemies. Think, too, of the blinded, tortured poet, writhing in anguish on his "mattress grave," writing light and jaunty letters to his mother as though he were in almost perfect health and strength, so that her aged heart might not be wrung and torn by a knowledge of what her son was suffering. All those long eight years during which Heine lay lingering in that living death, he kept up the same loving deception. Some of the most beautiful verses he ever wrote were inscribed to his mother, and to his wife he exhibited the same untiring love and devotion.

The coarseness and indelicacy which disfigure his writings so frequently much

as we may deplore them, cannot be overlooked. Like many of his other failings, they are in part the result of his unfortunate circumstances ; and it must be remembered also, as Mr. Stigand reminds us, that Heine addressed himself to a German public among whom infidelity and grossness of taste were notoriously prevalent.

"It is apparently too often a congenial task," says George Eliot in her essay on Heine, "to write severe words about the transgressions of men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of no genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous ; he, forsooth, never lacerated anyone by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation which lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own, or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five talents than two." There is a strange passage in which Heine himself refers to the accusation which had been brought against him, that he was striving to upset and destroy all faith in everything good and true, which speaks even more strongly in his own defence in the matter :—

"But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou, too, liest, Asinus, in maintaining that my ridicule attacks those ideas which are the precious acquisition of humanity, and for which I myself have so striven and suffered. No ! for the very reason that those ideas constantly hover before the poet in glorious splendor and majesty, he is the more irresistibly overcome by laughter when he sees how rudely, clumsily, and awkwardly those ideas are seized and mirrored in the contracted minds of contemporaries. . . . There are mirrors which have so rough a surface that even an Apollo reflected in them becomes a caricature, and excites our laughter.

But we laugh then only at the caricature, not at the god."

As we allow our thoughts to wander back over the life of Heine—that fearful battle-field, dark with the corpses of fair hopes and mighty aspirations, yet not all unlighted by the radiance of lofty deeds and noble words—there rises to our mind one more saying of his which we must place before the reader ere bringing this paper to a close. It is one in which we think there is a true glimpse of the man himself ; one in which, for a passing moment, we can see down into the depths of his own wild heart, with its sinnings and strugglings, its aspirations and degradations : "It is not merely what we have done," he says, "not merely the posthumous fruit of our activity that entitles us to honorable recognition after death, but also *our striving itself, and especially our unsuccessful striving*—the shipwrecked, fruitless, but great-souled WILL to do !"

Poor Heine ! sinning, suffering Heine ! His is the saddest story in the history of literature. He has long since passed beyond the tribunal of human justice to appear before Him who can alone read aright the secrets of his strange spirit—that chaotic mixture of wild virtues and wilder vices, so lofty and sublime in the light of what *might* have been, so pitiful and paltry in the view of what *was*. And as, from the always uncertain standpoint of human vision, we try to form some slight estimate of his life and character, the strange question which, in the restless searching of his spirit, he once asked himself, rises to our mind : "Can it be possible that genius, like the pearl in the oyster, is, after all, only a splendid disease ?"

Of the right answer to that question we know not ; but this we do know—of this, at least, we feel sure—that, strange as it may appear at first, it is, nevertheless, a fact that this earth of ours is less indebted for light and illumination to the nimbus-like radiance cast by the saintly and spotless beings who sometimes dwell hereon, than to the wild, meteoric trailings of light left to us by such sinning, suffering, struggling spirits as poor Heinrich Heine and his like.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

WINDS OF HEAVEN.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE window rattled, the gate swung, a leaf rose, and the kitten chased it, "whoo-oo" the faintest sound in the keyhole. I looked up, and saw the feathers on a sparrow's breast ruffled for an instant. It was quiet for some time : after a while it came again with heavier purpose. The folded shutters shook ; the latch of the kitchen door rattled as if some one were lifting it and dropped it ; indefinite noises came from upstairs : there was a hand in the house moving everything. Another pause. The kitten was curled up on the window-ledge outside in the sunshine, just as the sleek cats curled up in the warmth at Thebes of old Egypt five or six thousand years ago ; the sparrow was happy at the rose-tree ; a bee was happy on a broad dandelion disk. "Soo-hoo !"—a low whistle came through the chink ; a handful of rain was flung at the window ; a great shadow rushed up the valley and strode the house in an instant as you would get over a stile. I put down my book and buttoned my coat. Soo-hoo ! the wind was here and the cloud—soo-hoo ! drawing out longer and more plaintive in the thin mouthpiece of the chink. The cloud had no more rain in it, but it shut out the sun ; and all that afternoon and all that night the low plaint of the wind continued in sorrowful hopelessness, and little sounds ran about the floors and round the rooms.

Still soo-hoo all the next day and sunlessness, turning the mind, through work and conversation, to pensive notes. At even, the edge of the cloud lifted over the forest hill westward, and a yellow glow, the great beacon-fire of the sun, burned out, a conflagration at the verge of the world. In the night, awaking gently as one who is whispered to—listen ! Ah ! All the orchestra is at work—the keyhole, the chink, and the chimney ; whoo-hooing in the keyhole, whistling shrill whew-w-w ! in the chink, moaning long and deep in the chimney. Over in the field the row of pines was sighing ; the wind lingered and clung to the close foliage, and each needle of the million, million leaflets

drew its tongue across the organ blast. A countless multitude of sighs made one continued distant undertone to the wild roar of the gable close at hand. Something seemed to be running with innumerable centipede feet over the mouth of the chimney, for the long deep moan, as I listened, resolved itself into a quick succession of touches, just as you might play with your finger-tips tattooing on the hollow table. In the midst of the clangor, the hearing settled down to the sighing of the pines, which drew the mind toward it, and soothed the senses to sleep.

Toward dawn, awake again—another change : the battering-ram at work now against the walls. Swinging back, the solid thickness of the wind came forward—crush ! as the iron-shod ram's head hanging from its chains rushed to the tower. Crush ! It sucked back again as if there had been a vacuum—a moment's silence and crush ! Blow after blow—the floor heaved ; the walls were ready to come together—alternate sucking back and heavy billowy advance. Crush ! crash ! Blow after blow, heave and batter and hoist, as if it would tear the house up by the roots. Forty miles that battering-ram wind had travelled without so much as a bough to check it till it struck the house on the hill. Thud ! thud ! as if it were iron, and not air. I looked from the window, and the bright morning star was shining—the sky was full of the wind and the star. As light came, the thud, thud, sunk away, and nothing remained but the whoo-hoo-hoo of the keyhole and the moan of the chimney. These did not leave us ; for four days and nights the whoo-hoo-hoo-whooh never ceased a moment. Whoo-hoo ! whoo ! and this is the wind on the hill indoors.

Out of doors, sometimes in the morning, deep in the valley, over the tree-tops of the forest, there stays a vapor, lit up within by sunlight. A glory hovers over the oaks—a cloud of light hundreds of feet thick, the air made visible by surcharge and heaviness of sunbeams, pressed together till you can see them

in themselves and not reflected. The cloud slants down the sloping wood, till in a moment it is gone, and the beams are now focused in the depth of the narrow valley. The mirror has been tilted, and the glow has shifted; in a moment more it has vanished into space, and the dream has gone from the wood. In the arms of the wind, vast bundles of mist are borne against the hill; they widen and slip, and lengthen, drawing out; the wind works quickly with moist colors ready and a wide brush laying broadly. Color comes up in the wind; the thin mist disappears, drunk up in the grass and trees, and the air is full of blue behind the vapor. Blue sky at the far horizon—rich deep blue overhead—a dark-brown blue deep yonder in the gorge among the trees. I feel a sense of blue color as I face the strong breeze; the vibration and blow of its force answer to that hue, the sound of the swinging branches and the rush—rush in the grass is azure in its note; it is wind-blue, not the night-blue, or heaven-blue, a color of air. To see the color of the air, it needs great space like this—a vastness of concavity and hollow—an equal caldron of valley and plain under, to the dome of the sky over, for no vessel of earth and sky is too large for the air-color to fill. Thirty, forty, and more miles of eye-sweep, and beyond that the limitless expanse over the sea—the thought of the eye knows no butt, shooting on with stellar penetration into the unknown. In a small space there seems a vacuum, and nothing between you and the hedge opposite, or even across the valley; in a great space the void is filled, and the wind touches the sight like a thing tangible. The air becomes itself a cloud, and is colored—recognized as a thing suspended; something real exists between you and the horizon. Now, full of sun and now of shade, the air-cloud rests in the expanse.

It is summer, and the wind-birds top the furze; the bright stonechat, velvet-black and red and white, sits on the highest spray of the gorse, as if he were painted there. He is always in the wind on the hill, from the hail of April to August's dry glow. All the mile-long slope of the hill under me is purple-clad with heath down to the tree-filled gorge where the green boughs seem to join the

purple. The cornfields and the pastures of the plain—count them one by one till the hedges and squares close together and cannot be separated. The surface of the earth melts away as if the eyes insensibly shut and grew dreamy in gazing, as the soft clouds melt and lose their outline at the horizon. But dwelling there, the glance slowly finds and fills out something that interposes its existence between us and the further space. Too shadowy for the substance of a cloud, too delicate for outline against the sky, fainter than haze, something of which the eye has consciousness, but cannot put into a word to itself. Something is there. It is the air-cloud adhering like a summer garment to the great downs by the sea. I cannot see the substance of the hills nor their exact curve along the sky; all I can see is the air that has thickened and taken to itself form about them. The atmosphere has collected as the shadow collects in the distant corner of a room—it is the shadow of the summer wind. At times it is so soft, so little more than the air at hand, that I almost fancy I can look through the solid boundary. There is no cloud so faint; the great hills are but a thought at the horizon; I *think* them there rather than see them; if I were not thinking of them, I should scarce know there was even a haze, with so dainty a hand does the atmosphere throw its covering over the massy downs. Riding or passing quickly, perhaps you would not observe them; but stay among the heathbells and the sketch appears in the south. Up from the sea over the cornfields, through the green boughs of the forest, along the slope, comes a breath of wind, of honey-sweetened air, made more delicate by the fanning of a thousand wings.

The labor of the wind: the cymbals of the aspen clashing, from the lowest to the highest bough, each leaf twirling first forward and then backward and swinging to and fro, a double motion. Each lifts a little and falls back like a pendulum, twisting on itself; and as it rises and sinks, strikes its fellow-leaf. Striking the side of the dark pines, the wind changes their color and turns them paler. The oak leaves slide one over the other, hand above hand, laying shadow upon shadow on the white road.

In the vast net of the wide elm-tops, the drifting shadow of the cloud which the wind brings is caught for a moment. Pushing aside the stiff ranks of the wheat with both arms, the air reaches the sun-parched earth. It walks among the mowing-grass like a farmer feeling the crop with his hand one side, and opening it with his walking-stick the other. It rolls the wavelets carelessly as marbles to the shore ; the red cattle redden the pool and stand in their own color. The green caterpillar swings as he spins his thread and lengthens his cable to the tide of air, descending from the tree ; before he can slip it, the whitethroat takes him. With a thrust, the wind hurls the swallow, or the still grander traverser of air, the swift, fifty miles faster on his way ; it ruffles back the black velvet of the creepy mole peeping forth from his burrow. Apple-bloom and crab-apple bloom have been blown long since athwart the furrows over the orchard wall ; May petals and June roses scattered ; the pollen and the seeds of the meadow-grasses thrown on the threshing-floor of mother-earth in basketfuls. Thistle down and dandelion down, the brown down of the goat's-beard ; by and by the keys of the sycamores twirling aslant—the wind carries them all on its back, gossamer web and great heron's vanes—the same weight to the wind ; the drops of the waterfall blown aside sprinkle the bright green ferns. The voice of the cuckoo in his season travels drowsily on the zephyr, and the note comes to the most distant hill, and deep into the deepest wood.

The light and fire of summer are made beautiful by the air, without whose breath the glorious summer were all spoiled. Thick are the hawthorn leaves, many deep on the spray ; and beneath them there is a twisted and intertangled winding in and out of boughs, such as no curious ironwork of ancient artist could equal ; through the leaves and metal-work of boughs the soft west wind wanders at its ease. Wild wasp and tutored bee sing sideways on their course as the breeze fills their vanes ; with broad colored sails boomed out, drifts the butterfly alee. Beside a brown-coated stone in the shadowed stream, a brown trout watches for the puffs that slay the May-flies. Their ephemeral

wings were made for a more exquisite life ; they endure but one sun ; they bear not the touch of the water ; they die like a dream dropping into the river. To the amethyst in the deep ditch the wind comes ; no petal so hidden under green it cannot find ; to the blue hill-flower up by the sky ; it lifts the guilty head of the passionate poppy that has sinned in the sun for love. Sweet is the rain the wind brings to the wallflower browned in the heat, a-dry on the crumbling stone. Pleasant the sunbeams to the marigold when the wind has carried the rain away and his sun-disk glows on the bank. Acres of perfume come on the wind from the black and white of the bean-field ; the firs fill the air by the copse with perfume. I know nothing to which the wind has not some happy use. Is there a grain of dust so small the wind shall not find it out ? Ground in the mill-wheel of the centuries, the iron of the distant mountain floats like gossamer, and is drunk up as dew by leaf and living lung. A thousand miles of cloud go by from morn till night, passing overhead without a sound ; the immense packs, a mile square, succeed to each other, side by side, laid parallel, book-shape, coming up from the horizon and widening as they approach. From morn till night the silent footfalls of the ponderous vapors travel overhead, no sound, no creaking of the wheels and rattling of the chains ; it is calm at the earth, but the wind labors without an effort above, with such ease, with such power. Gray smoke hangs on the hillside where the couch-heaps are piled, a cumulus of smoke ; the wind comes, and it draws its length along like the genii from the earthen pot ; there leaps up a great red flame shaking its head ; it shines in the bright sunlight ; you can see it across the valley.

A perfect summer day with a strong south wind : a cloudless blue sky blown pale, a summer sun blown cool, deep draughts of refreshing air to man and horse, clear definition of red-tile roof and conical oast, perfect color of soft ash-green trees. In the evening, fourteen black swifts rushing together through the upper atmosphere with shrill cries, sometimes aside and on the tip of one wing, with a whirl descending, a

black trail, to the tiled ridge they dwell in. Fine weather after this.

A swooning August day, with a hot east wind, from which there is no escape, which gives no air to the chest—you breathe and are not satisfied with the inspiration; it does not fill; there is no life in the killed atmosphere. It is a vacuum of heat, and yet the strong hot wind bends the trees, and the tall firs wrestle with it as they did with Sinis, the Pine-bender, bowed down and rebounding, as if they would whirl their cones away like a catapult. Masses of air are moving by, and yet there is none to breathe. No escape in the shadow of hedge or wood, or in the darkened room; darkness excludes the heat that comes with light, but the heat of the oven-wind cannot be shut out. Some monstrous dragon of the Chinese sky pants his fiery breath upon us, and the brown grass stalks threaten to catch flame in the field. The grain of wheat that was full of juice dries hard in the ears, and water is no more good for thirst. There is not a cloud in the sky; but at night there is heavy rain, and the flowers are beaten down. There is a thunder-wind that blows at intervals when great clouds are visibly gathering

over the hayfield. It is almost a calm; but from time to time a breath comes, and a low mournful cry sounds in the hollow farmhouse—the windows and doors are open, and the men and women have gone out to make hasty help in the hay ere the storm—a mournful cry in the hollow house, as unhappy a note as if it were soaked February.

In April, six miles away in the valley, a vast cloud came down with swan-shot of hail, black as blackest smoke, overwhelming house and wood, all gone and mixed with the sky, and behind the mass there followed a white cloud sunlit dragging along the ground, like a cumulus fallen to the earth. At sunset, the sky cleared, and under the glowing rim of the sun, a golden wind drove the host of vapor before it, scattering it to the right and left. Large pieces caught and tore themselves in the trees of the forest, and one curved fragment hurled from the ridge, fell in the narrow coomb, lit up as it came down with golden sunset rays, standing out bright against the shadowed wood. Down it came slowly, as it were with outstretched arms, loath to fall, carrying the colored light of the sky to the very surface of the earth.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE FUTURE SUPREMACY OF WOMEN.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

[Great difference of opinion exist among Conservatives upon the question of the extension of the Franchise to Women, and, according to our usual practice, we have admitted into this *Review* papers presenting the arguments of both sides. We now commend the following essay, the work of an eminent woman of letters, and an avowedly advanced Liberal, to the attention of our Conservative friends who, for the sake of an anticipated but certainly ephemeral electoral advantage, encourage a movement tending ultimately, in our opinion, to weaken the most Conservative institutions of English society by introducing the confusions of politics into the sanctity of home and family life.—EDITORS *N. R.*]

As things have hitherto been in the world, men have been the leaders and women the aides; men have been the fighters in the open and women the healers in the tents. To men has been apportioned the rough, rude, hardening

work, to women the softening and refining care of details; to men command, to women influence. To men have been given, by nature and sex, heroic qualities and the larger crimes and vices; to women gentle virtues and smaller faults, and the restraining influence which comes by the very fact of their innocence, their goodness, their purity, their unselfishness. Just as a society is demoralized where women claim the permitted license of men, just as it is hardened and coarsened where women exercise the functions of men, or have even their special virtues in excess of their own, so is it purified and refined by their sweetness, their devotion, their charm—in a word, by their feminineness, working in its assigned sphere. But that sphere is not one of

direct command over men, nor of acknowledged leadership in public affairs. It is one of wholesome restraint and accepted influence in society and the home, where the recognized virtues of women are most wanted and act with best effect. As masters in the great matters of national polity and conduct these same virtues would be, and are, as disastrous as cowardice, tender-heartedness, or delicacy on a field of battle and in the hospital tent; and he loves best the truth of life and the right ordering of affairs who opposes most strenuously their intrusion where they would be harmful and not beneficial.

Take, for instance, the two essentially feminine qualities of pity and delicacy. Excellent as restraining influences, as governing powers they would be, and are, simply destructive of all true manhood. The one mitigates the severity of pure justice, the other removes ugliness when it can, softens it when it cannot, and beautifies essential poverty with adventitious ornamentation. But where should we be if this pity, this delicacy, had the upper hand, and the nervous fears and refinements of women depressed the energies of men to a level with their own and abolished all the rude and unsightly activities? Rough and cruel and ghastly things must be done in the world, and pity for the individual must not be suffered to interfere with the general good—for the most part brought about by the sacrifice of the individual. Else must we go back to root-eating and substantial barbarism. But the individualizing faculty of women comes in to soften what cannot be prevented, and their pity restrains unnecessary excess of necessary suffering. Thus, each faculty acts as that well-worn drag without which things would go too fast, but with which, in exaggeration, things do not go at all. For example, rabies may be prevalent, but the largest proportion of the women with favorite lap-dogs are more indignant because of the discomfort of their own muzzled pets than able to appreciate the usefulness of the general law. If polled to-day, that largest proportion would vote for the abolition of the muzzle, no matter what the results to the community at large, glad to secure the freedom of their own at the expense of a princi-

ple. And what is true of lap-dogs is true of all the rest.

When these two qualities—this pity, this delicacy, born of the power of individualization possessed by women—are lost by their own hardness and coarseness, or are suffered to be unduly predominant, the work of the world fares badly. Should we ever see either this loss or this predominance—and we shall have one or the other if the future supremacy of women be established—society will have cause to regret the time when men were the authoritative leaders of life, the sole fighters and the sole law-givers, the heroes and the scavengers; and women lived in the shadow, as Marys or as Marthas, supplementing the shortcomings of the stronger sex by their own completing qualities.

In the civilization which was the well-spring of our own, not all the women of immortal name were women of highest repute. Those who were specially beautiful, like Andromache, Penelope, Nausicaa, were women who fulfilled in the home life the ideal qualities of their sex in devotion, constancy, simplicity. Those who broke the bounds, like Helen, or came to the front with abnormal gifts, like Cassandra, or were even, like Aspasia, supreme in loveliness and intellectual graces, were disastrous to others or to themselves; or their supremacy was, at the best, more beautiful than worthy of imitation. And the publicity which did not foster the best virtues of womanhood then does not foster them now. There is a sex both in morality and good taste, as there is in intellect and physique; and circumstance is to character what soil is to a plant. That strong black peat-moss in which certain hardy growths flourish, would kill others which thrive abundantly in light and sandy ground; just as robins, and linnets, and skylarks, and nightingales want different treatment from that which suits kites and eagles. Women have the key of the position they ought to fill in the greater reticence, the more sensitive modesty, which, it must be confessed, was once more universally regarded as part of their moral equipment than it is now. No man of ordinary good feeling—there are always brutes to prove the rule by exception—would hurt the purity of a modest wife

by ribald talk or obscene suggestions. A son would not retail the story of his youthful immoralities to the mother he truly honored, though he would confide in his father, seeking advice and assistance from the experience and sympathy of sex. Each would feel and respect the barrier raised by the woman's native delicacy ; though each would know that these things, which were not to be taught nor told, made part of the inherent conditions of human life.

But this is just one of the lines of demarcation between the sexes which is becoming blurred and obliterated in the present moral attitude of women. For those who go in for equal rights and equal knowledge—whether they claim for themselves the freedom hitherto reserved for men only, or demand from men the same restricted purity as is essential to women—the reticence, which was once one of their sweetest charms and was so carefully respected by the average man, exists no longer ; and the two sexes discuss without reserve, and on equal terms, all the foul secrets once hidden away in the back slums of human life. Boys take their mothers into their confidence, though they have their fathers to appeal to ; young women talk openly of things they should blush even to think of ; and at no time in history have pruriency, under the name of morality, and substantial immodesty, masquerading as zeal for virtue, been so rampant as now. Nor have we in England ever touched a lower depth in certain directions. Neither Balzac nor Zola, nor yet any other unlimbered psychologist, has hurt the moral sense of the public so much as have the men and women who have ventilated unsavory subjects in the press and on the platform ; getting sympathy for bogus stories ; retailing impurities seasoned with falsehoods to audiences including unmarried girls and young wives among the rest ; dilating on indecencies till they have lost all shame or even consciousness that they were indecent. These are the men and women who have accustomed the collective womanhood of England to the description and contemplation of things which, a generation ago, were barely known and never talked of, save by a couple of matrons in close conclave and below their breath. These

are the men and women who have idealized the prostitute on the one hand, and on the other set up Vigilance Societies, with all their private espionage and voluntary dabbling in unhallowed mud. These are the causes by which the modesties of the sex have declined, while the desire for publicity and power have increased.

It is not only because of the preponderance of women in England, and the consequent need for bread-winning on their own account, that the new school of moral Amazons has arisen. It is not because all their own specialized offices are filled that they have invaded those of men—forced into imitation because compelled to compete. The cause of the change lies deeper than that. The very virtues, such as unselfishness, patience, devotion, without which the family cannot be preserved, are dying out with the love for family life characteristic of modern times. They are repudiated by women themselves as crosses, not crowns ; and the full, free, energetic individualism, with the excitement and the struggle of a man's career, seems to them infinitely higher, as well as more alluring, than the duties and pleasures of the home. They are discontented with all they have and are, desiring only that which they have not and ought not to be. In the lower classes, women prefer to be field-hands, hop-pickers, pit-brow women, or factory-hands of any kind, rather than to do house-work or look after the children. They prefer to gain rather than to save ; even though their expenditure through waste, substitution, and loss goes beyond what it would be if they kept at home to mind and mend and manage for the family.

So with women of the professional classes. They want everything but what they have had ; and the hitherto forbidden offices of men are those to which their ambition reaches, and will not be satisfied with less. Yet if they have disagreeable things to do in the work specially assigned to them, they complain and say "it is not woman's work ;" and you may hear women of the laboring classes bemoan the hardship of having to wash the sorely-soiled clothes of the husband who perils his life daily in the mines for the support of wife and

family. If they have only the ordinary domestic work to do, they complain of its monotony, and wish for anything rather than the ordering of the dinner, the arrangement of the supplies, the overlooking of the servants, the supervision of the children. All these duties may go by the board, or be done by substitutes, so long as they may dabble in art or literature, in clerkships or in medicine, dispossessing men and asserting themselves. Just now the Higher Education of Woman is a novelty, therefore eagerly sought after ; but if the sex remains what it has always been, Girton and Newnham will follow the usual course ; sweet girl graduates will be as obsolete as the learned lady professors of Bologna ; and the M.D.'s diploma will be no more valued than the title of Dame conferred in Charles the First's time on recognized midwives. It will be a new acquisition altogether if women develop the staying-power of men ; certainly it will be a new sex if they develop the physical strength which alone will enable them to compete on equal terms.

Take the profession of a doctor, which is the most coveted of all at this moment, and for which, save in India in the zenana, or at home for children and young girls, there is no felt want, and will be no likely demand. What young woman could undertake this profession on the ordinary terms of a man's apprenticeship ? How could she become the snubbed and inferior assistant of an old-established practitioner, disdainfully flinging her the least desirable and most irksome cases ? How could she be the parish doctor of a rural district, riding six or eight miles across a moor at dead of night, or in the midst of a snowstorm, to visit an old farmer in a fit of drunken apoplexy, or a young wife frightened by spasms ? Women who undertake the work of men must by necessity have only the soft places and bear only the lighter burdens. They must do what they can, it being useless to attempt what they cannot ; and competition must therefore needs be defeat if made on equal terms, or favor and unfair apportionment if the weaker are to overcome the stronger. Whether men will submit to this, hard-pressed by competition among themselves as they already are, or whether they will close their

ranks and demand that women shall find other work, not interfering with their own, is a question which the future has to decide.

To some among us it seems that it would be wiser for women to create new industries for themselves—like the art-needlework and china-painting of modern date, to go no further—which do not cut into the old-established grooves of masculine activities, than to continue this humiliating struggle against nature itself, for the gratification of a yearning which seems to touch on disease, and to prophesy dissolution.

But most of all things the desire of women goes out to political power, and their favorite ambition is to secure their footing on the hustings and electioneering platforms. The platform life they have already adopted—with the loss of all that makes them charming in proportion to their success. They have been long trying to force open the flood-gates of political power, and to let the full tide of feminine influence rush through. And they have partially succeeded, and may soon, perhaps, wholly succeed. Among the causes of the political confusion of the time must be counted the recognized agency of women. These last two elections have been the first wherein women have been engaged as organized canvassers—that is, wherein feminine solicitations and cajoleries have taken the place of masculine argument on the one side, and of the old system of money bribes and gratuities on the other. Canvassing for others is but the step before voting, to be followed by canvassing for themselves. The franchise is the confessed aim of the women who have taken up politics as a trade, where they, too, should have their seat and say. And though not yet granted, it is perilously near. For even Conservatives, who generally oppose all Radical changes till forced to yield by popular sentiment, have gone over sometimes to the side of the innovators ; and of the Conservative members now in the House, more than half are claimed by the Woman Suffrage Society as friends and advocates—which is about the strangest bit of political thaumaturgy this generation has seen.

I have never disguised my own deep abhorrence for this measure, nor blinked

the almost certain mischief that it will work, if not in politics, yet in society, the home, and to women themselves. To me it is one of the most fatal mistakes men and women can make, and equally suicidal to the best interests of both. It can do no kind of good to Imperial politics, and it will do infinite harm to individuals. India, Ireland, the Colonies, will be governed neither better nor worse because unmarried women with property have each a vote. But the character and tendencies of the sex all round will be influenced to harm and loss. It will immensely increase that discontent with their natural functions and assigned offices, which, as has been said, is their most salient modern characteristic; and it will be only a stepping-stone to further encroachments. It will make them more positive, dictatorial, argumentative, than they are now; and will widen the area, while accentuating the causes, for dissension between them and men. It will increase that disastrous desire to ape men which is as a canker in the women of to-day, and will make them less and less like the ideal which the world has agreed to respect and love. It will tend to make them pronounced, hard, bold—has any one ever seen a platform woman blush?—and by familiarizing them with public life, it will still more loosen the hold of the home and weaken the already weakened ties of domesticity. A woman who can address a meeting of electors as one of themselves—soon to be one of the candidates in her own person, if the logical faculty counts for prophecy—will not be very anxious about her children's ailments, or her husband's wishes (for the restriction of the vote, and its consequences, to unmarried women, is one of the flimsiest blinds ever flung across eyes willing to be hoodwinked); and the applause of a crowd will be more seductive to a female orator of average ability and ambition than the "waxen touches," which are fast becoming poetic property only, or the manly love which in more harmonious times made the highest happiness of the sex. It will weaken the sentiments, the affections, the specialized virtues which go with womanhood; and, by opening to women man's career of public strife and passion, will breed in

them also the hardness and selfishness inseparable from public life.

It can never be too often repeated—publicity of life and action never has produced a race of virtuous and estimable women; and there seem to us abundant mental, moral, and physical causes why it never can. What has been done elsewhere for passion and emotion the public life of politics will do for sentiment, modesty, and sweetness. There is an intellectual *dévergondage* as well as a moral, and indelicacy of character does not necessarily include unchastity of person. Women who are political economists rather than Ladies Bountiful, who are logicians rather than lovers, critics not sympathizers—women who abandon their own delightful domain of sensitive perception, generous belief, kindly action, unselfish devotion, for the strife of politics and the egotistic ambition of the platform, are women who give up the substance for the shadow; who fail their assigned virtues without putting on the virile majesty of men, and who lose the tender domination which goes with love, without gaining increased respect.

One of the great arguments for the enfranchisement of women is that of the enfranchisement of laborers and servants. The vote-desiring woman feels it to be an intolerable hardship that her tenants and her coachman should have votes, while she, the landlord and the mistress, has none—she, the educated lady, where the others are uneducated boors. But, uneducated for responsible political functions as Hodge and John Thomas may be, we must not forget that they are units, for the most part influenced by others; while women of property—just as uneducated and inapt in political matters—have the direct and wide-spreading influence which comes from wealth, position, and, above all, sex. Match the ignorance of Hodge against the passionate blindness of a female partisan. Will the knowledge of German and Italian, the ability to distinguish between a Botticelli and a Carlo Dolce, the preference of Wagner over Mozart, or of Beethoven over Chopin, help in the disentanglement of the Irish Question?—the decision whether Russia is to be allowed peaceful expansion, or sternly repressed within bounds already

held too wide for the safety of European freedom?—the settlement of the exact line where the Canadian rights of fishing end and those of America begin?—or enable these well-dressed, artistic, and accomplished ladies to pronounce authoritatively on the bale or blessing of free trade, and the causes of commercial depression? To let in women voters would not, it seems to me, help in the solution of any of the political problems on which the world is still divided; and it would only tend to still further obscure men's minds by the recognition and acceptance of the influence of sex. For, frankly, what is the political power of women but that of sex? Does that power come from their clearness of judgment, their philosophic breadth of view, their prevision acumen, their wide reasoning faculty? or does it come from that subtle, strong, mysterious charm which women, as women, have over men?

In the late canvassing parties, among whom were girls of eighteen or so, was it political prescience and ability to decide between two contending principles which gave them influence? or was it their youth, their beauty, their blandishments, their cajoleries—in a word, their sex? When the National Guards kept the ground against the insurgents, eye-witnesses saw and reported the suggestive efforts made by the women of the threatened party to deflect and morally corrupt these men. No coarse bribes of money nor of place were theirs; nor would these have done half that eyes and hands and lips were able to do—are able to do at all times—and have just now done in our late electioneering contests. Our new canvassers have used their natural weapons with tremendous effect of late; and English political earnestness has descended as many steps as women have won.

Their very success shows the incapacity of women to judge of the issue of political movements. Undoubtedly the Dames of the Primrose League have been the most able and the most influential of the canvassers. But it was the Advanced Women of the Liberal Party who first set the ball rolling. They set on foot the Woman's Suffrage agitation, and in this way released the activities of

the Conservative women—infinity the larger party in the kingdom. This the Liberal women neither foresaw nor wished—unless, indeed, they show that they possess even less and less political aptitude by working for the enfranchisement of a few unoppressed individuals, rather than for the establishment of principles vital to the general cause. Before the crusade preached by the Liberal women their Conservative sisters had been content with a little sporadic advocacy, a little personal canvassing, as a wife for her husband, etc., with the drawing-room blandishments that come into the same category as placing concert or bazaar tickets for a charity. But, fired by the Advanced Women, wholesale in the destruction of old landmarks, reckless in the abandonment of old habits, and headlong upholders of a new fashion as women are, they flung themselves into the arena; and, as was prophesied years ago by those who could foresee results, swept the board and carried all their own way. As women, too—that grandest power of all—Conservatives are more attractive than Liberals. Liberals have the enthusiasm of insurgents, the passionate fervor of iconoclasts certainly—and enthusiasm and passion are exciting—but Conservatives have the poetry, the beauty, the romance and the fitness which take men's judgment along with their admiration. Also, as a rule, they have the advantages of higher birth and better breeding. Hence, their side gained immensely in the late elections; for their real weapon, their sex, with all its charm and grace, is stronger with them than with the Liberals. So they knew; and so they utilized it.

The Advanced Liberal women are terribly in earnest. So far as sincerity goes, they have all its power; and among them are spirits directly akin to the holiest martyrs and old-time saints. One of their most cherished beliefs is, that by the admission of women to the vote—with all that this must necessarily entail—politics will be moralized. There will be no longer corrupt voting, to start with; and the chicanery of diplomacy, with the cruelty of war and free trade in drink, will be banished, like all other forms of vice, from the

world. The times when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them will be nothing to those, say these earnest enthusiasts, when women shall have the franchise and the iniquities of men shall be smothered because outvoted by the moralities of women.

This time of supremacy, when the lives, the desires, the activities, the passions of men shall be regulated by women, is the darling dream caressed by them, as that of a compensating Future is caressed by those who have an unhappy Present. Every woman at heart a rake? No, not exactly; but every woman is at heart a tyrant, and the joy of forbidding is equal in her to that of commanding. If she had her own way, there should be no cakes and ale for those whose digestion was stronger than her own; energies which she did not share should have no outlet; nor should desires foreign to her own have their gratification. I have known a woman boast that her husband had to put the sea between her and himself if he wished to smoke; and another make a quarrel with hers because he bought two penny evening papers instead of one. Between the two extremes of the women of social position who are more shameless, more brazen, than the Phrynes and Messalinas of old, and those whose narrow allowances would take all the pith out of men, emasculate their minds and enfeeble their bodies, the future will see a bad time of it if the threatened supremacy of women is fulfilled. The old Egyptian *régime*, when the Priesthood was supreme and regulated the minutest affairs of social and political life—when the women came next, and were as the captains under this generalship—and when the men came last, subject to the women and doubly subject to the Church—will be re-enacted in those times to come, when the political and intellectual sceptre shall have passed from men and be given to women—according to the endeavor of those of the Advanced Liberals who have abandoned common-sense and gone in for fads—who have abjured working possibilities and in their place advocate unworkable theorems.

Another ground taken by the advocates for the suffrage is, that no class is considered, nor are its interests cared

for, if unrepresented in Parliament. This may be quite true, and is, taking classes as classes, separated from each other by habits, interests, associations, education. What should a millionaire know of the wants or wrongs of a pauper? How can a city magnate judge for a cottier or a mill-hand? What does a country gentleman know of the merchant-service or the load-line? But this does not hold good with women. Women are not separated from men. They live with them on exactly the same social plane, and have abundant time and space to make their wants known. Mothers, sisters, wives, daughters—men have them in all relations; and ignorance of their desires is the last thing that can be said. Nor is the selfishness, the tyranny, with which hostile women credit men, exactly proved. For, granting that a man would wish to be the master of his own wife, he would scarcely care to see his daughter brutalized by her husband; and, of the two, he would rather that his sister was happy than that she was the victim of a strange man, and miserable, as the inalienable condition of her sex for the advantage of his. But changes are not wrought in a day; and the unquestioned supremacy of men, dating from, and integral to, the rough old warrior times, had to wear itself out under the milder conditions of modern society—had to die in substance before it could be abrogated in law. Now almost everything has been done that the strictest justice demands. The Married Woman's Property Bill and the Custody of Infants Bill have removed the most crying evils of which women had to complain; and the reproach of legislative injustice and legislative neglect falls to the ground. One by one the smaller fibres and rootlets of tyranny still left in our laws are being pulled out and eradicated; and the unjust sovereignty of man over woman is one of them.

The vote, then, so much desired and so passionately fought for, will do nothing toward removing evils already removed by the free will and gift of the legislators; while it will give women a direct influence over the affairs of men in which they can have no personal part. As the larger number, they will have the preponderating power at the

elections, and men will thus be forced into the illogical position of having to undertake wars at the will of those who do not share in them ; or of being forbidden to undertake them by those who, not sharing in them, do not choose that others shall. If, however, things came to that point, in all probability sentiment would be thrown to the winds, and common-sense would regain the day. For this desire for the vote is a mere sentiment among women, representing no solid advantage, and imperilling much present good ; and with mischievous effects reaching far wider than the advocates of the measure either can or do foresee. Unmarried women with property and votes, with a recognized political status and accepted political influence, will not like to lose these snippets of the blue ribbon by marriage with the enemy—doubly an enemy, in that his name represents disfranchisement, and to be a wife is to cease to be a responsible and active citizen. We may take the restriction, as at present formulated, to be a mere blind—the thin end of the wedge—the hair given to the devil—what we will of synonym with the carrying of the first and most important outwork. The vote given to the unmarried woman with property will naturally follow the property, which is now by law the wife's and not the husband's. Had the Married Woman's Property Bill not passed, the wife would not have had her present *locus standi*. As things are, it would be eminently illogical, and somewhat unjust, to leave that property unrepresented because a woman had become a wife ; and the blot would soon be wiped off the Statute Book. Then the lodger-suffrage would come up for discussion. In the present state of things, a really large and appreciable body of well-educated women are lodgers, as men are lodgers. A great many offices are open to women, by which they live with comfort as lodgers, but are not able to be householders. As these are the energetic portion of the sex, the agitation will begin with them ; and they will complain of the injustice of being unrepresented, till they will gain their cause, like their richer sisters before them. And with the lodger-franchise will come in a race of voters

whom one can scarcely hold to be desirable as direct influences on Imperial politics. We have no class of men analogous to these women. They are not felons, and cannot be dealt with as criminals. But, surely we would not put the power of influencing the laws of England into these hands ! If the Imperial politics of this grand old nation of ours—this nation once the most manly, the most reasonable, the most clean-handed of all in Europe—if her policy, home or foreign, is to be directly influenced in even an infinitesimal degree by the lodgers who haunt Regent Street and the Haymarket, we may say "Ichabod" in sorrowful truth ; our glory will have departed forever. As we have just decreed—led by the Liberal faddists—we will not hear of separation, registration, distinctive rules of life, etc. for these women. As they are, so they must be, without any kind of check or segregation ; and when the wide net of the franchise sweeps the social sea it will enclose these among the number, and so complete the circle of folly and evil. Women voting for wars in which they bear no part ; for the application of money they do but little comparatively to earn, out-voting by their numbers the men on whom lie the actual burdens of civic life, and including among them that class which modern sentimentality calls Soiled Doves, and blunt English prostitutes, will be a sight to make glad the hearts of our enemies and detractors—nations which will rejoice when the day of our supremacy is over, and the strong brave masculine life is finally destroyed for the "monstrous regimen" of women to take its place.

To part of my objections—the harm done to the character of women by their admission into public life, the loosening of the family tie, and the induction of unsuitable persons into unfit offices—is given the one vague answer : Nature will adjust. Nature, as we have it, has not adjusted, in our sense, when it makes the Hindoo man a first-rate nurse, and the Amazonian army a capital fighting power. Man has contrived to circumvent nature in more ways than one ; and when he wants a thing he knows how to abolish distinctions and destroy protests in ways which will occur to every one

who chooses to think. It is not exactly according to the self-preservative law of nature that married women, with husbands and little children to live for, should imperil their lives by riding to hounds, and run the risk of breaking their necks twice or thrice in the week, for the pleasure of jumping hedges and ditches in the hope of seeing a pack of hounds worry a fox. Nor is it quite according to the higher modesties of that second nature we call civilization and education, that they should study pathology and anatomy in company with men; nor draw from the nude together, boys and girls in a mixed multitude—nor do certain other things which yet the times allow. So that to unsex women by enactment does not seem quite so impossible as spinning ropes out of sea-sand—as the advocates of the vote would make out. We may put our feet into a hole and not be able to draw them out again; and we may walk boldly on to the quicksand with the result foreseen by our antagonistic advisers.

Surely it is a pleasant, a natural, and in its degree a wholesome, thing for men to worship women; but the cult is dangerous when carried to excess. A little of it humanizes society and softens the asperities of men; a great deal corrupts both. When women become supreme in power and influence, like the Parisian *femme de commerce*, or the Parisian *grande dame*, they are equally mischievous as regards the best virtues of society and men. In the former case they keep the shop and send away the children. And keeping the shop means keeping the man. Neither Jules nor Jack loves work *per se*; and if he can be kept like a gentleman in idleness, he prefers his leisure to labor. As Madame, on her side, prefers the quasi-publicity and excitement of life behind the counter to the claustral monotony of her own four walls, he indulges her desire, gives her her head, and profits by it. And one consequence of this transfer of functions is that, search the whole world round, a sharper, harder, less conscientious, less womanly woman than the French *femme de commerce* does not exist from the Equator to the Poles. Every particle of feminine softness, of sweetness, of sensibility, has been burned out of her

in the great fire and flame of competition. She is as hard as stone, more grasping than a Jew, more subtle than a Greek. She and Nature have adjusted their original differences to a nicety; and she has preserved of her sex nothing but the bodily form and the personal allurements.

In the latter, as the *grande dame*, with money to bestow and social consideration to confer, the hope of the young man with good looks and ambition—good looks and an empty pocket—lies in her favor. To have one of these fine ladies for his—patroness—is equivalent to success; and his rise in the world, with a comfortable subsistence during his years of impecuniosity, is a foregone conclusion. It is no shame to a Frenchman to be kept by a woman—wife or mistress. So much power and worship have been given to the sex, as a sex, that the subordination of a man comes in as the logical consequence; and no more humiliation is felt at this inversion of the *roles* than our young men feel now, when they lie back in the boat, lazily steering, while the girls row in the sun and blister their hands for their pleasure—or than is felt when the mistress drives the groom and the wife the husband, and the high-hung trap comes to grief as the result. The woman is the all-important person throughout France generally; and her marriage portion is the essential element in a union which may or may not include love, but which must be founded on interest. It is partly this fact of the uncertainty of love, coupled with the indissolubility of marriage, that has made the French more liberal than strict in the matter of post-nuptial infidelities; but, more than either, it is the social standing of women which makes them able to break the laws at their will. The liberty they take for themselves they grant the men; and if they escape the bondage of matrimony and the pains of maternity by a wider cast into the open, they have at least the fairness to allow what they practise. With Englishwomen, on the contrary, the desire goes toward domination, and the secret hope of all those who are clamoring for the vote is supreme power. To see the time when the mother shall be the sole parent recognized by the law, when the line of moral freedom and

the standard of emotional strength to which men shall be reduced will be that of the chaste and virtuous woman, when women shall frame the laws by which men shall be bridled and bitted, when their virtues shall be his, and his masculine exuberance shall be shorn of its excess—to see the time when politics shall be moralized, and the reign of righteousness shall be inaugurated by feminine supremacy and masculine submission—this is the prayer of more than one female Moses, honestly believing that she is leading Israel out of Egypt.

Meanwhile, a few moral and political pagans remain faithful to the old gods. A few mean-spirited sisters still prefer

the honor of the man to their own, and would rather shine by his light than stand out in the glare of individual glory. A few would rather be the wives and mothers of heroes and men of renown, than be themselves crowned in the Capitol, and would rather love and be loved than rule and be feared. These are the women who find it pleasanter to honor than to humiliate the sex they like to feel is the stronger, the nobler, and the more enlightened. But then they are pagans; and the new school repudiates them as traitors to the cause of freedom and virtue, though they may be faithful Liberals and honest women.—*National Review*.



PANSLAVISM.

It is natural that to the Western observer the foreign aims and influences of Pan Slavism should appear the most important part of the movement. The suspicion of conquest is suggested by the name, and the desire for it has become of late years the chief rallying point of the party. The Pan Slavist of to-day is often only a Russian chauvinist who has discovered a number of philosophical, or rather philological, excuses for his insatiable greed. But the party did not originate in a mere desire for the territory that belonged to others, nor do the best of those who now lead it regard this as their principal object.

In judging modern Russia, it must always be remembered that its civilization is not a natural outgrowth of the soil, the result of the history or the expression of the individual character of the race. It was originally imported from abroad, in such quantities and solutions as suited the taste of Peter I., and forced upon a reluctant nation by measures similar to those employed to compel the pupils of Dotheboys Hall to swallow their dose of sulphur and treacle. The reforms were decreed and enforced by an irresistible despotic power, and the deepest sentiments of the Russians were outraged when they were compelled to shave and their wives to appear in public assemblies in a dress slightly modified from that of Paris. The Czar commanded his subjects to be

free and love him under the most cruel penalties, and in this respect most of his successors have followed in his steps. In the meantime the rights that certain classes and provinces legally enjoyed, and from which a true freedom and a unique civilization might have been developed, were ruthlessly suppressed. The emperors were often men who stood on the level of the highest culture of their time. Peter I. and Catherine II. were undoubtedly possessed of genius, of a somewhat ferocious type. But they were impatient of the slow growth of nature; they wanted to eat the roasted apple on the very day after they had planted the pip, and so the civilization they imposed upon their subjects became a strait-jacket rather than a garment. They treated children as madmen, an advanced Pan Slavist would say, and so they drove them mad.

In a remarkable passage in his *Memoirs* Alexander Herzen insists on the fact that the Russian people never ceased to resent the foreign forms of thought and manners which were imposed upon them by the despotic authority of the State. From reign to reign and from generation to generation new representatives and martyrs of the national feeling arose—men who desired above all things to be Russians, to mould their own lives and the institutions of their country in accordance with their inborn nature, and not to distort them

for the purpose of bringing them into harmony with a foreign standard. We call the passage remarkable, because Herzen belonged to the St. Petersburg, or, as it is now frequently called, the European, party, and spent a great part of his early vigor in combating the Slavophiles, the predecessors of the Panslavists of to-day.

The war with Napoleon I. and its result did much to inspire the patriotic feelings of the Russians. For the first time since the enforced introduction of an alien culture the people felt itself a nation, and was ready to forgive the means which had led to so glorious an end. Party was reconciled to party and class to class. The great outburst of literary genius—the works of Gogol, of Pushkin, of Lermontoff, which were produced under the influence of this sentiment, will always render the last years of the reign of Alexander I. memorable in the history of mankind. A strange new hope had breathed over the country, awakening life everywhere, like the breezes that pass across the woodland in springtime. Nicolas succeeded, and a sudden frost fell on the opening blossoms.

The Slavophiles had profited more than any other party by the national awakening. The party of St. Petersburg might be forgiven, since it had forged the weapons with which the battle was fought; it was Russian hands that had won it; it was Moscow that had laid herself in ashes to bar the way of the Western conqueror—so the unhistoric legend ran. In Germany, the country which Russians detest, and from which they have learned the most, the Romantic School was predominant. The Emperor Alexander I. has been called "a German Romantic poet on a foreign throne," though he expressed his convictions, as the necessity of the case demanded, in edicts instead of verses. Now the healthiest instinct of the school was to insist on individuality. Every nation, as well as every man, was, according to its teachings, to endeavor to find an adequate expression for its inmost nature, not to conform itself to a hard-and-fast rule. Was not this only another form of stating the demand the Slavophiles had always made?

The Roman Catholic tendencies of

the German poets had two important effects on the thought of Russia. Later on, when Nicolas was Emperor and all hope had to be abandoned, many followers of the school of St. Petersburg, like Tschaadajeff, turned eyes full of love and longing to the Church whose arms have always been open to the heavy-laden, which has never bent her neck to any worldly power, and, though always beaten, has always been victorious. We are expressing, not our own opinions, but those that were current in Eastern Europe in the years from 1825 to 1832. The reader who has realized what the rule of Nicolas was can readily conceive what their effect must have been upon the liberal adherents of a despotism which had suddenly turned against them, who found the engine they had thought to use instinct with a life and volition of its own, which were chiefly directed against their own ideals and their own persons, and who therefore felt that, whatever house might be built upon a rock, theirs at least had been founded on the sand.

At an earlier period the religious leanings of the Romantic writers had had quite a different effect. They had led to an Orthodox revival that was only half sincere, though it must at least be absolved from any charge of theological pedantry. The national life was to be revived in all its pristine purity, and to this life the teaching of the Eastern Church had certainly belonged. Therefore, to the great surprise of the *popes*, men of culture and position began not only to be frequent at church, but exact in their religious exercises, particularly when people were present who were likely to imitate their devotions. They were indifferent to ridicule, they did not seek the praise of men, they were only anxious to set a good example. They might not themselves exactly believe the doctrines of the Church, but they thought it well that others should believe in them. Still a line must be drawn somewhere; they often confessed to the *popes*, but never invited them to dinner.

That there was a germ of truth in the movement cannot be denied. The Western civilization, which Peter I. introduced by edict, and which he and his followers enforced by all the means

which stand at the disposal of a reckless despotism, has placed Russia in the position she now occupies in Europe, but at the same time it has cleft the nation in two. A slower progress, and one that had its origin within rather than outside the country, and was modified by influences that came from below rather than above, would have been more healthy. No skill or pains can crowd the work of centuries into a few years.

On the other hand, the Slavophiles were wrong in supposing that a return to the condition of things that existed before Peter I. was possible. It would probably, on the whole, have been better that he had left matters as they were, or contented himself with small reforms, leaving the beards and the veils of his subjects alone. But there are things that, once having been done, cannot be undone. You may let an oak grow freely, or, with the necessary binding and clipping, make it cover a wall; but, if you have done the latter, and after a century or so take the wall away, you cannot expect your oak to be a stately forest tree. Both men and nations are what they are, not merely by virtue of their internal impulses, but also of their training and circumstances. Otherwise, who would not be a forest tree that covered the world with its branches?

This is exactly what the Panslavists desire Russia to become. But, to drop the metaphor, it is because the school of Moscow, the Slavophiles, despair of effecting an internal reform, that their attention is so eagerly devoted to foreign policy, and they have produced the Panslavists. "As we cannot become great," they seem to say, "let us at least be big; as we cannot make Russia truly Slav, let us at least bring as much of the world as we can under a semi-Slavonic yoke. The despotism, the official corruption, nay, even the reforms introduced from the West, which can no longer be altered, we are ready quietly to accept, if only we are led on to conquest; but, if you pause, we rebel."

One is obliged to put matters more sharply when stating them in writing than they ever appear in the real world, and no space is at present left us to explain the effect that the position taken up in 1848 by the Croats and the other Slav tribes that were subject to

Hungary had on the movement. To the outside world it did not appear very generous, though it seems to have filled the Slavophiles with admiration, and to have metamorphosed many of them into Panslavists. Of the means by which the new doctrine has been propagated, and Societies founded for the purpose of studying the literature and antiquities of Bohemia and other provinces of Austria changed into political clubs, we must also for the present be silent. It is enough if we have succeeded in showing that there is, after all, a grain of reason in and an historical explanation, though not an excuse, for the most dangerously absurd of modern popular movements.

The school of St. Petersburg desired to render Russia European, to introduce the latest results of the thought and culture of the West into a nation which, less than two centuries ago, was as widely separated from them as China is at present. Apart from mere accidents, it suffered shipwreck on the ignorance of the peasantry, or rather on their want of training, or their inability to bridge over the great gulf that divided them from the civilization of their neighbors. In desperation, many of the younger members of the party thought it best to destroy the whole existing state of things and begin anew. These are the Nihilists.

The party of Moscow wished to revive the old life of Russia as it existed before Peter I. endeavored to approximate it to that of France, Holland, and England, to develop institutions that had long been dead, and restore a state of things that seemed so attractive, partly, at least, because it was so incompletely known. It found itself checked by the very authorities for which it pretended the greatest reverence, and by the existence of a literature that was foreign both in form and design, and yet intensely Russian in spirit. The more enthusiastic of the revivalists then turned their eyes abroad, and conceived the idea of a Slavonic Empire which would satisfy the highest aspirations of national vanity, and, at the same time, introduce into Russia a large Slavonic element, entirely untainted by the culture of the West. This was the origin of the first and noblest form of Panslavism.

Fortunately for Russia there are men who have run into neither of these extremes, but who acknowledge the truth that is in both and recognize their power. Such men are contented to wait a long time for the results of their labors, to confine their action to small circles, and to further the true interests

of their countrymen, patiently, silently, and in the simplest way. It is because Russia contains so large a number of men of this class that she can disregard the irritations of the Panславists and the threats of the Nihilists.—*Saturday Review*.

PETŐFI'S JOHN THE HERO.

IF Runeberg may be described as the Homer of the Russian conquest of Finland, the Magyar poet Petőfi may with equal propriety be styled the Tyrtæus of the Hungarian war for independence in 1849. Attached to the staff of General Bem, with functions both literary and martial, he flooded the camps of the national forces with patriotic odes, and, suiting action to words, set them a brilliant example by his gallant bearing in the field. Nevertheless, at the fatal battle of Segesvár, which took place on the 31st July, 1849, he fell transfixed by Cossack lances, not as he would have desired, sword in hand and selling life dearly, but, owing to some cruel mischance, as an unarmed spectator and a fugitive. His remains, it is at last placed beyond doubt, repose in a vast common grave near Segesvár with those whose retreat was cut off by a turning movement made by the Russian cavalry toward the close of the engagement. Long did the Hungarian people fondly insist that their idol was not dead, but in exile with so many other worthy patriots, and predict that he would one day reappear in their midst; but hope had finally to be abandoned, and it is now an accepted fact that their great national bard, whose productions nevertheless almost equal Byron's in volume, perished at the age of twenty-six, leaving like Pushkin's ideal poet, his story broken off short.

In addition to some eight hundred lyrical effusions, Petőfi left behind him several longer poems, among which *John the Hero* and *The Apostle* hold a conspicuous place. The former of these is a strange combination of the incongruous elements of epic poetry and extravaganza, which invest it with a novel and original charm, while its local coloring is so bright and fascinating as to rivet

the attention. The pathos and human interest of the narrative make us regret its impossible episodes; but their humorous absurdity soon makes amends, and the genius of the poet obscures the fact that we are dealing with nonsense. Petőfi was of Slavonic extraction. His original name was Petrovich, *i.e.* *Peter-son*, which he changed to the Magyar equivalent by which he is known to fame. He was likewise a son of the people; and perhaps from one point of view we may regard *John the Hero* as a protest of low-born worth against high-flown aristocratic pretensions. For "Johnny Barleycorn"—to avoid the use of a Turanian cognomen which would grate upon the Aryan ear—is a foundling, though born to be a hero. Nature has showered her priceless gifts upon him in plenteous store; health, gigantic strength, undaunted courage, with an upright and generous mind. Accident, on the other hand, has done nothing for him; he is a foundling shepherd boy, the slave of a harsh and brutal master. One solace alone makes life endurable, the love of Iluska, or Helen, a beautiful orphan just as destitute as himself, who is the butt of a cruel stepmother's caprices. Their loves are the theme of the poet's romantic verse.

In the first canto Johnny is discovered stretched on his sheepskin as he tends his flock hard by a stream. Presently, to his great delight, Helen appears, and washes linen therein. The lover implores her to leave that occupation and come and sit beside him, so, after much hesitation, during which she expresses great dread of her stepmother's ire, the girl complies:—

Thus he coaxed the maiden from the water,
And his arms around her waist he threw;
Gave her kisses one—perchance a hundred,
He who knows all knows which of the two.

But as this charming pastime went on till "Evening tinged the rivulet with red," none will be surprised to hear that the pair were finally startled by a volley of abuse hurled from behind by the stepmother, who is incensed at the prolonged absence of Helen. A violent altercation takes place between the "hag" and the "champion bold of flocks and herds," which ends amid a duet of menace and malediction. But the worst is yet to be told. Johnny's sheep have gone astray during their guardian's amorous encounter. No more than half can be recovered. "Was it wolves, or thieves who were to blame" asks the poet; but the practical result for Johnny was instant dismissal by his "wrathful master," who, moreover, pursued him, pitchfork in hand, till lack of breath bid him pause. The homeless lad must now wander forth into the world; but first the heart-breaking farewell with Helen must be faced:—

When the streamlet had become a mirror,
Where a thousand stars their fires reflect,
Johnny, in his Helen's garden standing,
How he came there scarce could recollect.

Stopping, he took forth the flute he cherished,
And the air with mournful music filled;
Seemed the dew which sprinkled grass and bushes
Tear drops by the pitying stars distilled.

Helen, meantime, awakened by the well-known accents, descends to her lover, but starts back in affright at his aspect, which is pallid "As the waning moon of Autumn's night." Well may he look pale, replies Johnny, since he may see her face no more, and "His flute its last hath warbled low" in her garden. Amid tears and embraces the unhappy pair separate, the youth likening himself to a twig driven by the tempest, the maiden bidding him remember his love whenever he sees a crushed blossom in his pathway. In the darkness of night Johnny wanders forth into the *pussta*, or Hungarian steppe; the fires lighted by the shepherds flared around him; there was a piping and a ringing of ox-bells, but he heard them not. Turning and looking at the distant village he had quitted, he heaved a weary sigh; but there were none to hear it except a flight of cranes high overhead. At length the sun rose

upon the immense flatness of the steppe, and

Not a flower was there, nor tree, nor bramble;
On the scanty grass there glittered dew;
And on one side, catching the first sunbeam,
Lay a pool. Around it rushes grew.

He wanders on with no companion but his own dark shadow; "all the steppe was by the sun illumined, only pitchy darkness in his breast." As he dined on some poor scraps of bacon, nobody saw him but the "glorious sun in heaven" and the *delibdb*, or mirage of the *pussta*. He lays his head upon a molehill, dreams that he is in Helen's arms, but awakes amid drenching rain and a terrific thunderstorm:—

Swiftly had the heavenly strife arisen,
As distress had darkened o'er his life.

The tempest quickly passes away, and is succeeded by celestial quietude as a rainbow lights the evening sky. Pursuing his aimless journey, he enters a gloomy forest, and perceives in contrast to the yellow rays of the moon a red light which, he hopes, indicates an inn. It was no inn, "but of robbers twelve the dreadful lair." Johnny boldly enters, asking a night's lodging; but is at once set upon by the inmates. His undaunted bearing, however, strikes the ruffians with amaze, and they spare his life on condition of his joining their society. Johnny simulates acquiescence; they "clinch the bargain with a drink," when all, except the Hero, become helplessly drunk. Then Johnny espies his opportunity, and, seizing a taper, he sets fire to the four corners of the thatched roof of the hut:—

And the roof became a roaring bonfire,
With a scarlet tongue which licked the sky;
Smoky grew the purple vault of heaven,
Dim the yellow moon which gleamed on high.

When morning came Johnny looked in at the blackened window, and descried the robbers' charred skeletons.

Thus far the adventures of the future hero were in accordance with mundane possibilities, but journeying onward he falls in with a body of "magnificent hussars," and their leader, struck by the resolute fire which burns in the lad's eye, enlists him as a recruit. With the natural modesty of a hero, he reveals the whole extent of his shortcomings to his newly-found patron:—

True, that to an ass I am accustomed,
 For a shepherd's is my proper trade ;
 But I am a Magyar, born a horseman,
 Saddles, horses, God for Magyars made.

Now begins the era of extravagance.
 The Magyar hussars are marching to attack the Turks, who have invaded the realm of France, and to reach that country they have to traverse the land of the "dog-headed Tartars," from whose cannibal designs they are rescued by the intercession of "Araby's good Sultan." Central India, with its lofty mountains, still lies betwixt them and their goal :—

Reached at length the summit of the mountains,

Such the heat they only marched at night,
 Very slowly too, because their horses

On the stars kept stumbling left and right.

France is at length reached, and, in the pitched battle which ensues with the Turks, Johnny slays their pasha, and rescues the king's daughter from the clutches of the infidel. For these services he is to be rewarded with the hand of the princess ; but Johnny's heart is engaged elsewhere, and in a speech delivered at a banquet given in his honor, he expounds why he cannot close with so tempting an offer. Enchanting simplicity is its characteristic feature. First he narrates his origin ; he was named "Johnny Barleycorn" because he was found in a field of barley—*maize* in the original—and was picked up by a "farmer's kindly spouse," who, in spite of a churlish husband, nurtures him to manhood. Then he narrates his love for Iluska :—

When a child, a cheesecake would not tempt me
 To forego a meeting with the maid ;

And, when Sunday came, how gladly with her
 I among the other children played.

Later on, when I became a stripling,

And my heart with love began to melt,
 When I kissed her, all the world in ruins
 Might have sunk and I had nothing felt.

The king hereupon changes Johnny's name. No longer Barleycorn ; "*John the Hero* be it from this day," he cries, and sends him home loaded with treasure to spend the rest of his days in happiness with fair Iluska. But the Hero is shipwrecked, losing his gold in the depths of the ocean, so that when he approaches his native village (on the back of a dragon, be it said), he is obliged to console himself thus :—

Gold I bring not now, nor countless treasure,
 Nothing but a true heart bring with me.
 'Tis enough for Helen, lovely Helen,
 Waiting for thy lover patiently.

But alas ! sweet Helen is no more ; worried to death by the witch of a step-mother, she already rests beneath the sod. The Hero, when informed of this terrible fact, "grasps at his heart, as if to pluck out woe by main force." But a gleam of hope illumines his soul for an instant ; they may be deceiving him from mercy to his feelings ; she may be only married after all, and not dead. But the woful countenance of his interlocutor instantly dispels that supposition, and he is led to the spot where Helen sleeps. Falling prostrate on the mound the Hero "embraced the cherished heap of clay ;" but the sun had set in a glow of crimson "ere with tottering steps he left the tomb."

But again he turned. A tiny rosebud
 Grew upon that grassy mound alone ;
 John the Hero plucked it and departed,
 And thus murmured as he journeyed on :

"Nurtured from her dust, poor lonely rosebud,
 Be my true companion where I go ;
 To the confines of the world I wander
 Till I find the death I long to know."

Once more the Hero must wander forth, this time in search of death, and traverse a maze of weird adventure. He had two companions—the anguish of his bosom, and his sword rusted fast to its sheath by the blood of the Turks he had slain. Woe fails to kill him, he complains ; he must seek release from existence by some other agency. He visits Giant-land, slays its king, and is raised by the giants to the throne instead, but grants them liberty on condition that they appear instantly at the call of his whistle. Their fidelity is put to the test when the Hero visits the land of Utter Darkness, which is the favorite resort of witches. These he surprises "in parliament assembled" around a blazing fire and caldron in the hut which is the scene of their horrid orgies. In the pitchy darkness he stumbles against their brooms, which are piled outside the hut, and which he hastens to remove in order to prevent the escape of their proprietors. Then, whistling loud and shrill, he quickly brought the giants to his side and stormed the hut :—

Then indeed there was a pretty scuffle !
 All the witches rushed in haste outside,
 Sought in vain their brooms—how should they
 find them ?
 So away in safety could not ride.

The giants meantime batter the witches
 on the ground till they are as "flat as
 pancakes."

And the strangest part of all the story
 Was that every time a witch was killed
 One dark shadow from the land was lifted,
 And its gloom with twilight slowly filled.

By the time the last witch—who turned
 out to be the odious stepmother—was
 banged to death,

Bright became the land of Utter Darkness,
 Sunlight scattered everlasting gloom ;
 John the Hero made a glorious bonfire,
 And consumed to ashes every broom.

We must, however, hasten to the
 apotheosis which was to reward the
 Hero's stout-hearted fidelity to his love.
 With the rosebud at his breast, he
 reaches "Boundless Ocean," beyond
 which lies Fairyland. Wading through

the sea on the back of a giant, he slays
 the monsters which guard its gates, and
 enters this land of everlasting spring.
 Kindly received by the fascinating
 elves, he is on the point of betraying
 Helen, when her memory rushes back
 to mind, reducing him to blank despair.
 But a lake in Fairyland holds the
 "waters of life," and, unwitting of this,
 John was about to seek death beneath
 them, first casting the rosebud before
 him with a tender adjuration :—

But a prodigy he views, a marvel,
 Helen's form emerges where it sank ;
 Mad with joy, he dashed into the water,
 Bore his long-lost maiden to the bank.

The fairies gazed on Helen with deep
 admiration, chose her for their queen,
 and raised John to the throne as her
 consort ; and

In the joyous commonwealth of fairies,
 And serene in Helen's fond embrace,
 To this day His Highness John the Hero
 Governs Fairyland in blissfulness.

—*Saturday Review.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

RALEIGH. By Edmund Gosse, M.A., Clark
 Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity
 College, Cambridge. (English Worthies.
 Edited by Andrew Lang.) New York : D.
 Appleton & Co.

No age in European history is so fascinating,
 whether to the special student or the general
 reader, as the Elizabethan epoch. The culmi-
 nation of one vast complication of spiritual and
 material forces, and the beginning of another,
 it is crowded so full of picturesque events, that
 it dazzles the mind like a gorgeous romance.
 Political intrigue, religious enthusiasm, inter-
 national hate, and the energies of an intellec-
 tual renaissance, blossoming in literature,
 science, and art, and fecund in works of genius
 which to-day recognizes as the most precious
 heirlooms of the past, made the period one of
 startling revolutions. The fibres which make
 up the whole woof and warp of modern civili-
 zation were then spun and twisted. The sun-
 set of the old feudal chivalry enriched human
 motives and manners with a twilight glow, and
 the new chivalry of maritime and colonial ad-
 venture filled the veins of every bold spirit
 with a fierce intoxication, only to be compared
 with the fervor of the Crusaders.

England's place was in the heart of this won-
 derful turmoil, and she occupied a unique rela-
 tion to the other powers of Europe. From
 time immemorial the "British bull-dogs," as
 they were known to continental peoples, had
 been the most hated and feared of nations. In-
 vincible courage manned this great national
 fortress, hemmed in by the seas as by a moat,
 and no invader had got a footing on this soil
 since the time of Norman William. Her
 armies had made the mainland quake and
 laughed retaliation to scorn. Political genius
 without rival had made her social and govern-
 mental growth so solid and healthy as to be
 unshaken by internal convulsions. Through
 ages, when tyranny both temporal and eccle-
 siastical belonged to the essential order of
 things, England was in the van of every pro-
 test for liberty, and king and priest fell back
 baffled, time and again, before the sturdy Saxon
 passion for political and personal rights. The
 days of Elizabeth were the rightful outcome of
 England's past. The nation had shaken itself
 free from the last vestiges of religious and gov-
 ernmental tyranny ; and if Englishmen sub-
 mitted to the caprices of their somewhat arbi-
 trary Queen with affectionate tolerance it was

because they felt in her powerful nature, beating at one with their own pulses, a passionate love for England and England's glory beside which all other human passions were feeble.

Two causes operated specially to the development of English life and history at this epoch, the national attitude of leadership in the Protestantism of Europe, and the passion for maritime adventure and colonization. Politically and religiously England was the inexorable foe of Spain, which stood as the bulwark of the Papacy. But, bitterly as the contest in council and on battlefield raged intermittently at home, it raged more savagely and without rest in those western seas which washed the shores of the virgin empire from which each sought to exclude the other. Spain had already fastened herself like an octopus on the new *El Dorado*, and her treasure caracks poured an inexhaustible stream of gold into the mother country, wrung from the blood and sweat of the millions in America whom she had made slaves. Religion walked hand in hand with human greed, and that ruthless instrument of Rome—the Inquisition—was allied with secular authority to make the Spanish Indies, as they were then called, the theatre of an oppression which filled England with horror and pity. Bold Englishmen with or without formal war between the two governments did not scruple to attack Spanish power in America wherever they could strike a blow. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh and a score of other valiant navigators ravaged and burned incessantly on the Spanish main, and during a period of fifty years they sunk or captured nearly as much Spanish treasure as found its way to Madrid, vast as that sum was.

Sir Walter Raleigh filled a great place in his splendid epoch. What Shakespeare was to its poetry, what Bacon was to its science and philosophy, that he was to its statesmanship and spirit of adventure. Both incapable and disdainful of the fine-spun arts of diplomacy, which then, as now, constituted the popular ideal of the statesman's craft, the statesmanship of Raleigh was inspired by a prescient genius which could foresee events on large lines of vision, and devote itself to great results in the far future. The possibilities of giant children of the mother country, since so marvelously realized, rose clear in this one man's mind. The policy of colonization, on a system which should embody the institution of home and furnish an outlet and stimulus for all her energies, he believed to be the true ideal of English statesmanship; and for this he worked

and "toiled terribly" to the end, to his own impoverishment and the final loss of his head on the scaffold.

Sir Walter Raleigh was more than any other one example the ideal Englishman of his time, and embodied all its tendencies and aspirations in a most gallant and picturesque fashion. Soldier, statesman, sailor, courtier, fine gentleman, poet, historian, and scholar, he touched many sides of human excellence with a distinction rarely achieved by men of versatility. He was the best loved and the best hated man of his age. But behind all his virile and graceful powers he was intensely a patriot and an Englishman. English aggrandizement and glory were his life's pursuit, and keenly as he sympathized with all that was gentle and gracious in life, he could sacrifice everything, and be as ruthless as a tiger, as crafty as a fox, under the dominance of this master passion. As a courtier and a gallant, a rival for the favor of the Virgin Queen against Leicester, Hatton, Essex, and other aspirants for the Queen's affections, he held his own till Elizabeth's death; not so much on account of his personal beauty, genius, and audacity, as because Elizabeth recognized in him her own paramount feeling—a passionate patriotism which could not be quenched or corrupted.

With the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James of Scotland, began Raleigh's swift decadence. James, a feeble, narrow-minded, fickle monarch, whose sole title to intellect was his pedantry and a certain aptness in classical scholarship, had taken an early dislike to Raleigh, to whom he attributed opposition to his own pretensions in favor of the Lady Arabella Stuart, his cousin descended through an elder branch of the Tudor line. James, too, had already committed himself to the Spanish alliance before his accession, and this policy was not only agreeable to his pacific temperament, but in sympathy with his secret liking for a religion and a nation closely associated in his mind with memories of his beautiful and ill-fated mother. Raleigh, on the other hand, among all Englishmen was notoriously the most passionate opponent of Spanish power and pretension. Through him, directly or indirectly, many of the most telling blows against Spain in America had been delivered. He had never lost an opportunity to give a lunge in a vital part with as much vigilant ferocity as a duellist fighting for life and death. Almost the first words he spoke to the new king breathed his patriotic hate.

The Spanish ambassador, who had the king's

ear, used every subtle breath to fan dislike into vindictive hate. Raleigh, frank and fearless even to indiscretion, spoke as he was wont to speak in Elizabeth's time, and occasion did not lack for malice to distort his speech into something like treason. He was implicated by Spanish intrigue in that factitious conspiracy named after Lord Cobham, and these two with others were thrown into the Tower, to await their trial. Raleigh conducted his own defence with marvellous skill, and in spite of a most ingenious web of suborned testimony established his innocence before all spectators except a packed court. The sentence of death was not, however, executed. He was remanded to the Tower, the sentence hanging over his head and liable to be carried out at any time.

Here Raleigh was confined for twelve years, though he was allowed the solace of his family. All his emoluments, yielding him some five thousand sterling a year (equal to twenty-five thousand now), had been snatched from him. Even his beautiful estate of Sherborne was threatened to be taken away and given to Carr, the king's favorite, but to the credit of Cecil, the Prime Minister, once Raleigh's friend but later his enemy, this last shame was averted. It was out of the revenue of Sherborne that the expenses of his Tower imprisonment were provided.

Broken down in body and strength Sir Walter expended his energy in literary work. He still had some friends at court, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who often solaced him with their visits. But his freedom they could not get. The prince often said, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." His gigantic "History of the World" appeared volume by volume, beside numerous poems, works on trade, commerce, statecraft, etc. It was Ben Jonson, "rare old Ben," who supervised the publication of many of his volumes. The Tower cell was the favorite rendezvous of many of the most distinguished men of the land. Probably Shakespeare visited him here, but Bacon, once his friend, acted toward him with that cold enmity which ever marked the philosopher's attitude toward those who did not bask in the royal smile.

At last Raleigh was provisionally set free from confinement. To this end the king's avarice had been appealed to. On a previous voyage to Guiana, Raleigh had been led to believe in rich gold mines not far from the mouth of the Orinoco. He was now to lead an expedition to discover and work these mines,

though he himself was obliged to furnish much of the means for the outfit, the money from the sale of Sherborne going to this end. We need not linger long over this ill-fated expedition. Two of his ships were lost, his son was killed, the mines were a myth, and some of Raleigh's men, out of sheer despair, attacked and sacked a Spanish settlement. His doom was sealed. He knew that in laying his course homeward he sailed straight to the axe and the block.

Two days after landing he was thrown into the Tower, and about three months after he was told one night that he was to be executed—during which time a royal commission had reaffirmed his old sentence—the next day but one. After his wife had seen him for the last time the night prior to the fatal day, the composed and undaunted prisoner wrote these farewell lines as his own elegy :

" Even such is Time that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

The most magnificent half hour of his life was on the scaffold. Dressed with sombre magnificence, his long locks carefully curled and scented, he spoke to the great crowd for half an hour and thrilled them with his lofty eloquence in defending his own patriotism and sincerity. When the fatal moment arrived he called the headsman to show him the axe, saying to the sheriff as he felt the edge with a smile, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but one that will cure me of all my diseases." The headsman trembled with grief and asked his pardon. He was completely unnerved and failed to strike at the signal made by his victim. Raleigh's voice rang out clear as a trumpet, as if he were encouraging some timid follower on the battlefield, "What dost fear, man? Strike, man, I tell thee, strike."

So died one of England's greatest men, to whom modern England owes a great debt. He was the father of England's system of colonization. He more than any other man crippled Spain in America, and enabled England to get her permanent foothold. He spent £100,000 in his maritime expeditions. Lavish with his blood and money, and the lives of his friends and followers, he wrought great things for England both as soldier and naval commander, specially in the latter capacity. As a

typical man of a great age he stands alone in a time prolific with great men.

Mr. Gosse has confined himself to writing the life of Raleigh the man, nor has he attempted to give a picture of the age except as a background for his hero. Yet no proper history of Raleigh could be written without making an adequate study of the whole period. This the limits of Mr. Gosse's purpose has prohibited. Within these limits he has given us a very fascinating and discriminating biography, though we think that many students will differ with him in his estimate of some of the phases of Raleigh's character.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

This charming juvenile story adds another laurel to a lady who has worthily won high honors in more serious and pretentious fiction. Originally published in *St. Nicholas*, it is scarcely too much to say of it that it is one of the most interesting child's stories which have appeared during recent years. Like all very clever works of this kind, too, bigger people than the youngsters will find pleasure in reading it. The story is of a boy, the son of the younger son of an English earl, who had married an American wife and been cast off by his father for his *mésalliance*. By the death of the elder sons without children the little boy becomes Lord Fauntleroy, the heir to a great title and great estates. The little American boy is taken to England and placed in his new surroundings. His beauty, childish fearlessness, his goodness and unselfish nature at once endear him to the proud, cynical, tyrannical old earl, who is delightfully disappointed in finding in the American-bred child everything to touch his heart and gratify his pride. The pathos of the story is the revolution made in the nature of the haughty and bitter old man, who had always been hated even by his own children, by the love, trust, and sweetness of the child, who came at the last to teach him that he had a heart.

The story is charmingly told, and none but a practised literary artist, whose sympathies, too, were deeply in her work, could have used her material with such simple, yet telling, effect. The moral of the story, if it is desirable to dig a moral out of an agreeable story, is that the true secret of good breeding and fine manners lies in a kindly, gentle and considerate nature. This is the reason, the old Earl of Dorincourt is obliged to confess to himself, that his little

grandchild, who had been brought up in the daily companionship of Americans of an inferior class, rough and common in their ways, should possess all the gracious sweetness of one reared among the best-bred people. Such a story as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is worth a cartload of the rubbish which often goes under the name of juvenile literature, and bears the imprint of reputable publishing houses. It can hardly fail to make the name of Mrs. Burnett a delight among a great throng of readers whose plaudits should be little less pleasant to her than the approval of those who judge her by her novels written for a mature public.

THE TWO SPIES, NATHAN HALE AND JOHN ANDRÉ. By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D. Illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by H. Rosa. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Mr. Lossing's industry in gathering and arranging historic *ana* bearing on the American Revolution has given him some small share of literary notoriety. His "Field Book of the Revolution," a most interesting miscellany of illustrations, anecdotes, descriptions, and historic facts dug out of quaint old rubbish heaps of forgotten books and newspapers, was very favorably received and widely read. As the fruit of antiquarian research, pursued *con amore* with enthusiasm for long years, it was worthy of all the reputation it achieved. No sincere labor of this kind can be said to be altogether wasted, though one might think the time could be better spent. But Mr. Lossing could hardly be criticised for doing that which lay within him to do, and not doing something of a more dignified and intellectual kind. The same author has compiled several books of a similar order since, but none so good as the "Field Book." His latest work, now before us, consists of two sketches, one of Captain Nathan Hale, an American spy, captured and executed by the British; the other of Major John André, who died to exonerate his share in that conspiracy which so nearly changed the outcome of the Revolutionary War through the treason of General Arnold. Mr. Lossing has collected all the facts and anecdotes bearing on the lives of these two unfortunate men, both of whom merit the admiration and pity of posterity, with his usual thoroughness; and those who care to know all about André, even to the number of silk stockings which usually went to his wardrobe, can have their curiosity gratified. None of the matter printed is novel, but it is brought together into a compact bird's-

eye view, so to speak. To the many who like to read historical *ana*, such books as these are always welcome. The publishers have done a very handsome piece of book-making, letterpress engraving, and binding.

CHRONICLES OF THE COACH. CHARING CROSS TO ILFRACOMBE. By John Denison Champ-
lin, Jr. Illustrated by Edward L. Chichester. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Champlin, who accompanied Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the latter's well-known coaching tour through England and Scotland, has given us some of the fruits of his experience and observation in a vivacious itinerary. Mr. Carnegie's own story of his coaching tours has been well told, but after all there seems to have been something left for Mr. Champlin, who appears to have been a sort of secretary to Mr. Carnegie, to say, well worth reading. The route taken on this journey was through Southern England, a region embracing the most picturesque and interesting portions of the kingdom, alike in themselves and their historic fascination.

The tradition and history which make this route so full of fascination are pleasantly sketched, and the bits of description and off-hand photographs of men and manners are fresh and racy. As each member of the coaching party is made to have an individuality of his own, and the story is conducted largely through the medium of dialogue, the plan enables the author to give a lightness and vivacity to the subject, otherwise difficult to attain. The illustrations are good, and the book neatly manufactured. On the whole we have seen few books more calculated to entertain one for half-hour readings at a time.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

In a new book, at present in the press, the Rev. H. R. Haweis will deal with the life and work of Jesus in the light of modern historical criticism and archæological research. The work will be in five volumes, distributed as follows: Vol. i., to be ready in November, is the *Story of the Four*, and deals with the sources of the Gospel narratives. Vol. ii., *The Picture of Jesus*, contains scenes from the life of Christ. Vol. iii., *The Picture of Paul*, contains scenes from the life of Paul. Vol. iv., *The Conquering Cross*, contains a sketch of the

progress of the Christian Church from Nero to Constantine. Vol. v., *The Light of the Nations* (Asia, Africa, Europe), is designed as an introduction to the whole, containing a *résumé* of the principal religions of the world before Christ. The work will be published by Burnet & Co., of Buckingham Street, Strand, and the volumes will appear at intervals of about two months.

THE Naturforschende Gesellschaft in Bern will celebrate this winter the hundredth year of its existence. It was founded in December 1786 by Pfarrer Samuel Wytenbach and a small circle of scientific friends. It expanded in 1815 into the Bernische Naturforschende Gesellschaft, out of which the now extensive and prosperous Swiss society was subsequently developed.

THE Polish poet Kraszewsky is alarmingly ill. He has been taken from Bad Schinznach in Aargau to Rapperswil, on the Lake of Zürich, the well-known centre of the Polish colony of exiles in Switzerland.

DR. J. J. JUSSERAND has been at work lately in the British Museum, revising his *History of English Literature*, which he has already brought down to near the end of the eighteenth century. He means to rewrite the first two chapters, which he began six years ago. He will finish with Browning, of whom he is a strong admirer. He has got some fresh and interesting details about Hobbes and other writers from the archives of the French Foreign Office. The book will be in two volumes, instead of one, as originally intended. Its progress has been seriously interfered with by the large amount of fresh work put on the bureau of which Dr. Jusserand is *chef* in the Foreign Office. Tunis alone was assigned to him after Gambetta sent him to report on that country. Then Tonquin, Madagascar, and a few other trifles, were added as a kind of honorary distinction. They leave only occasional half-hours for English literature.

THE death of Fridolin Hoffmann, for some time editor of the *Basler Nachrichten*, is announced from Cologne. He was a Rhineland by birth, and studied theology at Bonn. After leaving the university, in 1869, he became editor of the Liberal Catholic *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, and afterward of the *Rheinische Merkur*—the present *Deutschen Merkur* and organ of the German Old Catholics. He gained some popularity as a novelist, but his chief lit-

erary work is the *Geschichte der Inquisition* (2 vols., 1878). Hoffmann was a man of wide scientific culture, full of humor and kindness.

THE twenty-ninth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte was celebrated recently in Paris. In the morning, an address was delivered by Dr. J. H. Bridges at Comte's tomb in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise; in the afternoon another address was delivered by M. Pierre Lafitte upon "The Meaning of Positivism," in Comte's house, 10 rue Monsieur-le-Prince; and in the evening there was a dinner, at which about 150 persons were present.

THE Greek literary society, the Syllagos, had arranged for a congress in Constantinople, and invitations had been sent out to the literary and scientific societies of all nations likely to be interested, inviting them to send delegates. The Porte, however, to the surprise of the Syllagos and the chagrin of the Greek population, has prohibited the meeting. No cause has been given. It was especially stated that no political themes were to be touched upon at the congress.

WOMEN'S colleges at the older universities have thriven more this year than at any previous period, and the increasing number of students has created a necessity for greater accommodation. At Girton twenty-six new sets of chambers are to be provided out of the Gamble bequest; while at Oxford there is talk of a hostel to be specially appropriated to the use of students from the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

PROF. SIR MONIER WILLIAMS has just returned from travelling in Germany and Switzerland, and is not likely to leave England again for Vienna to be personally present at the International Congress of Orientalists this month. He has obtained the co-operation of two well-known Sanskritists—one at Jena and the other at Strasbourg—who will be his *collaborateurs* in bringing out the second edition of his Sanskrit-English Dictionary published by the University of Oxford.

DR. HEINRICH VIEHOFF, the Rector of the Realschule at Trier, well known as a literary historian, and especially as a commentator upon Goethe and Schiller, has died in that city in his eighty-third year.

THE circle of Old Catholic scholars in the University of Bonn has suffered another loss by the death of Dr. Andreas Menzel, the senior

of the Catholic theological faculty, at the age of seventy-one.

A FEW days ago a new work by the present Pope appeared in all the Italian bookshops, "Inscriptiones et Carmina Leonis XIII. Pontificis Maximi." It consists mainly of poems and verses in Latin in praise of the Virgin Mary. As the booksellers, however, fixed the price of the little volume at will, the Pope has stopped its further sale, and has ordered that copies shall be given gratis to the clergy and the poor schools. It is said that Leo XIII. before publishing the work submitted it to a number of eminent classical scholars in order that the Latin style might be as flawless as possible.

MISCELLANY.

DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS.—In our social life, good manners give more pleasure than good morals or kindactions. A man possessing all the cardinal virtues meets with a much less warm welcome than an agreeable scapegrace. Even the ponderously moral Dr. Johnson chose his principal friends from the latter class. Topham, Beauclerk, Savage, Boswell, and Hervey, his nearest friends, were all men whose characters it would be difficult for an epitaph-writer to whitewash. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, aptly illustrates the superiority of the *dulce* to the *utile* when he tells him that he will be more likely to make a friend of a man whom he has injured by gracefully refusing a favor, than of him whom he has insulted by granting one ungracefully. Will democracy, then, destroy good manners? The political aims of the working-classes are eminently practical, and their lives sordid. This is inevitable. Mean surroundings, anxiety to make both ends meet, want of time, and want of money, combine to make it difficult for the working-class, as a class, to attain to any degree of refinement. This incapacity of working people to become refined is frequently used as an argument in favor of the theory that democracy and culture are opposed. It proceeds upon the mistaken assumption that, under a democracy, there can be no aristocracy. Yet there always will be an aristocracy. The want of a suitable term compels me to use the term aristocracy, although that word in common speech implies superiority in point of birth. But under a democracy there will always be an aristocracy,

although differently composed, of more numerous elements, and of more movable structure than the present one. Granting that under democracy there will be an aristocracy, the question arises as to the number of those who will form it, and the elements of which it will be composed. Curiously enough the existing upper class has been in a measure created and kept alive by two principles which seem, at first sight, incapable of bringing about a common result. One of these is freedom of trade and contract; the other, the law of entail and settlement. Freedom of trade and contract has enabled men of property to utterly swamp the smaller class of capitalists, and the law of entail and settlement has artificially disenabled spendthrifts from permanently alienating property from their families. The inevitable consequence has been that large fortunes have become more common, and smaller ones more rare. Now, one of the first principles of democracies is to endeavor as far as possible to equalize the fortunes of citizens. This they have attempted to do abroad and in ancient times in several ways. One method adopted is to prevent the accumulation of large fortunes by passing agrarian laws which limit the amount of real property that an individual may possess; another is to levy a graduated income-tax; and a third is the compulsory subdivision of a man's real and personal property at his death. The two former means are negative and are checks upon accumulation, the third is positive and compels dispersion. One prevents large fortunes being accumulated, the other divides them when accumulated. But the main qualification hitherto for a leader of society is birth. No matter how ill-educated, immoral, or ill-mannered a man may be, if he is the head of an ancient family and the owner of the estate, he will at once be welcomed into the ranks of the upper class. Time was when birth was essential for holding high office in war and peace. The employment of gunpowder, which gave to the foot-soldier a superiority over the knight, dissipated forever the belief that only men of birth could be men of bravery. And the wide extension of the suffrage has shown that the art of government can be mastered as well by a plebeian as by a patrician. But a man is still held to have a right to rule over manners by virtue of his descent. We have stripped the nobility of almost all their other privileges, but we have left them a social precedence. There is a sort of tacit assumption that good manners can be kept alive by the preservation of a sacred caste

to whom alone can be transmitted its delicate traditions. This delusion as to the natural superiority of the manners of the aristocratical class has been fostered by the genius of our language, which takes most of its terms of praise from the attributes of the nobility, and most of its terms of contempt from the attributes of the people. All great political and religious ideas have sprung from the people. The nobility have adopted them despite of their humble origin. But the empire of manners has always been in the hands of a minority, and from the nature of things this must always be so. They alone have the time, the money, and the disposition. The upper class adopt a new fashion; the middle classes, and after a long time even the lower classes, follow their example. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to a country that its social leaders should be carefully selected. From their judgments there is no appeal. If good society means, as it ought to mean, a society of persons of superior manners and intelligence, the possession of these qualities should be the only test of admittance into it. The principle *carrière ouverte aux talents* has been applied with the greatest success to the army, politics, and trade; why should it not be successful when applied to good manners? It is competition which calls forth all that is best in mankind, and enlightened self-interest under a democracy would dictate politeness as a means of propitiating others. Many persons seem to imagine that democracy will extinguish hereditary fortunes, and that the youth and manhood of the race will be spent in a dull round of professional and manual labor; and that, when a man has obtained the means of enjoyment and leisure for literary and social amusements, he will have lost the taste for them, and that when he had the taste, he would not have the time. But this is not the aim of the intelligent democrat. All he wishes to bring about is a proximate equality of incomes. Great fortunes are prejudicial to good manners in another way. They prevent frequent and unconstrained intercourse, so necessary for forming agreeable manners, and for this reason. Rich men as a rule set the tone of the society around them. They naturally give expensive, and therefore formal, entertainments, and the result follows that families of moderate or small fortunes are driven away from society altogether, or limit their entertainments to one occasional dinner or dance. The formality, too, of these entertainments acts as a check upon freedom of intercourse, and the

pleasure derived from it. Many, therefore, who could afford to go to and give entertainments, and whose manners and talents would be advantageous to society, shun it, and content themselves with unrestrained bachelor gatherings. With the disappearance of a plutocracy, with its costly and cumbrous machinery, conditions of society would become simpler, and so a larger number of persons could enter into it. In addition to this, the principle of democracy would of course lead to the abolition of all hereditary titles, and this again would be beneficial to manners by doing away with the propensity to copy the manners of persons of rank whether they are worthy of imitation or not. Although, therefore, the aim of democracies in splitting up large fortunes and in abolishing hereditary titles is not intended directly to improve our manners, yet indirectly it will do so. Democracies further attempt directly to improve the manners of the people. They interfere in the private life of citizens more than aristocracies. They regulate the disposition of a citizen's time and money. They raise more by taxation from the people, returning it to them in a form in which all may partake. They have discovered the great secret how luxuries and refining influences, once to be obtained only by the rich, can be shared by all alike—by taking a small sum from the pocket of every ratepayer, and by expending the sum total in the purchase of what is beautiful to the eye and improving to the mind.—*Eastward-Ho.*

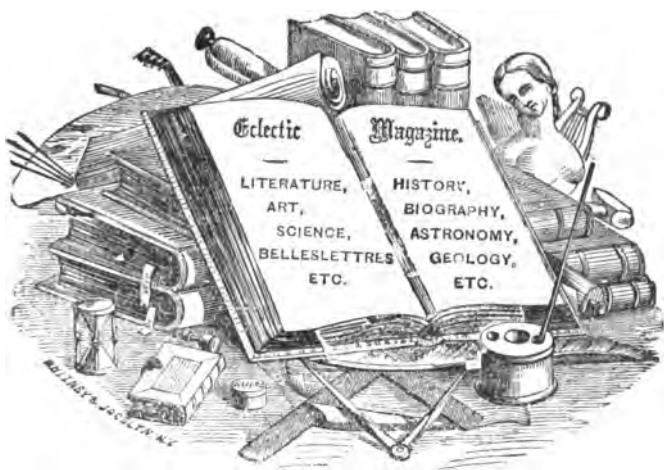
MUHAMMADAN EDUCATION.—The demand on the part of the Muhammadans for special schools is very ill-advised, but the question of special scholarships stands on a very different basis. The two principal causes which handicap Muhammadans in the race against Hindus are their comparative poverty as a class and their system of religious training, which requires the teaching of the mosque to precede that of the school. The latter cause sends them to school late, the former takes them away early. It is not that the Muhammadan boy is duller than the Hindu boy; but he does not begin so soon, and he has not caught up his rival by the time the earlier educational honors are distributed. It is justifiable, therefore, for the Government to create special scholarships for Muhammadans at three stages of the course of education: first, to enable them to continue in English teaching schools the instruction begun in *pathshalas*; secondly,

to carry them from the school to the college; and, thirdly, to help them to continue their studies beyond the First Arts Examination and qualify themselves for University degrees. Such a measure would, in fact, be more than justifiable. It is the bounden duty of the Government to adopt it; for it is not too much to say that here lies the kernel of the whole question. As far as primary education goes Muhammadans are well enough off. The proportion of Muhammadans to the total population of Bengal is 31·21 per cent., and the proportion of boys of that religion to every hundred boys educated in primary schools is 24, the percentages being 16 for upper primary schools, and 32 for lower primary schools. When it is considered that a very large part of the Mussulman population consists of the lower class Muhammadans of Eastern Bengal, who were forced to accept the Koran at the point of the sword, and have never risen from the very lowest ranks of life, it must be admitted that these figures leave nothing to be desired. But the higher we go in the educational scale the smaller becomes the percentage of the Muhammadans, until, when collegiate education is reached, we find that in every hundred college students there are only 4·6 of the Mussulman faith. It is thus in the matter of higher education alone that assistance is required, and the most suitable form in which this assistance can be given is undoubtedly that of special scholarships. Another demand very generally made on the Government by the spokesmen of the Muhammadan cause is that the medium of instruction to their sons should be, even in Lower Bengal, the Hindustani language. This is a reasonable request wherever the proportion of Mussulmans in the population is very large; but where they form only a small fraction of the inhabitants of the district, it is difficult to see how the concession could be granted without the establishment of special schools. It must be remembered that, although mainly for sentimental reasons, Muhammadans throughout Bengal desire to have their children taught in Hindustani, their real vernacular, at any rate among the lower classes, in all districts where Hindus are in a majority, is Bengali; and little good would be done by pretending to recognize as a Mussulman vernacular a language only used by the higher classes, and by no means invariably even by them. We think, therefore, that Hindustani should be the medium of instruction only in places exclusively inhabited by

Muhammadans, or where Muhammadans largely predominate. The last point to be noticed is the demand for a special standard of examination, and this can be very briefly disposed of. No Mussulman who has the real welfare of his people at heart would ask for such a thing. It would be a humiliating confession of inferiority, and the very purpose sought to be served would be frustrated. The letters "B.A.," "M.A.," etc., are not valuable in themselves, but for what they indicate, viz., that the educational attainments of the degree-holder have reached a certain high standard. If that standard were lowered in the case of Muhammadans, an invidious distinction would at once be drawn between Muhammadan and Hindu degree-holders, and a seal would be set on Muhammadan inferiority. The Mussulman must strive to reach the standard he has not yet attained, and all help should be given to him in the honorable struggle. The abandonment of that struggle, with a plea for exceptional indulgence, can bring nothing but dishonor, and if the plea were successful the result would be barren of all good to the Muhammadan cause.—*Calcutta Englishman*.

THE VIOLET THE NAPOLEONIC EMBLEM.—The *Temps* of August 16 has an article giving an account of the manner in which the violet became the emblem of the Imperial party in France. The facts are gathered from a small pamphlet published in the year 1815, bearing the following lengthy title:—"Defence of the French People against their Accusers, French as well as Foreign, Supported by Evidence from the Correspondence of the ex-Monarch, followed by the Anecdote which caused the Violet to Become a Rallying Sign, by the Author of 'Précis Historique sur Napoléon.'" The story is as follows:—Three days before departing for the Island of Elba, Bonaparte was walking in the gardens of Fontainebleau accompanied by the Duc de Bassano and General Bertrand; the Emperor was still uncertain whether he should offer resistance, or betake himself into exile in peace. The Duc de Bassano was endeavoring to show him that it was now no time for drawing back. Greatly impressed by the objections of his secretary, Napoleon continued to walk up and down in silence; he had no reply to make, and he was seeking something to distract his attention from the embarrassment of his position. Suddenly he saw near him a pretty child of three

or four years of age who was plucking violets, of which he had already made a little bunch. "My dear," said the Emperor, "will you give me your nosegay?" "Certainly, sire," replied the lad, handing it to him with infinite grace. Bonaparte took the flowers, kissed the child (whom he recognized as the son of a man employed about the château), and continued his walk. "Well, gentlemen," he said to his courtiers after a few minutes' silence, "what do you think of that child? This chance meeting seems to me like a piece of secret advice warning me for the future to imitate this modest flower; yes, gentlemen, henceforward violets shall be the emblem of my desires." "Sire," answered Bertrand, "for the glory of your Majesty, I like to think that the feeling will last no longer than the little flower which inspired you with it." The Emperor did not heed him, but withdrew to his private rooms. On the following day he was seen walking in the garden with a small bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Having reached a bed where they were planted, he commenced to pick some more of the flowers, which just there happened to be rather scarce. A certain Choudieu, a grenadier of the Guard then on sentry duty, said, "In another year, sire, you will have less difficulty in plucking them, they will be thicker then." Napoleon looked at him in astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you suppose I shall be here again in a year's time?" "Perhaps sooner," was the reply; "at least we hope so." "But do you not know, soldier, that I am leaving for the Island of Elba the day after to-morrow?" "Your Majesty will suffer the storm to pass." "Are your comrades of the same opinion?" "Almost all." "Let them think so, then, but not say so. When your sentry duty is over, go and find Bertrand; he will give you twenty napoleons, but keep the secret." Choudieu having returned to the guard-room remarked to his comrades how, for the last two or three days, the Emperor had been walking about with a bunch of violets. "Well," said he, "for the future when we are talking between ourselves we must always call him Father Violet." So from that day the troops in their barrack and at their mess always referred to Napoleon as Father Violet. The secret insensibly reached the public, and when violets were in season the adherents of the Emperor wore a bunch in their buttonholes or carried one in their hands. This is how they recognized one another.



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ENGLAND REVISITED.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

AN interval of four or five years is a day in the life of a nation, and hardly suffices for the observation of change; but it suffices for the observation of tendency, especially if the observer is one looking from without, like a colonist in England, and not one who is gliding with the stream. England, however, even in outward aspect changes rapidly. An artist requested to make a set of drawings of things in a district forty miles from London which were as they had been in the boyhood of a man of sixty had some difficulty in finding his subjects. In the cottages brick and slate had supplanted clay and thatch; the face of the homestead had been altered by the new style of farming and machinery, which had also put an end to many of the old country sights and sounds; in the old market-town, which had become a railway centre and doubled in size, only one street remained as it

had been, and this was on the point of being pulled down. The innovating though revivalist hand of Neo-Catholic restoration had been busy on every church in the neighborhood but one. The great Tudor manor-house alone, like the cathedral, had defied change.

I do not know whether rural England grows more beautiful, or whether it is that one is more struck with its beauty every time one returns to it from a newly-settled land of promise, with its raw look of recent clearance, its denuded fields, its stumps, its snake-fences instead of hedge-rows with trees, its unpicturesque though thrifty-looking homesteads, its horizon fringed with the gaunt trunks of pines blackened by the forest fire, its landscape which by the absence of finish shows that no labor has as yet been spared for anything but the absolutely useful. Surely this English union of the highest cultivation, and

the trimness produced by the outlay of vast wealth on a small area, with the sylvan character maintained by the interspersion of parks and pleasure-grounds, the reservation of which the same wealth has permitted, as well as by the hedge-row trees; this conjunction of all the smiling evidences of present prosperity with the gray church towers and immemorial oaks of the past; and the richness of this landscape, which presents a charming view from almost every rising ground, have nothing equal to them in their kind. There may be many lands more romantic, there can hardly be one so lovely. In America the dwellings of the people look like structures, and are indicative only of present prosperity; here they look like growths, and are suggestive of a history. In America you see from the windows of the railway carriage at nearly equal distances the nearly equal homesteads of the agricultural democracy; for, there being no such thing as a county gentleman, and little use of hired labor, there are no mansions and few cottages. Here we have the variety of hall, farm, and cottage, which is unquestionably more interesting, though perhaps not economically so wholesome. Yet one cannot help thinking that a life outwardly so beautiful must inwardly be pretty healthy if the different members of the rural community do their duty. There are flowers, the symbols of cheerfulness, on the walls and in the garden of the cottage as well as on the walls and in the garden of the hall. Over this landscape and life Radical agrarian reformers propose to drive the plough. If they are to have their way, one is glad to have had one more look.

The plough, however, not of the agrarian reformer, but of destiny, seems likely to be driven over the parks and pleasure-grounds. Everywhere one hears the same story of reduced rents, overwhelming incumbrances, and county families sinking under their losses and burdens. Many mansions are shut up, more would be shut up if the owners had not sources of income besides land. Farms are everywhere on the hands of the landlord, who is lucky if he manages them without loss. Nor is there any prospect of a change; the vast Canadian wheat-field is only just being opened,

and exportation from India still increases. In the end, no doubt, land in the neighborhood of vast masses of population must have a value, but in the mean time the squire may be ruined. "Divide the farms," say some; "small holdings will pay rent." It is easier to divide the farms than to divide the farm buildings, or find money to build new sets. Others preach a change of crops, and certain it seems that, unless freights rise immensely, England can never compete with boundless expanses of the richest soil and stable climates. But a total change of system, whether in regard to holdings or crops, will take time.

The squire has too often been a mere game-preserver and fox-hunter. I remember one who in his decrepitude had no food for his soul but hearing the hounds called over by the huntsman at his bedside; and another who, being paralyzed in his old age, preserved rabbits, which must have eaten up no small portion of the crops, and went out shooting them in a cart, seated on a music-stool which enabled him just to turn enough to get his shot. Of late, too, absenteeism has increased. It has been almost as common in some parts of England as in Ireland. The squire spends a great part of his life in London or abroad, and the parish lacks its head. On my saying to a bishop some time ago that a friend of mine who had taken a living in his diocese was unlucky in having no resident gentleman in the parish, the bishop replied that there was scarcely such a thing as a resident gentleman in his diocese. Of two great noblemen whom I remember, the father, though immersed in public business, used to come down as much as he could to his country-seat, see his neighbors at dinner, go among his tenants, and show at all events that he recognized and wished to perform his territorial duties. The son used now and then to come down from town with a London party to a battue. Only men made of Nature's finest clay do their duty without compulsion. Still, almost everywhere I go, farm, cottage, and field show the improver's hand; there might be a worse institution than quarter sessions, except in poaching cases; and though "Sumner Hall" may be poetry, there are

some lives, those of young Parisian or New York millionaires for example, out of which no poetry can be made. One cannot think without a pang of those mansions being left to decay, or haunted rather than inhabited by decayed families living in a corner of the pile, like the French *châteaux*. I shall not repine if some of them pass into the hands of rich Americans, who are only British colonists coming to enjoy their fortunes at home. But I shall repine if they pass into the hands of Jews, who seem to be beginning to supplant the English gentry in some districts. Squire Western was at all events an Englishman. The Jew, while he carries upon him the mark of tribal separation, though he may be a Montefiore in beneficence, will always be a Jew, and can never be one in heart with the Gentiles among whom he dwells.

There seems to be no doubt that between the action of conscientious squires and economical influences, such as the opening of employment or railways, the introduction of machinery which demands more skilled labor and access to an extended labor market, the lot of the farm laborer has been greatly improved. Whether his brick and tile cottage is really more comfortable, warmer in winter and cooler in summer, than clay and thatch, may be doubted, but it belongs to a higher civilization. As a small freeholder, he would have the dignity and the stimulus of ownership; but Lady Verney, with whose extensive observations my own much less extensive observations agree, has made us doubtful whether he would be a gainer in other respects. His life might be precarious and anxious, whereas his wages at present are safe; his bread might be black, his raiment scanty, and his existence somewhat troglodytic. At all events, experiment on a small scale will be safest; the remark might be extended to the political sphere, where, in extensions of the franchise and innovations of every kind, neck or nothing is now the rule.

Will the squire remain at his post, or will he fly from it, as the French aristocracy did when the day of trial came, and vegetate on the remnant of his income in a city or abroad? If he remains at his post, happiness may yet be in

store for him; perhaps greater happiness than he has known in his idle state. Of the three orders, landlord, farmer, and laborer, one, we are told, must go, for the land can no longer bear all three. But the landlord and farmer may be fused into one, and rent may become the salary for superintendence. Of course, the landlord must receive an agricultural training. As an absentee receiver of rents his situation is likely to become perilous; for the author of the Land Act has loosened an agrarian avalanche which will roll when he is gone. Of fox-hunting and game-preserving there is likely before long to be an end. The squire will have other things to fill his time; the hunting farmer will cease to exist; and when farming becomes a very serious business there will be no land to spare for cover, nor will the small holder let you ride over his land.

But what is to become of the squire's younger sons and of the young gentry generally? The professions and the genteel callings seem to be glutted, and now the women are pressing into them as well as the men. You will have a set of men bred in luxury, refined, sensitive, and wanting bread, than which nothing can be either more wretched or more dangerous. In the older colonies not only the professions, but all the more intellectual and lighter callings, are almost as much overstocked as they are here. At Toronto an advertisement for a secretary at 120*l.* a year, which is not practically more there than it is here, brought seventy-two applications, and it is very difficult to get a boy a clerkship in a bank or a store. A man bringing out a little money and buying himself a farm in Ontario may do very well, if he will make up his mind not only to manage but to work with his own hands. But otherwise we have no room in Canada for any one but farm laborers and domestic servants. Colonization, however, if it is to be the resource, will have to be taken up as a regular calling. The youth must learn not only farming, but a little of carpentering and everything else that may be necessary in a country where the farmer cannot be always going to the mechanic. Athletics will not do: they may give muscle and pluck, but they do not give industry; rather, they make against it, being, as they are,

merely a healthy sort of dissipation. Your young athletic comes to the colony, shoots and hunts, spends his money, and drifts into the mounted police.

If England in general looks more lovely every time one sees it, less lovely, it must be confessed, every time one sees it, looks manufacturing England, with its firmament of smoke, its soil devoid of verdure, its polluted streams, its buildings and chimneys supreme in hideousness, its dreary lines of dingy cottages, its soot and grime, its distracting din, its myriads spending their lives in the monotonous toil in which they have no more interest than the other part of the machinery, its employment of women in factory labor, which must be hurtful both to home and to the health of the race, make what Factory Acts you will. One may marvel at the industry, the skill, the almost miraculous inventions of mechanical genius, the organizing power here displayed. One may rejoice over the immense production, and the benefit not only material but moral which it confers upon mankind. Ascetic prejudices against money-making no man of sense shares: wealth honorably made and well used is as pure as were the streams which once ran sparkling and babbling through Lancashire and Yorkshire dells. Master manufacturers I have known whose characters were as beneficent and as noble as human characters could be. Co-operative stores, it seems, are doing every year an increased business, and besides the direct benefit are spreading thrift and the elevating sense of ownership among the people. Popular education no doubt is doing its part; music may do its part also. Still, one cannot help feeling that manufacturing England is unlovely, and wondering that all the nations should so vie with each other in forcing factory life into existence. Happy, one would think, would be the nation which could get others to do work of this sort for it, while itself enjoyed its sky and verdure, its well-balanced union of urban, rural, and maritime character and life. The skilful artificer has an interest in the work of his hands; even the farm laborer sees the harvest; the mechanical tender of a machine has nothing but his wages, and he is not to be blamed if on them his heart is fixed.

Who can be surprised if these masses are not national in spirit, or even if they would be ready, for some object of the Trade-Unions, to surrender not only Ireland but Kent? The Black Country is hardly a part of England; it belongs to the carboniferous strata. That the increased wages of its people should be largely spent in sensual indulgence is not wonderful; nor would it be wonderful if their political character was violent and sour. The operatives' creed, too, it seems, is in an increasing degree Secularism, which may be enlightenment, but is not poetry or comfort.

Trade is complaining of depression, almost as loudly as the landowner complains of reduced rents. It is very likely that British commerce has passed its zenith. After the great war England was left the sole possessor of manufactures and a mercantile marine; now rivals are coming up with her in the race; and perhaps have some advantage in starting afresh with the new lights, whereas her commercial system was very much fixed half a century ago. That commercial prosperity as well as victory has wings, is proclaimed by the grass-grown Londons of the past. Up to the middle of the last century the bank of the world was Amsterdam. Still England has her coal, her vast armies of skilled industry, her immense investments in machinery and buildings. If she is destined to decline, her downward step will be slow, though where everything is on so vast a scale a slight depression is enough to cause much suffering, and to add to social and political danger. Evidently the country is still full of wealth. I thought I saw some falling off in the number and splendor of the equipages in the Park, and at Brighton there were a good many houses to be sold or let. But I find an expensive watering-place in the North quite full; and pictures, old books, china, *bijouterie*, still bring fabulous prices, though here perhaps American wealth comes in.

Nothing seems more certain than that the largest portion of the newly-made wealth has gone to the class which lives by wages, and that this class has suffered least by depression. Profits have fallen and wages have risen, as political economy, now so much despised, said that they would. Low profits and reduced

rents to the people mean cheap clothing and cheap bread. Articles of popular consumption are very cheap, while the range of popular consumption is evidently growing larger. Economic laws have been done, and are doing, what the Labor agitator wants to do by industrial war. The thrifty artisan, so far as I can see, is just as well off here as he is in the United States, saving that the line is harder and sharper here between the employing class and the employed. That "the rich are always growing richer and the poor poorer" seems to be the reverse of the truth. With population the positive amount of poverty from various causes must increase. The low quarters of London are still wretched; the people no doubt multiply with the recklessness of misery, while to aggravate their case and render any attempt to improve their habitations futile, there is a perpetual influx into the overcrowded districts of wanderers from without, not only Irish, but Germans, and Polish Jews. The wheels of the vast machine, alas, often grind cruelly, and in this land of political freedom there is practical slavery as well as suffering. John Woolman, the American Quaker, visiting England in the last century, was shocked by the sacrifice of the post-boys' life and health to fast travelling. I had a talk with an old cabman, and true, I fear, as well as sad, was his tale of precarious earnings, dear and narrow lodgings, days passed on the driving-box in the wet, rheumatism, and the workhouse at the last. He said some of the men preferred the night work, though the harder, because otherwise they could never see their wives and children. If there is not another world for cabby, his horse may perhaps be almost as well off. Yet these men are rarely uncivil, and they bring to Scotland Yard things innumerable that have been left in the cabs.

There is a set of population toward the cities: London, that prodigious tumor, still grows. In some of the rural districts population has decreased. This tendency seems not healthy. It prevails in America too, and there is ascribed by Conservatives to education, which makes the people disdain manual labor and long to exchange the dullness of the farm for the excitements and

pleasures of the city. I suspect, at all events, that Mr. Chamberlain, in educating the people and at the same time seeking to make them tillers of the soil, is playing one hand against the other.

Wealth, rapid development, the stress and drive of life (which appear to me almost as great here as in the United States), and facilities of travelling, have begotten a restlessness which crowds all the railway stations and seems to have almost banished the idea of repose. Every one "wants a change." Every one, when he has a holiday, sets off and travels as far as he can by rail and boat, exchanging for the cares of the counting-house those of time-tables and luggage. One man I have found passing his holidays in his home. Society has become migratory, and therefore less social. In the old country town as I remember it in years gone by, the people spent their lives at home, only going to the sea-side when they needed it; and they enjoyed intimacy, which is surely a part of the happiness of life, for no passing acquaintance can be so interesting as even a very ordinary friend. Some such towns there still are in England, out of the tide of traffic, and especially under the peaceful shadow of cathedrals, where the people seem to have leisure, the streets sleep in the summer sun, and new rows of houses are not going up; places where old age might find a quiet haven. The men in the country town of former days were not idlers or dreamers; the banker had amassed wealth, though not in a wild-cat way; the old Indian had governed an empire; the old admiral had commanded a crack frigate. But they knew repose, which is now a lost art. Some day, perhaps, it will be revived, and a new generation will enter into the labors of this unresting one and rest. As a set off against what is for the time lost from the sociability of the private circle, it may be said that, through the multiplying agencies of communication and sympathy, all men and circles are being more welded together into a community, the ideas and interests of which are brought home to every fireside.

Wealth of course brings luxury, the apparatus of which is always growing vaster and more elaborate. In case of a pinch England has three margins to

draw upon—waste, which is still greater here than in France, though not so great as in America; the cost of distribution, which is excessive; and luxury. Among luxuries are not to be counted the healthy amusements which are made more than ever necessary by the pressure and tension of commercial life. In travelling I have been struck with the number of cricket-matches and local festivities of all kinds that were going on. The bicycle, too, is evidently a most happy invention; it must not only give healthy pleasure to city youth, but take it away from city pleasures which are not so healthy. England has roads suited for the bicycle, which America has not. Excursionism, which began with the Exhibition of 1851, has now assumed immense proportions, and though it is in some degree indicative of restlessness, and tends to become a mania, it must be, on the whole, a vast addition to the enjoyments of the people, and civilizing at the same time. It denotes increased leisure, in which respect, as in that of wages, the working classes have unquestionably gained. On the other side of the Atlantic we have few objects for excursions, though we indulge largely in outings, under the guise of conventions of all sorts and under all possible pretences. Life seems to be growing softer in England, and more refined. There is an increased love of art, of flowers, and of music. I was struck at Oxford with the flowers in the windows of students, and the sounds of music from their rooms. Lawn-tennis, at which women play, is sapping, and will in the end kill, cricket, unless it has in it, like croquet, the seeds of its own death. Cricket requires too many hands and too much time, especially since the defence of the wicket has become superior to the attack. American base-ball is a thoroughly manly game, is very lively, and is played in an afternoon. The loss of a manly game would tell on English character.

With luxury may be coupled, as arising out of the same moral conditions, combined with the electric and telegraphic state of the world, the passion for excitement, which seems to threaten the sobriety and steadiness of English character as much as its fortitude is threatened by luxury. It is having a

sinister effect on politics. The first duty of a political leader now is to excite and amuse, and he who can do this may mount without wisdom or character to the high places of the State.

There are ominous mutterings about the growth of vice, especially in London society. Luxury, great cities, and deferred marriage are sure to produce their effect. Probably whatever corruption there is extends to all classes, though the scandal sticks to the higher, and especially to members of the House of Lords, which would do well to introduce a censorship. Beyond this, too, there are abysses here and there in human nature. But we need not listen to the tocsin of the sensation-mongering alarmist. English homes, apparently, in general are pure, and man and wife are true to each other. In the country, where the young squires must have opportunities, one hardly ever hears of cases of seduction. But it would surely not be wonderful if in the moral interregnum between the reign of religion and that of science, supposing that a reign of science is coming, self-indulgence should become more unrestrained. Bishop Fraser, who was a man of sense and no bigot, used to say positively that it had. Nor would it be surprising if this were to extend to the political and commercial as well as the social sphere. There is another quarter, besides that in which "Minotaurism" arises, to which the attention of those who specially concern themselves with these questions might be turned. A female writer told us the other day that life was poorly spent in bearing babies, preparing to bear babies, and suckling babies. If the revolt against maternity spreads in England, it must produce, besides the decay of the race, sinister consequences of other kinds. Against impurity pure union alone can guard. The mightiest and most irresistible of human passions will not be chidden out of existence by homilies and oburgations in however shrill a key. There are alarms, too, about gambling. Betting on races, the most demoralizing to the people of all kinds of gambling, is certainly at least as rife as ever. If Mr. Arch and Mr. Labouchere would drive their plough over the race-courses they would confer a great benefit on the nation, even if all

the jockeys and trainers were handsomely pensioned at the same time. How any man with a heart and a conscience can patronize this system and gild it with his name it is hard to understand. The growth of scandalous journalism is also a bad sign.

Luxury and love of excitement cannot be favorable to a seriousness of character or to vigor of national spirit. In the late crisis I think it was impossible not to note a want of seriousness, and to feel that national spirit was at rather a low ebb. A race or a cricket match seemed to fill the public mind as much as the peril of the nation; and men appear to be at liberty to commit with perfect impunity every sort of outrage against patriotism, even to the extent of openly sending advice to foreign conspirators against British power as to the best mode of effecting their designs. We have learned that above all nations is humanity, and nobody expects or desires a narrow and selfish patriotism, any more than an obsolete parochialism, to prevail in a highly civilized community. But England is still something to humanity as well as to Englishmen, and if there is such a thing as a rational and generous patriotism, it is a duty which ought to be upheld. I heard a story told of a Radical destructive who, being asked what would become of his own wealth if his doctrines should ever take effect, answered, that all his securities were convertible and he would have only to change his country. If the story was true, the answer was probably intended as a jest, yet it conveyed a serious truth. The careless love of pleasure or absorption in commercial pursuits, or whatever it be which weakens national spirit and makes people willing to see the nation discredited and dismembered if anybody wishes it, is delivering the race which is the guardian of civilization and all that it enfolds into the hands of a comparatively uncivilized race which is united and animated by a passionate feeling of clanship.

Volunteering, however, seems to flourish everywhere, except, alas, at the Universities, where, it may be hoped, the young gentlemen would hardly be willing to stand by and see the shopmen, in case of need, march out to defend the country. That the institution may

continue to prosper is devoutly to be wished, not only on military grounds and on account of its excellent social influence in binding men and classes together, but on political grounds also. It may be a safeguard against possible dangers to public liberty. The legislative omnipotence to which Radicalism is now pretending is the divine right of kings turned upside down. It would hardly be an improvement on Ship Money, if a demagogue at the head of a Parliament elected by the caucuses were to be at liberty, for the furtherance of his political ends, to pronounce a sentence of confiscation on a whole class of innocent citizens. Power is claimed for any faction which may for the time have the upper hand in the House of Commons, to override by its will public morality, and to tamper with the life of the nation; to despoil people of their property in order to purchase popularity for itself; to thrust a great body of citizens out of their nationality and into one alien and hostile to them; to employ the national force in compelling loyalty to submit to the decrees of a foreign conspiracy, with which the faction is allied for the disintegration of the realm. Submission to Parliaments is right; so was submission to kings; but submission to Parliaments is not, any more than was submission to kings, without its moral limit. The authority of Parliament rests on votes, often on a bare majority of votes; and voting, at bottom, is but a comparing of forces in order to decide the question without combat. It is well, at all events, considering the means by which elections are carried, that those who have in their hands that particular kind of force should be kept aware of existence in the hands of national worth, manhood, and intelligence, of another kind of force which, in case of extreme necessity, might interpose for the salvation of the country.

Whatever weakness there may be in politics, in all the ordinary walks of English life there must be still plenty of worth, integrity, conscientious performance of duty, and submission to rational discipline. Of this, the marvellous railway service, carried on day and night and in all weathers, with such a multiplicity and so intricate a combi-

nation of trains, yet with so few accidents, the almost equally marvellous postal service, the London Commissariat, and all the parts and functions of this vast machine which runs so smoothly and exactly, are sufficient proof. Everybody seems to say that the army and navy are sound, and that the British soldier never displayed his fortitude and discipline more magnificently than he did, though under an evil star, in the Soudan. One is apt to forget the mercantile marine, though the seaman is the noblest part of England, albeit he alone is, by the accident of his calling, excluded from her political life, and never repines at his exclusion. Carlyle must not tell us that as yet we are living in the decadence of English duty.

The churches are well filled, and the men are in full proportion to the women ; large sums of money are given for church purposes, and there is every outward sign of an increase rather than a falling off, of religious life. Restoration has gone on till, though there are many churches in an old style, there is hardly an old church left. This does not look like a decay of faith. But, to say nothing of social influence and the force of habit, men who have ceased definitely to believe will cling to the associations and the comforts of religion. In America there is a crust of church-going and church-building which looks equally well, but which, I am persuaded, is growing hollow. In literature, in the scientific world, and in intellectual society, the progress of scepticism is manifestly rapid. The passion for ritual itself, I suspect, is not seldom symptomatic of a loss of interest in prayer and preaching which makes show and music needful. When the Agnostic goes to church it is to a Ritualist church that he goes. Ritualism, at all events, has been rapidly gaining ground, though I find it difficult to imagine that it can ever become a permanent form of belief apart from Roman Catholicism, its connection with which cannot be mistaken. Evangelicism is nearly dead, and the Broad Church seems to have few representatives of any power and eminence left, though I suspect that Broad views with regard to doctrine and the canon sometimes lurk beneath the Ritualistic cope. Religious Nonconformity is los-

ing ground, Scepticism telling most on the churches which are sustained neither by endowment nor by ritual. In the cities the Ritualistic clergy seem to be gaining a hold upon the people. They have found out the grand secret of Methodism, which is the enlistment of as many people as possible in the services and lay ministrations of the Church ; and they have put themselves at the head of the social life and the amusements and excursions of the people. But among the people in the country Ritualism does not seem to take. The æsthetic and historic predisposition is totally wanting in the rustic mind. Considering how much more active in the performance of duty, and especially in their ministrations among the poor, the country clergy of late have been, I am surprised to hear it generally said that the laborers are hostile to the clergy, and that the rural constituencies would vote eagerly for disestablishment. Disendowment is likely to come of itself, for agricultural depreciation has terribly lowered clerical incomes, especially where the endowment was glebe. This again will be a tremendous change in the life of the parish ; for the parson being always resident, and always educated, has been more of a centre of civilization than the squire. Tithe, I suspect, is doomed, and I find that even dignitaries of the Church begin to speak of disestablishment as a thing that in one form or other must come. It will behove statesmen to take care that it comes in such a form as to give the least shock possible to the spiritual life of the people.

Between the subversion of religious beliefs, the startling discoveries of science, and the general whirl of progress, English Conservatism seems to have given way at last, and to have been succeeded not only by an openness to innovation but by a sort of fatalism of change which hastens to assent to every new scheme as destiny. This is in some measure also the effect of demagogism, which is always grasping at the vote of the future. I was told that in once Eldonian Oxford Socialism boasted two hundred adherents ; Socialist lecturers at all events find large and sympathizing audiences there. Partly this may be ascribed to the sudden jerk forward

which ensues upon the sudden bursting by the emancipated University of the old Tory and clerical tie. But the student's heart leaps up at Socialism as in my day it leaped up at Neo-Catholicism, as to-morrow it will leap up at the next bright vision whatever it may be. It appeared that Socialist Fellows of Colleges continued provisionally to draw their dividends; and the Socialism of the Undergraduates, so far as it is practical, seems to take the form of philanthropy and missions of improvement among the London slums rather than of a reconstitution of society. Probably in the wealthier classes Socialism, so far as it is a real tendency, is generated by the craving for brotherhood which the Church no longer satisfies. Among the mechanics it is generated by a hope of increased wages, less work, and the abolition of all envied superiorities. It involves a revival of confidence in the wisdom and goodness of "the State," which nothing in the present character and conduct of that entity in any country very visibly justifies. It is curious that such faith in the power of government to transform society should find a lodging in the same minds with the belief that society is an organism, which implies that society though capable of growth and of gradual improvement is incapable of transformation, and that you might as well decree the perfection of the human body as the perfection of the community. So it is, however, that political economy has, as somebody said, gone into exile, while paternal government and Protraction are apparently going to have one more innings. Transatlantic experience warns you at all events to keep your economical or anti-economical measures clear of political demagogism, and as far as possible of politics altogether. My own impression is that in investing municipalities with the power of expropriation for the purpose of creating a small proprietary you would open a great scene of corruption. Still expropriate if you think fit, but do not allow a demagogue to expropriate or to tamper in any way with the economical arrangements of society for the purpose of buying himself votes.

It is impossible to doubt that since my youth there has been an immense growth of the sense of social duty and

of kindly feeling on the part of the rich toward the poor. I see it every time I come here, not only in the multiplication of benefactions and philanthropic enterprises, but in the increased kindness of intercourse. This may be partly policy; it is entirely so in the case of the Primrose League; but there is a good deal in it which is not policy, and of which Labor agitators ought to take note.

Democracy is finding its way into the family, and the relations between the sexes. Paternal authority has been visibly diminished, and the bearing of children toward their parents has become much more free; let us hope, for the sake of family life, that the bond of obedience is being replaced by an increase of affection. Women are more and more asserting their independence and their right to compete in all things with men. Some of the male professions and callings they have already invaded; the rest they intend to invade. They usurp man's headgear and ulster; some of them man's cigarette. Their appearances on the platform become more numerous, and they talk regularly of "going into public life." Whether Nature showed good judgment and taste in making two sexes is a question which, instead of being left to be settled by tradition, is apparently to be submitted to the test of experience. I have not observed any signs of the growth of democracy in the outward demeanor of domestics, but there are loud complaints of trouble in that quarter. In America democracy has so thoroughly taken possession of the kitchen that, were it not for the constant inflow of domestics from less democratic countries, domestic service must cease to exist. Almost any employment is preferred to calling anybody mistress. The next two or three generations are likely to see great change in the mode of living.

Nowhere has there been a greater change than that which has been wrought at Oxford by the abolition of clerical restrictions, the opening of fellowships, the marriage of fellows, and the introduction of science. I can imagine no more delightful place of residence than this, where you have now the very best and most cultivated society, with every facility for real intimacy, and, at the

same time, as incomes are limited, on an easy and reasonable footing. Some say that watchfulness may be required to guard endowments against the excess of paternal, and still more of maternal, love.

Of art I can speak only as one of the crowd. In looking at the pictures in the Academy I felt, not for the first time, that there was a lack of interest in the subjects. The technical power of expression, I doubt not, is there in the highest degree, but there seems to be a want of something to be expressed. Some of the subjects had been laboriously sought in the most out of the way places; and as to some of the others, I would almost as soon that the artist had shown his technical skill in painting my hat. Of the vast improvement in architecture, public and domestic, there can, I suppose, be no doubt, though the new styles are revivals, and the style of the future is still in the womb of time. Some of the great commercial cities, such as Bradford and Birmingham, are embodying their wealth in public buildings not less magnificent or monumental than those of Florence or Ghent. The private palace of the merchant prince cannot rise again, any more than the soul of civic life can be revived, since the merchant prince dwells not in the city but in a suburban villa. London has now in it the elements of magnificence; but all is marred by the smoke; and into every group of fine buildings intrudes some hideous railway shed or some Hankey Tower of Babel. It strikes me that the mansions of the new aristocracy, though ample and sumptuous enough, are wanting in stateliness compared with those of the Tudor or even of the Hanoverian era. Eton itself, though most ample and most sumptuous, is not stately; it is an aggregate of parts, each, no doubt, excellent in itself, but not imposing as a whole; it has no grand front. Gothic, in domestic architecture, seems not to lend itself to a façade.

In literature there appears to be a pause. Fiction has come down to sensational stories, such as "Solomon's Mines," "The Treasure Island," or "Called Back," and no new poet appears. The drama, too, seems to languish. I went to the two pieces of the

day, and found the acting excellent, but the plays themselves naught; there was scarcely a stroke of art, scarcely a touch of wit or pathos, and the plots were tissues of improbabilities the most crude and revolting. Is this falling off in art and literary production which everybody notes merely a temporary accident, or is the world about to pass definitively from its æsthetic, poetic, and literary youth to a maturity of science? If it is, we are lucky in having at all events enjoyed the last of the youth. It is not easy to conceive poetry co-existing with a strictly scientific view of all things, including the character, actions, and emotions of men. However, the experiment has yet to be tried, and human progress is like the path in the Gemmi Pass, always coming to some apparently insurmountable barrier and always opening out anew. The growing ascendancy of science and scientific men is not an English but a universal fact; it is the great fact of the age; only in politics it is not yet seen. Strangely enough the Radical Agnostics, who elsewhere dance before the triumphal car of science, in politics are the least scientific and the most inclined to settle all questions, especially those relating to the franchise, by reference to absolute principles and the natural rights of man.

In English journalism assuredly there is no falling off. Its ability and power have been steadily on the increase; more and more it draws away the real debate from Parliament to itself. The increase of force is especially remarkable in the great provincial journals. To a great extent the future of England will be in the keeping of its Press, and who are the masters of the Press becomes a question every day of greater importance. It is true that the number of great journals, all of which people see in reading-rooms, though a man may take only his party paper, insures a balance of power. What newspapers the agricultural laborer reads is a momentous question since he has got a vote, and stands between the two parties almost the arbiter of the destinies of the state. In some districts, I was told, are halfpenny local papers of a very unsatisfactory kind; in others, sporting papers which are not likely to be much more wholesome. Labor papers also there are, and

they are too apt to be full not only of industrial fallacies, but of social bitterness. Cottage journalism, not propagandist but wholesome, is a field for capital which alone can float anything that is to depend on a very large circulation.

About English politics I will say no more. The sum of what I have long been saying is this—The old Constitution, with the Crown as the executive

and the Houses of Lords and Commons as co-equal branches of the Legislature, has ceased to exist, though the illusory forms of it remain. It has not been in any way replaced, while the franchise has been blindly extended; and England is now without a Constitution or a Government. She must provide herself with both or in the end confusion will ensue.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

OUR CRAFTSMEN.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

THE existence of "England's Greatness" of course requires no demonstration, however opinions may differ as to its causes. In a poetic or patriotic spirit this greatness has been attributed to a variety of things—to the Bible, to our wooden walls and meteor flag, to the insular position secured to us by the streak of silver sea, to the special excellence of the roast beef of old England, and the still more special excellence of our malt liquors.

There have been those who have respectively argued that the secret of our greatness lay in the possession of our magnificent national debt, a State Church, a House of Lords, the alleged stability-giving see-saw of party government, the addition of Empress to the title of Queen. That in giving us an empire upon which the sun never sets—by many accounted our greatest greatness—our sailors and soldiers also have been prime causes, there can be no doubt. In this connection it is no less true that the Bible has been an instrument of greatness in a sense—in the sense, that is, that where civilization has taken the form of subjugation or annexation, the missionary has often been the precursor of those instruments of such civilization, rum and rifles; the sense in which, as fishers of men, we have, as Bulwer Lytton somewhere puts it, baited with a missionary and impaled with a bayonet. The other supposed leading factors of England's greatness mentioned above may be passed over in having been named.

As a prosaic matter of fact, the present-day greatness of the mother country

is chiefly the result of our supremacy as a manufacturing nation. We are a manufacturing, even more than we are a shopkeeping or carrying, nation. Indeed, our shopkeeping and carrying are to a great extent the mere outcome and complement of our position in relation to the manufacturing industries. Rightly considered, it will be found that our national greatness and manufacturing greatness are something very like convertible terms. With us coal is the uncrowned king, iron the emblematical sceptre of power. Our machinery is our best war material, our craftsmen our most powerful troops. It may be said that such talk as this might be all very well for weak piping times of peace, or if the millennium had arrived, but that it is out of harmony with an age of wars and rumors of wars, an age in which it has become axiomatic that the best security for peace is always to be prepared for war. To such objection I would answer that on this point a question of race comes in. It is not a boast but a truism to say that the English are a hardy and high-mettled race, constitutionally brave, and with an historical record and a national prestige which make a feeling of *noblesse oblige* a common possession even to those who may never have heard the phrase. In actual warfare, whether by land or sea, the English have always shown dauntless courage and unconquerable resolution, and there is no reason to suppose that we have fallen from the standard of our fathers either in physique or pluck. With such a breed of men to fall back upon, should the banners of

war be unfurled, the modern nation which has the greatest resources for bringing the arts of peace to bear upon the operations of war will in the long run be the most successful in battle; and in this respect, if not in tariff arrangements, England is "the most favored nation."

Taking it, then, that we are a manufacturing nation, and that much of our national greatness arises from such being the case, it naturally follows that our artisan classes constitute one of the most important as well as one of the most numerous sections of the community. They are the *élite* of the working classes, the portion of those classes most capable of making themselves felt in political and social movements. In practice it will generally be found, indeed, that when the working classes are spoken of in association with "movements" it is really the artisan classes that are meant. In such an association their name—if skilfully worked—is one to conjure with, and many are the strange and contradictory things that have been done or attempted in their name.

The typical artisan is the "working man" *par excellence*, and the working man, as every one knows, is a man of many friends. He has candid and sugar-candied friends of every variety, from the self-constituted censor calling himself a friend, and posing as a blessing in disguise, to the one who takes the line of friend to the working-man and foe to all above him. A friend or leader of the working classes has come to be a profession, and a paying one, while the methods of the friendship have attained almost to the dignity of a fine art. Between their own occasional acts and the regular operations of their professional friends, the working classes are on some points kept well before the public. Their importance in respect to their numbers, their potential political power, their demands—actual or alleged—their social rights and wrongs, and so forth, are fully recognized.

But their importance as craftsmen, as the backbone of our manufacturing industries, is for the most part left wholly out of account. Yet this is the ground upon which they are the most important in relation to the momentous question

of national prosperity, in which of course is involved the question of their own material welfare. While they are not less important as craftsmen than as—say—voters, neither are they less interesting. There need, therefore, be the less hesitation in entering upon a consideration of their position and characteristics in the former capacity, as it is the purpose of the present paper to do. Never, perhaps, was there a time when the subject could be discussed more profitably.

England is still the first among manufacturing nations—a long way the first. Her workmen are still the best in the world, tried by the most practical standards; for, working fewer hours and receiving higher pay than Continental workmen, they enable their employers to undersell Continental producers, and so hold the premier position in the markets of the world. Nevertheless, it is no longer a case of England first, the rest nowhere, as was practically the case a generation or so ago. The total of our manufacturing production to-day is infinitely greater than it was twenty or thirty years back, even allowing for increase of population, but it does not represent the same overwhelming proportion of the manufacturing production of the world that it did at the earlier period. Manufacturing enterprise in foreign countries has been advancing. Nations formerly entirely dependent upon us for certain classes of goods now manufacture them for themselves. Others go beyond this and compete with us in foreign and some even in home markets—a thing they are enabled to do with a greater chance of success by reason of the extent to which the spirit of shoddy has been imported into the practise of our manufacturing arts. Shoddy—using the word in its representative sense—is a curse that has come home to roost. It has degraded the once proud trade blazon of "English manufacture," has deservedly depreciated its selling power.

Foreign artisans, too, are picking us up, partly owing to the extent to which mere machine-minding has been substituted for handicraft skill, partly to the schooling they have received at the hands of the English managers, foremen, and leading men whom the more

enterprising among Continental employers have with a wise liberality imported, and of course in some measure to continued practice. Meanwhile it is, to say the least of it, an open question whether modern developments in manufacturing systems have not tended to lessen the special skill and special value of English artisans. Here again the spirit of shoddy exerts its baneful influence. Under its operation thousands of workmen are compelled in their own despite to adopt a sloppy style of workmanship, are never allowed to acquire, much less practise, any higher style. Their pay is so arranged that to live, to obtain or retain employment, they must think of quantity only; and experience teaches them that under this state of affairs he is held to be the cleverest workman who is best not at avoiding but at concealing scamped work from the trustful, but unskilled, ultimate purchasers of the work. Frequently, too, shoddy is a means of subjecting bodies of workmen to injustice from public opinion. Outsiders are led to believe that some depression or disturbance of trade is due to the action of the men, when as a matter of fact it really results from users or consumers having at length detected the bad workmanship, or the adulteration of material, or both, which are the characteristic features of the shoddy principle as applied to manufactures. In such circumstances it is scarcely to be supposed that the workmen concerned can take any special pride or interest in their craft, and the lack of such feeling upon their part is an element of weakness to a trade.

Again, as already hinted, machinery is a great leveller. On the whole, it is of course a boon and a blessing to men. It multiplies the powers of production and ultimately increases the demand for labor. Still, from the point of view here in question it is not an unmixed blessing. The greater the degree to which a machine is self-adjusting and self-acting, the greater the extent to which it requires as an attendant a minder rather than a mechanic, the more perfect it is as a machine. If the machine-minder chances to be also a mechanic, so much the better. He will be able to make his mechanical experience or intelligence tell in his minding.

At the same time, there is neither expectation nor necessity that he should be a mechanic. Even among minders who are nothing more than minders, there are varying degrees of skill; but, speaking broadly, the machine-attendant is rather the slave than the master of his machine—has to feed rather than work it. Machine hands, like machine work, can be turned out in quantities. The manufacture of such hands is a very different thing from the making of mechanics. It is to our success in the latter process that we are in a great measure indebted for our superiority over competing nations. Unfortunately, however, the vital importance of keeping up the "breed" of our artisans is in these later times being overlooked. Employers as a rule think only of what will pay for the passing season, while State provision for mechanical training appears to be a thing undreamed of in our philosophy of national duty or interest.

Subdivision of labor, like machinery, greatly increases productive power, but also, like machinery, it has its drawbacks where the formation of the craftsmen is in question. In England the system of subdivision is carried out very thoroughly and minutely and with great results as to output, but under it the all-round workman is disappearing. And the all-round workman in his own trade—who, be it marked, is a very different person from the Jack-of-all-trades—is the best of all workmen. The one-job man may be a very good man at his work and yet be little better than a human automaton—be almost as much a mere machine as the machine he works. But to become a good all-round workman a man must have good mechanical aptitudes of eye, and hand, and intellect; and with these aptitudes and a varied experience he gains the self-confidence and readiness of resource which are among the most valuable qualities of an artisan. The workman of this stamp is not a machine, he is a mechanic. He puts brains into his work, thinks and plans, and in a rough-and-ready way invents. He understands the capabilities of tools, whether they be simple hand-tools or complicated machines. He can make the fullest use of the automatic adjustments and self-

acting gearing which reduce the one-job man to the level of a machine-feeder and nothing more. Where, however, any such accessories are wanting, he is not, like the one-job man, "floored" by their absence. He can "rig up" substitutes for them or so vary the methods of executing his work as to be able to dispense with their aid. He is a Mark Tapley among artisans, coming out strongest under circumstances that would simply "flabbergast" workmen who have allowed themselves to become blindly obedient to, and helplessly dependent upon, automatic appliances.

I remember meeting with a very good illustration of this point in a stray copy of an American trade journal. A chief engineer of a steamer, an "educated" engineer, one who had passed his Board of Trade certificate examination and would therefore be learned in reading and obeying the various self-registering indicators and gauges with which marine engines are fitted—an engineer of this stamp found himself fifty miles from port with a broken vacuum gauge; a very important gauge to those whose sole trust is in gauges without any reserve of trust in self. Under the loss of his gauge this particular engineer "showed utter helplessness and proposed immediate return." The assistant-engineer, however, was another manner of man. He "saw nothing amiss in a broken gauge or in the absence of one. He traded places with his chief and made the run by feeling. When his condenser felt too hot he gave it more injection." If the necessities of the situation had required it, this assistant would probably have been able to have done an effective stroke of ship-carpentry, while his chief, if applied to, would no doubt have replied that he was an engineer, and that wood-work was out of his line.

Here we have exemplified the essential difference between the true mechanic and what may be called the machine-made man. The one can turn his hand to anything broadly within the range of his own particular craft, or if need be to more or less cognate work in other crafts, and he has a practical if not scientific knowledge of first principles in relation to the mechanical appliances used in his trade. The other is cribbed,

cabined, and confined, alike as to manual skill and intelligent self-resource. The all-round workman requires as a rule very little foremaning, and this enhances his value to employers. On the other hand, his value to himself is greatly increased by the fact that his versatility makes it easier for him than for others to secure employment. If he is a blacksmith, he is equally ready to take work in a marine or locomotive engine factory or to go into a tool shop or an agricultural implement-making establishment; and, the question of wages and personal comfort apart, it is a matter of indifference to him whether his shop be a new, a repair, or a general one. In the same way, if a carpenter, he can take anything from coffin-making up to cabinet-making or pattern-making. If an engineer, he is prepared to take vice or lathe or to go into the erecting shop.

In practice there are unfortunately difficulties in the way of such a man turning himself to the best account in this respect. Occasionally an employer, or a "putting-on" manager or foreman, wedded to extreme views upon the system of subdivision of labor, may be prejudiced against a workman of the all-round type. They may have an idea that the man who has heretofore wrought in a marine shop will not be able to hold his own on locomotive work, but, as they have the remedy in their own hand, in case their doubt should be, or appear to them to be, justified, they do not allow their antipathies to become operative if they really want men.

The greatest difficulty of the all-round workman on this point lies not in the objection of employers, but in the bigotry of fellow-workmen, many of whom have a blind, unreasoning belief in the doctrine of "each man to his trade"—trade in the mouths and minds of such men generally meaning some single sub-section of a trade. This is emphatically a narrow-minded view, and those entertaining it, acting after the fashion of their narrow-minded kind, strive to frustrate those who seek to give practical effect to wider views of trade limitations.

The policy of obstruction and occasionally of terrorism resorted to for this end makes itself felt chiefly in those

trades which are more or less strictly localized. In such trades as the building and engineering, which are carried on all over the country, and which involve a considerable amount of "knocking about" upon the part of many of those engaged in them, more liberal ideas have a greater though not a complete ascendancy. Altogether, the feeling here referred to is materially detrimental to the interests of the best class of workmen, and in individual cases often inflicts great hardship. Foolish action is generally supported by foolish argument. When the artisan class or any considerable body of them are blamed for indulging in this form of restriction of trade, they frequently reply as though two blacks *did* make a white. They retort that the learned professions—and more particularly the law—set them the example, and argue that a course of action that is right for the legal profession can scarcely be wrong for working-men.

Whether or not it is demonstrably true that the legal profession does strictly enforce the principle of each man to his (branch of) trade, whether under the euphemism of legal etiquette they are guilty of practices that are charged as sins against trades-unionism, I cannot say. If it is true, so much the worse for the profession, and especially so much the worse for those members of the public whom an evil fate casts upon the tender mercies of the profession. But also so much the greater the mistake of working-men in following their example to do evil. To the cry of "Every man to his trade," in the sense of once that trade always that trade, may fitly be applied the saying, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder."

On the Continent, I am told, and still more in America, it is no uncommon thing to meet with artisans who have worked not only at two or three branches of one trade, but at two or three distinct trades. Having regard to existing conditions in the mechanical crafts, there is no good reason why such workmen should not be common, though in England such a man in a workshop would be quite a phenomenal personage. In this country there is, as a rule, only one means by which an artisan can benefit by the ability and skill to practise more

than one handicraft. If he chooses to become a trade "Hal o' th' Wynd," and work for his own hand by uniting in his single self the positions of jobbing master-man and journeyman, he can work at as many trades as he likes, which will mean in practice as many as he can show himself sufficiently competent in to obtain employment. I have known men who in this way respectively combined carpentry and watch-making, house-painting and shoe-making, plumbing and bird-stuffing, cabinet-making and sign-writing, and blacksmithing and coopering. In each case these men turned their hands to the second trade at times when they were out of work at their original calling, and in each case they came to do well between the two trades. When they had not a job at the one, they had at the other, and while thus having constant employment, their earnings, time for time, were greater than they would have been as journeymen at either one of the trades. In the same way, I knew a bricklayer who turned monumental mason, and a moulder who became a sewing-machine and bicycle repairer. In these cases, the men were so successful, that from their single-handed and make-shift beginnings, the one in a backyard, the other in a back kitchen, they became master-men in the fuller sense of the word—were able to organize workshops and employ journeymen.

After this fashion it may be said that it is open to English artisans to change or multiply their trades as often as their tastes, ability, or necessities may make them wish to do so; but practically this fashion is available to but a very limited extent. The leading trades of the country cannot be carried on in a general jobbing-hand style. It is an unavoidable condition of their continued existence that they must be carried on by bodies of journeymen, gathered together in workshops and factories; and to the ordinary factory journeyman desirous of changing his craft and still remaining a journeyman, the unwritten but powerfully operative law of each man to his trade offers an almost insuperable obstacle. The point is perhaps not one of first-rate importance, but, so far as it goes, it may safely be said that it is bad for the trades and for

workmen in them that it should be so. A young fellow on coming out of his time, or even before, may discover that he has mistaken his vocation, or that those who apprenticed him had mistaken it for him. He may know, moreover, or at least believe that he knows, for what trade he has true vocation. He may be willing and anxious to undergo all the struggle and sacrifice legitimately incidental to a change of trade; to work as a learner or improver at low wages, and abide the risk of peremptory dismissal if he does not show unmistakable aptitude for his new calling. In the case of his not showing such aptitude, the journeyman of a trade need not fear his competition.

On the other hand, if a man who comes into a trade edgeways proves himself to be the right man in the right place, he is one who is likely to do credit to the trade and strengthen it. The perseverance, energy, self-reliance, and instinctive sense of the fitness of things which enable him to conquer the trade, make him a valuable member of it, a living argument for a good rate of pay. On the same principle, the man who is compelled to remain at a trade in which he is, and is conscious of being, a mistake will always be more or less of a hard bargain in it, and will afford a pretence, if not a justification, for low wages.

That this is so, that the changing about of round and square pegs till they find their right holes would strengthen the pegs *en masse*, should be, one would think, self-evident. As a matter of fact it is not. A majority of the artisan classes "do not see it." "Every man to his trade" blocks the way to change. The cobbler must stick to his last, though he may be a bad shoemaker, and might make a good craftsman of another kind. The chief argument brought forward in support of the "each man to his trade" policy is that it is not right that men who have served a regular apprenticeship to a trade should be subjected to competition from men who have picked up the trade by some irregular and shorter method. There is something in this, though hardly in the direct sense in which the contention is generally applied. Men who pick up a trade must in effect serve an apprenticeship.

However clever they may be, they cannot become full-fledged journeymen at a single swoop. Their apprenticeship may be irregular and comparatively short, but in one way or another it is made correspondingly sharp, the path of the picker-up being always a more or less thorny one. That men of mechanical proclivities and with a fair share of *nous* could, if they were allowed, pick up a trade in a relatively short period of time, is no reason for preventing them from acquiring a craft for which they feel themselves fitted.

The conclusion to which such opposition points is, as it seems to me, that the ordinary period of regular apprenticeship is in the circumstances of the present day too long. It exacts a payment from the artisan classes too high and too hard for the value received, a price so high and hard that to men not used to draw fine distinctions it appears to justify a spirit and policy of monopoly and exclusion. When the "seven long years" which is the usual period of a "bound" apprenticeship was fixed, the contracting master craftsman expressly undertook to teach the apprentice or cause him to be taught the whole art and mystery of his craft. For this the time was not too long, in some cases might be all too short. We are still within very measurable distance of a time when a boy who was bound to such a trade as the engineering was "put through the shops." He went from department to department, gaining a general knowledge of and a certain degree of handiness in each, and only settling down to the branch to which he was found best suited during the last year or two of his "time." Consequently, during the greater part of his seven years he was really a learner, and as such probably earned no more than the small rate of wages paid him, any gain that there might be on his work during his last year or two being regarded as in the nature of counterbalance to loss upon him in his first year or two.

Upon those conditions, apprenticeship was an equitable and effective arrangement. The trained journeyman entered upon his career specially qualified for one branch of his trade, and so far qualified in the other branches that he could readily turn his hand to them,

could honorably and confidently either seek or accept employment in them. In whatever branch of his trade he did work, his general knowledge of its other branches added to his value, and, being able to change from branch to branch himself, he had less reason than has the one-job man of the present day for holding monopolist views.

But we have in a great measure altered all this. Under the operation of the subdivision of labor, what were formerly branches have in many instances now come to be classed as trades. Where this is not the case, it is a common practice to stipulate that the apprentice to be, or his parents or guardians for him, may select the branch to which he shall be bound, but that, having selected it, he must keep to it, and to it alone. This is a definite arrangement, and, where it is honorably carried out, all that can be urged against it is that it is much more profitable to the masters than to the apprentice. In a great number of cases, however, the understanding is not honorably carried out upon the part of the employer. The letter of the contract is fulfilled, but not the spirit. The apprentice is not only kept to one branch of the trade, but to some single machine or piece of workmanship in it. At the one thing to which he is thus tied he of course becomes specially expert—and to the masters specially profitable. So much is the latter the case, that employers who in this way evade a fair fulfilment of their contract generally become apprentice farmers as well as—and often more than—manufacturers. Individually they may be successful men, but there can be no doubt that their proceedings tend to injure the manufacturing interests of the country. It is not simply that injustice is done to the particular apprentices whose misfortune it is to be bound to such masters. Apprentice farming for profit, as distinct from journeymen making to meet the legitimate demands of skilled industry, has the effect of overcrowding the trades concerned, and that with incompetent workmen, of lowering their tone and quality, and of weakening them in the battle of international competition. Conscious of this state of affairs, many artisans prefer, if they have the choice,

not to have their sons apprenticed. They get them into the workshops simply as boys, letting them take their chance as to the branch of trade to which they may be put. Where this is permitted by employers, the boys are by the goodwill of foremen and workmen virtually in the position of apprentices as to opportunities for learning. At the same time they have the substantial advantage over bound apprentices, that if before they are twenty-one years of age they “fancy themselves,” they can go elsewhere either as journeymen or improvers. In the latter capacity they are likely to obtain varied experience, while their wages, though below journeymen rate, are above apprentice rate. The possibilities of acquiring a trade in this manner are if anything on the increase, and it may be that the question of apprenticeship will settle itself in this manner. If it does not, I would strongly commend the subject to the serious consideration of the artisan powers that be. It is one of vital importance to their class.

As a broad suggestion, I should think that the seven long years of the good old times might be equitably cut down to four in those cases where it was expressly stipulated that the apprentice was to be taught not the whole, but a part only of the art and mystery of his craft. This would tend to induce employers to revert to the practice of teaching the whole mystery. Where it had not that effect it would qualify an artisan as a branch man at a fairer cost than he is now compelled to pay. It would give him fewer years of apprenticeship and more of journeymanhood, or, if he were of that inclining, afford him a wider latitude for picking up a second branch while still young. It may be taken for granted that the narrow-minded among those who had paid a seven years' price for their own trade would be opposed to any reform of this kind; but those who wish to establish reforms must be prepared, not only to meet with, but to ignore narrow-minded and vested interest opposition.

In speaking as I have done of the subdivision of labor, I have of course had no thought of suggesting that it should be done away with. Any such idea would savor of insanity. The sys-

tem is a general and national benefit, a prime source of wealth and comfort. Without the immense multiplication of productive power which it gives us, our supremacy as a manufacturing country would be at an end. All that I have wished to point out is, as I have said, that though a great, it is not an unqualified good. As there is some spirit of good in things evil, so most great goods have their attendant drawbacks. To this rule the good thing that we have in the division of labor is no exception, and I have only laid stress upon the fact because it so happens that here the drawbacks tell chiefly against the artisan classes. The workman who under the subdivision system is trained and kept to one piece of work (perhaps the hundredth part, and not an important part), of some elaborate engine or process, will become wonderfully expert at that work. The celerity and accuracy with which he makes use of the special appliances which in such a case are certain to be provided will probably be as remarkable as the mechanical ingenuity of the appliances themselves. But away from this particular piece of work, or deprived of his special appliances, he is comparatively useless. He has no general knowledge or experience, no facility in turning his hand to different though related operations, no adaptability, no talent for mechanical makeshift or improvisation. There are individual exceptions to this position. Some may have been general hands before settling down as single-job men. Others, appreciating the significance (to them) of the situation, may have privately been at pains to qualify themselves for varying their usefulness, or they may be blessed with a faculty for adapting themselves to modifications of trade environment. Generally speaking, however, the single-job man finds himself very disadvantageously situated in these present times of trade fluctuations and revolutions. The range within which he can hope to find employment at which he can be confident of approving himself of market value is strictly limited, and if by some new invention or change of fashion his special work is superseded, he finds himself in a very unfortunate predicament.

By those who have no practical

knowledge of the workshop life of the artisan classes a good deal of trade romance is indulged in. When some merchant makes it known that in answer to an advertisement for a clerk at a hundred a year he has had a thousand or more applications, newspapers are given to improve the occasion in social leaders. They adorn the tale in a great variety of ways, but they almost invariably point the same moral. This moral is addressed to parents and guardians and runs—Do not put your sons to clerking, apprentice them to handicrafts. The conclusion here may be a sound one, but some of the premises from which it is usually deduced are certainly mistaken and misleading ones. It is assumed that mechanics, unlike clerks, need never be out of employment save by their own will or through their own fault. But this is only intermittently true of any, and is very rarely true of all trades at the same time.

In periods of trade depression—and such periods have increased in frequency and length of late years—thousands of artisans are out of employment, and, as with clerks, some individuals are more unfortunate than others in this respect. Even when trade is moderately brisk it will be found that a considerable percentage of craftsmen are still out of employment. In all the large trades there is a margin of men over and above the average demand. Otherwise it would be impossible to meet the exigencies of occasional spurts and rushes in trade. The latter condition is what constitutes the actual "pull" of the mechanic over the clerk. In most trades there do come times when the demand for skilled workmen in them is fully up to and even in excess of the supply; times in which there is not only work for all hands, but in which wages rule high and there is overtime to be made—times, therefore, which afford an opportunity of in some measure making up for out-of-work periods. Whether such good times would continue to come if the numbers of the surplus clerk population were added to the ranks of the mechanics, is a question that need not be debated here.

The newspaper moralizers speak off-handedly of the skilled workman earning his two or three pounds a week.

That there are artisans who do earn such a rate of pay is most true, but as a general estimate this is decidedly too high. I am not aware that there are any exact statistics bearing on the point, but I feel quite certain that, taking London and the provinces, large towns and small, one trade with another, it would be fully stating, not to say overstating, the case to put the average earnings of artisans at thirty-five shillings a week.

Again, it is said that the clerk is bound to "keep up an appearance," however inadequate may be his means to that end; the inference left to be drawn being that the artisan has not an appearance to keep up. This impression is a thoroughly erroneous one. True, there are no formulated sumptuary laws regulating artisan apparel either in or out of the workshop, but there are laws of wont and custom that are none the less powerful because they are unwritten. Dress with the mechanic is not a matter of respectability of appearance only, it is an indication of his character as a workman, and is so regarded. The slouchy, out-at-elbow, down-at-heel craftsman will be slouchy, and coarse, and careless over his work. The slouch is the *bête noire* of managers and foremen, the butt of fellow-workmen. He is the last to be taken on, the first to be dismissed. To him are most frequently applied the "tongue dressings" in which some foremen are given to indulge, and he is the man of all others most conscious of deserving and least well situated for resenting such dressings. Other things being at all equal, the man who shows up each Monday morning in clean overalls will be taken on or kept on in preference to the one whose only anxiety—supposing he has any anxiety upon the point at all—is that his unwashed, unwashable, unworkmanlike garments may originally have been of a color calculated "not to show the dirt." Out of the workshop, in what stands to the working class as society, the well-paid artisan who did not dress better than, and differently from, the poorly-paid unskilled laborer would lose caste. Not only his fellow-craftsmen, but the laborers also, would despise him.

With artisans it is *de rigueur* to have

a "customary suit of solemn black" for Sundays and best, and a second-best suit for evening wear. When to the cost of these is added the cost of wear and tear, both by work and washing, of working clothes, it will be evident, I think, that the charges upon the artisan under the head of keeping up appearances must be to the full as heavy as those upon an ordinary clerk. I am not writing in correction of the mistaken notions here adverted to with any view to dissuading parents from putting their sons to trades rather than to clerking. I am no advocate for keeping trades close by anything in the nature of artificial restrictions. There is no need for any policy of that kind. The evolutionary method is distinctively operative on this head, and is all-sufficient. In the breeding of artisans only the fit and fittest develop and survive, and their competition, though it is with each other, is also with employers, and tends on the whole to extend trade and keep up wages. The mere "sticket" or incompetent clerk is not of the fibre of which mechanics are made. As to the stronger grained kinds of youth, if they have any pronounced natural bent for a mechanical calling, they will probably be put to it. If they are indifferent as between clerking and handicraft work, they are quite as likely to succeed—or fail—in the one as the other. At any rate, in the trades there is room enough for all who are fit. In the nature of things the skilled workmen of the country cannot be few, but also in the nature of things they must be fit, otherwise they will as *craftsmen* perish in the struggle for existence.

The above points of relation between clerks and artisans are well worthy of consideration; still, here they are to a certain extent merely by the way. The point of the general comparison, more immediately in the present connection, is that in which the superior *interest* of a mechanical calling is dwelt upon. The advisers of the crowded-out clerks picture the workman rather as an inspired artist than a commonplace artisan. They speak of him as regarding as almost living things the machine which he works and the wonderful engine or apparatus he is helping to construct. They dwell upon the feeling of delight

and consciousness of power which he must experience as the crude material takes form and function under his skillful hands, and suggest that his work must excite in his mind an interest second only to that which agitates an inventor working out his models. His labor is represented as affording him an infinite variety, under which it is impossible for his trade to stale upon him, and contrasted with which the routine work of an office must indeed be wearisome.

This is a very pretty picture, and one of which personally I can only say, Would that it were true! Unfortunately it is not true. Applied to the bulk of the artisan classes, it is the reverse of true. By the system of subdivision of labor, a man is trained to some single piece of work without any reference to a knowledge of the complicated whole of which it may be a simple part. He is kept to that piece of work day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, until—if he is the kind of man who would take an interest in his work under more favorable circumstances—it becomes a weariness of the flesh to him. His limbs and mind become almost automatical in relation to it. He is rung in and out to work at fixed times, is constantly doing the same thing in the same fashion, and working alongside of other men subject to like conditions. He is not allowed to show—in any practical form, at any rate—interest in any work other than his own, as it is accounted a fault for him to be found away from his own post, and much more from his own department.

In this way workshop life becomes thoroughly monotonous, becomes, in Mr. Mantalini's phrase, "One demd horrid grind." A man may work for a lifetime in a tool shop without having any general knowledge of machine construction, or any opportunity of acquiring such knowledge so far as his life in the shop is concerned. Or he may be engaged in a marine or locomotive engine factory, with a similar lack of knowledge of the mechanical principles underlying steam propulsion. So far as his individual powers of output are in question, he may be no worse a workman for this want of general knowledge. Indeed, there are extreme partisans of

the subdivision system who contend that he is all the better a workman for it, just as there are people who will tell you that a household servant is all the better for being unable to read or write, as in that case she will not waste time in reading or be able to possess herself of the contents of your postcards. To an easy-going man the circumscribed conditions and monotony of much of our workshop life may not be particularly irksome, any more than a monotonous office routine would be irksome to an easy-going clerk. Still this does not alter the facts that many of our artisans have to work in a changeless millhorse-like round which is depressing to their intelligence; that the fancy portrait of the British artisan set before the out-of-work clerk as a picture of what he might be is not true to life; and that men, like materials, are deteriorated more by rust than wear.

If as a general thing work could be made interesting to the men and the men be brought to take an interest in the work, it would be better alike for work and workmen; would add to our power and resource as a manufacturing nation. But if it is admitted that only by availing ourselves of the advantages unquestionably inherent in the system of the subdivision of labor can we expect to maintain our lead in international competition—if this is admitted, how, it may be asked, is an intelligent and pleasurable interest in their work to be created in the minds of our craftsmen? The question is an obvious one, not so the answer. Probably there is no complete answer to it. It would be too much to hope that the drawbacks to the subdivision system could be altogether removed. To a certain extent they are, like the advantages of the system, inherent. Moreover, the imperfection of "poor human nature" forbids so full a hope. In the multitude of artisans there are and always will be some weaker brethren, men of muscle and manipulative skill, but so constituted mentally that they have no desire and but little capacity for bringing intelligence to bear upon their work. These are the kind of men, who, if they are by any accident moved out of the one groove in which they have been set running, spoil work for want of putting

a few grains of thought into it, and then tell you that they are not paid to think. They have no trade ambition, no desire for trade knowledge beyond being able to turn out the regulation quantity of work, in the execution of which they have attained an automatical efficiency. The *degree* to which such men become mere machines, mere human tools directed in use by the intelligence of others, is less the fault of the system under which they work than of their character. In a lesser—a much lesser—degree even the better and best types of artisans are mechanicalized by being constantly kept at one piece of work. That as a matter of course, is what is aimed at by and expected from the modern methods of manufacturing organization.

It is more or less true of all men that "their nature is subdued to what it works in." Were it not so, the advantages of subdivision of labor would be non-existent. But with the utmost allowance made on this head it still remains true that our skilled workmen would be more efficient specialists if opportunities were afforded them of acquiring a wider general knowledge of the respective crafts in which they are engaged. The great bulk of them are quite capable of assimilating such knowledge, and would be perfectly willing to acquire it under conditions adapted to their environment. That the acquisition of such knowledge would be beneficial to themselves is certain, and it is equally certain that it would be highly beneficial to the manufacturing interests of the country at large.

That the diffusion of such knowledge among our craftsmen is a consummation devoutly to be wished, none except a few bigots will for a moment doubt. The question is, How is the desirable consummation to be effected? Alterations in the conditions of apprenticeship and more liberal views on the part of artisans themselves with regard to the "every man to his trade" idea would, as already incidentally hinted, tend to increase the sum of technical knowledge among our working mechanics.

The one thing most needful, however, is some well-considered imperial measure of technical education. I say this being quite aware that we already have

what it pleases the official mind to call a Science and Art Department. Three hundred and fifty thousand a year of public money is voted to this department. Its cost of administration is abnormally high even for a Government department, while the effective results of its executive operations are abnormally low—even for a Government department. Its supposed *raison d'être*, or at any rate its supposed chief function, is to afford technical education, in the shape of science and art teaching, to the working classes at large. The intention with which the department was originally instituted was therefore a commendable one, but in relation to the fulfilment of that original intention the department is a delusion and a snare, more particularly in the metropolis. It does plenty of work of a kind, makes a fairly good show on paper, and official persons or some of them would no doubt claim that it has been, and is, a successful institution. But unofficial persons who take an interest in the matter, and are in positions for forming a judgment upon it, are unanimously of opinion that the Science and Art Department, as at present constituted, is a failure. It not merely does not do the work it was intended to do, but the known fact of its existence, coupled with the complacent assumption in official circles that a Government department against which there happens to be no general outcry must of necessity be fulfilling its functions, the lack of evidential results notwithstanding, blocks the way to reform.

The most and best that can be said for the Science and Art Department as it stands, is that it might serve as a basis for some such organic measure of reconstruction as would make its potential means effectively operative to the attainment of the desired end of promoting technical education of a practically applicable character among the working classes.

Within the compass of this article there is not space, nor is there any great need, to discuss the shortcomings of the department in detail. It is sufficient here to point out that as now organized it has resolved itself into a machine for apportioning and distributing grants earned on passes by cramming teachers,

and awarding certificates to cram passed students. These certificates have a certain commercial use and value. They are a necessity to those qualifying for, in their turn, becoming cram teachers under the department; they have a distinct monetary value to elementary teachers taking service under school boards, which pay a few pounds a year more to teachers holding some certain number of science certificates; they are valuable for advertising purposes to the private coach for competitive examinations, and may occasionally be useful to persons associated with mechanical industries in some other than a handicraft capacity. But in the workshop they are in themselves of neither use nor value.

If a working man joins a science class, it is with a wish to obtaining knowledge, not a cardboard certificate. Were the certificate of the department a proof that its possessor had acquired a practical knowledge of a science related to his trade, it would be prized not only for the honor of the thing but on material grounds also. As a matter of fact it is not a proof of this. What in nine cases out of ten it does prove is that the holder was a fairly good "study" for examination business, and that his teacher was a clever crammer and successful at forecasting the run of the examination questions for the year. At cram examination work, in which no room is left for their practical knowledge to be brought to bear, artisans are not good. Compared with other classes of students in Government science and art classes they come out badly in the matter of passes, and though numbers of them join the classes because nothing better of the kind is open to them, they know as a body that these classes as a means of technical education in connection with the handicraft industries are a dismal failure.

And yet such classes, properly organized, might be of incalculable service to the country. The engineering is, I take it, a trade that would be as largely benefited as any by a sound and generally available system of technical education, and that trade has gained more in the way of such education from the institution of the Whitworth scholarships than from all the efforts of the Govern-

ment Science and Art Department. The scholarships have been founded with a princely munificence, but their successful results are less due to this fact than to the judgment and common sense displayed by their founder, Sir Joseph Whitworth, the well-known engineer, as an organizer. The competitive examination for these scholarships is not in the "bookish theoretic" alone, is not mere paper-work answers to a string of examination questions. Here theory and practice are compulsorily combined.

Each candidate has to give proof of his skill in handling the tools and using the materials of his craft, and that in no amateurish fashion. That is the prime condition, and the manipulative skill and the bookish knowledge are so arranged as to act and react upon each other in such a fashion that the competitor whose technical knowledge on the whole is the most practical and the most readily susceptible of being practically applied stands the best chance of success.

Unlike the Science and Art Department certificate, a Whitworth scholarship carries weight with the initiated. A man holding one of these scholarships may with a considerable amount of confidence aspire to the higher positions in the trade, and on this ground men of social standing above the artisan classes, and who aim only at the higher positions, compete for the scholarships. But to qualify for competition they must go into the workshops and acquire a fair degree of manual skill, and if in course of time they do become masters or managers, they will act all the more efficiently in those capacities by reason of their workshop experience. On the other hand, the weight given to practical skill and knowledge in these competitions induces large numbers of apprentices and young journeymen to become competitors; and though of course all cannot obtain scholarships, the large majority of them benefit greatly by the study and practice they undergo in the attempt to win. As workmen they are more capable and intelligent than they would otherwise have been, and their increased worth in these respects is so much gain to the trade generally as well as to themselves individually.

Here we have technical education properly so called wisely and fitly conditioned to the actualities by which alone it can be made nationally of practical effect. From an extension of this method we might reasonably hope to see our artisans improve in value as artisans. It would give an impetus to mechanical invention, and would beyond question increase the extent and prolong the period of our manufacturing supremacy. Here is a pattern for the Government Science and Art Department to remodel itself upon. Seeing that as a Government department it is supported by Imperial funds, it is but just that the educational facilities afforded by it should be so varied as to give others beside the working classes opportunities for benefiting by them. At the same time, the last-named classes should be the chief and special consideration with the department.

The technical instruction of those classes as a work of national importance in relation to our position as a manufacturing country was avowedly the justification for calling the department into existence. That it has not in any adequate fashion fulfilled its beings, end, and aim, that as at present directed it cannot hope to fulfil it, is matter of common notoriety among those who have the best means for forming an opinion upon the point. If it would justify its continued existence, it must show a much greater regard than it has hitherto done to the first principles of its constitution. It must establish science and art classes to which only artisans and apprentices shall be eligible for admission. Not in any spirit of exclusiveness, but with the object of making the instruction practical and specific, of making it bear as directly as may be upon the trades in which the students are engaged, and so arranging it that it may illustrate or receive illustration from the actual or possible operations of the workshop—this is the direction in which the Government department should be made to move if it is to accomplish really satisfactory work, and the sooner it begins to move the better it will be for all concerned.

Already a great deal of valuable time has been lost. Ever since the International Exhibition of 1851 the cry for

technical education for our artisans has been heard in the land, but as yet it has been a case of much cry and little—very little—wool. If peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war, she has also her struggles for victory, little less severe than those of war and often more persistent. Never before have these struggles been so keen, determined, and in their kind so bitter as they are now. In the modern industrial war of nations it may be said there is “no discharge.” No country can afford to rest on its laurels. There is no standing still; not to go forward is to go backward.

In so far as we are without a national system of technical education, in so far as we leave our armies of industry untrained and untrained in the higher arts of their war, we are not going forward in the fight. So far, England is wanting in her duty to herself. Her slackness here no doubt arises from failure to realize the immense importance of the subject; but the consequences resulting from continued neglect will be none the less dire on that account. Our present attitude in respect to technical education is preparing the way for disaster, if not defeat or disgrace, to our artisan legions. It is foreshadowing a day of lamentation, a time wherein there will be but too good cause to cry that England’s industrial glory—and with it much of her national greatness—has departed. With Government the promotion of technical education is clearly a duty. With employers of skilled labor it may not be strictly a duty, but it would certainly be to their interest to aid in the work, and they could, and they would, render very valuable aid.

It is not every employer who has the means, even if he had the will, to follow the example set by Sir Joseph Whitworth. Most masters, however, employing any considerable number of operatives might at very little cost establish evening classes for technical instruction in connection with their workshops. It might be made obligatory upon apprentices to attend such classes, and no doubt numbers of journeymen would join them when they were thus “handy.” Teachers and demonstrators could in most instances be found among the

leading *employés*, and the workshops could be made the best of all demonstration theatres.

That the artisan classes as a body have shown themselves unwisely, not to say culpably, apathetic in the matter of technical education is unhappily but too true. They require a good deal of rousing on this head, but they are rousable. If a technical education movement specially adapted to their needs and upon anything like a national scale were organized, they would move with the movement, especially when they began to find—as they soon would do—that those who did not avail themselves of the educational facilities offered would have to take “back seats” in their trades. I have repeatedly heard it argued that all that is required in respect to the scientific training of our artisans is to bring them to see their need of such training and to understand the advantage it would be to them. This done, it is said there would be comparatively little necessity for national effort, the means for individual self-education being abundantly accessible to all who had a desire to attain, and capacity to acquire, technical knowledge. This is true in a measure, but only in a measure. To the average student—and it is the average student who must be considered—systematic instruction under competent teachers is much more fruitful in results than unaided self-study.

Moreover—and this is the important point here—means for scientific self-instruction *suitable to artisans* are not so plentiful as seems to be generally supposed. Technical text-books and treatises abound, it is true, but they are compiled without any reference to the special wants in this wise of operative artisans. They are for the most part mere cram books. The more advanced ones are too purely and absolutely theoretical to suit working-class students, while the elementary ones are too elementary for them, generally being full of descriptions or definitions of the tools with which craftsmen are already perfectly familiar. The classes of students, considered in the existing scientific self-help manuals are not artisans but those who are either cramming for certificate examinations, or those desirous of amusing themselves

with “the guinea box of tools.” So far as book assistance is concerned, the working man’s pursuit of (technical) knowledge is a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. What should working men read—with a view to technical culture—is a very difficult question to answer at present. The theorist and the amateur are provided for, but the artisan is not. It would probably not be the least of the benefits resulting from a national movement in favor of technical education, that it would lead to the production of artisan text-books that would justify their title.

In speaking of the absence of technical knowledge among the rank and file, I am not forgetting that our captains of skilled industry stand in the very forefront not only as organizers of labor, but also as practical scientists and mechanicians. But this in itself is no longer sufficient to afford assurances of our being able to maintain our pride of place. The tactics of destructive warfare have not altered more greatly than have the conditions of industrial competition. Prominent among the new conditions is the necessity for rapid changes and modifications in the application of manipulative skill; and to be prepared for this, while still retaining the system of subdivision of labor, it is absolutely essential that our men should have a wider range of technical knowledge. They require to have their trade drill extended, to be—as well as their tools—easily “convertible” to new uses. It is desirable that as troops they should be made capable of more varied movement and combination, that they should by being more technically intelligent be more plastic in the hands of their commanders. And the needed plasticity, the more ready adaptability to the circumstances arising out of revolutionary movements or abnormal developments in industrial operations, can only be gained under a national system of technical instruction.

If our artisans were educated to a higher, more intelligent comprehension of the arts and mysteries of their crafts, if they understood in a broad and practical way the scientific rationale and mechanical organization underlying and governing the ultimate results in which their individual pieces of work are sub-

divisional processes—if our artisans were technically educated up to this point, they would as a body really feel the vivifying interest in their work which at present they are only supposed to experience. They would also have a greater belief and pride in their callings than is entertained by many of them under the existing condition of affairs. This may seem to outsiders a merely sentimental consideration, but as a matter of fact it is of vital importance as affecting the quality of workmen and workmanship.

In every workshop there are numbers of croakers. They are the men who tell you that the "trade" is overstocked, that it is done for, has had its day, is no longer a trade to put a boy to. This is the sort of stuff they *do* talk to boys who have been put to the trade, often with disastrous effects. According to this stamp of man the times are permanently out of joint, and this world no longer a place for mechanics if they will suicidally persist in adding to their numbers. "Look at me," such a man will say; "I speak from experience, I am in the trade, and I know. I have never a penny to bless myself with till pay-day comes; I am as much out of work as in, and never certain of employment from one week to another." This is quite right of himself, and he can point to plenty more like himself. His home is miserable, his family slatternly, himself of poverty-stricken appearance. Foremen are "down upon him," and more successful—or as he puts it more lucky—fellow-workmen regard him with a contemptuous pity.

If he were an average specimen of the "trade," he would indeed be a warning against coming into it, an argument for getting out of it. But he is not an average specimen. Though he tries to figure as a martyr, he is only that stock character, the horrid example. He is one of the hard bargains of his craft, is either a duffer, a slouch, or a boozier, incapable, lazy or drunken, or perhaps all three. The men of this stamp are the residuum of the artisan classes, and among the other beneficial effects of the higher training would be its tendency to squeeze out the residuum. The residual type of workman would not exert

himself to move up, and, as a consequence, his relative worthlessness would be so increased that he would no longer be found worth his salt, even in busy times. He would gradually find himself pressed to a lower than the artisan level, and his loss would be the gain of the trade to which he had been attached.

While the croaker is ever ready to call upon you to look upon *this* picture as embodied in himself, he is careful not to direct attention to *that*, as illustrated by the better, more truly representative artisan. The latter, in times of anything like average briskness in trade, can command good work and good pay all the year round, has a comfortable home, saves money, provides through his benefit and trade clubs for the proverbial rainy day, is in his degree respected because self-respecting, and on the whole is a person rather to be envied than pitied.

It may safely be asserted that there never was a time when there were such opportunities for the mechanic as there are at the present day. Every new discovery or development in the resources of civilization increases the demand for his services. If by such misfortunes as do sometimes befall he finds himself crowded out or superseded in an old country, he is better qualified than most other men to make his way in new countries. In the work of colonization the practical artificer is required almost contemporaneously with the agriculturist, and the need for him increases with every advancing stage of the work. There are plenty of openings for him. The instances in which workmen rise to be masters or managers are innumerable, while even should he remain a journeyman all his life he may still be happy and in all essential respects a gentleman. If he has manliness enough to keep himself free from the taint of the depraving social competition to keep up appearances, he may live comfortably, have leisure to cultivate the graces, and means to enjoy a fair share of the rational pleasures of life.

The working classes of the country could be confidently relied upon to contribute to the success of any movement for once more making the brand "Old English Manufacture" a proud and profitable trade device—a guarantee for

trustworthy workmanship and honest material, for the articles so branded being what they professed to be, or doing what they were supposed to do. There can be no reasonable doubt either that our artisans might with equal confidence be relied upon—again on grounds of self-interest, if from no higher motive—to play the important part that would fall to them in the successful working out of any national scheme for technical education. It is sometimes contended that while English mechanics are undoubtedly more skilful and self-assured than any others in point of manual skill, they are inferior in point of artistic feeling and capacity for assimilating and applying technical knowledge. This opinion must, however, be regarded as merely theoretic, seeing that it is of necessity founded largely if not wholly upon surmise. Save in individual instances, English artisans have had no opportunity of showing to what extent they may be endowed with artistic feeling or perception or a faculty for technical knowledge. It appears to me quite fair to suppose that such perception and faculty, so far as they relate to mechanical work, are very likely to be found in latent association with the admittedly superior natural aptitudes for handicraft skill.

In any case, the time has fully arrived when the subject of a higher training

for our artisans should be taken up as a matter involving national welfare. Though it does not blaze forth in agitation, it is nevertheless a burning question. Prolonged inactivity with respect to it will certainly not prove to be masterly. If the national value of our artisan classes is to remain unrealized or unacted upon; if their position and power is to be determined solely by a cutting-down competition, in which the chief weapons employed are adulteration and scamping; if, in short, things are to be allowed to go on as they have been going, they must in the nature of events go from bad to worse, and the decline and fall of our manufacturing empire is inevitable. If as a nation we shirk our duty, neglect our interest in this matter, we may cynically or selfishly console ourselves with the reflection that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We may with a good show of reason hope and believe that the decline will be slow, that the momentum we have acquired will carry us on for at least our time, and that the after-time is for those who live in it to deal with. None the less we shall be tottering to our fall, and in this age of rapid changes and the frequent occurrence of the unexpected, the fall or something approaching it *might* come suddenly.—*Nineteenth Century*.

DENYS L'AUXERROIS.

BY WALTER PATER.

ALMOST every people, as we know, has had its legend of a "golden age," and of its return—legends which will hardly be forgotten, however prosaic the world may become, while man himself remains the aspiring, never quite contented being he is. And yet in truth, since we are no longer children, we might well question the advantage of the return to us of a condition of life in which, by the nature of the case, the values of things would, so to speak, lie wholly on their surfaces, unless we could regain also the childish consciousness, or rather unconsciousness, in ourselves to take all that adroitly and with

the appropriate lightness of heart. The dream however has been left for the most part in the usual vagueness of dreams: in their waking hours people have been too busy to furnish it forth with details. What follows is a quaint legend, with detail enough, of such a return of a golden or poetically-gilded age (a denizen of old Greece itself actually finding his way back again among men) as it happened in an ancient town of mediæval France.

Of the French town properly so called in which the products of successive ages, not without lively touches of the present, are blended together harmoni-

ously, with a beauty specific—a beauty cisalpine and northern, yet at the same time quite distinct from the massive German picturesque of Ulm, or Freiburg, or Augsburg—and of which Turner has found the ideal in certain of his studies of the rivers of France, a perfectly happy conjunction of river and town being of the essence of its physiognomy—the town of Auxerre is perhaps the most complete realization to be found by the actual wanderer. Certainly for picturesque expression it is the most memorable of a distinguished group of three in these parts—Auxerre, Sens, Troyes—each gathered, as if with deliberate aim at such effect, about the central mass of a huge gray cathedral.

Around Troyes the natural picturesque is to be sought only in the rich, almost coarse, summer coloring of the Champagne country, of which the very tiles, the plaster and brick-work of its tiny villages and great, straggling, village-like farms have caught the warmth. The cathedral, visible far and wide over the fields seemingly of loose wild-flowers, itself a rich mixture of all the varieties of the Pointed style down to the latest *Flamboyant*, may be noticed among the greater French churches for breadth of proportions internally, and is famous for its almost unrivalled treasure of stained glass, chiefly of a florid, elaborate, later type, with much highly conscious artistic contrivance in design as well as in color. In one of the richest of its windows, for instance, certain lines of pearly white run hither and thither, with delightful distant effect, upon ruby and dark blue. Approaching nearer you find it to be a 'Travellers' window, and those odd lines of white the long walking-staves in the hands of Abraham, Raphael, the Magi, and the other saintly patrons of journeys. The appropriate provincial character of the *bourgeoisie* of Champagne is still to be seen, it would appear, among the citizens of Troyes. Its streets, for the most part in timber and partering, present more than one unaltered specimen of the ancient *hôtel* or town-house, with forecourt and garden in the rear; and its more devout citizens would seem even in their church-building to have sought chiefly to please the eyes of those occupied with mundane affairs and out of

doors, for they have finished, with abundant outlay, only the vast, useless portals of their parish churches, of a surprising height and lightness, in a kind of wildly elegant Gothic-on-stilts, giving to the streets of Troyes a peculiar air of the grotesque, as if in some quaint nightmare of the middle age.

At Sens, thirty miles away to the west, a place of far graver aspect, the name of Jean Cousin denotes a more chastened temper, even in these sumptuous decorations. Here all is cool and composed, with an almost English austerity. The first growth of the Pointed style in England—the hard "early English" of Canterbury—is indeed the creation of William, a master reared in the architectural school of Sens; and the severity of his taste might seem to have acted as a restraining power on all the subsequent changes of manner in this place—changes in themselves for the most part toward luxuriance. In harmony with the atmosphere of its great church is the cleanly quiet of the town, kept fresh by little channels of clear water circulating through its streets, derivatives of the rapid Vanne which falls just below into the Yonne. The Yonne, bending gracefully link after link through a never-ending rustle of poplar trees, beneath lowly vine-clad hills, with relics of delicate woodland here and there, sometimes close at hand, sometimes leaving an interval of broad meadow, has all the lightsome characteristics of French river-side scenery on a smaller scale than usual, and might pass for the child's fancy of a river, like the rivers of the old miniature-painters, blue and full to a fair green margin. One notices along its course a greater proportion than elsewhere of still untouched old seignorial residences, larger or smaller. The range of old gibbous towns along its banks, expanding their gay quays upon the water-side, have a common character—Joigny, Villeneuve, Saint Julien-du-Sault,—yet tempt us to tarry at each and examine its relics, old glass and the like, of the Renaissance or the Middle Age, for the acquisition of real though minor lessons on the various arts which have left themselves a central monument at Auxerre.—Auxerre! A slight ascent in the winding road! and you have before you the

prettiest town in France—the broad framework of vineyard sloping gently to the horizon, with distant white cottages inviting one to walk : the quiet curve of river below, with all the riverside details : the three great purple-tiled masses of St. Germain, Saint Pierre, and the cathedral of Saint Étienne, rising out of the crowded houses with more than the usual abruptness and irregularity of French building. Here that rare artist, the susceptible painter of architecture, if he understands the value alike of line and mass, of broad masses and delicate lines, has “ a subject made to his hand.”

A veritable country of the vine, it presents nevertheless an expression peaceful rather than radiant. Perfect type of that happy mean between northern earnestness and the luxury of the south, for which we prize midland France, its physiognomy is not quite happy—attractive in part for its melancholy. Its most characteristic atmosphere is to be seen when the tide of light and distant cloud is travelling quickly over it, when rain is not far off, and every touch of art or of time on its old building is defined in clear gray. A fine summer ripens its grapes into a valuable wine ; but in spite of that it seems always longing for a larger and more continuous allowance of the sunshine that is so much to its taste. You might fancy something querulous or plaintive in that rustling movement of the vine-leaves, as blue-frocked Jacques Bonhomme finishes his day's labor among them.

To beguile one such afternoon when the rain set in early and walking was impossible, I found my way to the shop of an old dealer in *bric-à-brac*. It was not a monotonous display, after the manner of the Parisian dealer, of a stock-in-trade the like of which one has seen many times over, but a discriminate collection of real curiosities. One seemed to recognize a provincial school of taste in various relics of the house-keeping of the last century, with many a gem of earlier times from the old churches and religious houses of the neighborhood. Among them was a large and brilliant fragment of stained glass which might have come from the cathedral itself. Of the very finest

quality in color and design, it presented a figure not exactly conformable to any recognized ecclesiastical type ; and it was clearly part of a series. On my eager inquiry for the remainder, the old man replied that no more of it was known, but added that the priest of a neighboring village was the possessor of an entire set of tapestries, apparently intended for suspension in church, and designed to portray the whole subject of which the figure in the stained glass was a portion.

Next afternoon accordingly I repaired to the priest's house, in reality a little Gothic building, part perhaps of an ancient manor-house, close to the village church. In the front garden, flower-garden and *potager* in one, the bees were busy among the autumn growths—many-colored asters, bignonias, scarlet-beans, and the old-fashioned parsonage flowers. The courteous owner readily showed me his tapestries, some of which hung on the walls of his parlor and staircase by way of a background for the display of the other curiosities of which he was a collector. Certainly, those tapestries and the stained glass dealt with the same theme. In both were the same musical instruments—pipes, cymbals, long reed-like trumpets. The story, indeed, included the building of an organ—just such an instrument, only on a larger scale, as was standing in the old priest's library, though almost soundless now ; whereas in certain of the woven pictures the hearers appear as if transported, some of them shouting rapturously to the organ music. A sort of mad vehemence prevails, indeed, throughout the delicate bewilderments of the whole series—giddy dances, wild animals leaping, above all perpetual wreathings of the vine, connecting, like some mazy arabesque, the various presentations of one oft-repeated figure, translated here out of the clear-colored glass into the sadder, somewhat opaque and earthen hues of the silken threads. The figure was that of the organ-builder himself, a flaxen and flowery creature, sometimes well-nigh naked among the vine-leaves, sometimes muffled in skins against the cold, sometimes in the dress of a monk, but always with a strong impress of real character and incident from the veritable streets of Auxerre. What

is it? Certainly, notwithstanding its grace, and wealth of graceful accessories, a suffering, tortured figure. With all the regular beauty of a pagan god, he has suffered after a manner of which we must suppose pagan gods incapable. It was as if one of those fair, triumphant beings had cast in his lot with the creatures of an age later than his own, people of larger spiritual capacity and assuredly of a larger capacity for melancholy. With this fancy in my mind, by the help of certain notes which lay in the priest's curious library upon the history of the works at the cathedral during the period of its finishing, and in repeated examination of the old tapestried designs, the story shaped itself at last.

Toward the middle of the thirteenth century the cathedral of Saint Étienne was complete in its main outlines : what remained was the building of the great tower, and all that various labor of final decoration which it would take more than one generation to accomplish. Certain circumstances, however, not wholly explained, led to a somewhat rapid finishing, as it were, out of hand, yet with a marvellous fulness at once and grace. Of the result much has perished, or been transferred elsewhere ; a portion is still visible in sumptuous relics of stained windows, and, above all, in the reliefs which adorn the western portals, very delicately carved in a fine, firm stone from Tonnerre, of which time has only browned the surface, and which, for early mastery in art, may be compared to the contemporary work of Italy. They come nearer than the art of that age was used to do to the expression of life ; with a feeling for reality, in no ignoble form, caught, it might seem, from the ardent and full-veined existence then current in these actual streets and houses. Just then Auxerre had its turn in that political movement which broke out sympathetically, first in one, then in another of the towns of France, turning their narrow, feudal institutions into a free, communistic life—a movement of which those great centres of popular devotion, the French cathedrals, are in many instances the monument. Closely connected always with the assertion of individual freedom, alike in mind and manners, at

Auxerre this political stir was associated also, as cause or effect, with the figure and character of a particular personage, long remembered. He was the very genius, it would appear, of that new, free, generous manner in art, active and potent as a living creature.

As the most skilful of the band of carvers worked there one day, with a labor he could never quite make equal to the vision within him, a finely sculptured Greek coffin of stone, which had been made to serve for some later Roman funeral, was unearthed by the masons, with the thing done and art achieved, as far as regards those final graces and harmonies of execution, which were precisely what lay beyond the hand of the mediæval workman, who for his part had largely at command a seriousness of conception lacking in the old Greek. Within the coffin lay an object of a fresh and brilliant clearness among the ashes of the dead—a flask of lively green glass, like a great emerald. It might have been the wondrous vessel of the Grail. Only, this object seemed to bring back no ineffable purity, but rather the riotous and earthy heat of old paganism itself. Coated within, and, as some were persuaded, still redolent with the tawny sediment of the Roman wine it had held so long ago, it was set aside for use at the supper which was shortly to celebrate the completion of the masons' work. Amid much talk of the great age of old, and some random expressions of hope that it might return again, fine old wine of Auxerre was sipped in small glasses from the precious flask as supper ended. And, whether or not the opening of the buried vessel had anything to do with it, from that time a sort of golden age seemed indeed to be reigning there for a while, and the triumphant completion of the great church was contemporary with a series of remarkable wine seasons. The vintage of those years was long remembered. Fine and abundant wine was to be found stored up even in poor men's cottages ; while a new beauty, a gayety, was abroad, as all the conjoint arts branched out exuberantly in a reign of quiet, delighted labor, at the prompting, as it seemed, of the singular being who came suddenly and oddly to Auxerre to be the centre of so pleasant

a period, though in truth he made but a sad ending.

A singular usage long perpetuated itself at Auxerre. On Easter-day the canons, in the very centre of the great church, played solemnly at ball. Vespers being sung, instead of conducting the bishop to his palace, they proceeded in order into the nave, the people standing in two long rows to watch. Girding up their skirts a little way, the whole body of clerics awaited their turn in silence, while the captain of the singing-boys cast the ball into the air, as high as he might, along the vaulted roof of the central aisle to be caught by any boy who could, and tossed again with hand or foot till it passed on to the portly chanters, the chaplains, the canons themselves, who finally played out the game with all the decorum of an ecclesiastical ceremony. It was just then, just as the canons took the ball to themselves so gravely, that Denys—Denys l'Auxerrois, as he was afterward called—appeared for the first time. Leaping in among the timid children, he made the thing really a game. The boys played like boys, the men almost like madmen, and all with a delightful glee which became contagious, first in the clerical body, and then among the spectators. The aged Dean of the Chapter, protonotary of his Holiness, held up his purple skirt a little higher, and stepping from the ranks with an amazing levity, as if suddenly relieved of his burden of eighty years, tossed the ball with his foot to the venerable capitular Homilist, equal to the occasion. And then, unable to stand inactive any longer, the laity carried on the game among themselves, with shouts of not too boisterous amusement; the sport continuing till the flight of the ball could no longer be traced along the dusky aisles.

Though the home of his childhood was but a humble one—one of those little cliff-houses cut out in the low chalky hill-side, such as are still to be found with inhabitants in certain districts of France—there were some who connected his birth with the story of a beautiful country girl, who, about eighteen years before, had been taken from her own people, not unwillingly, for the pleasure of the Count of Auxerre. She

had wished indeed to see the great lord, who had sought her privately, in the glory of his own house; but, terrified by the strange splendors of her new abode and manner of life, and the anger of the true wife, she had fled suddenly from the place during the confusion of a violent storm, and in her flight given birth prematurely to a child. The child, a singularly fair one, was found alive, but the mother dead, by lightning-stroke as it seemed, not far from her lord's chamber-door, under the shelter of a ruined ivy-clad tower. Denys himself certainly was a joyous lad enough. At the cliff-side cottage, nestling actually beneath the vineyards, he grew to be an unrivalled gardener, and, grown to manhood, brought his produce to market, keeping a stall in the great cathedral square for the sale of melons and pomegranates, all manner of seeds and flowers (*omnia speciosa camporum*), honey also, wax tapers, sweetmeats hot from the frying-pan, rough home-made pots and pans from the little pottery in the wood, loaves baked by the aged woman in whose house he lived. On that Easter-day he had entered the great church for the first time, for the purpose of seeing the game.

And from the very first, the women who saw him at his business, or watering his plants in the cool of the evening, idled for him. The men who noticed the crowd of women at his stall, and how even fresh young girls from the country, seeing him for the first time, always loitered there, suspected—who could tell what kind of powers? hidden under the white veil of that youthful form; and pausing to ponder the matter, found themselves also fallen into the snare. The sight of him made old people feel young again. Even the sage monk Hermes, devoted to study and experiment, was unable to keep the fruit-seller out of his mind, and would fain have discovered the secret of his charm, partly for the friendly purpose of explaining to the lad himself his perhaps more than natural gifts with a view to their profitable cultivation.

It was a period, as older men took note, of young men and their influence. They took fire, no one could quite explain how, as if at his presence, and asserted a wonderful amount of volition,

of insolence, yet as if with the consent of their elders, who would themselves sometimes lose their balance, a little comically. That revolution in the temper and manner of individuals concurred with the movement then on foot at Auxerre, as in other French towns, for the liberation of the *commune* from its old feudal superiors. Denys they called *Frank*, among many other nicknames. Young lords prided themselves on saying that labor should have its ease, and were almost prepared to take freedom, plebeian freedom (of course duly decorated at least with wildflowers) for a bride. For in truth Denys at his stall was turning the grave, slow movement of politic heads into a wild social license, which for a while made life like a stage-play. He first led those long processions, through which by and by "the little people," the discontented, the despairing, would utter their minds. One man engaged with another in talk in the market-place; a new influence came forth at the contact; another and then another adhered; at last a new spirit was abroad everywhere. The hot nights were noisy with swarming troops of dishevelled women and youths with red-stained limbs and faces, carrying their lighted torches over the vine-clad hills, or rushing down the streets, to the horror of timid watchers, toward the cool spaces by the river. A shrill music, a laughter at all things, was everywhere. And the new spirit repaired even to church to take part in the novel offices of the Feast of Fools. Heads flung back in ecstasy—the morning sleep among the vines, when the fatigue of the night was over—dew-drenched garments—the serf lying at his ease at last;—the artists, then so numerous at the place, caught what they could, something at least, of the richness, the flexibility, of the visible aspects of life from all this. With them the life of seeming idleness, to which Denys was conducting the youth of Auxerre so pleasantly, counted but as the cultivation, for their due service to man, of delightful natural things. And the powers of nature concurred. It seemed there would be winter no more. The planet Mars drew nearer to the earth than usual, hanging in the low sky like a fiery red lamp. A massive but well-nigh lifeless

vine on the wall of the cloister, allowed to remain there only as a curiosity on account of its immense age, in that *great* season, as it was long after called, clothed itself with fruit once more. The culture of the grape greatly increased. The sunlight fell for the first time on many a spot of deep woodland cleared for vine-growing; though Denys, a lover of trees, was careful to leave a stately specimen of forest growth here and there.

When his troubles came, one characteristic that had seemed most amiable in his prosperity was turned against him, a fondness for oddly grown or even misshapen, yet potentially happy, children; for odd animals also; he sympathized with them all, was skilful in healing their maladies, saved the hare in the chase, and sold his mantle to redeem a lamb from the butcher. He taught the people not to be afraid of the strange ugly creatures which the light of the moving torches drew from their hiding places, nor think it a bad omen that they approached. He tamed a veritable wolf to keep him company like a dog. It was the first of many ambiguous circumstances about him, from which, in the minds of an increasing number of people, a deep suspicion and hatred began to define itself. The rich *bestiary*, then compiling in the library of the great church, became, through his assistance, nothing less than a garden of Eden—the garden of Eden grown wild. The owl alone he abhorred. A little later, partly as if in revenge, alone of all animals it clung to him, haunting him persistently among the dusky stone towers, when grown gentler than ever he dared not kill it. He moved unhurt in the famous *ménagerie* of the castle, of which the common people were so much afraid, and led out the lions, themselves timid prisoners enough, through the streets during the fair. The incident suggested to the somewhat barren penmen of the day a "morality" adapted from the old pagan books,—a stage-play in which the God of Wine should return in triumph from the East. In the cathedral square the pageant was presented, amid an intolerable noise of every kind of pipe-music, with Denys in the chief part, upon a gayly-painted chariot, in soft silken raiment and, for head-dress,

a strange elephant scalp with gilded tusks.

And that unrivalled fairness and freshness of aspect—how did he alone preserve it untouched, through the wind and heat? In truth, it was not by magic, as some said, but by a natural simplicity in his living. When that dark season of his troubles came he was heard begging querulously one wintry night, "Give me wine, meat; dark wine and brown meat!" come back to the rude door of his old home in the cliff-side. Till that time the great vine-dresser himself drank only water; he had lived on spring water and fruit. A lover of fertility in all its forms, in what did but suggest it, he was curious and penetrative concerning the habits of water, and had the secret of the divining rod. Long before it came he could detect the scent of rain from afar, and would climb with delight to the great scaffolding on the unfinished tower to watch its coming over the thirsty vine-land, till it rattled on the great tiled roof of the church below; and then, throwing off his mantle, allow it to bathe his limbs freely, clinging firmly against the tempestuous wind among the carved imageries of dark stone.

It was on his sudden return after a long journey (one of many inexplicable disappearances) coming back changed somewhat, that he ate flesh for the first time, tearing the hot, red morsels with his delicate fingers in a kind of wild greed. He had fled to the south from the first forbidding days of a hard winter which came at last. At the great seaport of Marseilles he had trafficked with sailors from all parts of the world, from Arabia and India, and bought their wares, exposed now for sale, to the wonder of all, at the Easter-fair—richer wines and incense than had been known in Auxerre, seeds of marvellous new flowers, creatures wild and tame, new pottery painted in raw gaudy tints, the skins of animals, meats fried with unheard-of condiments. His stall formed a strange unwonted patch of color, found suddenly displayed in the hot morning.

The artists were more delighted than ever, and frequented his company in the little manorial habitation, deserted long since by its owners and haunted,

so that the eyes of many looked evil upon it, where he had taken up his abode; attracted, in the first instance, by its rich though neglected garden, a tangle of every kind of creeping vine-like plant. Here, surrounded in abundance by the pleasant materials of his trade, the vine-dresser as it were turned pedant and kept school for the various artists, who learned here an art supplementary to their own,—that gay magic, namely (art or trick) of his existence, till they found themselves grown into a kind of aristocracy, like veritable *gens fleur-de-lis*, as they worked together for the decoration of the great church and a hundred other places beside. And yet a darkness had grown upon him. The kind creature had lost something of his gentleness. Strange motiveless misdeeds had happened; and, at a loss for other causes, not the envious only would fain have traced the blame to Denys. He was making the younger world mad. Would he make himself Count of Auxerre? The lady Ariane, deserted by her former lover, had looked kindly upon him; was ready to make him son-in-law to the old count her father, old and not long for this world. The wise monk Hermes bethought him of certain old readings in which the Wine-god, whose part Denys had played so well had his contrast, his dark or antipathetic side; was like a double creature of two natures, difficult or impossible to harmonize. And in truth the much-prized wine of Auxerre has itself but a fugitive charm, being apt to sicken and turn gross long before the bottle is empty, however carefully sealed; as it goes indeed, at its best, by hard names, among those who grow it, such as *Chainette* and *Migraine*.

A kind of degeneration, of coarseness—the coarseness of satiety and shapeless battered-out appetite—with an almost savage taste for carnivorous diet, had come over the company. A rumor went abroad of certain women who had drowned in mere wantonness their newborn babes. A girl with child was found hanged by her own act in a dark cellar. Ah! if Denys also had not felt himself mad! But when the guilt of a murder, committed with a great vine-axe far out among the vineyards, was attributed vaguely to him, he could but wonder

whether it had been indeed thus, and the shadow of a fancied crime abode with him. People turned against their favorite, whose former charms must now be counted only as the fascinations of witchcraft. It was as if the wine poured out for them had soured in the cup. The golden age had indeed come back for a while—golden was it, or gilded only, after all? and they were too sick, or at least too serious, to carry through their parts in it. The monk Hermes was whimsically reminded of that *after-thought* in pagan poetry, of a Wine-god who had been in hell. Denys certainly, with all his flaxen fairness about him, was manifestly a sufferer. At first he thought of departing secretly to some other place. Alas! his wits were too far gone for certainty of success in the attempt. He feared to be brought back a prisoner. Those fat years were over. It was a time of scarcity. The working people might not eat and drink of the good things they had helped to store away. Tears rose in the eyes of needy children, of old or weak people like children, as they woke up again and again to sunless frost-bound, ruinous mornings; and the little hungry creatures went prowling after scattered hedge-nuts or dried vine-tendrils. Mysterious, dark rains prevailed throughout the summer. The great offices of Saint John were fumbled through in a sudden darkness of unseasonable storm, which greatly damaged the carved ornaments of the church, the bishop reading his midday mass by the light of the little candle at his book. And then, one night, the night which seemed literally to have swallowed up the shortest day in the year, a plot was contrived by certain persons to take Denys as he went and kill him privately for a sorcerer. He could hardly tell how he escaped, and found himself safe in his earliest home, the cottage in the cliff-side, with such a big fire as he delighted in burning upon the hearth. They made a little feast as well as they could for the beautiful hunted creature, with abundance of wax-lights.

And at last the clergy bethought themselves of a remedy for this evil time. The body of Saint Edme had lain neglected somewhere under the flagstones of the sanctuary. This must be

piously exhumed, and provided with a shrine worthy of it. The goldsmiths, the jewellers and lapidaries, set diligently to work, and no long time after the shrine, like a little cathedral with portals and tower complete, stood ready, its chiselled gold framing panels of rock crystal, on the great altar. Many bishops arrived with King Lewis the Saint himself, accompanied by his mother, to assist at the search for and disinterment of the sacred relics. In their presence, the bishop of Auxerre, in vestments of deep red in honor of the relics, blessed the new shrine, according to the office *De benedictione capsarum pro reliquiis*. The pavement of the choir, removed amid a surging sea of lugubrious chants, all persons fasting, discovered as if it had been a battle-field of mouldering human remains. Their odor rose plainly above the plentiful clouds of incense, such as was used in the King's private chapel. The search for the Saint himself continued in vain all day and far into the night. At last from a little narrow chest, into which the remains had been almost crushed together, the bishop's red-gloved hands drew the dwindled body, shrunken inconceivably, but still with every feature of the face traceable in a sudden oblique ray of ghastly dawn.

That shocking sight, after a sharp fit as if a demon were going out of him, as he rolled on the turf of the cloister, to which he had fled alone from the suffocating church where the crowd still awaited the Procession of the relics and the mass *De reliquiis quæ continentur in Ecclesiis*, seemed indeed to have cured the madness of Denys, but certainly did not restore his gayety. He was left a subdued, silent, melancholy creature. Turning now, with an odd revulsion of feeling, to gloomy objects, he picked out a ghastly shred from the common bones on the pavement to wear about his neck, and in a little while found his way to the monks of Saint Germain, who gladly received him into their workshop, though secretly in fear of his foes.

The busy tribe of variously gifted artists, laboring rapidly at the many works on hand for the final embellishment of the cathedral of Saint Étienne, made those conventual buildings just then cheerful enough to lighten a mel-

ancholy heavy even as that of our friend Denys. He took his place among the workmen, a conventual novice; a novice also as to whatever concerns any actual handicraft. He could but compound sweet incense for the sanctuary. And yet, again by merely visible presence, he made himself felt in all the varied exercise around him of those arts which address themselves first of all to sight. He defined unconsciously a manner, alike of feeling and expression, to those skilful hands at work day by day with the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, in many an enduring form of exquisite fancy. In three successive phases or fashions might be traced, especially in the carved work, the humors he had determined. There was first wild gayety, exuberant in a wreathing of life-like imageries, from which nothing really present in nature was excluded. That, as the soul of Denys darkened, had passed into obscure regions of the satiric, the grotesque and coarse. But from this time there was manifest, with no loss of power or effect, a well-assured seriousness, somewhat jealous and exclusive; not so much in the selection of the material on which the arts were to work, as in the precise sort of expression that should be induced upon it. It was as if the gay old pagan world had been blessed in some way; and was seen most clearly in the rich miniature work of the manuscripts of the capitular library—a marvellous Ovid, especially, upon the pages of which those old loves and sorrows seemed to come to life again in mediæval costume, as Denys, in cowl now and with tonsured head, leaned over the painter, and by a kind of visible sympathy, often unspoken, led his work, rather than by any formal comment.

Above all, there was a desire abroad to attain the instruments of a freer and more various sacred music than had been in use hitherto—a music that might express the whole compass of souls now grown to manhood. Auxerre, indeed, then as afterward, was famous for its liturgical music. It was Denys, at last, to whom the thought occurred of combining in a fuller tide of music all the instruments then in use. Like the Wine-god of old, he had been a lover

and patron especially of the music of the pipe, in all its varieties. Here, too, there had been evident those three fashions or "modes." First, the simple and pastoral, the homely note of the pipe, like the piping of the wind itself from off the distant fields; then the wild, savage din, that had cost so much to quiet people, and driven excitable people mad. Now he would compose all this to sweeter purposes; and the building of the first organ became like the book of his life; it expanded to the full compass of his nature, in its sorrow and delight. In long, enjoyable days of wind and sun by the river-side, the seemingly half-witted "brother" sought and found the needful varieties of reed. The carpenters, under his instruction, set up the great wooden passages for the thunder; while the little pipes of paste-board simulated the sound of the human voice singing to the victorious notes of the long metal trumpets. At times, this also, as people heard night after night those wandering sounds, seemed like the work of a madman, though they awoke sometimes in wonder at snatches of a new, an unmistakable new music. It was the triumph of all the various modes of the power of the pipe, tamed, ruled, united. On the painted shutters of the organ-case Apollo with his lyre in his hand, as lord of the strings, seemed to look askance on the music of the reed, in all the jealousy with which he put Marsyas to death so cruelly.

Meantime the people, even his enemies, seemed to have forgotten him. Enemies, in truth, they still were, ready to take his life should the opportunity come; as he perceived when at last he ventured forth on a day of public ceremony. The bishop was to pronounce a blessing upon the foundations of a new bridge, designed to take the place of the ancient Roman bridge which, repaired in a thousand places, had hitherto served for the chief passage of the Yonne. It was as if the disturbing of that time-worn masonry let out the dark spectres of departed times. Deep down, at the core of the central pile, a painful object was exposed—the skeleton of a child, placed there alive, it was rightly surmised, in the superstitious belief that, by way of vicarious substitution, its death would secure the

safety of all who should pass over. There were some who found themselves, with a little surprise, looking round as if for a similar pledge of security in their new undertaking. It was just then that Denys was seen plainly, standing in all essential features precisely as of old upon one of the great stones prepared for the foundation of the new building. For a moment he felt the eyes of the people upon him full of this strange humor, and with characteristic alertness, after a rapid gaze over the gray city in its broad green frame of vineyards, best seen from this spot, flung himself down into the water and disappeared from view where the stream flowed most swiftly below a row of flour-mills. Some indeed fancied they had seen him emerge again safely on the deck of one of the great boats, loaded with grapes and wreathed triumphantly with flowers like a floating garden, which were then bringing down the vintage from the country ; but generally the people believed their strange enemy now at last departed forever. Denys in truth was at work again in peace at the cloister, upon his house of reeds and pipes. At times his fits came upon him again ; and when they came, for his cure he would dig eagerly, turned sexton now, digging by choice graves for the dead in the various church-yards of the town. There were those who had seen him thus employed (that form seeming still to carry the sunlight upon it) peering into the darkness, while his tears fell sometimes among the grim relics his mattock had disturbed.

In fact, from the day of the exhumation of the body of the saint in the great church, he had had a wonderful curiosity for such objects, and one wintry day bethought him of removing the body of his mother from the unconsecrated ground in which it lay, that he might bury it in the cloister near the spot where he now worked. At twilight he came over the frozen snow. As he passed through the stony barriers of the place the world around seemed curdled to the centre—all but himself, fighting his way across it, turning now and then right-about from the persistent wind, which dealt so roughly with his blond hair and the purple mantle whirled about him. The bones, hastily gath-

ered, he placed, awfully but without ceremony, in a hollow space prepared secretly within the grave of another.

Meantime the winds of his organ were ready to blow ; and with difficulty he obtained grace from the Chapter for a trial of its powers on a notable public occasion, as follows. A singular guest was expected at Auxerre. In recompense for some service rendered to the Chapter in times gone by, the Sire de Chastellux had the hereditary dignity of a canon of the church. On the day of his reception he presented himself at the entrance of the choir in surplice and amice worn over the military habit. The old count of Chastellux was lately dead, and the heir had announced his coming according to custom to claim his ecclesiastical privilege. There had been long feud between the houses of Chastellux and Auxerre ; but on this happy occasion an offer of peace came with a proposal for the hand of the Lady Ariane.

The goodly young man arrived, and, duly arrayed, was received into his stall at vespers, the bishop assisting. It was then that the people heard the music of the organ, rolling over them for the first time, with various feelings of delight. But the performer on and author of the instrument was forgotten in his work, and there was no reinstatement of the former favorite. The religious ceremony was followed by a civic festival, in which Auxerre welcomed its future lord. The festival would end at night-fall with a somewhat rude popular pageant, in which the person of Winter would be hunted blindfold through the streets. It was the sequel to that old stage-play of the Return from the East in which Denys had been the central figure. The old forgotten player saw his part before him, and, as if mechanically, fell again into the chief place, monk's dress and all. It might restore his popularity : who could tell ? Hastily he donned the ashen-gray mantle, the rough hair-cloth about the throat, and went through the preliminary play. And it happened that a point of the hair-cloth scratched his lip deeply, with a long trickling of blood upon the chin. It was as if the sight of blood transported the spectators with a kind of mad rage, and suddenly revealed to them the truth.

The pretended hunting of the unholy creature became a real one, which brought out in rapid increase men's evil passions. The soul of Denys was already at rest, as his body, now borne along in front of the crowd, was tossed hither and thither, torn at last limb from limb. The men stuck little shreds of his flesh, or, failing that, of his torn raiment, into their caps; the women lending their long hair-pins for the purpose. The monk Hermes' sought in vain next day for any remains of the body of his friend. Only, at nightfall, the heart of Denys was brought to him

by a stranger, still entire. It must long since have mouldered into dust under the stone, marked with a cross, where he buried it in a dark corner of the cathedral aisle.

So the figure in the stained glass explained itself. To me, Denys seemed to have been a real resident at Auxerre. On days of a certain atmosphere, when the trace of the Middle Age comes out like old marks in the stones in rainy weather, I seemed actually to have seen the tortured figure there—to have met Denys l'Auxerrois in the streets.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

STATESMEN OF EASTERN EUROPE.

M. DE GIERS—COUNT ANDRASSY—COUNT KALNOKY—M. DE KALLAY—M. TISZA—COUNT APPONYI—COUNT TAAFFE—M. GARASCHANIN—M. RISTIC—M. ZANKOFF—M. KARAVELOFF—COUNT ROBILANT.

To the English newspaper reader most of the names of foreign statesmen that recur daily in the telegraphic intelligence are mere names, and nothing else. Bismarck we know, and we are also acquainted with most French politicians to the third and fourth degrees of mediocrity; but few could "put faces" on to the names of De Giers, Kalnoky, Andrassy, Tisza, Taaffe, Karaveloff, Garaschanin, Robilant, and others, whose power or influence extends over the larger half of Europe—men who are important factors in all international calculations, and who ought not, therefore, to be to our people unknown quantities.

It is the more desirable that the characteristics of the leading Continental statesmen should be generally known among us, as the discussion of foreign affairs from the party point of view has been carried on during the last ten years with the most injurious national consequences. There were signs of a return to a better state of things during the late foreign administration of Lord Rosebery, who not only continued his predecessor's Eastern policy, but had the sense and courage to declare publicly* that there were no party politics at the Foreign Office. This is as it should be, and as it was in England

from the time when Fox committed the fatal mistake—so dearly expiated afterward by the Whigs—of siding with England's enemies against Pitt, down to the time when Mr. Gladstone made himself the advocate of Russia against Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone's error has since been repented of, if not by himself at least by many of his party, for it caused England to be completely isolated in Europe, and nearly led us into a great war in which we should have fought without a friend. This error, however, could never have been pushed to the dangerous extreme of breaking the continuity of our foreign policy—as it was broken in 1880—had there been a more accurate knowledge among our politicians as to the characters, antecedents, and personal aims of the principal Continental statesmen.

Here the name of M. de Giers starts up, and it is a name that must be mentioned with respect, for M. de Giers is the most honest and pacific minister Russia has ever had at its foreign office. But he has no real power. For a long time secretary to Prince Gortschakoff, he succeeded the latter as minister, but not as chancellor—his nomination being due primarily to his admirable business capacities, secondly to his most agreeable manners, and thirdly to the fact that the Czar wished to keep the foreign policy of the Empire under his own

* Trinity House Banquet, 1886.

control. This would not have been possible had a man like Ignatieff, or Count Peter Schouwaloff or Prince Lobanoff been appointed. There is an intuition in the Czar's mind that the next great war in which Russia embarks will settle the destinies of the dynasty and empire for half a century, and his Majesty does not wish to be dragged into this war blindfolded by a minister playing for his own hand. It must be added that the Czar, with some personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and much reliance on that statesman's complacency toward Panslavist aims, for a time favored the idea that Russia might prosecute several of her designs with England's active or passive concurrence.

The new minister's appointment, however, baulking the hopes of the Muscovite war party, was far from popular. M. de Giers comes from a Swedish-Fin family of Jewish extraction. He is a slight, careworn-looking man, with haggard eyes, thin hands, and a nervous smile. Modest in demeanor, melancholy in mood, and kind to a fault, he is liked but not feared by the officials and diplomatists of his department, who are accustomed to find in him the greatest indulgence for all blunders or breaches of duty. A gentle rebuke for failure, a shake of the head for excess of zeal, is all they have to dread. This is the minister whom haughty Grand Dukes, intriguing Panslavists and impatient generals sneer at as "the Jew." Unfortunately M. de Giers, who is by nature benevolent, cautious and truthful, is mostly engaged in assuming responsibilities and inventing explanations for acts committed without his approval or cognizance, either by the Czar himself or by men whose exploits the Czar has been induced to condone.

After the Penjdeh incident M. de Giers tendered his resignation in a cabinet council. Alexander III. brought down his huge hand with a slap on the council table, and cried: "We are not in a constitutional country, and you will remain in office as long as I want you." This incident gives the measure of M. de Giers's power. He is the Emperor's servant, and a faithful servant. He disapproved of the policy followed by

Russia in the Bulgarian question, and most particularly the striking of Prince Alexander's name off the Russian army list; but he had to shape the course of the foreign office in the direction suggested by the Czar's deep personal animosity against Prince Alexander. So it will be to the end. The great *coups* of Russian policy are not advised by M. de Giers: his business is to pick up and put together the broken pieces when the blow has caused unexpected and useless damage. The Czar trusts his prudence, and is occasionally influenced by his timidity; but in general his Majesty acts on his own headstrong impulses, and the day must come when one of these will bring him into collision with England or Austria, or with both. On that day M. de Giers will probably be superseded by a minister more resolute in counsel. Meanwhile, if he ever have warlike proclivities at all, they are rather against Austria than England. With free Protestant England he has, as a Swede, some inborn affinities: with Catholic, over-armed and ever-suspicious Austria, none.

The Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs since 1881 has been Count Gustav Kalnoky, who succeeded Baron Haymérié. The latter, who died in office quite suddenly of heart disease, was no statesman, but a bureaucrat. He was elevated to his high post on the mysterious and still unexplained resignation of Count Julius Andrassy, who, though out of office, remains by far the most capable authority on foreign affairs in Austria-Hungary. It must here be recalled that Austria and Hungary having each its separate parliament and cabinet, the minister for the foreign affairs of the whole empire is not a parliamentary minister, but is responsible only to the delegations of both parliaments, which meet every year for a short session alternately at Vienna and Buda-Pesth. During eleven months out of the twelve he is responsible only to the Emperor. If the parliaments object to his policy, they can only attack him indirectly by interpellations addressed to their respective prime ministers.*

* The Imperial Ministers of War and Finance stand in the same case.

Count Frederick Ferdinand Beust was the first minister for foreign affairs after the establishment of the dual system in 1867. He held the title of chancellor of the empire, which is now in abeyance. At that time Count Julius Andrassy * was prime minister in Hungary.

Andrassy was one of the insurgents of 1848-9, and when the Hungarian rebellion was put down by Russian aid, he had to fly and was hanged in effigy. After this he lived for ten years in England and France—not settling again in his country until after the disastrous Austro-French war of 1859 and the subsequent revolt of the Italian states at Garibaldi's call had compelled the Emperor Francis Joseph to conciliate his subjects by the grant of a constitution. But the constitution of 1860 was not to the taste of the Hungarians, and they refused to sit in the Imperial Parliament of Vienna. Their opposition might have been overborne had the Emperor been honestly bent on founding constitutionalism, but the reactionary party at Court soon persuaded him to take away with one hand what he had given with the other. To a very brief period of constitutional experiment succeeded the rule of Baron Bach, who made a last desperate attempt to Germanize Hungary. Those were the days when out of protest to the German connection every man and woman in the Magyar land wore the national costume; now obsolete except among the peasantry. A party in Hungary—and Andrassy was of the number—still thought that Austrians and Hungarians might be reconciled if genuine parliamentary government were granted, and if the Hungarians obtained at the same time a full restoration of all their local privileges in civil and religious matters;† but a

larger party were agitating for an absolute separation between the two countries—the Emperor of Austria, however, to remain King of Hungary, after a regular coronation. Hereupon the war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia took place. Austria humbled in the dust could only preserve her hold upon the various nationalities united to her by making large concessions to nationalist feeling, and as there seemed to be no statesman at Vienna competent to inaugurate the new policy, Baron Beust was summoned from Dresden. By this time, however, things had come to such a pass that Beust was thought to have made a good bargain with the Hungarians when Deák consented in their name to accept dualism instead of separation.

Count Andrassy was eminently fitted to be the chief of the first Hungarian cabinet. He was, and is to this day, the most typical impersonation of the Magyar nobleman. Of middle height, and elegant figure, with curly hair, hussar-like mustache and beard, a flashing eye, bright smile, and ready tongue, he bears himself gallantly, and his actions, like his talk, are full of dash. His quickness of repartee is as the straight thrust of a skilled fencer; but when he lays himself out to convince instead of sparring, the charm of his manner, the sparkling fun of his jests, and the purring, persuasive tones of his confidential appeals are all irresistible. A thorough patriot, Andrassy had learned in exile that in order to consolidate the position which his country had won, he must rest it on a broad and firm basis of popular liberties. Even now the Hungarians enjoy far more freedom than the Austrians. In one country parliamentary government is a solid reality, in the other a sham. In Austria newspapers can be confiscated and public meetings for political objects can be interdicted; in Hungary there is freedom of the press and unlimited right of public meeting. All this the Hungarians owe to the spirited and enlightened policy which Andrassy adopted from the very outset of his administration, his object being to place the Hungarian constitution at once and

liberty of conscience against the spiritual ascendancy and tyranny of the Ultramontanes of Vienna.

* Born 1823.

† The Roman Catholic Church in Hungary has always maintained a very independent attitude toward Rome, and declined to enter into the Concordat signed by Austria in 1855. There are, moreover, more than three million Protestants in Hungary, mostly Calvinists; whereas in Austria there are but 401,000. The members of the various Greek churches number over four millions; there are 55,000 Unitarians, and 638,000 Jews. The conflict between Austria and Hungary was religious as much as civil, for the Hungarians fought for

forever beyond reach of encroachments on the part of Viennese courtier statesmen.

But it was not enough to destroy Vienna's political supremacy; it was urgent to make Buda-Pesth a rival to Vienna as a social centre, and this Andrassy effected by persuading all the wealthy Hungarian magnates to transfer their town residences to the new capital. The Court looked with great disfavor on this movement, which lowered the majesty of the Kaiserstadt; but Andrassy was not to be turned aside from his purpose, and his point-blank appeals to patriotism put to shame those waverers who would have liked to remain seated on two stools. The results have been most splendid for Buda-Pesth, which in a few years has become one of the finest capitals of the second rank in Europe—the Brussels of the East. There is no parallel to the rapid and beautiful growth of this city except in Australia and the United States.

One great thing more, however, remained to be done for Hungary, and this was to make its will paramount in directing the foreign policy of the whole monarchy. On the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870, Count Beust, after trying without success to detach the Southern States of Germany from the Prussian alliance, proceeded with the help of Prince Richard Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra (Austrian and Italian Ambassadors in Paris) to conclude a private arrangement between Austria, Italy, and France. Public opinion in Vienna was at that time thoroughly anti-Prussian, and the Court burned to be avenged of Sadowa. If the campaign had begun with a French victory, there is no doubt that a triple coalition would have been formed against Prussia; the Catholic States of Germany, disgusted by defeat, would have passed as in 1866 to the side of Austria, and the power of the Hohenzollerns would have been shattered. Even after the French defeats at Woerth and Forbach it seemed to Count Beust that the coalition might still be formed, and there was a whole fortnight during which the attitude of Austria was watched with most anxious misgiving by Count Bismarck. But it was during this fortnight that Count Andrassy as-

serted himself unmistakably on the side of Prussia, and roused the people and parliament of Hungary to support him. While the German victories were being deplored in Vienna, they were hailed with delight in Pesth. In face of such a deep division of opinion in the monarchy, Beust saw that it would be imprudent to stir; so the opportunity passed by, and, long before the end of the war, Vienna, remembering at last that it was a German city, completely veered round in its sentiments, and ended by joining in the Hungarian satisfaction at the overthrow of France. As a natural consequence of all this, Count Beust—whose policy in Saxony as in Austria had been one of inveterate enmity, public and personal, toward Bismarck—ceased to be possible as a foreign minister; and in November, 1871, Andrassy took his place.

Andrassy had sided with Prussia from motives entirely Hungarian. If Prussia had been crushed and Austria reconquered her hegemony in Germany, it would have been a bad thing for Hungarian liberties. Silesia would have returned to the Hapsburg crown; Francis Joseph becoming German Emperor would have recovered his autocracy; and Austrian absolutism, joining hands with Russian absolutism as in 1849, would have driven the Magyars once more to civil war and extermination. It was Andrassy's ambition that Hungary, free and formidable, should be the backbone of the Hapsburg Empire. He wished that the German element in the monarchy should be strong—strong enough to hold its own against the Czechs and Poles of Austria—but not preponderant so as to weigh upon Hungary. He also looked to the gradual extension of the monarchy eastward, so that in time a great Danubian empire or confederation might be formed, having the Magyar land for its pivot.

The wonder is that Count Andrassy, having caused the Emperor Francis Joseph to miss the more congenial destinies which Count Beust had planned for his Majesty, should nevertheless have become such a personal favorite of the Emperor's. The great facts of his administration are the boundless influence which he acquired over the Emperor, and the sagacity with which he

used this influence to cement a strong alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany. In every Hungarian statesman hostility to Russia is the mainspring of action, and so it was in Andrassy's case. By enabling Germany to depend upon Austria, he removed the chance of a Russo-German understanding. Later, when the English Conservative Administration of 1874 came into office, Great Britain became included in the anti-Russian League, and the Congress of Berlin definitely consecrated a policy which bound Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Andrassy together.

About a year after the Berlin Treaty, Count Andrassy suddenly left office. Why? The reason is not positively known by anybody except the Emperor of Austria—perhaps not even by Andrassy himself. Some say that the minister had grown arrogant in office, and that the Emperor, who does not understand pleasantries on matters of etiquette, ended by growing tired of his familiar free-and-easy ways. It is certain that Andrassy did develop in his high station some characteristics of the Turkish pasha. He had a lordly way of leaving ambassadors to be received by an under-secretary; he allowed despatches to remain unopened for weeks and unanswered for months. He was not always careful to avoid wounding the vanity of those petty bureaucrats, who, if not powerful, *peuvent mordre au talon*, as the wily Metternich put it. Officials of this kind murmured all the time he was in power at the confusion into which he threw the affairs of his department by his inattention to business; while his off-hand habit of promoting men according to merit, or according to his friendship for them, raised him some active enemies higher up the ladder. Then Andrassy loved the external pomps of his rank. He figured much in his showy Hungarian uniform. His equipages were princely, his hospitalities profuse, and, surrounded by obsequious guests of every degree, he sought too much to impress the idea that he was master of the empire. He was the first minister for foreign affairs in Austria who ever patronized journalists assiduously, and thereby kept his name constantly in print.

All this, however, cannot have shaken

Andrassy's position with the Emperor; for the minister on leaving office remained his sovereign's trusted friend, and is even now on all important occasions his confidential adviser. To suppose Andrassy capable of offending the Emperor by want of tact is to misread his character, and his perfect courtly grace. Even in Andrassy's studied impertinences toward the nonentities of diplomacy and officialdom there was always something amusing and good-tempered which half disarmed resentment. One must therefore look for the secret of his fall in purely political motives; and it will not be guessing far amiss to presume that Prince Bismarck was the author of it.

When the Austro-German alliance had been solemnly manifested to the world by Prince Bismarck's visit to Vienna in 1879, it remained only for Germany to rest and be thankful. Andrassy was a capital minister for action, but not the man to be content with the policy of perfect peace which had become expedient for a time. The German Emperor wanted peace. Russia, bound to good behavior by the Berlin Treaty and exhausted by her war with Turkey, was not likely to give trouble for some years. In England a general election was impending; and before attempting to draw the bond between Great Britain and her two Imperial allies closer, it was necessary to see whether Lord Beaconsfield's lease of power was going to be renewed. Under these circumstances it must have seemed to Prince Bismarck that one foreign minister for the two allied empires was quite enough. It was useless to expect of Andrassy that he should play a subordinate part. He would co-operate, but not be dictated to. The man for Bismarck's purpose was one who would look upon the foreign office in Vienna as a mere branch of the establishment in Berlin; and such a man was found in Baron Haymerlé.*

* Andrassy was slow to believe that the Emperor intended to dismiss him; but when his suspicions were aroused, he used a little stratagem to learn the truth. He feigned to be ill; and the Emperor called upon him. At the door his Majesty was met by Countess Andrassy in tears, who complained that her husband was prostrate from overwork:—"He

The general election of 1880, by restoring Mr. Gladstone to power, turned the whole current of European policy, and justified the wisdom of Andrassy's retirement. By his menace to Austria and his railing accusations against Bismarck in the Midlothian speeches the leader of the Liberal party alienated Austria and Germany,* and drove those two states to outbid England—or rather the English Ministry—for Russia's alliance. Andrassy could have been no party to such an operation, and he must have resigned after Mr. Gladstone's return had he not done so before. Haymerlé tacked obediently to the new policy under Bismarck's orders; but when he died a much more eager, able, and adroit advocate of the three Emperors' alliance appeared in Count Kalnoky, who was summoned to the foreign office from the embassy at St. Petersburg. Kalnoky ought to feel under obligations toward Mr. Gladstone, for he could never have become foreign minister if England and Austria had remained friends.

Kalnoky is diametrically the opposite of Andrassy. Born in 1832, he began life as a hussar officer, and was nearing his thirtieth year when he resolved to pass his examination for the diplomatic service. It is said that his Colonel, Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg (father of the Duke of Teck), cautioned him earnestly against thus sacrificing his military prospects. "In another year or two," he said, "you would be a captain; but you will never make your way in diplomacy." Kalnoky, however, had been quietly studying languages and international law, and in twelve years he reached the rank of minister plenipotentiary. His old colonel lived to see him minister for foreign affairs and honorary general in the army.

will really be obliged to resign, Sir."—"Well, not just yet," answered the Emperor unguardedly. A few days later Andrassy gave in his resignation, and said to a friend: "When a clever dog sees preparations made for throwing him out of the window, he walks out by the door."

* "Austria! Show me any point on the earth where it has established anything good!"—"Prince Bismarck! He is the disturber who bears the guilt of all the convulsions and evils in the world." (*Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian*, 1880.)

Count Kalnoky is a slim man—"a head less than Bismarck," Viennese wags say—very bald, with an eyeglass, a military mustache, a stiff gait, a frowning expression, and a supercilious manner. He affects to give diplomatists of the minor degree one finger. He is unmarried, not addicted to hospitality (there has been no ball at the foreign office since he came there), and he never absents himself from his post more than three or four days at a time. His defect is conceit: his qualities are untiring methodical industry, evenness of temper, and really remarkable talents as a linguist. English he learned while secretary to the embassy in London, and he speaks it with faultless ease.

As foreign minister it has been Count Kalnoky's object to remain the subservient *protégé* of Prince Bismarck—whom he sees regularly once a year—and to promote the best understanding between Austria and Russia. It was with the most tranquil satisfaction that he watched the Afghan imbroglio draw Russia away from European affairs, and with utter dismay that he heard of the revolution at Philippopolis, which suddenly re-opened the Eastern Question. His lack of authority was then shown in his inability to restrain Servia from making war upon Bulgaria; and his want of statesmanlike shrewdness in stopping the Bulgarians at the moment when they were about to win a decisive victory over King Milan. All through the Eastern crisis he proved that he was not a helmsman who could be trusted in a gale; and if his system of nervous little concessions to Russia should end—as such a system generally does—in making Russia grasp abruptly at more than Austria-Hungary can allow her to take, Count Kalnoky will certainly have to retire.

His successor in that case might be Count Andrassy, but would more probably be M. Benjamin de Kallay, now finance minister of the empire. M. de Kallay is a Hungarian who has risen by his success in parliamentary life, not by Court favor; and in Austria that says everything. There is in those Hungarian politicians a sturdy independence which is altogether wanting in the statesmen who are products of Viennese bureaucracy. M. de Kallay, who is a

brilliant writer as well as an expert debater, some years ago made his views on the Eastern Question known in a pamphlet which caused a resounding din from Vienna to St. Petersburg. In this essay Salonica was plainly marked as the goal of Austria-Hungary's ambition, and the Russians were warned against any advance beyond the Bulgarian frontier. M. de Kallay's arrival at the foreign office would therefore signify that the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs were about to try conclusions in earnest for supremacy in the Balkans.

M. de Kallay is a handsome man of middle age, with a good figure, a most intellectual head, soft dreamy eyes, and fascinating conversational powers. He has none of Count Kalnoky's "uppishness;" but an easy dignity, a fund of solid knowledge on Eastern affairs, and pent-up energies which push him on to any work he undertakes with the force of steam. Besides being minister of finance for the empire* he is administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and spends several weeks every year traveling about those provinces to promote public works and acquaint himself with the wishes and grievances of the inhabitants. He is generally liked and trusted; and should it happen that there will be no occasion for his services at the foreign office, he will doubtless become the next Hungarian prime minister in succession to M. Tisza.

M. Kolman Tisza has now been nearly eleven years in office as premier of a Liberal administration. The influence which he exercises in Austria-Hungary is hardly understood in England. When a country has just been endowed with parliamentary institutions the candidates for office are many, and the competition keen: it is no small thing under such circumstances for a man to hold the premiership for more than ten years. Nothing in M. Tisza's outward appearance, ordinary manner or conversation explains his success. He looks like an old Jew clothesman. Hook-nosed, spectacled, with stooping shoulders, unkempt beard, and long gray hair trailing over the collar of a

shabby coat, he is no imposing personage. He wears the shabbiest of hats, and smokes cheap cigars all day long. He is a man of few words. Disdainful of little courtesies, he never tries to ingratiate himself, and does not seem to care whom he offends by his brusqueness. He is not a fine orator, nor a great financier, nor a bold party manager—yet he is the most popular man in Hungary, and the most respected. His inornate speeches are more telling than those of any other man, his administration is masterly; and apparently without the slightest effort he holds a large, restive, jibbing party in hand like a well-broken team.

A parallel between M. Tisza and Mr. Gladstone in the Plutarch manner might bring out the simple causes of the Hungarian minister's power. M. Tisza is honest, religious (he belongs to the strictest Calvinist sect), and Liberal; yet no one has ever seen him boast of his principles, or make a parade of his piety, or seek to prove his Liberalism by splenetic denunciations of men who did not agree with him. He is singularly abstemious of remarks upon his opponents' motives. His patience is wonderful. He applies himself to convince, and if he fails, begins again with unruffled temper and plodding tenacity. His adversaries accuse him of having no principles, but he has at least never called heaven and earth to witness of his consistency. His statements are so plain that they admit of no two meanings, and have never to be glossed away. If he alters his mind, he says so, and submits to jeers with a shrug. His Liberal policy has always consisted in legislating for actual wants, not in creating wants for the purpose of showy legislation. Having satisfied himself that there is a general movement of opinion in a particular direction, he heads that movement, but contrives that the measures which it produces shall do as little injury and cause as little irritation as possible to those who have withstood it. Compromise is with him the very essence of management. In the most difficult legislative work which any statesman could undertake—the reform of the House of Magnates—he was confronted by what seemed at first an overwhelming opposition; but he carried

* Austria and Hungary each has its finance minister, and the work of the imperial finance minister, who has only the common budget to manage, is not large.

his point without threats, without appeals to class passions, and his victory left no soreness on those whom he had vanquished. He might no doubt have carried his point faster and with much less labor to himself if he had gone on the stump through Hungary, harangued Slavonian, Servian, Roumanian and Croatian peasants out of railway-carriage windows, and sent showers of post-cards flying over the land. But this is not M. Tisza's way. A patriotic delicacy of no common order makes him shrink from offering the spectacle of Hungarian disunion to the eyes of other countries, and especially to the mocking eyes of Austria. He would at any time rather forego a personal advantage than appear to have gained it by making a host of enemies; and it is because the Hungarians feel that it is his ambition on all occasions to speak for a great and willing majority of the nation—and whenever possible for the entire nation—that they admire him, trust him, and follow him.

One can praise M. Tisza without disparaging the young leader of the Hungarian Conservative party. Count Albert Apponyi is the greatest orator in his country, and he would take rank among the leading statesmen of any country, though he is not yet forty years old. Tall, fair, with a blonde beard, a pink complexion and clear blue eyes, his face is of the Saxon not the Magyar type; and his oratory is essentially of the English order, appealing to reason more than to sentiment, temperate in terms, and scholarly in substance. Count Apponyi speaks English to perfection, though he has never found time to visit England; and he has profoundly studied English parliamentary history. He is not less well read in the history of France and of Germany, and there is probably not a member of any parliament in the world who could match him in quoting constitutional precedents at a moment's notice. He moreover speaks and writes French and German like his own tongue, which is saying a great deal, for the elegance and purity of his diction in Hungarian are unsurpassed.

Apponyi's opposition to Tisza is, like most oppositions in parliamentary countries, waged rather upon practice than

on principles. The line that divides Constitutional Conservatives from Moderate Liberals has become imperceptible, and is continually being crossed and recrossed by both parties in their tactical evolutions. To assail a Liberal leader so circumspect as Tisza, a Conservative must often make incursions on to his enemy's ground and pick up the enemy's weapons: so that hearing Apponyi one would generally imagine that he was the Liberal—nay, the Radical—and his rival the Conservative. Apponyi stands up for democratic against middle-class suffrage; for the ballot against open voting; for triennial parliaments against quinquennial. The reasons which he gives for this are that in Hungary elections are carried for Government by administrative pressure and corruption, and that a wider suffrage, secret voting and short parliaments, at least until the electoral system has been purified, offer the only remedies. There is a great deal of truth in all this; but in any case there is always something to say against a ministry that has been in office ten years. M. Tisza like other statesmen has his faults, and his colleagues individually and collectively have theirs; they seldom get a parliamentary castigation without deserving a part of it. But the point to be noted is that Count Apponyi discharges his functions of systematic critic like a gentleman. He spars with the gloves on, and when he has taken them off he shakes hands with his opponents in private life. This kind of good-fellowship has become but too rare in these days of venomous Radical spite and platform revilings.

From Hungary we may pass back to Austria, from M. Tisza to Count Taaffe, who has been prime minister in the Cisleithan Monarchy since 1879. Count Taaffe is an Irish peer,* whose family have been settled in Austria since the deposition of the Stuarts. When a boy he was the favorite playmate of the Archduke Francis Joseph, now Emperor, and he is always addressed in private by the Sovereign as "Edward." He is by far the most influential personage in the empire; for the Emperor has

* Eleventh Viscount Taaffe and Baron Ballymote in the peerage of Ireland. Creation, 1628. The family is Roman Catholic.

the strongest affection for him, treats him *en camarade*, and takes his advice in all things. A more agreeable counsellor it would be impossible for any monarch to have, for Count Taaffe is jocularity itself. It is difficult to describe his personal appearance, which is altogether peculiar. He is a short, stoutish man, with a rather Italian head, long straight black hair, a skipping sort of walk, twinkling eyes, and a Rabelaisian mouth broadened by continual smiling and laughter. Taaffe is not very learned, for he speaks no language well except German, and seems to care very little about what goes on in foreign countries. His business now is to govern Austria and manage the Reichsrath, and he confines himself to that.

Count Taaffe was Governor of the Tyrol when the Emperor called him to the premiership in succession to Prince Auersperg. The German Liberal party had been in office since the establishment of constitutionalism, and had gone to pieces through internal divisions. Count Taaffe set himself to form a governing majority by collecting into one party, which he dubbed "Conservative," all the factions which had been in opposition to the German Liberals, but which had till then hated each other quite as much as they detested their common enemy. To make nationalist Czechs ally themselves with Poles, German clericals with both, and with Croats and Dalmatians besides, was a surprising feat; and the German Liberals watched the experiment with amusement till they discovered with consternation that Count Taaffe's "cement" was holding, and that the ill-assorted political bricks had hardened into a concrete block. Of genuine union among the groups of the majority there is of course very little. They work together on a give-and-take arrangement, the Poles backing up all Czech demands, and *vice versa*. Count Taaffe, and he alone, is the man who holds all the groups together. One by one the members of his first administration dropped away from him, dismayed at his system of concessions to nationalist exigencies. He selected other colleagues—from the parliament so long as he could—and when these in their turn deserted, he had recourse to clever, well-trained

officials who had never sat in the Reichsrath. At the same time he coolly let it be known that he did not consider himself a parliamentary premier, but acknowledged responsibility only to the Emperor.

The fact is that the political atmosphere in Austria is altogether different from that in Hungary. In Hungary the parliament is the centre of national life. In Austria the Reichsrath appears to live only on sufferance. It has no part in directing the foreign policy of the empire; the majority of its members are elected by Crown influence;* and courtiers, soldiers, and officials hate it in their hearts. Count Taaffe himself looks upon it comically as an incumbance in the way of government, and doubtless thinks he may live to see it swept away, and a military absolutism of the good-natured paternal *gemütlich* sort substituted for it.

In Vienna and all other German cities Count Taaffe's policy is so execrated that unless its author were the man he is, his name would never be pronounced without an objugation. As it is, the Germans forgive him a great deal because of the jokes which he cracks so constantly, and because of the kind things he says and does. He is a *bon vivant*, not an oppressor. He is always "happy to oblige;" he bears no grudges, and he has not a particle of pride. In the Viennese comic papers he is always caricatured with good-natured touches as a facetious and successful trickster—a merry-andrew with one finger to his nose. The German Liberals, who despair of getting rid of him by a parliamentary vote, are reduced to hoping that the Emperor and he may some day agree that the system of decentralization has been pushed far enough; and indeed there are signs that this is the case already. The more Count Taaffe has given to the nationalist groups, the more they have asked; and it has become evident that by tugging this way and that with their au-

* The Reichsrath is composed of county members returned by an election in two degrees: county members elected by the great landowners, representatives of the chambers of commerce; and burgesses (about one-third) elected by something like universal suffrage—that is, by voters paying five florins a year in rates and taxes.

tonomous projects they will, unless stopped, rend the empire into fragments. But Count Taaffe is not much interested personally in the experiment which he has tried. He undertook it to please the Emperor and to "dish" the German Liberals, who used to imagine that no government could exist without them. If now the Emperor should see fit to try a new system, Count Taaffe will cheerfully exchange his present post for another; but whether the German Liberals will then have a long spell of power again, or whether the conflict of nationalities will make it necessary to choose a neutral ministry entirely removed from parliamentary influences, is a question which only time can answer. Much must depend on whether Austria-Hungary has to fight a great war, and much again on the position in which the army will have left the dynasty after a war.

So intimately bound up with the future of Austria-Hungary are the destinies of Bulgaria and Serbia, that the statesmen of Vienna and Buda-Pesth watch with a very keen attention the politicians of Sofia and Belgrade. When Prince Milan of Serbia (now King) attained his majority he was wholly under the direction of M. Jean Ristics, who had been the foremost member of the Council of Regency since Prince Michael's assassination. This politician, who is a zealous Panslavist, remained prime minister for some years, and labored to bring Serbia completely under Russian thralldom. The Russians promised to reward his subserviency by realizing the Great Serbian Idea—in other words, by creating a strong Serbian kingdom, which would include Bosnia, Herzegovina, Novi-Bazar, and a part of Macedonia; but the events of 1876-8 showed the Servians that they had been duped. They fought the Turks, were beaten, and got nothing. The Roumanians, who had also trusted the Russians, and had helped them to vanquish the Turks, were rewarded by having Bessarabia taken from them. Meanwhile Austria nipped the Great Serbian Idea in the bud by appropriating Bosnia and Herzegovina to herself.

The Servians turned away in disgust from Russia, and Prince Milan, awaking to the suspicion that the King of

the "Great Serbia" which the Panslavists had promised to create would have been the Prince of Montenegro, and not himself, turned away from M. Ristics. A Progressist Cabinet was formed* to cultivate good relations with Austria, and Prince Milan was soon recompensed by getting the title of King, mainly through the Emperor of Austria's patronage. Since then the Progressists have remained in office, and M. Ristics's party in the Skupstchina has dwindled to insignificance. But his party in the country is still fairly strong, and the battle between him and M. Milutine Garaschanin, the Progressist leader and prime minister, is not over yet.

M. Garaschanin was formerly a colonel of artillery, and was trained at the French Military Academy of St. Cyr. He is a tall, square-set man, with a gray beard, a stolid expression of countenance, and a blunt, bluff, manner. Ristics, on the contrary, is a lean man of the Cassius type, with an ashen face, deep-sunk eyes, and a cold, piercing glance. When Ristics is talking he passes a thin white hand nervously through a pair of extraordinary long whiskers *à la Russe*, and his eyes seem to look right through the person whom he is addressing. There is something sardonic in his smile; and he only smiles when uttering a sarcasm. When in office he ruled with an iron rod, and filled every jail in Serbia with his enemies, whom, to save trouble, he called the Prince's enemies, and indicted for high treason as such. Now that he is in opposition he is much grieved at the wickedness of M. Garaschanin, who puts "the screw" upon electors, and quashes opposition returns which are not to his taste. In truth, the two politicians are much of a muchness as to political honesty, and it remains to be seen whether the struggle between them will not break through the restraints of a lath and plaster constitution and end in civil war. M. Garaschanin has against him the responsibilities of the disastrous war with Bulgaria; but on the other hand the Servians are quite aware that if M. Ristics had his way their country would lose its independence.

* M. Ristics's party call themselves Liberals.

In Bulgaria there is a Ristics named Zankoff, and the National party in office is headed by M. Petko Karaveloff. Ten years ago this M. Karaveloff was a shaggy-looking, slovenly young professor at Moscow. He taught history and geography in one of the public schools, and gave lessons in private families; and this was only part of his work, for his principal business was to correspond as a Panslavist agent with insurrectionary committees in East Roumelia. The village of Kopritchitzza, in which he was born, was that where the Roumeliot insurrection of 1876 broke out. Two years after this, Bulgaria was emancipated and had a constitution. In 1879 M. Karaveloff was elected to the Sobranje as a Radical; in 1880 he became cabinet minister; in 1881 Prince Alexander abolished the constitution, and M. Karaveloff had to fly to Philippopolis.

Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, who had drafted the Bulgarian constitution, had expressly contrived it so that it should not work. He had intrigued to become Prince of Bulgaria himself, and finding that this could not be, had determined to make the task of governing almost impossible for Prince Alexander. He doubtless calculated that in this way the Bulgarian throne would soon be vacant again, and offer him another chance.

The constitution granted to the Bulgarians, who had been living for centuries in slavery, was too democratic even for a people long inured to self-government. However, Prince Alexander's Russian enemies raised a virtuous shriek at his arbitrary act (after having privily instigated him to perpetrate it), and they promoted so much agitation in the country that the constitution had to be restored.* Then M. Karaveloff returned in triumph from Philippopolis, upset the Zankoff ministry, and became prime minister in his turn.

Up till then M. Zankoff had been the persistent foe of Russian domination in Bulgaria, while M. Karaveloff had been for putting the country com-

pletely under the Russian yoke. Coming into office M. Karaveloff altered his mind, and M. Zankoff did the same, each donning the other's discarded opinions. At Philippopolis M. Karaveloff had conspired with the Russians against Prince Alexander: installed as prime minister at Sofia he conspired, not with the Prince, but for him, against the Russians. The result was the revolution of September, 1885, at Philippopolis; and a further result has been that M. Zankoff, the whilom Russophile, is now the active chief of a Russophil party which is trying to undo the work of that revolution.* How all this will end is another of those secrets appertaining to the ultimate solution of the Eastern Question.

Formerly that fateful question seemed to concern Italy but little. But now there is a foreign minister at Rome who was fourteen years ambassador at Vienna, and who during that time succeeded in making Austria and Italy friends. Count Robilant did not accomplish this without having some far-sighted object in view. He is an old soldier who lost half an arm in fighting against the Austrians, and he has no great affection for them as a nation. Vienna he disliked; its stilted aristocratic society was uncongenial to a man of his vivacious disposition and sociable wit. Count Robilant is a *bel esprit*, who, if he had consulted only his own tastes, would have lived anywhere but in Austria; but having a patriotic object to serve, he set himself to study the men, manners, and politics of Austria-Hungary, until he came to know as much about them as the best-informed of Francis Joseph's subjects. Now that he is foreign minister he can and will turn his knowledge to account by making Austria reckon with Italy, either as a friend or an enemy, whenever the spoils of Turkey have to be divided. By calling the ablest member of the Italian Diplomatic Body, Count Nigra, from London to fill the place which he had himself vacated, Count Robilant showed that he intended Vienna to re-

* After the late Czar's death Prince Alexander had no friend at the Russian Court. The present Czar always disliked him.

* M. Karaveloff is married to a Russian lady, who is very learned in English and Political Economy. She has translated John Stuart Mill's "Logic."

main the most important post from which to watch Italian interests. It is the post from which an eye like Nigra's

or Robilant's can best keep a look-out over Albania—the Canaan of Young Italy.—*Temple Bar*.

FALLING IN LOVE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

AN ancient and famous human institution is in pressing danger. Sir George Campbell has set his face against the time-honored practice of Falling in Love. Parents innumerable, it is true, have set their faces against it already from immemorial antiquity; but then they only attacked the particular instance, without venturing to impugn the institution itself on general principles. An old Indian administrator, however, goes to work in all things on a different pattern. He would always like to regulate human life generally as a department of the India Office; and so Sir George Campbell would fain have husbands and wives selected for one another (perhaps on Dr. Johnson's principle, by the Lord Chancellor) with a view to the future development of the race, in the process which he not very felicitously or elegantly describes as "man-breeding." "Probably," he says, as reported in *Nature*, "we have enough physiological knowledge to effect a vast improvement in the pairing of individuals of the same or allied races if we could only apply that knowledge to make fitting marriages, instead of giving way to foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people, whom we can hardly trust to choose their own bonnets, much less to choose in a graver matter in which they are most likely to be influenced by frivolous prejudices." He wants us, in other words, to discard the deep-seated inner physiological promptings of inherited instinct, and to substitute for them some calm and dispassionate but artificial selection of a fitting partner as the father or mother of future generations.

Now this is of course a serious subject, and it ought to be treated seriously and reverently. But, it seems to me, Sir George Campbell's conclusion is exactly the opposite one from the conclusion now being forced upon men of

science by a study of the biological and psychological elements in this very complex problem of heredity. So far from considering love as a "foolish idea," opposed to the best interests of the race, I believe most competent physiologists and psychologists, especially those of the modern evolutionary school, would regard it rather as an essentially beneficent and conservative instinct, developed and maintained in us by natural causes, for the very purpose of insuring just those precise advantages and improvements which Sir George Campbell thinks he could himself effect by a conscious and deliberate process of selection. More than that, I believe, for my own part (and I feel sure most evolutionists would cordially agree with me), that this beneficent inherited instinct of Falling in Love effects the object it has in view far more admirably, subtly, and satisfactorily, on the average of instances, than any clumsy human selective substitute could possibly effect it.

In short, my doctrine is simply the old-fashioned and confiding belief that marriages are made in heaven: with the further corollary that heaven manages them, one time with another, a great deal better than Sir George Campbell.

Let us first look how Falling in Love affects the standard of human efficiency: and then let us consider what would be the probable result of any definite conscious attempt to substitute for it some more deliberate external agency.

Falling in Love, as modern biology teaches us to believe, is nothing more than the latest, highest, and most involved exemplification, in the human race, of that almost universal selective process which Mr. Darwin has enabled us to recognize throughout the whole long series of the animal kingdom. The butterfly that circles and eddies in his aerial dance around his observant mate is endeavoring to charm her by the deli-

cacy of his coloring, and to overcome her coyness by the display of his skill. The peacock that struts about in imperial pride under the eyes of his attentive hens, is really contributing to the future beauty and strength of his race by collecting to himself a harem through whom he hands down to posterity the valuable qualities which have gained the admiration of his mates in his own person. Mr. Wallace has shown that to be beautiful is to be efficient : and sexual selection is thus, as it were, a mere lateral form of natural selection—a survival of the fittest in the guise of mutual attractiveness and mutual adaptability, producing on the average a maximum of the best properties of the race in the resulting offspring. I need not dwell here upon this aspect of the case, because it is one with which, since the publication of the *Descent of Man*, all the world has been sufficiently familiar.

In our own species, the selective process is marked by all the features common to selection throughout the whole animal kingdom : but it is also, as might be expected, far more specialized, far more individualized, far more cognizant of personal traits and minor peculiarities. It is furthermore exerted to a far greater extent upon mental and moral as well as physical peculiarities in the individual.

We cannot fall in love with everybody alike. Some of us fall in love with one person, some with another. This instinctive and deep-seated differential feeling we may regard as the outcome of complementary features, mental, moral, or physical, in the two persons concerned : and experience shows us that, in nine cases out of ten, it is a reciprocal affection, that is to say, in other words, an affection roused in unison by varying qualities in the respective individuals.

Of its eminently conservative and even upward tendency, very little doubt can be reasonably entertained. We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the beautiful, the strong, and the healthy ; we do *not* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly. The prohibition of the Church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists

have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces ; but as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably put it (long before the appearance of Darwin's selective theory), "the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is itself but a skin-deep saying." In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race-preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lovely face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that on the whole conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother ; they imply soundness, fertility, a good circulation, a good digestion. Conversely, sallowness and paleness are roughly indicative of dyspepsia and anæmia ; a flat chest is a symptom of deficient maternity ; and what we call a bad figure is really in one way or another an unhealthy departure from the central normal and standard of the race. Good teeth mean good deglutition ; a clear eye means an active liver ; scrubbiness and undersizedness means feeble virility. Nor are indications of mental and moral efficiency by any means wanting as recognized elements in personal beauty. A good-humored face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Low, receding foreheads strike us unfavorably. Heavy, stolid, half-idiotic countenances can never be beautiful, however regular their lines and contours. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigor in order to make up our perfect ideal of a beautiful human face and figure. The Apollo Belvidere is no fool ; the murderers in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's are for the most part no beauties.

What we all fall in love with, then, as a race, is in most cases efficiency and ability. What we each fall in love with individually is, I believe, our moral, mental, and physical complement. Not our like, nor our counterpart ; quite the contrary ; within healthy limits, our unlike and our opposite. That this is so has long been more or less a commonplace of ordinary conversation ; that it is scientifically true, one time with another, when we take an extended range

of cases, may, I think, be almost demonstrated by sure and certain warranty of human nature.

Brothers and sisters have more in common, mentally and physically, than any other members of the same race can possibly have with one another. But nobody falls in love with his sister. A profound instinct has taught even the lower races of men (for the most part) to avoid such union of the all-but-identical. In the higher races the idea never so much as occurs to us. Even cousins seldom fall in love—seldom, that is to say, in comparison with the frequent opportunities of intercourse they enjoy, relatively to the remainder of general society. When they do, and when they carry out their perilous choice effectively by marriage, natural selection soon avenges Nature upon the offspring by cutting off the idiots, the consumptives, the weaklings, and the cripples, who often result from such consanguineous marriages. In narrow communities, where breeding in-and-in becomes almost inevitable, natural selection has similarly to exert itself upon a crowd of crétins and other hapless incapables. But in wide and open campaign countries, where individual choice has free room for exercise, men and women as a rule (if not constrained by parents and moralists) marry for love, and marry on the whole their natural complements. They prefer outsiders, fresh blood, somebody who comes from beyond the community, to the people of their own immediate surroundings. In many men, the dislike to marrying among the folk with whom they have been brought up amounts almost to a positive instinct; they feel it as impossible to fall in love with a fellow-townswoman as to fall in love with their own first cousins. Among exogamous tribes such an instinct (aided, of course, by other extraneous causes) has hardened into custom; and there is reason to believe (from the universal traces among the higher civilizations of marriage by capture) that all the leading races of the world are ultimately derived from exogamous ancestors, possessing this healthy and excellent sentiment.

In minor matters, it is of course universally admitted that short men, as a rule, prefer tall women, while tall men

admire little women. Dark pairs by preference with fair; the commonplace often runs after the original. People have long noticed that this attraction toward one's opposite tends to keep true the standard of the race; they have not, perhaps, so generally observed that it also indicates roughly the existence in either individual of a desire for its own natural complement. It is difficult here to give definite examples, but everybody knows how, in the subtle psychology of *Falling in Love*, there are involved innumerable minor elements, physical and mental, which strike us exactly because of their absolute adaptation to form with ourselves an adequate union. Of course we do not definitely seek out and discover such qualities; instinct works far more intuitively than that; but we find at last, by subsequent observation, how true and how trustworthy were its immediate indications. That is to say, those men do so who were wise enough or fortunate enough to follow the earliest promptings of their own hearts, and not to be ashamed of that divinest and deepest of human intuitions, love at first sight.

How very subtle this intuition is, we can only guess in part by the apparent capriciousness and incomprehensibility of its occasional action. We know that some men and women fall in love easily, while others are only moved to love by some very special and singular combination of peculiarities. We know that one man is readily stirred by every pretty face he sees, while another man can only be roused by intellectual qualities or by moral beauty. We know that sometimes we meet people possessing every virtue and grace under heaven, and yet for some unknown and incomprehensible reason we could no more fall in love with them than we could fall in love with the Ten Commandments. I don't, of course, for a moment accept the silly romantic notion that men and women fall in love only once in their lives, or that each one of us has somewhere on earth his or her exact Affinity, whom we must sooner or later meet, or else die unsatisfied. Almost every healthy normal man or woman has probably fallen in love over and over again in the course of a lifetime (except in case of very early mar-

riage), and could easily find dozens of persons with whom they would be capable of falling in love again if due occasion offered. We are not all created in pairs, like the Exchequer tallies, exactly intended to fit into one another's minor idiosyncrasies. Men and women as a rule very sensibly fall in love with one another in the particular places and the particular societies they happen to be cast among. A man at Ashby-de-la-Zouch does not hunt the world over to find his pre-established harmony at Paray-le-Monial or at Denver, Colorado. But among the women he actually meets, a vast number are purely indifferent to him: only one or two, here and there, strike him in the light of possible wives, and only one in the last resort (outside Salt Lake City) approves herself to his inmost nature as the actual wife of his final selection.

Now this very indifference to the vast mass of our fellow-countrymen or fellow-countrywomen, this extreme pitch of selective preference in the human species, is just one mark of our extraordinary specialization, one stamp and token of our high supremacy. The brutes do not so pick and choose. Though even there, as Darwin has shown, selection plays a large part (for the very butterflies are coy, and must be wooed and won), it is only in the human race itself that selection descends into such minute, such subtle, such indefinable discriminations. Why should a universal and common impulse have in our case these special limits? Why should we be by nature so fastidious and so diversely affected? Surely for some good and sufficient purpose. No deep-seated want of our complex life would be so narrowly restricted without a law and a meaning. Sometimes we can in part explain its conditions. Here, we see that beauty plays a great rôle; there, we recognize the importance of strength, of manner, of grace, of moral qualities. Vivacity, as Mr. Galton justly remarks, is one of the most powerful among human attractions, and often accounts for what might otherwise seem unaccountable preferences. But after all is said and done, there remains a vast mass of instinctive and inexplicable elements: a power deeper and more marvellous in its in-

scrutable ramifications than human consciousness. "What on earth," we say, "could So-and-so see in So-and-so to fall in love with?" This very inexplicability I take to be the sign and seal of a profound importance. An instinct so conditioned, so curious, so vague, so unfathomable, as we may guess by analogy with all other instincts, must be nature's guiding voice within us, speaking for the good of the human race in all future generations.

On the other hand, let us suppose for a moment (impossible supposition!) that mankind could conceivably divest itself of "these foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people," and could hand over the choice of partners for life to a committee of anthropologists, presided over by Sir George Campbell. Would the committee manage things, I wonder, very much better than the Creator has managed them? Where would they obtain that intimate knowledge of individual structures and functions and differences which would enable them to join together in holy matrimony fitting and complementary idiosyncrasies? Is a living man, with all his organs, and powers, and faculties, and dispositions, so simple and easy a problem to read that anybody else can readily undertake to pick out off-hand a help-meet for him? I throw not! A man is not a horse or a terrier. You cannot discern his "points" by simple inspection. You cannot see *a priori* why a Hanoverian bandsman and his heavy, ignorant, uncultured wife, should conspire to produce a Sir William Herschel. If you tried to improve the breed artificially, either by choice from outside, or by the creation of an independent moral sentiment, irrespective of that instinctive preference which we call Falling in Love, I believe that so far from improving man, you would only do one of two things—either spoil his constitution, or produce a tame stereotyped pattern of amiable imbecility. You would crush out all initiative, all spontaneity, all diversity, all originality; you would get an animated moral code instead of living men and women.

Look at the analogy of domestic animals. That is the analogy to which breeding reformers always point with special pride: but what does it really

teach us? That you can't improve the efficiency of animals in any one point to any high degree, without upsetting the general balance of their constitution. The race-horse can run a mile on a particular day at a particular place, bar accidents, with wonderful speed: but that is about all he is good for. His health as a whole is so surprisingly feeble that he has to be treated with as much care as a delicate exotic. "In regard to animals and plants," says Sir George Campbell, "we have very largely mastered the principles of heredity and culture, and the modes by which good qualities may be maximized, bad qualities minimized." True, so far as concerns a few points prized by ourselves for our own purposes. But in doing this, we have so lowered the general constitutional vigor of the plants or animals that our vines fall an easy prey to oidium and phylloxera, our potatoes to the potato disease and the Colorado beetle; our sheep are stupid, our rabbits idiotic, our domestic breeds generally threatened with dangers to life and limb unknown to their wiry ancestors in the wild state. And when one comes to deal with the infinitely more complex individuality of man, what hope would there be of our improving the breed by deliberate selection? If we developed the intellect, we would probably stunt the physique or the moral nature; if we aimed at a general culture of all faculties alike, we would probably end by a Chinese uniformity of mediocre dead level.

The balance of organs and faculties in a race is a very delicate organic equilibrium. How delicate we now know from thousands of examples, from the correlations of seemingly unlike parts, from the wide-spread effects of small conditions, from the utter dying out of races like the Tasmanians or the Paraguay Indians under circumstances different from those with which their ancestors were familiar. What folly to interfere with a marvellous instinct which now preserves this balance intact, in favor of an untried artificial system which would probably wreck it, as helplessly as the modern system of higher education for women is wrecking the maternal powers of the best class in our English community.

Indeed, within the race itself, as it now exists, free choice, aided by natural selection, is actually improving every good point, and is forever weeding out all the occasional failures and shortcomings of nature. For weakly children, feeble children, stupid children, heavy children, are undoubtedly born under this very régime of falling in love, whose average results I believe to be so highly beneficial. How is this? Well, one has to take into consideration two points in seeking for the solution of that obvious problem.

In the first place, no instinct is absolutely perfect. All of them necessarily fail at some points. If on the average they do good, they are sufficiently justified. Now the material with which you have to start in this case is not perfect. Each man marries, even in favorable circumstances, not the abstractly best adapted woman in the world to supplement or counteract his individual peculiarities, but the best woman then and there obtainable for him. The result is frequently far from perfect; all I claim is that it would be as bad or a good deal worse if somebody else made the choice for him, or if he made the choice himself on abstract biological and "eugenic" principles. And, indeed, the very existence of better and worse in the world is a condition precedent of all upward evolution. Without an overstocked world, with individual variations, some progressive, some retrograde, there could be no natural selection, no survival of the fittest. That is the chief besetting danger of cut-and-dried doctrinaire views. Malthus was a very great man; but if his principle of prudential restraint were fully carried out, the prudent would cease to reproduce their like, and the world would be peopled in a few generations by the hereditary reckless and dissolute and imprudent. Even so, if eugenic principles were universally adopted, the chance of exceptional and elevated natures would be largely reduced, and natural selection would be in so much interfered with or sensibly retarded.

In the second place, again, it must not be forgotten that Falling in Love has never yet, among civilized men at least, had a fair field and no favor. Many marriages are arranged on very differ-

ent grounds—grounds of convenience, grounds of cupidity, grounds of religion, grounds of snobbishness. In many cases it is clearly demonstrable that such marriages are productive in the highest degree of evil consequences. Take the case of heiresses. An heiress is almost by necessity the one last feeble and flickering relic of a moribund stock—often of a stock reduced by the sordid pursuit of ill-gotten wealth almost to the very verge of actual insanity. But let her be ever so ugly, ever so unhealthy, ever so hysterical, ever so mad, somebody or other will be ready and eager to marry her on any terms. Considerations of this sort have helped to stock the world with many feeble and unhealthy persons. Among the middle and upper classes it may be safely said only a very small percentage of marriages is ever due to love alone; in other words, to instinctive feeling. The remainder have been influenced by various side advantages, and nature has taken her vengeance accordingly on the unhappy offspring. Parents and moralists are ever ready to drown her voice, and to counsel marriage within one's own class, among nice people, with a really religious girl, and so forth *ad infinitum*. By many well-meaning young people these deadly interferences with natural impulse are accepted as part of a higher and nobler law of conduct. The wretched belief that one should subordinate the promptings of one's own soul to the dictates of a miscalculating and misdirecting prudence has been instilled into the minds of girls especially, until at last many of them have almost come to look upon their natural instincts as wrong, and the immoral race-destructive counsels of their seniors or advisers as the truest and purest earthly wisdom. Among certain small religious sects, again, such as the Quakers, the duty of "marrying in" has been strenuously inculcated, and only the stronger-minded and more individualistic members have had courage and initiative enough to disregard precedent, and to follow the internal divine monitor, as against the externally-imposed law of their particular community. Even among wider bodies it is commonly held that Catholics must not marry Protestants; and the admirable results obtained by the

mixture of Jewish with European blood have almost all been reached by male Jews having the temerity to marry "Christian" women in the face of opposition and persecution from their conationalists. It is very rarely indeed that a Jewess will accept a European for a husband. In so many ways, and on so many grounds, does convention interfere with the plain and evident dictates of nature.

Against all such evil parental promptings, however, a great safeguard is afforded to society by the wholesome and essentially philosophical teaching of romance and poetry. I do not approve of novels. They are for the most part a futile and unprofitable form of literature; and it may profoundly be regretted that the mere blind laws of supply and demand should have diverted such an immense number of the ablest minds in England, France, and America, from more serious subjects to the production of such very frivolous and, on the whole, ephemeral works of art. But the novel has this one great counterpoise of undoubted good to set against all the manifold disadvantages and shortcomings of romantic literature—that it always appeals to the true internal promptings of inherited instinct, and opposes the foolish and selfish suggestions of interested outsiders. It is the perpetual protest of poor banished human nature against the expelling pitchfork of calculating expediency in the matrimonial market. While parents and moralists are forever saying, "Don't marry for beauty; don't marry for inclination; don't marry for love: marry for money, marry for social position, marry for advancement, marry for our convenience, not for your own," the romance-writer is forever urging, on the other hand, "Marry for love, and for love only." His great theme in all ages has been the opposition between parental or other external wishes and the true promptings of the young and unsophisticated human heart. He has been the chief ally of sentiment and of nature. He has filled the heads of all our girls with what Sir George Campbell describes off-hand as "foolish ideas about love." He has preserved us from the hateful conventions of civilization. He has exalted the claims of per-

sonal attraction, of the mysterious native yearning of heart for heart, of the indefinite and indescribable element of mutual selection ; and in so doing, he has unconsciously proved himself the best friend of human improvement and the deadliest enemy of all those hideous "social lies which warp us from the living truth." His mission is to deliver the world from Dr. Johnson and Sir George Campbell.

For, strange to say, it is the moralists and the doctrinaires who are always in the wrong : it is the sentimentalists and the rebels who are always in the right in this matter. If the common moral maxims of society could have had their way—if we had all chosen our wives and our husbands, not for their beauty or their manliness, not for their eyes or their mustaches, not for their attractiveness or their vivacity, but for their "sterling qualities of mind and character," we should now doubtless be a miserable race of prigs and bookworms, of martinets and puritans, of nervous invalids and feeble idiots. It is because our young men and maidens will not hearken to these penny-wise apophthegms of shallow sophistry—because they often prefer *Romeo and Juliet* to the "Whole Duty of Man," and a beautiful face to a round balance at Coutts's—that we still preserve some vitality and some individual features, in spite of our grinding and crushing civilization. The men who marry balances, as Mr. Galton has shown, happily die out, leaving none to represent them : the men who marry women they have been weak enough and silly enough to fall in love with, recruit the race with fine and vigorous and intelligent children, fortunately compounded of the complementary traits derived from two fairly contrasted and mutually reinforcing individualities.

I have spoken throughout, for argument's sake, as though the only interest to be considered in the married relation were the interests of the offspring, and so ultimately of the race at large, rather than of the persons themselves who enter into it. But I do not quite see why each generation should thus be sacrificed to the welfare of the generations that afterward succeed it. Now it is one of the strongest points in favor of the system of Falling in Love that it does, by

common experience in the vast majority of instances, assort together persons who subsequently prove themselves thoroughly congenial and helpful to one another. And this result I look upon as one great proof of the real value and importance of the instinct. Most men and women select for themselves partners for life at an age when they know but little of the world, when they judge but superficially of characters and motives, when they still make many mistakes in the conduct of life and in the estimation of chances. Yet most of them find in after days that they have really chosen out of all the world one of the persons best adapted by native idiosyncrasy to make their joint lives enjoyable and useful. I make every allowance for the effects of habit, for the growth of sentiment, for the gradual approximation of tastes and sympathies ; but surely, even so, it is a common consciousness with every one of us who has been long married, that we could hardly conceivably have made ourselves happy with any of the partners whom others have chosen ; and that we have actually made ourselves so with the partners we chose for ourselves under the guidance of an almost unerring native instinct. Yet adaptation between husband and wife, so far as their own happiness is concerned, can have had comparatively little to do with the evolution of the instinct, as compared with adaptation for the joint production of vigorous and successful offspring. Natural selection lays almost all the stress on the last point and hardly any at all upon the first one. If, then, the instinct is found on the whole so trustworthy in the minor matter, for which it has not specially been fashioned, how far more trustworthy and valuable must it probably prove in the greater matter—greater, I mean, as regards the interests of the race—for which it has been mainly or almost solely developed !

I do not doubt that, as the world goes on, a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go ; marriage for rank may go ; marriage for position may go ; but marriage for love, I be-

lieve and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked ; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable ; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse, is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel, in spite of doctrinaires, that the

voice of nature is better far than the voice of the Lord Chancellor or the Royal Society ; and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness, both of the race and of the individual, than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked, and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders. —*Fortnightly Review*.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE 24.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

This is one of Horace's finest Odes, but is more properly ethical than lyrical. Its austere severity of reproof is directed against the two national vices which, as he saw, threatened the existence of the Roman state, the luxury and avarice of the Patricians, and the turbulence, the "indomita licentia" of the people. This great moral poem has little of the light touch, the courtly grace, or the mythological or historical allusions which characterize so many of Horace's finest odes ; but it is almost unequalled in dignity, intensity, and concentrated vigor. Its march is consecutive, and uninterrupted by sudden and obscure transitions. The poet was in earnest when he wrote it, and like every man who is in earnest he was without fear. He writes as the Moralist and Statesman, not as the Dilettante Stoic, or Epicurean.

I.

THOUGH India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine ;
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas ;
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead ?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb ?

II.

Happier the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains ;
Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free :
For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

III.

The tender-hearted step-dame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan-babe ; no wealthy bride

Insults her lord, or yields her heart
 To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
 The maiden's dower is purity,
 Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
 To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
 Chastely to live, or if dishonored, die.

IV.

Breathes there a patriot brave and strong
 Would right his erring country's wrong,
 Would heal her wounds and quell her rage?
 Let him with noble daring first
 Curb Faction's tyranny accurst:
 So may some future age
 Grave on his bust, with pious hand,
 THE FATHER OF HIS NATIVE LAND:
 Virtue yet living we despise,
 Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

V.

Cease, idle wail!
 The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
 How weak the laws by man ordained,
 If Virtue's law be unsustained!
 A second sin is thine! The sand
 Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
 The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
 Call with one voice to wrinkled avarice:
 He hears: he fears no toil, nor sword, nor sea;
 He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

VI.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
 Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold:
 Into the seas, or Temple, fling
 Thy vile unprofitable gold.
 Roman! Repent, and from within
 Eradicate thy darling sin:
 Repent! and from thy bosom tear
 The sordid shame that festers there.

VII.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
 In rougher schools a lesson stern:—
 The high-born youth, mature in vice,
 Pursues his vain and reckless course,
 Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
 But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse.
 His perjured sire with jealous care
 Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
 Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
 Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
 Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
 But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

—*Temple Bar.*

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

OF the many legends wherewith in my childhood a Highland nurse was wont to hold us entranced, when on long winter's evenings we gathered round the fire, craving for "stories," one especially has remained deeply impressed on my mind, though, alas! treacherous memory fails to recall the names of those concerned or of the castle wherein the scene was enacted. It may be, however, that some one who reads this page may recollect both, and be able to supply these missing links.

The castle which was so minutely described, and so vividly realized, was an old baronial fortress, whose massive gray walls, many feet in thickness, harmonized well with the weather-worn rocks around and the precipitous crags which frowned in the background. Many a quaint turret crowned the angles of the castellated towers, and from niches in the battlements armed clansmen had in times of siege poured molten lead on the heads of their assailants.

Though successive generations had converted the upper stories to the uses of modern comfort, the stone cells of the basement, with heavy doors and rusty iron-grated windows without glass, were still more gloomy than many modern prisons, and though now only used as household offices, suggested that in days of old feudal tyranny they might well have served as dungeons for many a luckless captive taken in tribal foray. The most spacious of these dismal cells, which served as a hall of feasting for the clansmen, was partly hewn from the solid rock, as was also the great baronial kitchen, so that in truth the castle seemed but a part of the solid rock on which it was so securely founded. Nor was it always easy to shake off something of an eerie impression, even in the dwelling rooms on the upper floors, with their antiquated, comfortless furniture and grim portraits of bygone generations. Such a home could only be cheery in the bright sunshine, and when ringing with the laughter of joyous young voices; but at the time of which I speak, the old house was left well-

nigh as desolate as the deserted nest from which the full-fledged brood have flown.

Well-nigh half a century had passed since the day when the late owner of these broad lands brought home the comely bride who had ever since filled her place so well in the hearts of the people. Sons and daughters grew up around them, and the ghostly walls re-echoed their childish glee. But as the years rolled on, one by one forsook the old roof-tree—the sons to seek their fortunes in foreign lands, while of the daughters—"some were married—some were dead."

Then came a day of bitter woe, when the lord of the castle (no longer so strong of hand as of yore) was thrown by a restive horse, and was brought home only to close his eyes in death.

Long years had passed by since then, and still his widow dwelt alone in the gloomy castle, wisely ruling over all the interests of her first-born son, who still continued to hold high office in the service of his country beyond the seas. Her one mainstay in any unusual difficulty was a brother, known to all the country-side as "The Colonel," a brave old officer who, after many years of active service, had now returned to end his days in peace on a small property within a distance of about six miles.

Her household consisted for the most part of old and tried retainers, the most recent importation, at the time to which I now refer, being a butler (whom the coachman and other old servants considered quite a new-comer because he had *only* been at the castle seven years) and a lady's maid who had been engaged but a few months previously, on the death of the valued companion of half a lifetime. This woman was personally good-looking, and came armed with the highest recommendations as to character and skill in millinery, and was also described as a tender nurse in sickness. Nevertheless, her new mistress could not conquer a natural instinct of distrust, against which she fought in vain, telling herself how un-

reasonable and unjust was such unfounded prejudice against a person of such well-certified excellence. But so resolutely did she strive to overcome this unsympathetic feeling that no outward sign ever betrayed its existence, for a kinder mistress never lived, and, besides, the conduct of the woman was irreproachable. So no ripple on the calm surface of domestic life betrayed that any manner of evil lay hidden in its depths.

Summer had slipped away, and with it the glory of golden gorse which lighted up the barren moorland with its gleaming gold. Now autumn had kissed the hills, clothing them in fragrant purple; a cheery party of friends had assembled at the castle to witness the village sports, and enjoy some days' sport in pursuit of the moor-fowl, and for a while all was stir and movement. But when the guests had all dispersed, the silvery-haired hostess was more than usually conscious of a sense of loneliness, as she sat by herself in a spacious room wainscoted with dark old oak (whose color told how many successive generations had come and gone since those parent oaks were felled!) Musing of bright days long gone, and of loving faces and voices far away, she still sat on in the deepening twilight. Then opening the latticed casement (and thereby startling a flock of jackdaws from their roost in the ivy-covered turret) she looked out to the cloudy night, and watched the play of dim moonlight on the pale mists and on the gloomy morass which lay outspread beyond the castle.

Many a time the same outlook had soothed her and whispered peace, but to-night she only felt its eeriness. Earlier than was her wont she retired to her tapestried bedchamber—a sombre room, furnished with handsome old oak tables and cabinets, and a richly-carved bedstead, heavily draped with gold-embroidered velvet, which had once been crimson; but its color had long since faded, and the gold was tarnished beyond recognition. Bidding her maid heap on a blazing wood fire, she dismissed her for the night. Then, unlocking a curious Flemish cabinet, she opened several drawers, rapidly glancing at the silken and morocco cases

containing her bridal jewels, now laid by until her son should in his turn bring home a bride, on whom she would lovingly bestow them. Then from an inner recess she took several packets of old letters, and was soon so thoroughly absorbed in memories of the past that the hours slipped by unheeded, and the fire had burnt low ere she roused herself to a consciousness that it was time to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

But that night sleep was wooed in vain. Her mind was too thoroughly awake; even the hooting of the owls in the great tower seemed tenfold louder and more ghostly than usual, and ever and anon the rising breeze caught an unruly ivy-branch and drew it sharply across the window-pane. She resolved that the errant bough should be duly trimmed on the morrow, and again tried to compose herself to sleep, but without effect. She found herself watching the occasional faint glimmer of the smouldering logs, playing fitfully on the dim tapestry, and presently, though by no means given to indulging in nervous fancies, she felt convinced that the curtain which half draped the door was shaken.

Another moment proved that this was indeed no fancy. Slowly and silently the door opened, and her heart stood still with horror as she distinctly saw her trusted butler, holding in one hand a lighted candle, in the other an unsheathed dagger, while close behind him followed the lady's maid.

With a sudden instinct of self-preservation their mistress closed her eyes and feigned deep sleep. Not a tremor disturbed the regularity of her breathing as the would-be murderers came close to her and passed the light before her eyes.

"I cannot do it," she heard the man whisper. "She's so fast asleep that she is quite safe. You go on while I keep watch." She heard a low murmur of dissent, after which, while conscious that the man's eyes remained fixed upon her, she heard the woman searching for her keys, and then proceed to unlock the Flemish cabinet and open the various drawers in which were stored her most valued jewels, after which she passed to an inner dressing-room wherein were sundry objects of considerable intrinsic value.

Having collected her booty, the woman once more returned to urge her companion to the foul deed of murder. "Better do it," she said; "better make sure—dead folk tell no tales!"

Happily his heart failed him. "I cannot kill a sleeping woman," he said. Then, with a sense of indescribable relief, the feigned sleeper was conscious that the light was withdrawn, and that the cautious footsteps retreated to the door, and her sharpened ear followed their sound as they passed down the long corridor. No sleep was hers through the ensuing dark hours of vigil, as she lay in a stillness of great horror longing for the dawn. Meanwhile she had decided on her course of action. Knowing the difficulties of getting away from the castle except by borrowing a horse from her own stables, or by sending for one to the nearest town, she was convinced that though the robbers might take advantage of the darkness to conceal their booty outside the house, they would scarcely attempt to start before morning. She therefore waited quietly till, at the accustomed hour, her maid came to call her, when, with her usual calm, she went through all the prolonged mysteries of the toilette in such a manner as completely to allay all possibility of suspicion. Of course she was especially careful not to ask for anything which she supposed might possibly have been removed.

She then went leisurely down to breakfast, at which her butler waited with all due care. On his inquiring whether she had any orders for the carriage that morning, she replied that she had not, as the weather looked showery. But as he reached the door she recalled him, and with the most perfectly assumed carelessness said, "Yes, I think I had better take a turn. Bid the coach come round at eleven." So at eleven the carriage came to the door, and the lady

gave directions for a short drive to certain farms. The coachman drove leisurely down the stately lime avenue and through the bird-fringed glen till he was well out of sight of the castle, when his mistress, throwing off her assumed calm, bade him take another road and drive to the Colonel's house as fast as the horses could go.

In an incredibly short time her tale was told to one who was ever ready for prompt action, and who lost not a moment in ordering out his own fresh horses (the speed of the Colonel's grays was proverbial throughout the district). Leaving his sister, now thoroughly worn out with the prolonged nervous tension, he started in hot haste, and, urging his willing steeds to a gallop, he reached the castle just in time to arrest the guilty couple, who had completed their arrangements for flight with all their booty.

As the carriage dashed up the avenue, the panting horses betokening unwonted pressure, the butler was heard to exclaim, "It's all up! look at the Colonel's grays!" And "all up" for him it proved, for both he and the maid were forthwith arrested and committed to the county jail to stand their trial at the next assizes, and in Scotland, at the close of the last century, hanging was the penalty not only for sheep-stealing and cattle-lifting, but for all manner of theft. The peculiarity of the present case was that the comeliness of the female prisoner so affected the jury (there were no women on that jury!!) that, in the very face of direct evidence to the contrary, they chose to assume that the woman was acting under the man's influence. So he who had persistently refused to murder a sleeping woman was condemned to be hanged, whereas the temptress who had urged him to the crime was pardoned! Such were the peculiarities of legal justice in the days of our grandparents.—*Belgravia*.

COLERIDGE.

BY CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

"MEN act upon the world by what they say and by what they do." This is substantially what the logicians call an identical proposition, for, since writ-

ing and talking are acts, it is equivalent to saying, "Men act upon the world by acting." Let us put ourselves more nearly in accord with the modern posi-

tive spirit and say : " Men act on their fellows through the medium of language which conveys ideas, and by muscular contractions which put matter in motion, or arrest its motion." Even in this there is not the strict definiteness required by the disciple of Spencer, for one could object, " When a man speaks he puts matter in motion, the air vibrates, and the drum of the auditor's ear vibrates." Despairing of scientific accuracy, let us again say simply, in the old vague manner, " Men act on the world by what they do and by what they say," for we wish to speak of a man who influenced his own generation widely by what he said ; and, further, the thought of Samuel Coleridge is on an entirely different plane from the thought of the modern physico-psychological school, which is trying to pick the lock of the universe on the principle that one key opens all locks, and that all locks hide the same secret.

We will confine ourselves to Coleridge as a writer and talker, for though men act on the world by a subtle influence of character, sometimes more than by written and spoken words—Shelley's personality, for instance, counts for more than his poetry—the character of Coleridge, as evinced in the ordinary relations of life, was not one which of itself would refine, elevate, or strengthen. To those who knew him intimately, there were, doubtless, qualities of self-abnegation, of reverence, of spiritual-mindedness, in addition to the intellectual power devoted to noble and unselfish ends, which could not but call forth their admiration ; but to the world, which can look only at the large features of a man's life, he appears as neglecting the paramount and pressing duty which lies on every man of caring for those immediately dependent on him. Coleridge neglected to fulfil ordinary business engagements, he failed to finish literary undertakings for which he was well-equipped—he has been called the man of magnificent beginnings—he succumbed to a subtle and enervating temptation, and though he conquered the opium habit, the effort seems to have exhausted the entire sum of his capacity for energetic volition. His failures were due perhaps to physical weakness, perhaps to a subtle disease of the will ;

but, at all events, the fatal taint of irresolution has prevented him from becoming a personal force. But, notwithstanding his pitiable weakness as an individual, no statesman of his day, no literary man of his day, no educator, effected so large and beneficent a public work. No Englishman ever did more to enlighten the public conscience, to raise the tone of criticism, and the conception of the true relations between church, state, and citizen ; and to substitute a broad and ennobling theory of life and duty for the commercial morals of Paley, and the narrow, barren materialism of Locke. And no writer of English verse ever showed more easy command over his instrument ; there is none whose poetry is in a higher sense poetry radiant with the " light that never was on land or sea." Therefore, more than any one else he suggests the question : How far do great powers, and the consciousness of being able to serve mankind in the higher sense, absolve a man from the fulfilment of the everyday duties ?

His positions as a poet and a prose writer are entirely independent. He is the only man that is very great as an imaginative writer and as a logician, for though Plato is a great literary artist, we do not know that he was a poet of the first rank. Coleridge does not mix his reasoning and his poetry as Milton did, and as Wordsworth did. While his prose abounds in graphic and suggestive images, it is strictly argumentative prose : it holds no artistic element in solution. It is addressed primarily to the intellect. His poetry on the other hand is strictly representative, purely an art product. It makes no appeal to the understanding, but is the language of something higher. That such poetry as the " Ancient Mariner," and " Christabel," and " Cain,"—which last, though not in verse, must be classed as poetry,—meets with such general acceptance, and is felt to be the aliment of some portion of our mind, the refreshment of something real within us, is a proof that there is a world behind the world of sensation and perception, below the field of consciousness, dark to the eye of sense, but radiant with the " master light of all our seeing."

Coleridge deserves better than Shakespeare the epithet, "myriad-minded." For Shakespeare's powers, as far as we know, were powers of representation only, preceded of course by vivid perception—the most vivid that ever glowed in a mortal's brain—but not by conscious, painstaking analysis. As far as we know, it would have been as foreign to Shakespeare's mind to have reasoned from propositions to a logical system, as it evidently was impossible for Lord Bacon to portray character in action. The union of these powers in the same individual, so independent as to make his prose expression and his poetical expression entirely distinct, is very rare. Shelley was an exquisite writer of prose and a philosophical thinker of grasp and range, but his prose and his poetry are related, are evidently products of the same mind, for they have common characteristics, and their difference is principally that of form.

The same is true of Milton, and Dryden, and Swinburne. Coleridge's prose is not the prose of a poet, nor is his poetry the poetry of a philosopher. They should therefore be considered separately, for the only point of internal resemblance is that both embody literary qualities which command influence and immortality.

When I speak of his poetry as strictly an artistic product, as having in it a mystical and unreal element, I wish to be understood as confining myself to what constitutes in bulk a very small part of his writings in poetic form, as referring solely to the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," and "Cain," of which the first only is complete. The rest of his verse-writing, as the grand ode to France, the popular verses on "Love" beginning,—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers to Love,
And feed his sacred flame :"

—the tragedy of "Remorse," the pathetic verses on Youth and Age, and others less known of the many that fill the volume entitled "Poems of Coleridge," are merely the verses of a brilliant intellect gifted with the metrical power. Doubtless there are many fine lines, many noble and just images, no

lack of musical clauses, but the wonderful, unearthly, ideal element, the entire removal from the world of sense, is wanting. They are felicitous expressions of everyday thought. The "Complaint and Reply," for instance, is a very happy epigrammatic expression of a commonplace phase of feeling :—

COMPLAINT.

"How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains ;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits.
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPROOF.

"For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain,
What, would'st thou have a good, great man obtain
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain,—
Or throne of corpses which his sword has slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man ?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

Poetry of this order has its uses—its important function in spiritual education. Perhaps it finds more readers and a more general influence than the song which is showered from a more remote heaven. It carries pleasure and consolation ; its lessons, like those of Longfellow's poetry, lend themselves to personal application. If it is cheerful, it is with the light of common day ; if melancholy, it is with the melancholy of hope or of resignation—of ordinary human emotions. It keeps its strict relation to the natural. But poetry like the "Ancient Mariner" has no interpretation in the limits of the understanding. It appeals to a different part of our nature. "The moment we are taken on that strange ship the actual and the unreal cease to have any distinction." The ocean on which it is driven by a spirit's hand is infinitely further removed than the waters on which the Spirit of God moved on the morning of

creation, for it is removed not in time, nor in space, merely, but in sphere of existence. Does the mariner represent a soul adrift?—a solitary, excluded from nature's great beneficence and re-deemed at last by the Spirit of Love? Let it be so,—or say, rather, if you must interpret in the German fashion,—that the mariner is the Spirit of Discontent which wanders over the world and marks unerringly the men on whom it can lay the burden of its pain,—the questionings, the despair which torment noble souls :—

" I pass like night from land to land,
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach."

The wedding guest cannot choose but hear. The "glittering eye" has looked into his soul, and the tumult and joy and uproar of the world recede, become faint and far,—a dance of shadows to spectral music; the buxom, ruddy bride, herself, a mere unsubstantial phantom, and this voyage, into the unknown, the startling, important reality. No wonder that after he had heard it,—

" He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow's morn."

Sadder and wiser, as Dante was after he had finished the "Divina Commedia,"—as the Shakespere that wrote "Lear" was sadder and wiser than the Shakespere that wrote "Romeo and Juliet." But of all this mystical meaning the artist gives no hint, for the sweet, little, childish moral at the end,—

" He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all,"—

is merely a device to bring the reader back into the world of sense. The poet places the under-world, the world of new forces, squarely before you. You enter it, and then are set back in your "own ccountree." The story is told by one who has been there. It is true. The effect is produced by numberless cumulative touches, all of which, in the true ballad manner, are subordinate to the narrative, which is of such novelty

and power that we feel in hearing it some of the strange uneasiness that affects animals on the approach of an eclipse. Experience fails. All our knowledge we supposed was based on experience. Here is a new sort of knowledge, not based on experience. There is nothing comparable to the effect of the "Ancient Mariner," unless it be the terror induced by certain strains of music. Something elemental throbs and trembles within us,—the solid ground of experience may yawn and let us down into unknown depths, where the firmness of the human soul is naught, where courage is dissolved, and will is powerless. The ideal quality of the "Ancient Mariner" is shown by the fact that it cannot be illustrated. Doré, a master of gloom, of the sinister perspective of black masses, is powerless to represent the phantom ship. His prints above Coleridge's verse merely spoil the lines, destroy the illusion, or rather throw it up into the real world of bark-rigged ships with wooden masts and figure-heads, solid, and displacing so many tons. The "Ancient Mariner" is the one poem which can never be illustrated. Coleridge called a painting "the intermediate something between a thought and a thing;" but this poem lies on the other side of thought, in the region of the sub-conscious. Compare Doré's illustrations of the "Wandering Jew." Here we have a human soul, driven by remorse to wander on the globe, hoping to die yet shunned by death, and seeing everywhere, in the fleeing clouds, the mists driving through the forests, the spray of the tempest, an image of the procession to Calvary. Here the illustrator is successful, for the terror, the remorse, the agony are within the limitations of the human. The "Ancient Mariner" might be set to music that Paganini might have played, but it is beyond the power of expression of any other art. An imperfect illustration lowers the dignity of the thing illustrated, drags the higher ideal down to its own level.

If we can say that the underlying motive of the "Ancient Mariner" is the unity of life, the subtle bond that connects universal nature, the mystical brotherhood between the brute creation, the human race, and the higher intelli-

gences, we can also say that the motive of "Christabel" is the temporary dominance sometimes assumed by the subtle power of evil. If Coleridge could not finish and could scarcely outline a conclusion to this wonderful fragment, it is of course useless for us to speculate on the moral intended. It is the opening scene of a great tragedy, whose action lies in the obscurest workings of the human soul. I doubt if the key to this wonderful picture ever existed in his conscious thought. These poems seem to have been constructed by some power deeper than the understanding and the will. They lay in Coleridge's mind without his knowing it, and without any power on his part to summon them into being. Were they not produced in a very different way from the ordinary journey-work of literature, without any scheme or analysis? They are the only great poems in literature not constructed about a pre-existing story or myth, and which do not borrow some dignity and interest from antecedent historical or religious associations. The coming to the surface of such creations might depend on a certain conjuncture of physical conditions which he could neither foresee nor command. Some spirit spoke through him that was mightier than he. "Kubla Khan" was composed in a dream, and written down hastily, and Coleridge said that he was confident that one hundred more lines were distinct in his memory, when that unfortunate "person on business from Porlock,"—more to be anathematized than the soldier who killed Archimedes, for was there ever a more unfortunate expulsion of the ideal by the real?—interrupted him, and the strain of weird music was lost forever. So of "Christabel," the canvas is prepared, the ground color laid on, the figures barely sketched, the background, with its sinister perspective barely suggested, but every stroke is the firm stroke of a master, of a master possessed by something he has seen, not carelessly with the bodily eye, but for an instant, intensely, with the eye of the spirit. The heroic-romance form is developed to as high a use as the ballad-form in the "Ancient Mariner." How powerfully he uses the ordinary instrumentalities to express more than they usually mean! The sugges-

tions are grouped and aggregated. It is midnight, the owls have waked the cock, who crows drowsily. The night is "chilly, but not dark," but the light is meagre and flickering, the moon is behind the "thin gray cloud spread on high,"—"spread," as if it were done purposely to screen the evil agents. The moon looks "small and dull, like a serpent's eye." The world is under a spell, the forest bare of leaves, except that one on the top of the tree which "dances as often as dance it can," as if filled with impish energy. The wind moans bleak. The mastiff bitch, conscious of the malign influences of the hour, through the brute's intuitive sense of danger, moans in answer to the dead clang of the turret clock. Coleridge shows that the solitude of the sea, or the sense of remote space, is not essential to isolate a soul and produce the effect of demonic reality, as in the "Ancient Mariner." "Christabel" stands as the eternal representative of purity, and while the witch Geraldine is apparently more beautiful than she, every image applied to the one suggests the dazzling brilliancy of sin; to the other, the unobtrusive radiance of innocence.

Thus the witch is the "stately lady;" "the lady tall," the "beautiful lady;" but Christabel is the "lovely lady," the "maiden fair," the "sweet maid." Of Geraldine it is said:—

"The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare,
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,—
Beautiful exceedingly!"

Again:—

"She was the most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree."

But Christabel is described indirectly only:—

"Kneeling in the moonlight
To make her gentle vows,
Her slender palms together pressed,
Heaving, sometimes, on her breast,
Her face resigned to bliss, or bale—
Her face, oh, call it fair, not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear."

This difference of atmosphere about the two women is evidently not the re-

sult of a conscious, painstaking treatment, but because the poet feels their different relations to the moral world, and because his vision of them is as clear and distinct as if they were actually before him. This is the great poetic or creative power,—the power of seeing visions face to face, and of realizing them and fixing them in words, or colors, or stone.

The suggestion of the presence of the mother, seen by the witch Geraldine, but invisible to mortal eye, comes in after the charming description of Christabel's chamber, and contrasts subtly with the feeling of home-like security and repose induced by the—

“chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures, strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet.
The lamp with a two-fold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.”

Christabel says, involuntarily :—

“O mother dear, that thou wert here !
'I would,' said Geraldine, 'she were !' ”

But soon with altered voice said she,
'Off, wandering mother ! Peak and pine !
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?
Why stares she with unsettled eye ?
Can she the bodiless dead espy ?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off ! This hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off ! 'Tis given to me.' ”

This is a real visitant. The ghost of the royal Dane is human compared to her. The shrinking of Christabel, her passionate appeal to her father, her fright and alarm when the witch subtly discloses a glimpse of her real character, are more pitiable than the mistrust Gretchen feels for Mephistopheles. The danger is made real though vague, and is the more alarming because vague. She shrinks as a pure young soul shrinks, with terror undefinable, from the approach of that awful form of insanity which sometimes troubles with images of corruption the unclouded mirror of a mind that has hitherto reflected only the peaceful forms of love, or hope, or tenderness :—

“Softly gathering up her train
That o'er her right arm fell again ;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,

And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu, Maria ! shield her well !

“A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrink in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
As with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance.”

Mrs. Oliphant says Christabel is a martyr-soul suffering in dumb consternation against the evil that holds her spellbound. “And all the more pathetic is the picture because the Christ-maiden is entirely human. She knows nothing, neither her own position—a sight for angels to watch—nor all that depends upon her steadfast adherence to her white banner of faith and purity ; but her enemy knows everything, and has a whole armory of subtle spiritual weapons at her disposal, ‘Jesu, Maria, shield her well !’ ”

Coleridge left an outline of the framework on which he intended to build the conclusion of Christabel. Charles Lamb said it should never be finished, and it may be doubted whether this is not one of those inscrutable problems that can be stated and nothing more ; the temporary and apparent triumph of evil, the subtle energy and pervasive power it sometimes assumes in this “present, evil world.”

Another fragment, the motive of which lies in the supernatural world, is “Cain.” Coleridge left a few lines of the verse in which he intended to have written this, and a prose outline of the second canto. Cain is driven by the first remorse that had entered the world, a remorse that has the elemental depth, the heroic scope, of the passions of the primitive man ; a despair in which are summed up and enfolded all the coming sorrow and anguish of humanity.

Cain and his child Enos are in the wood at night, and the boy complains that the wild animals will no longer play with him. “And Cain lifted up his voice and said, ‘The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and that ; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me, he is around me even as the air. O ! that I might be utterly no more, that I might abide in darkness, and blackness and an empty space !’ ” When they

came out of the woods into the moonlight of the desert, "Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire, his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fixed and sullen eye beneath, and the black, abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning, iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told, in a strange language, of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be."

The spirit of Abel is discovered in the desolate desert, a shape, whose form and limbs were like those of the murdered Abel, wandering like a feeble slave in misery. Heaven and Hell are not created—there has been no death. Cain asks him, "'Didst thou not find favor in the sight of the Lord, thy God?' The shape answered,—'The Lord is the God of the living, the dead have another God.' Then the child, Enos, lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. 'Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life!' exclaimed the shape, 'who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead, but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and dominion.' Having uttered these words, the shape rose suddenly and fled over the sands, and Cain said in his heart, 'The curse of the Lord is on me, but who is the God of the dead? . . . Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony.'"

It is hardly necessary to compare this fragment with Byron's "Cain" or "Manfred" to show of how much higher quality was the poetic power of Coleridge than that of Byron. Although *dramatis personæ* are introduced with whom we are acquainted, the creative power of the artist invests them with the supernatural character. A single false expression would have dragged the entire conception down to the region of

Byronic fustian, but the false note is never heard. The scene is carried back so far into the origin of humanity, that it is as far removed from the field of our ordinary conceptions as if it were placed in the supernatural world. No modern sentiment intrudes for an instant. How different from "Paradise Lost," where that quite superior seventeenth-century person, Adam, reasons like a Doctor of Divinity. Cain's joy at receiving the idea that the God of the living—the God whom he has known as the guardian of Eden, jealously watching over infant humanity—is not the God of the dead, is a striking conception, and in true harmony with the character of primitive man,—man devoid of experience,—man with no traditional ideas. Cain receives the idea so readily because this is the first time humanity has known death, or has had occasion to reflect on the change death brings. There is the breadth and largeness of grasp in this fragment that marks the "Prometheus." The characters are moved only by the deep, primitive, radical emotions, the underlying strata of human nature, which we have overlaid with so much drift and rubbish.

In thus stepping boldly outside the world of the senses, Coleridge was a great poet, a creator, an idealist. No poet now attempts to do more than describe what he has seen, or heard, perhaps to moralize on it, or to invest it with a certain relation to the spiritual world. In a word, modern poets are realistic, fanciful and charming perhaps, but always purposive. Shelley, too, possesses this power, but Coleridge made by far the easier flight. Shelley has most need of artificial supports, deals in negations,—shadowless, insensational figures floating in a dim vapor,—the conventional apparatus of the ghostly world. The number of adjectives beginning in *un* and *dis* that Shelley uses is remarkable. But Coleridge places the scene squarely before you,—no dim vapors pass across the foreground. The phantom ship drives across the sun, you see that it is a skeleton ship,—

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
Heaven's mother send us grace!
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face."

The poet seizes instinctively on the striking points, as a good narrator does in describing what he has seen. But the sense of an underlying, all-pervasive, mysterious force is as imminent in the real ocean, where the mariner's ship floats idly, as in the vast, interstellar spaces where Queen Mab takes the spirit of Ianthé. More so, indeed. Coleridge places the supernatural world apart,—he does not disclose its relations to the natural, he does not depict the supernatural forces embodied in the real, as Shakespeare does in "Macbeth;" nor can he pass from the supernatural to the real with the supreme ease of the great master, for with Coleridge the supernatural, for the time, closes in on and shuts out the real.

Do you say what is the use of these "fairy stories," when to learn a little of the world of the senses life is all too short? I can only say that as an educational influence they seem to me to have a far wider function than the modern realistic and scientific literature, which is addressed to sharpening the observation and the perceptive powers which case us in as with a shell, and are the master gloom of all our darkness. There is nothing more necessary to mental health and balance, as is shown by the eagerness of healthy children for nutriment to the imagination, than the cultivation of the more obscure parts of the imagination. It may not conduce to success in business, but it conduces to sanity. When thought is held entirely within the limitations of the natural and positive, imagination takes a terrible revenge. A peculiar and distressing form of insanity awaits the posterity of the men and women to whom the things of this world are the only subject of thought. Fungi grow in the dark, unconscious recesses of minds never illumined by the weird light of the underlying world. When the gods are absent, ghosts crowd in. The poisonous spores are dormant in those who laugh at the dreamy poet or the unpractical mystic, but their development in the coming generations is certain. Dr. Maudsley, the great authority on Alienism, says that he "knows no one more likely to breed insanity in his offspring than the intensely selfish man, and that an oblique moral development

is more likely to predetermine insanity in the next generation than many forms of actual mental derangement in parents." The whole course of his reasoning, however, goes to prove that it is any one-sided, unbalanced development of the character that is likely to entail this curse, not moral deformity alone. He, of course, would not admit that the stern repression of the mystical flights of the mind would result in morbid growth of the practical understanding. But is not a hunger and thirst after the things of the unreal world a constituent part of the human spirit, which must be fed with the higher expressions of music and art and poetry; and is not the benumbing effect of practical endeavor in the long run as fatal to true mental evolution as a false, exaggerated supernaturalism?

In the phase of his creative activity which we have been considering, Coleridge was essentially un-English—a seer of things unseen—blind to the everyday world, but visionary with the "master light of all our seeing." When he descended to the lower plane of mental activity which was his habitual field ground,—philosophy,—he was essentially and radically English. "His thought, whether on Ethics, Psychology, or Political Science, was always directly related to practical affairs." His method was the practical one of spoken discourse, and in this method he was not *primus inter pares*, but *facile princeps*. If he drew his inspirations from German thinkers, his treatment was so different that he can rightly be called an originator rather than an interpreter. "Kant's thought," says Principal Shairp, "was but a germ to his philosophical mind." For he never for an instant loses grasp of the applications of an idea, but shows continually how the principle is illustrated in the world of sense in the Church, in institutions, in the social order. At home as much as Kant in the region of pure abstractions, he is at the same time as much at home as Fox in English civil institutions, the jury, the relation of the people to the land, the vestry, the courts, the Houses of Parliament. In this double power he seems to me to be unrivalled, and in it lay the secret of his great influence. It is perhaps unfortunate for his permanent

reputation, not for his permanent influence, that his expression was through the medium of spoken discourse; for his intellectual children and grandchildren are all of those who have labored, and not entirely in vain, to put England in sympathy with liberal thought, and to preserve the liberal thought which is embodied in the English germinal principle. Kingsley, Stanley, Arnold the elder, Maurice, and many others, less known, perhaps, but not the less worth knowing,—un-iconoclastic radicals, conservative rebels, practical idealists,—are of those who have taken up the thought of Coleridge. The quickening effect of his discourse,—it can hardly be called conversation,—is testified to by many who have left their impressions on record. His latest biographer, Mr. Trail, though evidently not in sympathy with the thought of Coleridge, admits its great effect on intellectual England, and seems to think that the value and power of Coleridge is as great as it would have been had he finished and developed his philosophical theories into a system. Hazlitt says, "He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything. He talked on forever—and you wished him to talk on forever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labor and effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him off his feet."

His nephew, Henry Coleridge, calls him "the eloquent centre of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples, far and near," and says,— "A day with him was a sabbath past expression, deep and tranquil and serene. Throughout a long-drawn summer day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, pouring such floods of light on your mind, that you might, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. In all this he was your teacher and guide, but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student, a companion, so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his

pleasant eye." De Quincey says, "Coleridge led me at once to the drawing-room, rang the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. That point being settled, Coleridge,—like some great Oreliana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters, and its mighty music,—swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, the most novel and illuminated that it was possible to conceive."

Now these are the reports of enthusiastic young disciples, and must be taken *cum grano salis*. But there is little difference in the reports of older men.

"His society," says Wordsworth, "I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man." Carlyle, who never praised a living man, is the only one who does not speak in terms of enthusiastic reverence, and acknowledge the effect of a new, vitalizing mental force.

From the fragments of his table talk recorded by his nephew, and from his own fragmentary publications, we may gather the outline and tendency of his philosophic thought. Its force on the printed page is evidently quite different from what it must have been when it flowed in matchless discourse, fresh from his mind under the inspiration of contact with other minds. His principal propositions are: first, one of the leading Kantian ideas,—that in addition to the sensuous perception by which phenomena are translated into thought, and the understanding which compares and classifies the cognitions so presented, *i.e.*, the logical faculty which moves from a premise to a conclusion,—we possess a higher faculty which he calls reason, through which we receive immediate knowledge of things which the understanding cannot grasp, which indeed it rejects, but which is the important knowledge, the only real truth, though without any criterion; secondly, that while every event is connected with another, as cause or effect, so that it is impossible to conceive of anything happening which had not a preceding cause, the higher reason introduces into the

world a new form of causal connection and says, "Do this because you ought," the *nexus*, or bond, between event and cause being of a totally different nature from all other causal connections, but much the most important, since it is the formative element in character, and the foundation of the social order. A materialist would deny at once that there is any exceptional cause, would say that conscience is a sublimated sense of utility; an agnostic would not so much deny it as ignore it, and say, "Positive knowledge is the only proper subject-matter of thought, and there is so much of that to be acquired that it is much more satisfactory to attend to it exclusively; and that humanity is the highest outcome of life, and therefore, humanity itself, not the unknown and unknowable first cause of the phenomena of life, is the proper object of worship."

When Coleridge was a young man the dominant philosophy was that of Locke and Paley,—the one basing all knowledge on experience, the other all duty upon policy. The latter part of the eighteenth century was preëminently an unspiritual age. It was the opening of the industrial era. The immense results from the practical application of newly-discovered means of control of the forces of nature had almost the same effects as the first development of the resources of a new continent had in America at a later date. The tangible results, the feeling that more was to come, the sense that the foundations of material power were being laid, that the greatness of England was budding and expanding, and the success of the continental wars which carried the material prestige of England to a high point, led men's minds away from the contemplation of spiritual truth.

"Against this material philosophy Coleridge set his face. He never ceased, in season and out of season, to argue against it, to point out its dangerous tendencies, its lack of correspondence with actual manifestations, its failure to explain phenomena," and he, beyond question, was the most effective force of his day in awakening the English mind to a higher life, and it is this sphere of his activity that makes him a worthy study for us, that makes his thought as vital and as valuable as when

it flowed from his eloquent lips. For in the last quarter of a century, natural science has made more brilliant progress, and is more closely allied with the physical comfort and power of men than ever before. As the foundation of great fortunes it is intimately allied with the social order. By reducing to a minimum the difficulties of transport, it has obviated the principal dangers which our fathers saw in the indefinite territorial expansion of the Republic. It touches us at every point of our lives. You can hardly light the gas, or turn on the water, or buy a railroad ticket, without reflecting that physical science lies at the bottom of all these things. All the resources of the Roman Empire could not have compassed the manufacture of the little wheel of a bicycle. You hear daily of great fortunes, the foundations of which are mechanical, or chemical, or engineering science. Even here we are apt to give more credit to the mechanic than to the theorist,—to the introducer and exploiter than to the discoverer, to Morse rather than to Ampère, or Faraday,—so strong is the tendency of men to the visibly real. We look forward to business, politics, practical affairs, and are rather impatient of the time spent in preparation, as keeping us from the real business of life. We appreciate in a general way that the wealth of the world,—at least of the civilized portion, which holds three-fourths of the wealth of the world,—rests on physical and chemical arts, which are the outcome of physical and chemical science. And we can scarcely avoid feeling that the scientific world is flushed with the enthusiasm of successful achievement, and confident—justly confident—in the prospect of new discoveries, and that there is a tendency to admit its methods into every department of mental activity.

Now we may say, "What of all this? What possible difference to the human race does the tendency of philosophical thought make? Such speculations, such theories of life, are the occupation of a few active-minded, cultivated men of leisure. In a free country they may be permitted to argue and build systems on any foundation they choose,—even to write books. They have precisely the same effect on civilization that the

writers on the game of chess, or on space of four dimensions have, *i.e.*, none at all. The great majority of men are so taken up with the struggle to support life, with the pressing necessity of daily, painful labor, that they have no leisure nor inclination to attend to philosophical theories, even if they possessed the ability to understand them."

To all this there are several answers. First : active-minded men who have a tendency to speculate and desire to have a satisfactory theory of life, are much more numerous than one might suppose, and are by no means confined to the small class that has leisure.

Secondly : even if thinking men are but a small class, if they are living under a false theory, society is in much the condition of a healthy body with a diseased mind, a state which results in strange, unaccountable public calamities, when apathy, listlessness, a disposition to suicide become contagious or epidemic. We cannot stop to show how history proves this, further than to say that the disintegration of society under the Roman emperors was due to outworn creeds and inadequate philosophies, and that the world was literally saved by Christianity.

Thirdly and chiefly : all history shows that philosophical theories color, not only national character, but also economic theories, governmental action, and social relations ; and touch the practical everyday life of man at a thousand points. The abstract ideas of thinking men always embody the ideal toward which a civilization tends, and, therefore, widely determine its form. For instance, with a material philosophy is consistent the view that men are property, with a material philosophy is possible a material civilization, a development of polity and wealth, but its formative principle has a finite development, is encompassed by the limitations of the material. With a spiritual philosophy which has degenerated into mysticism, or into fatalism, is possibly a loss of hold on the realities of life, a false attitude toward the great facts of human nature, and an undervaluing of human relations, which results in a dry-rot of society, and a final cessation of material progress. Nor does religion afford a substitute for a philosophical

theory of life. For philosophical theories so far color the sense in which a religious creed is held as to entirely change its meaning, and its practical effect as a rule of conduct. The sense in which a creed is apprehended, is that which gives it vitality.

The progress of the world seems to consist in an alternate spiritualizing and materializing, or a continual striving between the two. There is a constant tendency to magnify material achievement, to say, "Soul, take thy comfort, thou hast goods enough laid up." But there is also in our race an evolutionary nîsus toward something higher, which causes men to stop in this practical endeavor, and to ask themselves, "What does all this amount to ? Is there any real substance in all this wealth ?"

Are we making any real progress ? Are we realizing and assimilating any true fundamental principles ? If no satisfactory answer can be given, let us cease striving, and enjoy the passing day. Pleasure, though fleeting, is at least real, and must be snatched now, or lost forever. The philosophers of nature tell us that the aspiring curve of evolution sprang from a material base, and after rising to a certain height droops to the earth again ; that its differential changes sign, after a certain period, and the curve becomes one of devolution, till the difference between life and death, between heat and cold, becomes zero, and the dead, cold earth falls into the dead, cold sun, and all energy, including mental and spiritual energy, has ceased to be. We readily see how such a philosophy, when once assimilated and made a working creed, must affect a man's character with the subtle chill of spiritual despair.

Have we ever thought of the vast change in the admitted postulates of conventional argument that has taken place in the past fifty years ? The derisive laughter of one generation becomes the unquestioning assent of the next. I remember that some quarter of a century ago, an old gentleman of lovely character remarked casually to me, that poor people, laboring people, ought not to be taught to read. I shall never forget the impression this remark made upon me. I saw that I was in the presence of a vanishing type of the eighteenth century.

I felt as Clarence King did when he discovered the fossil that fixed the age of the Nevada rocks, the "oampered belemnites, luxuriously entombed in fine-grained sand-stone." I revered this man, for he was in many respects a better man than I could ever hope to become, but he was as far removed from me in tone of thought as a Crusader. He impressed upon me forcibly the conviction that the atmosphere clears with the centuries, and that each generation is born into a different inheritance.

It was the life-work of Coleridge to widen and amplify this inheritance for our fathers, as Plato did long before for his generation, and as no one is doing now.

A subordinate phase of the mental influence of Coleridge was exercised on the plane of literary criticism. He applied to this, principles harmonious with his philosophic thought. He was the first Shakesperian critic who recognized the master's true greatness, and proclaimed that he was not an irregular genius, but a true artist; that the poetic creations of one race are not to be mechanically measured by the artistic standard of another; that a poem may be an organic whole, developed from a vital principle, composed of parts which are congruous parts, not pieces, though the unity of time and place be not preserved by the calendar and the mundane horizon; that the poet, though not conscious, is an interpreter of nature; that morality and art in the highest sense are coincident. His lectures on Shakespere gave a tone and impulse to criticism which it has never quite lost, and verified the old adage, "Set a poet to catch a poet." Mr. Lowell's admirable paper on Shakespere is in the spirit of Coleridge, though he mentions him but incidentally, and implies that Coleridge took his views from Schlegel.*

* Undoubtedly, literary men like Coleridge and Schlegel catch up from hints, conversations, and the like, ideas that are an outcome of the tendency of the day,—of the current thought with which they come in contact in a thousand ways; and, therefore, similarities of ideas, even striking coincidences of expression, arise in every department of literary expression, when there is any general movement of thought; but I think that Coleridge is too great to be regarded merely as a translator, or even a transmitter, of critical views from

Coleridge's lectures on Hamlet were delivered before he could read a word of German, and a mind of the Coleridge type can never be accused of plagiarism, because, though it may receive and give forth an idea, it imparts to the idea its own quality, and not only transmutes it into its own language, but illuminates it from its own light.

Like every department of thought, Shakesperian criticism is divided into the idealistic and the realistic. The extreme idealistic school passes into mysticism, ascribes to the artist a purposive possession, finds hidden meanings, obscure lessons, and startling enigmas, in plain matters. The extremely realistic critic regards the art product as simply an industrial, or at best a scientific product. Thus Mr. White, who certainly in his earlier Shakesperian studies evinced no lack of appreciation for the more spiritual element of the Shakesperian drama, says in a late article,—“I feel sure, that if Shakespere had the completed MSS. of *Lear* and *Othello* and *Hamlet* before him, and his friend Southampton had offered him one hundred pounds each to have thrown them in the fire, that he would have done it, and gleefully pocketed the money.”

What is this but reading the spirit of the nineteenth century into Shakespere?—but interpreting him by gas-light, just as good Dr. Johnson interpreted him by the wax tapers of the eighteenth century? Mr. White passes at once from the particular to the universal, by one of the usual forms of false induction. He sees that the men who accumulate money in Wall Street possess certain qualities; he assumes at once that because Shakespere accumulated money, he must have possessed the same qualities. Because he was not a spendthrift, like Greene and Marlowe, he must have been sordid. But the miser and the spendthrift are not opposites, they are correlatives; the root of both characters is in a false conception of the relation of money to life. The true opposite of the spendthrift is the sane man.

Germany; and, further, that Shakespere is too much akin to us, too native a product of our race, to require any foreign interpreter, although the criticism of him from the foreign standpoint is suggestive,—perhaps instructive.

Emerson, Longfellow, and Tennyson were no less prosperous in the ordinary sense than Shakespeare. Mr. White's criticism is an outcome of the material philosophy. The mind of the artist, according to him, secretes poetry, but his personality is unconscious of success, feels no pride in achievement, no glow of satisfaction except at having produced something that will exchange for some solid reality. There is really no distinction made between the penmanship and the poetic creation. The criticism of the money market, though doubtless accurate when exercised upon its own subject-matter, labors under serious limitations when extended to poetry. Too much common sense leads a man terribly astray.

Coleridge's prose is unfinished, but it is the unfinished work of a great grammarian and a great logician. It suggests that he was writing to clarify his mind, to arrange his material. In his earlier prose there is a suggestion of Jeremy Taylor's linked and harmonious clauses. Many striking things are scattered on the page. I quote from memory: "A painting is the intermediate something between a thought and a thing." "Seeing Kean act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning, but I don't think him enough of a gentleman to act Othello." "We can never imitate anything until we have thoroughly mastered the principles of its being." "The principle of Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable."

Verbal felicities of this character came to him without effort, and were no doubt one of the great charms of his conversation.

In the "Vision," an allegory in which he materializes rationalism as an old man examining with a microscope the torso of a statue on whose breast was carved the word "Nature," he says with fine railery:—

"The old man railed continually against a being who yet he assured me had no existence. He spoke in divers tongues and uttered strange mysteries. Among the rest, he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on, till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrow courage from sur-

prise, and asked him, 'Who then is at the head to guide them?' He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, 'No one.' The string of blind men went on forever without stumbling, for *infinite blindness supplied the want of sight.*"

Indeed his "Table-talk," as reported by his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, is full of brilliant, quotable sayings,—thoughts that are thoughts, and the cause of thought in others.

We have observed that the defect of will-power rendered Coleridge's personality less effective than that of many men whose intellect moved on a more limited plane. But, after all, is not the mind that conceived the "Ancient Mariner," which ranged habitually at an elevation to attain which for a few moments is exhaustive to ordinary intellects, itself the best argument for that divine, supersensuous origin of life which to him was a reality, which if it did not hide the things of earth at least obscured them?

Dr. Mulford says, speaking of another admirable life:—

"Such a life is more than an example, it is an evidence. It is itself a testimony to the truth and dignity of the divine realities. The theory against which the Christian faith has now to contend, is that in which life is shut up within merely physical limitations. All that we are is regarded as substantially the product of physical forces and conditions, and at last is to cease, as the physical process of nature ceases. But by what subtle change of the elements of physical nature could this force of intellect be derived from physical sources? Through what chemistry could this devotion to large and universal ends be wrought from common earth and air? The simplest principles of causation forbid it. It is a life drawn from other and higher sources. It derives its strength from hidden springs. It has a dignity which belongs to no physical powers. It does not wither with the blighting of the grain, it does not fade with the closing of the day. These fulfil in the physical changes of nature their end, and answer to the ideal they bear. But the mind has another and higher ideal within itself, and other and higher relations than those of physical nature."

In a mind like Coleridge's this ideal is but partially obscured, it has the directness and force of an actuality. It impresses us with the dignity of intellect, as a life of kind words and good works; impresses us with the higher—the far higher—dignity and divinity of unselfish love.—*Temple Bar.*

THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

BY ALBERT J. MOTT, F.G.S.

WHILE statesmen discuss the laws under which Ireland is governed, and offer new Acts of Parliament for the cure of Irish discontent, the true cause of the evil, and with it the true nature of the remedy, are still as much as possible kept out of sight. The Irish are permanently discontented because they are permanently poor. What they really want is to be better off. What they seek is the supposed means of becoming so. The fundamental cause of this poverty is definite and certain; but the statement of it is so distasteful to the Irish people that it is scarcely ever dwelt upon, and is only mentioned now and then.

Irishmen are poor because there are too many of them in Ireland. The actual resources of the island are not sufficient for the number of its inhabitants, and the means of making them so has never been discovered. This has been the condition of things ever since the number of the people has been known. It was not known before the beginning of this century, nor is it possible now to ascertain what it was in former times; but from that period to the present there has never been a single year in which the gross income of the island has been sufficient to support the number of people living there, except in a state of general poverty. It is the case, precisely, of a family too large for the family income; unable sufficiently to increase it, but all continuing to live at home. When they are told so they are fiercely angry, and will not believe it. But facts cannot be altered, either by anger or incredulity; and the best friend of the Irish will be the man who first convinces them that this is the fact. Their present leaders do not, of course, deny their present poverty; but they represent it always as due to a false cause. They make their countrymen believe, as the poor are always willing to believe, that their poverty is in some way the result of unfair laws, and that if these laws were altered it would disappear. If this were true these leaders would indeed be patriots. If they had

worked out the figures which their promises involve, and were able to prove the benefits their hearers are made to dream of, their demands would be irresistible. But the statement is false and the figures are never worked out; the proofs, in fact, do not exist, and they cannot be manufactured.

The number of people who can live in comfort on any given area depends upon the gross annual income at their disposal. The income of a country consists of the products of its soil, the products of its manufactures, the interest on any of its capital lent to other people, the money brought to it by foreign visitors, and the profits of any external trade.

In Ireland the great bulk of the inhabitants depend wholly on the product of the soil, and under that condition no country of equal size is able anywhere to support the same number of people except in a state of general and constant poverty.

The fact is absolute, and the proof plainly before our eyes. Ireland has 5,000,000 inhabitants on an area of 30,000 square miles. There are, therefore, 160 persons to the square mile. The number is 86 in Spain, 126 in Portugal, 128 in Hungary; these are three European States which also are chiefly dependent upon agriculture, though each of them has other sources of income much greater than those of Ireland. But they have enough to do to keep themselves in tolerable comfort, though the population in Spain has only half, and in Portugal and Hungary only three-quarters, of the Irish density.

In France there are 186 persons to the square mile; only 26 more than in Ireland. France has vast manufactures, an enormous foreign trade, a large income from foreign investments and foreign visitors, and great mineral wealth. Probably half the population, certainly a very large proportion, live upon these resources, which are infinitely beyond anything that Ireland possesses. The French peasantry, nevertheless, are poor and hard-worked, and

yet Ireland is attempting to support a population nearly as dense as that of this favored and wealthy nation.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the population of England and Wales was less than 6,000,000, or about 100 persons to the square mile. At that time it was on the products of the soil that Englishmen chiefly lived. There were considerable manufactures, and foreign trade was already a source of national income; but agriculture was the main business of the inhabitants. The country, under those circumstances, was highly prosperous, as any country with a vigorous race in it will be when the soil is fairly fruitful and there are not more than a hundred persons to the square mile depending on it. But whenever this number is exceeded the difficulty of providing general comfort out of the product of the soil rapidly increases, and when the excess is considerable general poverty is the absolutely unavoidable result, unless there are some extraordinary means by which the average product can be increased or the average cost of living lessened to an extent far beyond the experience of European nations.

All Europe, taken together, supports only 90 persons to the square mile, and if Russia is excluded, as being in part uninhabited, all the rest of Europe supports only 150, with all its machinery at work, all its accumulated wealth, and all the profit of its entire trade with the rest of mankind. Ireland, with none of these advantages, is actually attempting to do more than the whole of Europe is doing in full possession of them.

A greater population can, of course, be kept on the same income, if they can reduce the cost of living. Men can live upon potatoes, or oatmeal, or rice, with an extremely small addition of other food; and if they submit to this diet, with rags for clothing, hovels for houses, and the least possible expenditure on anything else, even 200 persons to the square mile can be kept alive by the products of agriculture. This is what actually occurred in Ireland between 1820 and 1840, when the increase of the population went rapidly on, of course with increasing poverty, but without any popular conception of what the result must be, till famine and pestilence came

down on the poor ignorant people and cleared away more than a fourth of them in twenty years.

And it is only because they were so cleared away that the conditions of Irish life have been so far improved that the extremity of its former poverty has been relieved. But the relief is altogether insufficient. The number of the people is still too great by at least a million for general comfort to be possible. The wants of human nature are definite. So are the limits of what the soil will yield to the average labor of human hands.

The general unwillingness to recognize these facts in the case of Ireland has doubtless been mainly caused by the contrast with England, where population and wealth have increased together with extraordinary rapidity. But the causes of this increase have been forgotten. The density of population in England at the beginning of this century was exactly what it is now in Ireland: 160 persons to the square mile. It had risen to 250 in 1831; to 300 in 1851; to 400 in 1871; and it is now 450.

There is no approach to this density in any other country of equal size in any part of the world, except the valley of the Ganges, and possibly in some parts of China.

It is reached, among European States, only in Saxony, which is about as large as Wales, and in Belgium, which is twice the size of Yorkshire. The number of persons so closely packed together in these two small areas is not more than twice the population of London, and they are simply centres of mining, manufacture, and other industry on a great scale, concentrated within these narrow limits by natural and artificial circumstances which do not exist elsewhere. The United States of America have, at this moment, only 18 persons to the square mile. The State of New York, including the great city, has only 106, and this density is reached nowhere else in America except in the small States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. This is the foundation of American prosperity, and the security for its long continuance.

But in England itself only about one-fourth of the present population are supported by the entire product of the soil. How, then, do the rest get their

living? They get it from the following six sources of national income :—

1. England exports, that is, she sells to other countries, £300,000,000 worth of goods every year. The whole of this is national income, except the first cost of foreign materials included in these exports. The rest, more than two thirds, is paid to England for her natural productions, and the labor of her people.

2. England receives the annual profits of innumerable trades carried on by her agents in all parts of the world.

3. An enormous capital belonging to Englishmen is invested everywhere in foreign securities of every kind, and the annual interest is paid to us. This capital increases every year, because England possesses a very large number of rich men, who save a great part of their annual income. The sum thus saved is probably never less than from 50 to 100 millions a year. It is either lent at interest to other nations, or used as productive capital at home, and, in either case, it adds every year to the total income of the country, as well as to the reserve fund always ready to be drawn upon in case of need. This is a resource possessed only by very wealthy States, like England; by no other State to the same extent; and by Ireland to no extent of national importance.

4. England is the greatest carrier, the greatest insurer, broker, and banker in the world, and the profits in all these undertakings come to us as income.

5. England transacts miscellaneous business of every kind for every civilized nation, and is paid for these services.

6. And, lastly, a constant stream of foreign visitors is passing always through the country, spending here considerable sums, which are so much added to our resources.

This vast national income, which is independent of the product of the soil, has hitherto increased as fast as the number of people who have to live upon it, and, while this continues to be the case, the population of England may grow denser year by year without any decrease in the average comfort of the people. How far this is possible is a matter of supreme gravity which must develop itself in full force in the next ten years. In that period more than

three million persons will be added to the population of England and Wales. To provide for them as the rest are now provided for, the annual income of the country must be increased by a hundred millions sterling. The increase can only come from the sources already enumerated; and if they fail to give it, the Irish problem will repeat itself here. This is to some extent a digression, but it is sufficiently serious in itself; and a clear conception of the nature and limits of national resources is the first thing necessary in dealing with Irish discontent.

I have said that only about one-fourth of the people of England are supported by the product of the soil. This is ascertained both by the known values of agricultural produce compared with the estimates of national income, and also by the following simple calculation. The number of persons above fifteen years old employed upon the land of England and Wales was found at the last Census to be :—

Men.....	1,246,000
Women.....	62,000

Of the men, 680,000 are married, and each married couple on an average has two children living under fifteen. The total number directly supported by the land is, therefore :—

Men.....	1,246,000
Women.....	62,000
Wives of the men....	680,000
Children.....	1,360,000

Total..... 3,348,000

These include all the farmers and all the persons in their employment, with their wives and children. They all, of course, live on the products of the soil. They give employment, however, to a large number of other people; paying them out of those products. They buy clothes, furniture, implements, and miscellaneous necessities or luxuries; they pay rates and taxes, and for services of various kinds. The most careful estimates of the appropriation of income show that rather more than half the expenditure of the nation is on food, which is the chief product of the soil, and rather less than half on other things. The agricultural classes, therefore, distribute nearly half their income among

persons who are not employed upon the land, and thus provide for nearly half their own number on the same scale of living, in addition to themselves.

We then have the following as a second total :—

Agriculturists.....	3,348,000
Others (nearly half).....	1,552,000
	<hr/>
	4,900,000

Finally, there is the rent paid to the owners of the land. The total rental of the cultivated land in England and Wales is assessed at about £50,000,000. It forms about one-twentieth part of the total income of the nation, and may support, therefore, one-twentieth of the population in its ultimate distribution ; at the utmost, two million people. This also comes out of the produce of the soil, and the final total of those who are directly and indirectly supported by that produce becomes nearly seven millions, which is about one-fourth of the population of England and Wales, and is equal to 118 persons to the square mile. This estimate, like that arrived at from the value of agricultural produce, is, of course, rough and in round numbers ; but it is clearly in excess of the truth, because the proportion of income spent on other things than food, by the agricultural classes, is much less than the average, which includes the great artisan class at double or treble wages.

No doubt the average comforts of English life are greater than in Ireland, and the land could support a greater number if English farmers and laborers were content to live as the Irish do. But then this is the case only because the value of English produce is artificially increased by the immediate presence on the spot of a vast body of purchasers who are six times as numerous as the agriculturists themselves, and whose incomes are derived from other sources. Remove these to a distance where, if they are still purchasers, the farming produce must be sent to them across the sea, and this advantage vanishes. We are brought back to the simple fact that under all ordinary circumstances general poverty must be the necessary result, if more than one hundred persons to the square mile are dependent on the produce of the soil.

I am assuming that all the available land is utilized. This is so nearly the case, both in England and Ireland, that, for practical purposes generally, and for any present purpose absolutely, the assumption is strictly correct. The idea that there are vast quantities of waste land that can be brought into profitable cultivation, is one of those *ignes fatui* so easily lighted by agitators and so absolutely deceptive to unsuspecting eyes. In both England and Ireland, about three fourths of the entire area are under cultivation now, and this is nearly as large a proportion as can, in fact, be utilized in any country of considerable extent. Lakes and mountains, towns, roads, and rivers must necessarily be abstracted, and they seldom occupy much less than the remaining fourth. In Belgium, where every acre is laid hold of eagerly, the quantity thus abstracted has been reduced nearly to one-eighth, but this is in a very small country, and the conditions are exceptional. It is, of course, easy to point out unproductive spaces that look large to the passer-by, but, for national purposes, a thousand, or a hundred thousand, acres make no difference, except to a few individuals. In a country overflowing for generations with people whose living depends on the possession of a piece of ground, every really available spot has been seized, of necessity, and land is only left waste when the cost of cultivating it is greater than its value. There are, in Ireland, a million and a half acres of bog, which, at some unknown cost, it is probably within the power of man to convert into farming land. But if this could be done at once, by magic, without costing a farthing, it would only give the bare means of living to half a million people. We know that, in fact, it would take a generation in time and an enormous sum in money to get it done ; and as the gain to the nation is not the final value of the land, but only the difference between that value and the cost of getting it, the number of persons who could really be provided for by this means dwindles down, possibly to nothing, and assuredly to something very different from half a million.

Equally deceptive is the idea that present help of an effective kind can be given to Ireland by what is called De-

veloping the Resources and Stimulating the Industries of the country. These phrases are dear to the hearts of agitators, for they offer a boundless hope to the poor and discontented, without the trouble of examining its foundations. What are the Resources of Ireland, and how will you develop them? What are its Industries, and how will you stimulate them? What, in actual figures, are the results that can be calculated on; and when, in actual time, are they likely to be realized? The value of the proposal depends wholly on the answers to these four questions. Let us see what kind of answers can be given.

The natural resources of Ireland are nearly limited to her fisheries, her harbors, and her land. There are no forests to cut down; few minerals of special value to dig up. The land may be made to produce somewhat more than it does; the fishing may be increased; the harbors may attract more shipping.

But the people already employed upon the land are more numerous than the best cultivation will maintain in comfort. While they remain so, the utmost that any land could do would only slightly relieve their poverty.

The Fisheries of Ireland have declined greatly in the last forty years. The main reason, of course, is that they have not been profitable. If they can be made so, many villages on the coast will be the better for it; but in a national sense the benefit cannot possibly be great. The wholesale value of all the fish consumed in Great Britain is about £12,000,000 a year, and this represents the product of all the fisheries, not only round the whole British coast, but from many foreign seas as well. The utmost that Ireland could add to this could only be a small proportion of this value, and the field is altogether too limited for its profits to affect the nation generally.

As to Irish harbors, their business may increase, but it is impossible that anything important can be looked for here till some special cause arises. And that it should arise is so unlikely that even its probable nature cannot be suggested.

The manufacturing industries of Ireland may, doubtless, grow in future

years; but what is there to make them grow, and how can they be stimulated? Why have they not grown before? The field has been completely open for many years to any one who liked to try it. Political disturbance is, of course, unfavorable to such attempts, and socialistic doctrines concerning property are not less so. But it is only very recently that public dishonesty has been sanctioned by any British Government, and there have been long periods of sufficient quiet in Ireland to carry commercial capital there, if there was any chance of its profitable employment. But men of business know that business will not pay in the face of great local disadvantages; and it is the *most* favorable positions, not the *least* favorable, that are necessarily chosen. Who thinks of bringing the cotton trade to Kent or the iron trade to Lincoln? Ireland is obviously in the wrong place for extensive manufactures under modern conditions of trade; and the disadvantage of position is, for more things, made absolutely fatal by the fact that she has not got, and cannot get, a natural supply of cheap fuel on the spot.

The decay of former manufactures in Ireland is spoken of in that vague and useless way which characterizes the general treatment of Irish affairs. What, in real figures, did these manufactures ever amount to? where were they situated, and where are the ruins of the deserted mills? The plain truth is that, with the single exception of the Ulster linen trade, Ireland has never manufactured anything in sufficient quantity to be of real national importance. Fifty years ago, some 12,000 persons were employed in woollen manufactures; the present number is probably less; but what are 12,000 in a population of five millions? The Irish mines employ just 1,650 persons at the present time, after all the stimulus that mining underwent some fifteen years ago.

To suppose it possible under these circumstances that Ireland can be extricated from poverty by "stimulating" her industries, is to shut our eyes to fact, and only open them to imagination. And if we ask what kind of stimulus could really be applied, the common answer is protective duties. But protective duties do not add anything to

the income of a nation ; they only compel its inhabitants to spend less of that income in the employment of foreign labor, and more of it consequently at home. That in itself is an advantage, if it can be had for nothing. But then it cannot be had for nothing. It is impossible for Ireland to shut out the produce of other countries, and to retain, at the same time, the present markets for her own. It would be equally impossible to persuade the Irish agricultural classes that they ought to pay higher prices for their manufactured goods, in order to give employment to more factory hands.

The Rent question is held before the Irish themselves as one of their great resources ; but the poor peasantry do not know what it really means. To reduce rents, or to abolish them, adds nothing to the income of a country. It only takes part of it from one set of peoples, and gives it to another set. There might be something in this, if the Irish difficulty lay in the distribution of the national income, and not in its insufficiency ; but it lies, instead of this, in the fact that the income is totally insufficient, in whatever way you distribute it. The only way in which it can be increased through any operation upon rent, is by keeping more of the whole rental in Ireland, and sending less abroad as the income of absentees. As far as this can be done it is a gain to the country, and to change non-resident for resident proprietors is the obvious means. But what can this gain amount to ? The total rental of farming land in Ireland is about £10,000,000 a year. The greater part of this is already spent in Ireland. The great majority of the owners are already resident there ; the absentees themselves are obliged to spend part of their rents in Ireland, in the payment of agents and overseers, and the unavoidable costs of ownership. The proportion that actually leaves Ireland to be spent elsewhere is necessarily a small proportion, and cannot, at the utmost, exceed one or two millions out of the ten. But a million a year only provides the barest living for a hundred thousand persons. The average expenditure of the working classes generally, in the United Kingdom, exceeds fifteen pounds per head

per annum, and tolerable comfort cannot be got, even in Ireland, for less than ten pounds per head ; and as the extreme result of keeping the whole rental in the country could not really be obtained, we may see at once how small, in a national sense, the utmost benefit from this source must be.

The plain answer to our four questions is, therefore, that Ireland has no resources or industries which it is possible to develop to a sufficient extent, or with sufficient rapidity, to produce the income which her present population requires.

Now common-sense admits at once that practical improvement in any of these things is not to be neglected merely because the benefits to be got by it can never be large. If we can make only a few people happier, we ought, of course, to do it, and it is in no disparagement of efforts in this direction that I lay bare the fact of their total insufficiency. But we are dealing with discontented millions, not with a few individuals ; and we cannot satisfy the many by conferring benefits on a few. That every little helps is true in general ; but, when a serious work has to be done, it is infinitely more important to remember that where much is indispensable, a little will not do. If you have to build a house, every brick helps in the building ; but if there is only one brick at your disposal, you must build with something else, or give up the undertaking.

What, then, is the real remedy ? Clearly there is only one. If an income cannot be made sufficient for those who have to live on it, the only sensible course is to reduce their number.

When Lord Salisbury, with a kindly wisdom which his enemies could not understand, pointed out the truth that the emigration of a million persons from Ireland would put an end at once to the economic difficulties of the agriculturists by giving sufficient land and full occupation to all the rest, he was met with only scorn and anger, as if malice, and not benevolence, had prompted the suggestion. But the thing itself is the simplest of arithmetical truths. The number of persons employed on the land of England and Wales is equal to

forty-five for every thousand acres cultivated. In Ireland the number is sixty-five. All the work that the land requires is done in England by the forty-five persons. A smaller number could do it in Ireland, because the proportion of pasture-land is half as much again. It follows that one-third of the Irish agriculturists would have nothing to do if the rest were fully employed. There is a clear waste of one-third of the working hours. But this earth will not yield comfort to any nation in which one-third of the working hours are wasted. To put sixty-five persons to work on a piece of ground the full produce of which can be got by the ordinary labor of forty-five is to condemn them to inevitable poverty. Nor is poverty, even, the end of the mischief; the want of full employment leads to habits either of idleness or of slow and easy-going work, instead of that sharp activity which makes the most of time and seizes every chance. The first condition of prosperity in any industry is that the men employed should be fully employed; not worked beyond their strength, but able to use it all effectually. You cannot bring fresh land to the people, but it is within your power to take the people to fresh land. They are not enemies to be got rid of, they are children to be provided for; the patrimony at home is too small for their necessities, but there are endless acres abroad waiting for willing hands to reap their harvests, and it is pure fatuity, unless it is something worse, to keep them half-starved at home, or to advise

them to stay there under delusive hopes that cannot be fulfilled.

Ireland, at the present time, with her existing resources, is able to support four million inhabitants, and no more, in general comfort, and it is impossible by any means to alter this fact in any short period of years. If the island is ever able to support a larger number, this can only be in the distant future; and to make even this reasonably probable the first thing necessary is that the number should be first reduced to the limit which its present state requires. It is prosperity, not poverty, that leads to fresh developments of trade.

This is the grave truth underlying the whole question of Irish discontent. You may keep the people quiet by fancy legislation from time to time, gratifying some popular whim or flattering some popular delusion; but you will never make them permanently happy by these means, because measures of this kind make no difference in the real income of the country, and leave the people just as poor as before.

I cannot here discuss the method by which the Irish could be induced to lessen their number sufficiently to cure their own distress. If it is a question of money, it is worth to England, as well as Ireland, almost anything that it could cost. But what is wanted is some kindly and far-seeing system that will not only bring the population to the proper number now, but will prevent it from increasing again except as the means of living increase.—*National Review*.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE COMETS.

In the era preceding that in which man first appeared upon this earth, immense volcanoes on the western shores of Greenland poured from their craters vast masses of basaltic lava. But the eruptive powers of these mighty volcanoes were capable of ejecting more than mere streams of glowing lava. Great masses of rock were flung to enormous heights, and, falling, sank deeply into the still plastic streams of lava on the volcano's slopes. These rock masses came from deeper down in the

earth's bowels than the basaltic lava, and were hurled to heights of many miles, or they would not have sunk so deeply as they did in the basaltic lava currents.

Perhaps the reader begins by this time to think that the title of this article has somehow been misplaced. What connection, he may well ask, can there conceivably be between the volcanoes of millions of years ago and two comets now visible in our skies? Our object here is to show that a very close connec-

tion may be traced, though it may not perhaps admit of being absolutely proved to exist, between these seemingly so diverse subjects—the comets of to-day and the terrestrial volcanoes of long-past ages.

The great masses of matter which had been flung forth from the volcano of Ovisak, on the western shores of Greenland, remained for ages buried beneath vast heaps of ashes and dust poured forth from a volcanic fissure. But later ages undid the work of burial. The wearing action of rain and wind and storm gradually cleared away the masses of *débris* under which the rocks had lain, and left them on a shore-line, to be beaten by the sea-waves and swept by the fierce storms which rage upon that dreary coast. At length it so chanced that a well-known scientific traveller—Nordenskjöld—cast his scientific eye upon them. He recognized in them meteoric masses which had fallen upon our earth from interplanetary space, and, moved by this mistaken idea, he determined to convey them to some museum, where they would be regarded as among the most remarkable of those bodies which come to our earth from without. This was done; and for a long time “Nordenskjöld’s meteorite,” as it was called, did duty for an *aérolite*. It precisely resembled the iron meteorites in structure and at first in appearance. It rusted and crumbled away more rapidly than they do, but that was by many ascribed to its long residence on the shores of Greenland, and the consequent injury which its constitution had sustained. It was unhesitatingly held to be a meteorite. Photographs of its vast mass, with Nordenskjöld beside it, to show what a monster it really is, did duty in books and lectures as illustrating the importance of the bodies cheerfully described by Humboldt as “extra-telluric masses, telling us of the constitution of outside matter, and enabling us to touch and handle what must be regarded as pocket-planets.”

But at last suspicion began to be so far roused that inquiry was made at the spot where the great “meteorite” had been found. The basaltic lava in the midst of which it had been imbedded was examined. The result was unpleasant for those who had in some degree

pinned their faith on the extra-terrestrial character of Nordenskjöld’s treasure-trove. The supposed meteorite was found to be of the same structure as the basaltic mass—only rather more so. The basaltic lava of Ovisak is remarkable among volcanic ejections for the large amount of iron present in it; the Nordenskjöld mass is simply the same lava with a little more iron—precisely the difference we should expect to find between lava poured forth from deep beneath the vent of a crater and volcanic masses ejected from deeper down yet.

Since then, no one has doubted that the mass brought to Europe by Nordenskjöld (the name is pronounced “Nordenshiöld”) is a product of volcanic eruption. If Vesuvius even now can eject matter to a height of four miles in her more violent throes, as instantaneous photographs taken during the great eruption of 1872 show, we need not greatly wonder if the much mightier eruptions of the Tertiary era ejected larger masses to much greater heights.

But this has naturally suggested the idea that other bodies supposed to be meteorites may really have come originally from the interior of the earth, having been ejected during long-past volcanic throes; for the identity of structure noticed in the Greenland basaltic mass and a class of iron meteorites remains as a striking and noteworthy fact, even though that mass has been rejected from among meteorites.

Once started, this idea has been found fruitful in associated suggestions. At first it seemed contradicted by the observed fact that multitudes of meteoric visitors have certainly not been ejected from any such volcanoes as we have now upon the earth, for they have fallen with velocities such as no eruptive energies known to us could have imparted. But then there is no reason for regarding the volcanic forces of the earth, now in staid middle life, or even those which she possessed millions of years ago, when life was as yet only beginning on her surface, as comparable with the expulsive energies she may have possessed when in the vigor of youth. Still less can we compare the forces now existing with those the earth had when she was in that sunlike stage

through which every large mass within the solar system must have passed. If Vesuvius can expel matter to a height of four or five miles, and the great volcanoes of the Tertiary era could eject matter twice or thrice as high, to what heights may not the Secondary, the Primary, the Archæan volcanoes have propelled volcanic bombs in the mighty throes of the earth's fiery youth? And long before the Archæan crust was formed, which geologists regard as the oldest stratum of the earth's outer shell, our globe possessed energies still more tremendous.

Along quite a different line Stanislas Meunier, in France, and Tscherinak, in Russia, had been led to the same idea respecting meteoric masses. They saw that, regarding meteorites as merely casual visitors from outer space, the number of these bodies must be inconceivably large. Our earth travelling round the sun may be compared to a marble circling round the dome of St. Paul's, ten or twelve miles away. The region actually swept by the earth's globe in her circuit is the merest thread of space compared with the vast volume of a globe which should inclose the whole solar system. If across this mere threadlike ring so many myriads of meteorites have come, what must be the number within the whole domain of the sun, extending far beyond the region where cold Neptune pursues his gloomy course?

But perhaps the reader may ask how the ejection of the meteors from the earth in past ages—millions of years ago—would help in this difficulty: the earth cannot be supposed to have supplied all the millions of millions, or rather the billions of billions of meteorites which at any rate exist, account for them how we may. That, however, is just the idea which the earth-ejection theory would allow us to reject. If in old times the earth possessed power enough to eject bodies from her interior with such velocities that they passed beyond her control, all the bodies so ejected would forever thereafter cross that fine ring of space along which the earth in her course around the sun sweeps year by year. The trouble before had been that not one meteor out of millions of millions would

have a track crossing the earth's, so that she would not have even a chance of encountering one meteor out of millions of millions actually existing. Of those expelled from her own interior in remote times, there would not be one which she would not have a chance of picking up again. Nay, one may say that in the long run she would be bound to pick up every one of them, though that long run might mean millions, or even tens or hundreds of millions of years.

For this reason the theory of Meunier and Tschermak found favor in the eyes of astronomers.

But if we are to recognize in our earth a power of ejecting meteoric masses in far-off times into far-off space, in such sort in fact that, but for the help of the sun, the earth would never have been able to draw these children of hers back again, we must recognize a similar power in other worlds also. In particular the giant planets must have possessed corresponding ejective energies. What is sauce for the terrene goose should be sauce also for the Jovian or Saturnian gander. Of course, a volcano in Jupiter or Saturn in the old sunlike stage of each planet's career would have had to be far more energetic to get away with a flight of ejected bodies so that they should not at once fall back again, than the terrestrial volcanoes recognized by Tschermak and Meunier. To bring the matter down to figures, a terrestrial volcano would have had to start its bombs with a velocity of at least seven miles per second—probably ten miles per second to get over the effects of friction in the air; while, on the other hand, Jupiter's volcanoes would have had to give a velocity of forty miles a second without counting the effects of friction, and perhaps fifty miles per second, taking those effects into account. But there is no difficulty here. One might as reasonably argue that a lion could not be expected to walk as the dog does, because he weighs so much more. If Jupiter and Saturn needed more strength for their volcanic work, they had more strength. All the volcanic energies of a planet are due to the attractive power of the planet's mass, working on the crust, crumpling it up, contorting, dislocating, upheaving (by down drawing), and generating heat by all this mechani-

cal action. The earth seems strong at such work when we look at the great mountain ranges on her surface, and consider the work of her volcanoes now and still more in past ages. But Jupiter is three hundred times as strong, and Saturn one hundred times. If there is any truth in the theory that our earth was able to eject bodies beyond her own control, there can be little doubt that Jupiter and Saturn—nay, every planet large or small within the solar system, possessed similar power during the same fiery stages of their respective careers.

Whether this be so or not, it is certain that there are meteor streams which cross or approach the paths of the giant planets, just as certain meteor streams cross or approach the path of our earth; for some of the meteor streams which are thus associated with the giants of the solar system cross also the track of our earth. This can only be regarded, of course, as a mere coincidence; for, however ingeniously the astronomer may strive to explain the existence of a meteor stream crossing *one* planet's track, he cannot possibly explain how (otherwise than by chance medley, so to speak) a flight of meteors came to cross the tracks of two planets. Any theory associating a meteor stream with one planet must of necessity show that the origin of the stream was independent of every other planet. Vesuvius and Etna may each be in eruption, and a volcanic bomb shot out from Vesuvius might, if it were shot far enough, fall upon Etna; but assuredly any explanation of the course of that missile which assigned Vesuvius as its parent would clear Etna of all suspicion of having had anything to do with it, except as having been casually saluted by it.

But this illustration will serve also to illustrate the next step in our reasoning. If, while Vesuvius was in eruption, and Etna at rest, many volcanic missiles fell on Etna, an observer stationed on this mountain would learn that Vesuvius was very busily at work indeed, for he would perceive that immense numbers of missiles must be ejected from Vesuvius, to give even one a fair chance of falling on Etna. And in like manner, since several meteor streams which cross our earth's track are undoubtedly associated in some way or other with the

giant planets, and as to give even one a fair chance of thus crossing the earth's track there must be millions of the kind, we learn that there are millions of meteor streams crossing or passing very near to the tracks of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter.

We have then precisely the same reason for judging that the giant planets once ejected many millions of meteor flights, as we have found for recognizing a volcanic power of the same effective kind in our own earth.

But this brings us nearer to the subject of our essay, at least as indicated by its title, than we have hitherto been; for all those meteor streams which, crossing our earth's track, are really associated with the giant planets, are associated also with comets. We may indeed say that they are comets. A comet has been shown to be in reality a flight of meteors, aggregated somewhat closely together, and travelling around the sun on nearly the same paths. Slight differences in the rate at which these bodies travel cause some to lag slightly behind the main body, while others (this is too often overlooked) get in advance. Thus there is a trailing out both ways; and in the course of time—a few hundreds of thousands, or it may be a few millions of years, or some trifle of that sort—the meteoric deserters may be found all round the orbit of the leading troop; or, slightly to alter the metaphor, the meteoric truants may be found all round the path of their parent comet. We must not confound this train of meteoric attendants and *avant-couriers* with the comet's tail. One might as reasonably mistake a royal person's trainbearers for the train itself. The tail of a comet lies in quite a different direction, and is manifestly a body (if body, indeed, it can be called) of quite another kind. A comet's tail always makes an angle, sometimes even a right angle, with the comet's track; the meteor stream is always on that track.

It begins to look, then, as though, in saying that the giant comets once ejected in a volcanic fashion meteoric flights, we were in reality saying that they had once ejected comets! And what we have thus said about Jupiter and his fellows we may be said to have

asserted also of the earth, and therefore of her fellows Mars, Mercury, and Venus (only Venus may not, perhaps, be properly called a fellow). Are the meteoric bodies through which the earth passes the remains of long-departed comets, terrestrial in origin, and perhaps very small affairs, but still comets? It will go near to be thought so shortly. After all, it is only a question of degree. To giant planets we may assign large and long-lasting comets, to the earth and the other terrestrial planets small comets, which were very soon dissipated by the divellent action of the sun.

But indeed, even the comets associated with the giant planets do not belong to the premier rank, either for size or for durability. They are mostly but of moderate splendor, and while most of them look as if they had undergone many vicissitudes, one at least has actually been torn apart and dissipated under the very eyes of astronomers. We must find, it would seem, another explanation for those splendid comets which, like Donati's in 1858, and the great comet of 1811, have spread their glorious trains athwart the heavens in such sort as to excite awe and terror among the nations. These cannot have been ejected from planets even of the giant sort. Indeed, we need not reason about the question of possibility. It is certain that these have not been ejected from any of the planets in our solar system, or in any other system. For if they had been ejected from Jupiter, Saturn, or any other of our sun's family, their paths would still cross, or closely approach the path of the parent planet, which is not the case. If, on the other hand, they had been shot out from some planet attending on a distant sun, they would not have been able to leave the domain of that remote sun, but would still be travelling in attendance upon it, with such subordinate fealty to the parent planet as is shown by the members of the various comet families of the giant planets to their respective progenitors.

Yet, if there is any validity in the theory to which we seem to have been led in the case of the meteor streams through which our earth plunges each year, and of the comets which still cross or approach the tracks of the giant

planets, that theory ought to apply in some way, or in some degree, to the long-tailed and resplendent comets which from time to time visit our solar system. If our earth gave birth to small and short-lived comets, and the giant planets gave birth to larger and longer-lived comets, must we not seek for the parents of the largest and most glorious comets in orbs larger by far and fuller of energy and vitality even than the giants Jupiter and Saturn?

We need not be at a loss to find such orbs. There are thousands within our ken, visible each night in our skies. The smallest telescopes used by astronomers reveal hundreds of thousands. The giant telescopes used by the Herschels reveal many millions; and the great telescope of Lord Rosse, with its fine 6-foot mirror (imagine an eye six feet in diameter), would show many hundreds of millions if it could be directed to every part of the heavens in succession. The stars or suns are the orbs we are to look to as the probable parents of the great comets which kings and rulers in old times regarded as special messengers to warn them of war or rebellion, fire or flood, plague, pestilence, or famine.

Of course, if an orb like the sun ejects from its interior the materials for forming a first-class comet, it must send forth that flight of meteors in good style, or else the cometic progeny will return to the bosom of its solar parent "like the prodigious son"—as Launcelot has it—a disappointment and a failure. The ejected matter must start forth at the rate of a few hundreds of miles per second. In our sun's case 380 miles per second would suffice. A noteworthy effort must be made, even by such a giant as a sun, to effect this lively ejection. But that a sun is capable of it, no one who considers the might of our own sun can for a moment question. He is 325,000 times as strong as this little earth on which we live. His vitality is shown by his lustre, which is about equal to the light which would come from two millions of millions of millions of millions of electric burners. It is shown also by his tremendous emission of heat, equal to what would result from burning each second a mass of coal (of the best quality be it understood) 200 miles broad, 200 miles long,

and 200 miles high—that is, eight million cubic miles of coal. This would be about 12,000 millions of millions of tons per second (the whole output of our exceptionally coal-producing country is but about 150 millions of tons *per annum*).

The sun, then, and doubtless every one of his fellow-suns, the stars, has undoubtedly the requisite power, if only it had the will, to eject matter in the required manner. Now, of course, our own sun is not often engaged upon such work as this. Although most active and vigorous, the source, indeed (directly or indirectly), of all life and energy within his system, he works steadily, not fitfully. Yet every now and then he spurts into sudden though local activity of the most amazing kind. In one of these fits he shot out a flight of bodies whose swift motion through the hydrogen atmosphere which enwraps the sun was measured at 200 miles per second, and indicated (as was shown by mathematical computation) a velocity of 450 miles per second, as the missiles left the sun's surface. Since the time (1872) when the sun was first caught in the act of thus ejecting matter away from his own interior forever (because he can never bring back matter which leaves him with a velocity of more than 380 miles per second) he has been detected four or five times at the same lively business. There can be no doubt, then, either about the sun's power to eject matter from his interior as the giant planets and our own earth seem to have done, or about his exerting that power from time to time.

And what the sun can do his fellow-suns can do likewise. In fact, just as our earth is a sample planet, so the sun is a sample star. Now supposing there are 10,000 millions of stars in our galaxy—a most moderate calculation—that each one of them has been in the sun-like state for ten millions of years (our earth actually *tells* us by her crust that the sun has been at work as now for 100 millions of years), and that in ten years on the average only one ejection such as we are considering has taken place, then there would be 10,000,000,000,000,000 star-ejected meteor flights or comets travelling about the interstellar spaces. With so goodly a probable supply we need not wonder if

our solar system is from time to time visited by larger comets, such as these ejections might be supposed to have given birth to in the past.

But a few of the comets which from time to time visit our sun may be regarded as his own children returned to him—not to stay, only to pay a sort of flying visit. The greater number of the comets ejected by him and returning—for want of sufficient velocity at starting—to their old home, would come straight to the warm bosom of their parent, and there rest

Absorbed in never-ending glory
In the heart of the great ruling sun.

But although this would be the usual end of such bodies, and though those paradoxers err who imagine that bodies shot out from the sun could ever circle around him as the planets do, yet it might easily happen that one of these returning comets might miss its aim, if we may so speak. Very moderate perturbation, such as the giant planets are well able to produce, would so affect the movements of the comet that on its return to the sun it would steer clear of his globe, and go back into the depths from which it had returned. In the case of those large comets, like Newton's in 1680, and the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880, and 1882, whose orbits pass very near to the sun's globe, we may fairly imagine this to be the true interpretation. We should in that case have this interesting result—that while the sun, by his overmastering attraction, prevents these comets which were expelled by the giant planets from passing out of the solar system, the giant planets have in some cases prevented these comets which were expelled (hundreds of thousands of years, probably, ago) by the sun from returning to his parent orb, and have so compelled them to remain members of his family. If the comet families of the giant planets are now chiefly ruled by the sun, those comet children of the sun which still belong to the solar family owe their position partly to the giant planets.

The perplexity with which astronomers have viewed the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880, and 1882 may be partly removed by this explanation of the origin of all these bodies. What made them

so mysterious was that they travel on paths which, near the sun, are practically identical ; so that, until the close of 1882, the idea was commonly entertained that they were one and the same body which had come back, after gradually diminishing circuits, in 1843 after 178 years' absence, in 1880 after 37 years' absence, and in 1882 after only $2\frac{1}{2}$ years' absence, and might be expected to return in a few months, and perhaps to lash the surface of the sun to intense splendor and heat, destroying thereby all life within the solar system. But the comet of 1882 passed away on such a path that it could be well watched, and we know now certainly that it will not return for several hundreds of years. Now if we suppose that

long, long ago the sun shot out a flight of meteors forming presently a comet, which afterward came to travel on a path passing very close, almost grazingly, by the sun's globe, we see that this comet might very well at one of its returns be broken up by the sun's action, as Biela's comet actually was broken up in 1845. Very slight differences in the velocities of these comets, when near the sun, would cause differences of several years in their periods of circuit. One of the comet fragments came back, if this explanation is right, in 1665, another in 1843, another in 1880, and yet another in 1882. There may be more yet to come.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

A SONNET.

BY M. C. GILLINGTON.

WHAT is your woe, or who hath done you wrong,

Sorrowful surges wailing up the shore ?

"No hope !" ye cry, "Too late ! O, nevermore !"—

A chill despair the burden of your song.

To stars and flying clouds, the whole night long,

Ye sob your mournful story o'er and o'er ;

It echoes through the sea-cave's weedy door,
And gains in anguish as the wind grows strong.

The great Sea-mother, rent with many woes,

Pours out her heart in unavailing tears

For all the evils that remorseless Fate

Has wrought thro' her, these thousand thousand years—

For those whose name is perished—and for those

Whose house is left unto them desolate.

—*Spectator.*

THE BULGARIAN SITUATION.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT.

A YEAR ago, in an article written a week before the outbreak at Philippopolis, it was necessary for me to explain and justify the assertion that Turkish life and thought centred in the Balkan Peninsula. Before that article was printed in the October *Contemporary* events had occurred which rendered all such justification unnecessary ; and to-

day the world would consider it absurd, in an article on Turkey, to speak of anything but the Balkan States. In this judgment the world is quite right. The fate of Turkey is to be decided in Bulgaria.

The extraordinary crime committed a few weeks ago at Sofia has strongly excited the imagination of Europe, and

made Prince Alexander the hero of the day. It was not possible at first to write or think of these events with calmness, but if we are to understand their real significance we must consider them fairly and without excitement or prejudice. After listening to statements of those directly concerned on both sides I believe that, in brief, what happened at Sofia was this :

A conspiracy was secretly formed against the Prince, three or four months ago, by certain officers in the army who had personal grievances. The leaders were Major Gruëff, the Director of the Military School, and Captain Bendereff, of the War Department, both of whom had failed to receive exactly the rewards which they coveted after the Servian war. They were encouraged and aided by the Russian Consulate and by Mr. Zankoff and Bishop Clement, who have long been known to be in the pay of Russia, and who had engaged in similar conspiracies last year. Russian money was freely used, and the most liberal promises made to officers who were solicited to join the conspiracy. Of these, some refused, others hesitated, and quite a number—at least fifty—joined the conspirators. When everything was ready, the Prince's regiment was sent to Slivnitza, and a regiment from Kustdenil, which had been gained over, was marched in the night to Sofia. It disarmed the few troops left at the camp outside the city, and then surrounded the palace and the houses of the leading friends of the Prince. No officers slept in the palace, which was guarded only by a few sentries, and occupied only by the Prince, his younger brother, and the servants. As soon as the officers had entered the palace the soldiers began to fire regular volleys ; the Prince and his brother were roused, and two or three guards prepared to resist. The Prince, however, saw that resistance was useless, and surrendered at once to the officers, who presented their revolvers at his head. Some of these same officers had dined with him in the evening, and left him only a few hours before. He was taken to the Ministry of War from the palace, and there, in the presence of about forty of his officers, he was treated with much indignity, and forced to sign his abdica-

tion. I understand that this paper, such as it was, was found on the person of Major Gruëff when he was captured, and returned to the Prince.

Before daylight the Prince was sent under escort to Rahova, put on board his yacht, and taken to Reni, in Russia, a small village on the Danube, just below Galatz. On this journey the Prince was treated like a criminal by most of the officers in charge. Of his treatment in Russia the world knows too much already. Should the Czar ever know the truth of this story, he will no doubt feel that he himself was dishonored by the conduct of his officers. So far we have nothing but a case of the kidnapping of a Prince by a number of his own subjects, aided and directed by Russian officials. It was a new thing in the history of the world, but it was well planned, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that it was successful.

Having disposed of the Prince, neither the rebels nor their Russian associates appeared to have known exactly what to do next. For a day or two, as they controlled the telegraphs, they managed to deceive the people and the army as to what had actually occurred, but they utterly failed to constitute a Government with any life in it. They apparently waited for the arrival of a representative of the Czar to assume the government. They received a telegram from him assuring them that he took Bulgaria under his protection—that he would secure their immediate union with Eastern Roumelia and send his representative to Sofia. I have not seen this telegram, but I make this statement on the authority of a leading conspirator, a Russian officer.

This delay and hesitation was fatal to the cause. The friends of the Prince at Sofia recovered from their surprise, the facts became known in the country, and after two days Colonel Popoff escaped from confinement, and with the troops from Slivnitza took possession of Sofia without firing a shot : the army everywhere declared for the Prince, and the people repudiated the action of the conspirators. For a few days there was some confusion, and one regency was formed in the name of the Prince at Sofia by M. Caraveloff, while another was formed at Tirnova by M. Stam-

bouloff, the President of the National Assembly; and Colonel Mutkuroff marched from Philippopolis with 12,000 troops to Sofia, in the name of the Prince. There was confusion, but there was unanimity in their determination to reinstate Prince Alexander.

The Prince had meanwhile reached Lemberg, in Austria, where he was received with the greatest honor and enthusiasm, both official and unofficial. He arrived there, utterly exhausted by what he had gone through, to learn that he was still Prince of Bulgaria, and that the people demanded his immediate return. The next day he was on his way back, and in Bulgaria he met with such a reception as he had never had before. The whole nation came to do him honor. Never was enthusiasm more genuine or joy more sincere than that caused by his return. But on his arrival at Sofia he made known his intention of abdicating. He took such measures as he could to harmonize the different parties and secure peace and tranquillity in the country, and then departed amid such scenes of sorrow and affection on the part of the army and the people as will never be forgotten.

Such is in brief the story of the startling events of the last few weeks, the details of which have furnished sensational news for all the papers of Europe and subjects for innumerable editorials.

The whole story will be ancient history before this article can be published, but the consequences of these events will be so momentous that they are worthy of a careful study.

WHAT LED TO THIS CRISIS.

Those acquainted with the course of things in Bulgaria may have been startled at the dramatic form of the crisis, but they saw plainly enough that it must come in some form before this year was over. The Prince himself can have had but little doubt on this point. He must have foreseen that a new effort would be made to drive him out of the country. The first serious attempt was made three years ago by the Russian generals in the Bulgarian Ministry, somewhat on the plan adopted this year. It was frustrated by the officers of the army, and M. Zankoff and the generals had to leave the country. A second attempt

was planned last summer, with this same M. Zankoff as one of the chief conspirators. This was postponed by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia, but came to a head at the time of the Servian invasion, and failed, on account of the victory at Slivnitza. No one was punished.

At the close of the Conference of Constantinople the people were generally loyal, and Russian influence was at a lower ebb than ever before. It was well understood that but for Russia the union would have been completed, and that through English influence the Turks were inclined to allow the practical consummation of this union under Prince Alexander, in spite of Russian opposition.

Had England maintained her influence at Constantinople, or had the Turks felt strong enough to act for their own interest, the catastrophe of Sofia would not have happened; but when Sir William White left Constantinople both Turks and Bulgarians believed that England, under Gladstone, had abandoned the policy of Lord Salisbury. There was no such change of policy, but it happened that one of the first acts of the Gladstone Government was the recall of Sir William White and the sending to Constantinople of a man worthy of all honor and respect, but utterly ignorant of the East, and unable, with the best intentions, to exert any influence here. It was a blunder which can never be undone: a lost opportunity which will never come back.

Russia saw her chance, and improved it at once. Nelidoff was again supreme at Constantinople, and the Russian propaganda was pushed in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia with new vigor. The plan of operations was very simple. The object was to convince the people that, in spite of all their sacrifices, they had accomplished nothing toward the union; that so long as Prince Alexander remained nothing could be accomplished, but that Russia could give them the complete union at once. It was hoped that this would lead either to a revolution or to anarchy.

The Turks were induced to press their claims for a separate organization of Eastern Roumelia, and to insist upon the immediate meeting of the mixed Commission to revise the Organic Stat.

ute. They did their part of the work so well that it was generally believed that their Commissioner, Gadbau Effendi, had sold himself to Russia. The general attitude of the Porte toward the Prince was hostile.

In Bulgaria, Russia found her tools among two classes of men—the army officers who were discontented because they had not received the rank and honor to which they considered themselves entitled after the Servian war; and the ex-officials who had been turned out of office by Caraveloff and by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia. These last were very numerous, and nothing was done to conciliate them or furnish them with the means of support. To these classes must be added a few others who had personal grievances, real or imaginary, against the existing Government, and a few of the clergy, who were either in Russian pay or influenced by their relations with the Russian Church.

These agents were furnished with large sums of money, which was used very freely, and were stimulated by the most extravagant promises as to the future—which they will very likely have a chance to reflect upon in Siberia.

The apparent result of the agitation carried on by the Russian consulates and these agents, as seen a few weeks before the attack upon the Prince, was this :

The mass of the people, even of those who had accepted Russian money, was thoroughly loyal to the Prince. They loved him and trusted him. On the other hand, they felt no active hostility toward Russia. They were grateful, and wished to live at peace with the people, so many of whom had died in their behalf, and whose graves were scattered over their land. They did not comprehend the hostility of the present Czar to the Prince given to them by his father, nor did they understand how they could be called upon to choose between the two.

In the towns it was different. There were in these two extreme parties, one strongly anti-Russian, and the other boldly and openly advocating revolution, denouncing the Prince and demanding the intervention of Russia, ready for anarchy or anything else to accomplish their purposes. Between

these two parties was to be found the greater part of the intelligent men who desired to sustain the Prince, to be at peace with Russia, and to develop the Bulgarian nation as an independent power. They were patriotic men, opposed to all Russian interference in Bulgaria, but they were disheartened. They generally distrusted the party leaders, feared the results of the Russian propaganda and the hostility of the Turks, and felt that the Prince could not stand alone against the Czar. They felt that the situation was extremely critical, that there was danger of anarchy, and they did not know what to do.

I suspect that the Prince himself was in very much the same state of mind. He trusted the army and most of his officers; he knew that he had the sympathy of the people; but he knew also that any day a few Russian regiments landed at Varna might put an end to his government. They would march to Sofia unopposed. This state of things could not last long. But the hope of the friends of Bulgaria was that these Russian regiments would not be sent, and the Bulgarians, left to themselves for a few months longer, would see the folly of destroying each other in the interest of Russia, and that the sober sense and loyalty of the people would in the end prevail. The Russians also probably saw that this would be the result, and they put their carefully planned plot against the Prince in execution. It was well-timed; it was successful; but it was so base and despicable that it roused the indignation of the whole nation, and they made their choice between the Prince and the Czar at once. Had a Russian regiment landed two weeks ago at Varna it would have had to fight its way, step by step, through the country. As the Czar, when he had the opportunity, expressed no regret at the treatment of the Prince, we are forced, against our inclination, to suppose that he knew what was to be done, and approved it. It is almost incredible.

In brief, the situation as seen by outsiders was this : It was known that Russia was more hostile than ever and more active in her war against the Prince. It was seen that Turkey also had changed her friendly policy. It was obvious that the people generally were disappointed

and discouraged at the result of the revolution. Parties were multiplied and party spirit was more bitter than ever before. The Russian party was bold and blatant, denouncing the Prince and foretelling his immediate overthrow. The Prince himself was discouraged and in doubt as to who could be trusted.

In view of all this it was plain that unless some improvement took place in the public mind the Prince could not maintain his position. Still the loyalty of the masses was a ground of hope, and I did not anticipate any attack upon the person of the Prince.

THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE.

When the Prince reached Lemberg he was called upon to decide at once whether he would listen to the call of his people and return to Bulgaria. It was probably the most trying hour of his life, and it seems to me that his decision was the most self-denying and heroic act in his career. It should be said here at the outset, that he made this decision without the intervention of any European Government, and that he did not make it with any intention of abdicating on his arrival at Sofia. He had the advice of his family ; he knew that the result would be doubtful, but he felt bound in honor to make one more effort to save the nation to whose welfare his life had been consecrated.

The official papers of Vienna and Berlin had mildly condemned the Bulgarians for their ingratitude, but they had made no secret of their gratification at the downfall of the Prince. They had said in so many words that his disappearance from the scene was a great relief to Europe, and a guarantee of peace. They said it so unanimously and so immediately that one of the best known ambassadors in Europe (not in Constantinople) expressed to me the opinion that the whole plot had been agreed upon beforehand by the three empires. However this may be, it must have been evident to the Prince at Lemberg that both Austria and Germany had agreed to allow Russia full freedom of action in Bulgaria. He was supported by public opinion in Europe, and might hope that this would have some weight ; but when did Bismarck ever respect public opinion ? He knew that he had the sympa-

thy of England, but the English press did not encourage him to hope for anything more. They said plainly that England had no interests to fight for in Bulgaria. How could he decide to return under these circumstances ? He had been subjected to every possible insult by the officers of his army and by officials in Russia. He had had little food and no change of clothing, and was in a state of physical prostration. But the people called him. There was a chance that he might save the nation, and the certainty that if he went at once he could prevent anarchy and civil war.

He went, and on reaching Bulgaria he made the one sacrifice which was left for him to make in the interest of Bulgaria—perhaps the hardest of all. He made a last appeal to the honor of his imperial cousin the Czar. No one who understands the political situation can doubt that in making this appeal he acted wisely, and acted solely in the interest of the Bulgarian people. No doubt it would have been more agreeable to him and to his friends if he had been able to ignore the Czar, but even Bismarck dare not do this. No doubt it would have been more in accordance with the treaty of Berlin if he had appealed for aid to the Sultan ; but the Sultan had already declined to interfere, and was certainly not less under the influence of the Czar than Austria and Germany. It was a painful necessity, but had the Czar replied in a friendly spirit, had he been touched by the pathos of the situation, it would have been the end of all difficulties in Bulgaria, and a message of peace to all the world. The St. Petersburg papers characterize the Prince's appeal as hypocritical. What shall we say of the reply of the Czar in view of the fact that there has not been a difficulty of any kind in Bulgaria since the arrival of the Prince which has not been directly or indirectly caused by Russian agents ? I will not accuse him of hypocrisy. I will simply say, what I have no doubt is true, that the Czar has been deceived, and is absolutely ignorant of the real state of things in Bulgaria.

The Prince did well to return to Bulgaria, and he did well to make a last appeal to the Czar, but when he reached Sofia he found himself and his loyal

people standing alone, confronted by an implacable enemy, and without a friend in the world to lift a hand in their defence. The Prince knows, and every sober-minded Bulgarian knows, that Bulgaria cannot stand alone against Russia. If Europe decrees that Russia shall be supreme in Bulgaria, there is nothing more to be said, and the Prince could do nothing but abdicate. He and the Bulgarian people have saved their own honor. They have vindicated themselves before the world. They are not called upon to resist the decrees of Europe. They must submit as best they can. Had the Prince remained in spite of the brutal decree of the Czar, his position would have been far more difficult than before. After the excitement had passed away, the sober sense of the people would have realized the hopelessness of the conflict with Russia. He could not have put to death all the conspirators. Too many were more or less implicated, and they would have recommenced their work at once. There are not many Bulgarians who could be induced to murder their Prince, but there are plenty of foreign vagabonds in Bulgaria who could have been hired by Russian agents to assassinate him. His life would have been in constant danger.

He might have braved this danger, but there was a still greater difficulty. He did not know to whom he could trust the commands of the army and the government of the country. With the friendship or neutrality of Russia it would have been difficult, in view of the personal animosities of leading men, the bitterness of party spirit, and the treason of so many officials. With the open hostility of Russia, and of Austria and Germany as well, it was impossible.

THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE EVENTS.

The question whether Prince Alexander, or some other prince, shall rule in Bulgaria, is in itself of little consequence to the world. It chiefly concerns the Bulgarians. But this question has come up in such a way that the fate of all Europe is involved in it. Nothing else can be thought of at Constantinople. One thing is obvious at first sight: all the people of the East, Turks and Christians, have learned a lesson. The only

Power that can seriously help or harm them is Russia. It is a lesson which will not soon be forgotten, and it will bear fruit beyond the borders of the Ottoman Empire. It may not be true, but it will be believed. No one in this part of the world is simple enough to believe that Austria, or Germany, or England, can desire to see Russia established in Bulgaria, and then, as a necessary consequence, in Constantinople. If this should happen, it would be simply because these Powers were not strong enough to prevent it. When people here read the ingenious articles in the *Spectator* and *Nineteenth Century*, proving that England would be rather pleased to see Russia in Constantinople, they simply smile and raise their chins in derision, and the Sultan hastens to write an autograph letter to the Czar, to thank him for the brotherly interest which he has taken in the pacification of the Balkan Peninsula, while at the same time he is spending every penny that he can borrow on increased armaments.

I do not know the mind of Prince Bismarck, and I doubt whether any one else does. I only know the fact that he has brutally sacrificed Prince Alexander and given Bulgaria over to the Czar. We may account for this fact on various theories. We are told, for example, that Germany, Austria, and Russia have agreed upon a division of territory: Russia is to have Bulgaria, Thrace, and Constantinople; Austria is to go to Salonica, and Germany to Trieste; Italy is to have the Tyrol.

I do not hesitate to affirm that no serious statesman in Europe has ever thought of such an arrangement. It would be the end of the Austrian Empire and would give Russia absolute supremacy in Europe. It would be in direct opposition to all the traditions of Europe—traditions which form the basis of all the mutual relations of the great Powers. It would be an absolute and unconditional surrender to Russia, without any genuine compensation. The idea of such a transaction is too absurd to waste time in the discussion of it.

Another theory is that Austria and Germany have consented to allow Russia to control Bulgaria on the express condition that she shall go no further.

Such a condition would be illusory. I remember that an Austrian statesman once said to me : " So long as Bulgaria is a Russian outpost at our back door, we can never have peace ; sooner or later we must drive her out." If Russia is in Bulgaria, who is to keep her out of Macedonia ? who is to defend Roumania ? who is to block the way to Constantinople ? If any such agreement has been made, it has been made with a full knowledge on the part of all that it is temporary and deceptive.

Another theory, not complimentary to Bismarck, is that he has determined to sacrifice the future to the present, that he will yield everything to Russia to prevent a Russo-French alliance against Germany, that he will keep the peace and save German unity while he lives : *après moi le deluge*. Bismarck is no doubt something of a cynic, but there is little in his past life to justify such a theory as this. It is not a theory which is believed in Russia. It is rather an Austrian idea, where he is always suspected of sacrificing Austrian interests to his own. All statesmen are to a certain extent opportunists, and all diplomacy is a system of compromises and temporary expedients, without much regard to the future ; but no great statesman ever deliberately sacrifices the future of his country to his present convenience. He may draw back, he may temporarily sacrifice certain interests ; but it is with the full purpose of striking a more vigorous blow when his time comes.

I suspect that this is the true explanation of the action of Germany and Austria in Bulgaria. They have sacrificed Prince Alexander and the Bulgarians for the moment ; they have yielded to Russia for the hour ; but with a full appreciation of the fact that this only postpones for a little the inevitable conflict which is at hand. If Russia wins in this great struggle which is just before us, she will go to the Adriatic and rule the old Eastern Empire ; if she is beaten, her influence in the Balkan Peninsula will be at an end—she will have neither Bulgaria nor Constantinople. This war must come : it cannot be much longer postponed by Bismarck or any other statesman. It is expected in Russia, in Austria, in Germany, and in Turkey.

Six weeks ago, before the conference at Gastein, it was believed by some of the best-informed men in Vienna that it would come within two months. Now they look forward to the coming spring.

The real question is, whether, in view of this impending and inevitable conflict, it was wise for Austria and Germany to sacrifice Bulgaria to Russia for the moment. Had there been no counter-revolution, had the Prince refused to return, I can see that there would have been an apparent advantage to Austria in allowing events to take their course for the moment. But when the question took its present form it was a mistake to yield to Russia. Had Austria and Germany supported the Prince, England would have joined them, Turkey would have taken courage and thrown off the yoke of Russia. If war had followed, Austria would have had nothing to fear on this side. Roumania and Bulgaria would have been neutral, if not allies.

If Russia has her way, as now seems probable, all these advantages are lost. The war may be postponed, but when it comes the Bulgarians will form the advance-guard of the Russian army, and it is probable that Turkey will remain neutral. The whole East will stand in awe of Russia as never before. The Turks have of late been inclined to look to Germany as a defence against Russia ; they think now that Germany and Austria together are too weak even to defend their own interests. For us here this is not a question of Prince Alexander, but of Russian supremacy. If England cannot, and Austria and Germany cannot or will not, do anything to limit it, what can we or the Bulgarians do but submit to it with the best grace possible, until our fate is finally settled in a great European war. I do not mean that the Turks will not fight if Russia invades their territory ; they will fight to the death ; but in the light of present events, up to that hour of actual invasion they will yield everything.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF BULGARIA.

I do not anticipate a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, or any serious and immediate change in the government of the country. It will no doubt be the aim of Russia simply to restore the state of

things which existed four years ago, when the army was officered by Russians and counted as a division of the Russian army, when the leading Ministers were Russians, and the Russian Consul at Sofia was a practical dictator, the *alter ego* of the Czar, from whom the Prince received his orders. The union of Eastern Roumelia will be consummated, and the propaganda in Macedonia pushed with new vigor and zeal. Bulgaria will also become the basis of Russian intrigues in Serbia, and all possible preparation will be made for the coming war with Austria.

The Bulgarians themselves will be made to realize that they are under Russian rule again. Their army officers will be sent to Russia, and anti-Russians expelled from the country. There will be no attempt made for any length of time to conciliate the people. They will be ruled by force, and be taught by Russian agents to forget the remnants of their gratitude, and to hate Russia as the Poles do. This may not be the plan of the Czar, but it will be simply a continuation of the work of the Bulgarian Commission at St. Petersburg, which is a branch of the Asiatic section, and controls Bulgarian affairs in its own way. The history of Russian influence in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia is worthy of the attention of the Czar himself. At the close of the Russo-Turkish war every Bulgarian was enthusiastically pro-Russian and full of gratitude. The portrait of the Czar was in every house. No foreign influence has been exerted to modify this state of feeling, but little by little it has disappeared, and Russia has come to be regarded as an enemy. The people regret it. They still desire to be in sympathy with Russia. They are naturally grateful, and although Russian writers and Russian agents have told them a thousand times that Russia fought the last war for her own interests and not for theirs, they are loath to believe it.

But the Russian agents in Bulgaria, civil and military, with some honorable exceptions, have treated the Government and the people as if they were Turkomans. They have taken no pains to understand or conciliate them. They have trampled on their rights and outraged their feelings. They have en-

couraged anarchy and done what they could to hinder the progress of the nation. They have descended to every kind of petty intrigue and annoyance. It is not the fault of Prince Alexander or of England, but of the Russians themselves, that they no longer rule the hearts of the people. Possibly they might still be won back to their old allegiance; but there is no chance of it. The Russians will not trouble themselves to attempt it. They will quietly submit to their fate; but they will not be Russianized. Five hundred years of Turkish rule did not destroy their love of their own nationality, and even if they are annexed to Russia, they will remain Bulgarians still.

I do not envy the man who may be chosen to fill the place of Prince Alexander; he will have a hard and thankless task. If he attempts to rule in the interest of Bulgaria, he will be subjected to every insult and thwarted at every step. If he is simply a Russian satrap, he will be hated by the people, and forced to make war upon the national life. But whatever he may be, it is to be hoped that he will not delay his coming. Any Government is better than none, and the overthrow of Prince Alexander has developed an amount of bitter feeling which will make it difficult for any Bulgarian to keep the peace in the country.

If Russia is defeated in the coming war, Bulgaria may still become a nation, and fulfil the destiny for which she is fitted by the character of her people, and Prince Alexander may again return to his place at Sofia. When that day comes it is to be hoped that the Bulgarians will remember that if they had been patient, united, and loyal—if they had all loved their country better than office and rank—they would have escaped the calamities of the past year. It was Russia which inspired the revolution, but it was Bulgarian party spirit, disloyalty, and treason that overthrew the Prince. The people have nobly repudiated it, but it was too late.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

I dismiss as absurd the idea that England can ever desire to see Russia in possession of Constantinople. It is true that she does not want it herself.

I can understand the truth of what the late Mr. Forster once said to me : " If it were a question of giving Constantinople and Asia Minor to Russia, or of our taking it ourselves, I would give it to Russia." But Mr. Forster did not mean that he could see with equanimity any such enormous aggrandizement of Russia, or that he would not resist it. He simply meant to state in the strongest terms the impossibility of England's desiring any such extension of her responsibility.

Russia has chosen to be the enemy of England, and although there is no necessary antagonism between these two countries, England could never tolerate such an extension of Russia in Europe as would make her an irresistible foe ; she is quite strong enough already, and when the time comes England will certainly fight for Constantinople. Her present policy is to maintain the Turks here until it can be transferred to some other hands than those of Russia. The policy of England is in full accord with the sympathies of her people. It is to encourage and develop the various nationalities of what was once European Turkey as friendly and allied independent States. She can do this only by opposing the progress of Russia, and maintaining the Turks at Constantinople until something better can be done. This policy does not grow out of any desire to attack Russia, or any wish to control this part of the world. It is purely a defensive policy, but it is none the less essential to the safety of England and of Europe. We may hate Austria *historically* as much as Mr. Freeman does, but England cannot afford to see that empire subjected to the Czar. It would be better to fight for it.

It will not be easy to win back a controlling influence at Constantinople, to induce the Turks to govern wisely and justly, or to persuade them to resist the demands of Russia ; they have seen too much of the power of Russia during the last few weeks ; but the effort must be made and pressed with firmness and wisdom.

In regard to the immediate questions raised by events in Bulgaria, England will wish to act in the interest of the Bulgarians without passion or prejudice.

I believe it will be her true policy to continue to favor the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and not to throw any obstacles in the way of the choice of a new Prince. It is expected here that the opposite course will be taken, but I can see no advantage in it either for England, Bulgaria, or Turkey. The sooner Bulgaria is quiet the better it will be for all concerned. If England had maintained her position here, and induced Turkey to allow the union to be consummated quietly, Prince Alexander might have been saved. It is too late now to do anything for him, and a united Russian Bulgaria is not what England desired ; but the union will still be an advantage to the Bulgarians, and less open to dangerous intrigues than under the present arrangement. If Russia, Austria, and Germany agree upon a Prince, there can be no possible advantage in any opposition on the part of England.

There will be no English intrigues in Bulgaria itself against Russian influence. This is a business to which Englishmen are not adapted, and they would fail if they attempted it. They will not attempt it. Russia has now the game in Bulgaria, and there is nothing for England to do but to hold her hand until the blunders of Russia or a European war reopen this question. Then England may even fight for Bulgaria.

We are just now in the midst of the great feast of Courban Beiram. It was at the time of this feast last year that we were startled by the news of the revolution at Philippopolis. It has been a year of constant excitement and as trying to the Turkish Government as a year of actual war.

We look forward to the new year as likely to be more trying still. The crisis for which we have been waiting for almost two hundred years seems to be approaching. The people anticipate it, fear it, and think of but little else. It need not be said that under these circumstances Constantinople is no longer a very bright and cheerful place to live in. The Courban Beiram this year is but a melancholy feast.—*Contemporary Review*.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 11, 1886.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

ON all sides the woman question bristles with difficulties, and the Higher Education is one of them. The excess of women over men—reaching to not far from a million—makes it impossible for all to be married—Mormonism not being our way out of the wood. At the same time, this paucity of husbands necessitates the power of self-support for those women of the unendowed classes who are left penniless on the death of the bread-winner, and who must work if they would eat. This power of self-support, again, must be based on broad and honorable lines, and must include something that the world really wants and is content to pay for. It must not be a kind of well-masked charity if it is to serve the daughters of the professional class—women who are emphatically gentle, not only by birth, but by that refinement of habit and delicacy of sentiment which give the only true claim to the comprehensive term of lady. These women must be able to do something which shall not lower their social status and which shall give them a decent income. They must keep in line with their fathers and brothers, and be as well-considered as they. Certainly, they have always had the office of teachers; but all cannot be school mistresses or governesses, and the continual addition made to the number of candidates for work demands, and has already opened, other avenues and fresh careers. And—but on this no one can help save women themselves—as teachers and governesses they are not generally treated as on an equality with their employers, and are made to feel that to gain money, even by their brains, lowers their social status and reduces them perilously near to the level of the servants. As authoresses or artists they may hold their own; the glamour of “fame” and “genius” gilding over the fact that they make their incomes and do not draw them, and have nothing capitalized—not even their own reputations.

Of late years this question of woman's

work has passed into another phase, and the crux now is, not so much how they can be provided with work adequately remunerated, but how they can fit themselves for doing it without damage to their health and those interests of the race and society which are bound up with their well-being. This is the real difficulty, both of the Higher Education and of the general circumstances surrounding the self-support of women. For the strain is severe, and must be, if they are to successfully compete with men—undeniably the stronger, both in mind and body, in intellectual grasp and staying power, in the faculty of origination, the capacity for sustained effort, and in patient perseverance under arduous and it may be distasteful labor. But the dream and the chief endeavor of women now is to do the same work as men alone have hitherto done;—which means that the weaker shall come into direct competition with the stronger—the result being surely a foregone conclusion. This is the natural consequence of the degradation by women themselves of their own more fitting work; so that a female doctor, for the present, holds a higher social position than does the resident governess, while a telegraph-girl may be a lady, but a shop-girl cannot.

For well-paid intellectual work a good education is naturally of the first necessity, and the base on which all the rest is founded. Wherefore, the Higher Education has been organized more as a practical equipment than as an outcome of the purely intellectual desire of women to learn where they have nothing to gain by it. For all this, many girls go to Girton and Newnham who do not mean to practically profit by their education—girls who want to escape from the narrow limits of the home, and who yearn after the quasi-independence of college life—girls to whom the unknown is emphatically the magnificent, and who desire novelty before all things; with the remnant of the purely studious—those who love learning for its own sake only, independent of gain,

kudos, freedom or novelty. But these are the women who would have studied as ardently, and with less strain, in their own homes; who would have taken a longer time over their education, and would not have hurt their health and drained their vital energies by doing in two or three years what should have taken five or six; who would have gathered with more deliberation, not spurred by emulation nor driven by competition; and who, with energy superadded to their love of knowledge, would have made the Mrs. Somervilles or Caroline Herschels, the Miss Burneys or Harriet Martineaus, of history. But such women are not many; voluntary devotion, irrespective of self-interest, to art, literature, science, philosophy, being one of the rarest accidents in the history of women—as, indeed, must needs be if they are to fulfil the natural functions of their sex.

Three important points come into this question of the Higher Education of women. These are (1) the wisdom or unwisdom for a father of limited means and uncapitalized income to send to college, at great expense, girls who may marry, and so render the whole outlay of no avail; (2) the effect which this Higher Education has on the woman and the individual; (3) the physical results on her health and strength, especially in relation to her probable maternity.

To give a good education to a boy is to lay the foundations, not only for a successful individual life, but also those for a well-conditioned family. It is the only thing a man can do who has no fortune to leave his son, and is, in fact, a fortune under another form. With a good education, and brains to profit by it, nothing is impossible. From the Prime Minister to the Lord Chancellor, from the Archbishop of York to the leader of the House of Commons, a clever lad, well educated, has all professional possibilities before him—as the French private has the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. But to go to the like expense for the education of a daughter is by no means the same investment, nor can it be made to produce the same return. Where the man's education enables him to provide for his family, a woman's may be entirely thrown away for all remunerative results to herself

and others. Indeed, it may be hurtful rather than beneficial. At the best—taking things by their rule and not by their exceptions—it is helpful to herself only; for the women of the professional class, like those of the laboring, support only themselves. For which cause, we may say parenthetically, they are able to undercut the men, and can afford to work for less than can those who have wives and children to support. And this is the reason—again parenthetically—why men try to keep them out of certain trades; seeing in them not so much honest competitors for so much work, as the ultimate destroyers of the home and the family itself. In the education, too, of his sons a father discriminates and determines according to their future. The boy intended for commerce he does not usually send to college; nor is stress laid on Latin or Greek or art or literature at school. For the one destined to the law or the church he stipulates for a sound classical training, and ultimately sends him to the university. For the artist he does not demand science; for the engineer he does not demand music—and so on. Almost all boys who have their own way to make are educated with a distinct reference to their future work; and wise men agree on the folly of wasting time and force on useless acquirements, with corresponding neglect of those which are useful. But how can girls be educated in this special manner? What professions are open to them as to men? The medical alone of the three learned, public opinion not yet being ripe for barristers in petticoats or for women preachers regularly ordained and benefited; while the army and navy are still more closely shut against those ambitious amazons who think there should be no barriers against them in the barrack-yard or on the quarter-deck, and that what any individual woman can do she should be allowed to do, general rules of prohibition notwithstanding. The Higher Education gives us better teachers, more accurate writers, and our scantling of medical women. But if a girl is not to be one of these three things, the money spent on her college career will be emphatically wasted, so far as relates to the wise employment of funds in reference to a remunerative future.

And then there is always that chance of marriage, which knocks the whole thing to pieces; save in those exceptional cases where two students unite their brains as well as their fortunes, and the masculine M.A. marries the feminine, for the better perfecting of philosophic literature. Even in this rare instance the fact of marriage nullifies the good of the education; and, after a father has spent on his daughter's education the same amount of money as would have secured the fortune of a capable son, it cannot give him retrospective satisfaction to see her married to some one who will make her the mother of a family, where nothing that she has gained at so much cost will tell. Her knowledge of Greek and German will not help her to understand the management of a nursery; nor will her ability to solve all the problems of Euclid teach her to solve that ass's bridge of domestic economy—the co-ordination of expenditure with means, and the best way of extracting the square root of refinement out of that appalling x of insufficiency.

To justify the cost of her education a woman ought to devote herself to its use, else does it come under the head of waste; and to devote herself to its use she ought to make herself celibate by philosophy and for the utilization of her material, as nuns are celibate by religion and for the saving of their souls. As things are, it is a running with the hare of self-support and hunting with the hounds of matrimony—a kind of trusting to chance and waiting on the chapter of accidents, which deprives this Higher Education of anything like noble stability in results, making it a mere cast of the die which may draw a prize or throw blank. But very few women would elect to renounce their hope of marriage and maternity for the sake of utilizing their education, or would voluntarily subordinate their individual desire to that vague thing, the good of society. On this point I shall have something to say further on. Yet this self-dedication would be the best answer to those who object to the Higher Education for the daughters of struggling professional men, because of the large chance there is of its ultimate uselessness. It would give, too, a social pur-

pose, a moral dignity, a philosophic purity, and a personal earnestness to the whole scheme which would make it solid and organic, instead of, as now, loose and accidental.

So far as we have yet gone, has this Higher Education had a supremely beneficial effect on the character of women themselves? As intelligences, yes; as women, doubtful. We are not now taking the individual women who have been to Girton or Newnham, but the whole class of the quite modern advanced women. These are the direct product of the movement which has not only given us female doctors and superior teachers, but female orators, female politicians, and female censors all round—women who claim for themselves the leadership of life on the ground of a superior morality and clearer insight than have men. In dealing with the woman question, we can never forget the prominent characteristics of the sex—their moral vanity, coupled with their love of domination. The great mass of women think they know better than they can be taught; and on all moral questions claim the highest direction and the noblest spiritual enlightenment. Judging from sentiment and feeling, they refuse the testimony of facts; the logic of history has no lesson for them, nor has any unwelcome science its rights or its truths. They are Anglo-Israelites, but not the products of evolution; and ghosts are real where germs are imaginary. This sentiment, this feeling, is like some other things, a good servant but a bad master. When backed by religious faith it stops at no superstition; when backed by moral conviction, it is a tyranny under which the free energies of life are rendered impossible; when backed by a little knowledge, it assumes infallibility. Scarcely a week passes without some letter in the papers, wherein an imperfectly-educated woman attacks a master in his profession, on the ground of her sentiment as superior to his facts—her spiritual enlightenment the Aaron's rod which swallows up his inferior little serpents of scientific truths. This restless desire to shoot with all bows—Ulysses', Nestor's, whose one will—may be, and probably is, the first effervescence of a ferment which will

work itself clear by time and use. It is to be hoped so ; for the pretensions to supremacy, by reason of their superiority, of women in these later times is not one of the most satisfactory results of the emancipation movement. And they cannot be too often reminded that the Higher Education, with all that this includes, is not meant to supersede their beautiful qualities, but only to strengthen their weak intellectual places and supply their mental deficiencies.

It would not be for the good of the world were the sentiment and tenderness of women to be lost in their philosophic calmness. But as little is it for the advantage of society when that sentiment rules rather than influences, shapes rather than modifies. That old adage about two riding on horseback together, when one must ride behind, is getting a new illustration. Hitherto the man was in front. It was thought that he was the better fitted to both discern the dangers ahead and receive the first brunt of such blows as might be about, while the woman crouched behind the shield of his broad body ; and in return for that protection left the reins in his hands and did not meddle with the whip—or if she did, then was she censured while he was ridiculed. Now, things are changing ; and on all sides women are seeking to dispossess the men of their places to take them for themselves. In the home and out of the home woman's main desire is for recognized leadership, so that man shall live by their rule. The bed of Procrustes was no myth ; we have it in full working activity at this present time.

We come now to the third and most important point, the physical results of the educational strain in relation to maternity. On this head we will take Dr. Withers-Moore as our guide, in his speech made at the British Association on the 11th of August. The pith of his position is in this sentence, "Bacon's mother (intellectual as she was) could not have produced the *Novum Organum*, but she, perhaps she alone, could and did produce Bacon." The same may be said of Goethe's mother. She could not have written *Faust*, but she formed and moulded and influenced the man who did. In almost all the histories of great men it is the mother, not the

father, whose influence and teaching are directly traceable ; and it is a remark as trite as the thing is common, that great men do not often produce great sons, but almost all great men have had notable mothers. As the "Oxford tutor," quoted by Dr. Withers-Moore, said : "A man's fate depends on the nursing—on the mother, not the father. The father has commonly little to do with the boy till the bent is given and the foundation of character laid. All depends on the mother." And this means not only her moral influence, but the actual shaping and moulding force of her physical condition reacting on his. Following this are the opinions of experts and philosophers who have given time and thought to the subject ; and in all the authorities quoted—fourteen in number—there is the same note of warning against over-study in girls who are one day to be mothers. It is an unwelcome doctrine to those who desire above all things to be put on an absolute equality with men ; who desire to do man's special work, while leaving undone their own ; who will not recognize the limitations of sex nor the barriers of nature ; who shut their eyes to the good of society and the evil which may be done by individuals ; and who believe that all who would arrest a movement fraught with danger to the whole, are actuated by private motives of a base kind, and are to be treated as enemies wilfully seeking to injure, rather than as friends earnestly desirous of averting injury. Dr. Withers-Moore's summary of the whole question bearing on the physical condition of women as mothers is this :—

"Excessive work, especially in youth, is ruinous to health, both of mind and body ; excessive brain-work more surely so than any other. From the eagerness of woman's nature, competitive brain-work among gifted girls can hardly but be excessive, especially if the competition be against the superior brain weight and brain strength of man. The resulting ruin can be averted—if it be averted at all—only by drawing so largely upon the woman's whole capital stock of vital force and energy as to leave a remainder quite inadequate for maternity. The Laureate's 'sweet girl graduate in her golden hair' will not have in her the fulfilment of his later aspiration—

'May we see, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son.'

The human race will have lost those who

should have been her sons. Bacon, for want of a mother, will not be born. She who should have been his mother will perhaps be a very distinguished collegian. That one truism says it all—women are made and meant to be, not men, but mothers of men. A noble mother, a noble wife—are not these the designations in which we find the highest ideal of noble womanhood? Woman was formed to be man's help-mate, not his rival; heart, not head; sustainer, not leader."

The ideal mother is undoubtedly a woman more placid than nervous in temperament, more energetic than restless in habits, and with more strength of character and general good sense than specialized intellectual acquirements. Strong emotions, strained nerves, excitement, anxiety, absorption, are all hurtful to the unborn child. They tend to bring on premature birth; and if not this, then they create sickly offspring, whom the mother cannot nourish when they are born. And, speaking of this, I may as well state here that the number of women who cannot nurse their own children is yearly increasing in the educated and well-conditioned classes; and that coincident with this special failure is the increase of uterine disease. This I have from one of our most famous specialists. The mental worries and the strain of attention inseparable from professional life, make the worst possible conditions for satisfactory child-bearing; while the anxiety bound up with the interruption to her work, consequent on her health and changed condition, must tell heavily on the nerves and mind of the woman whose professional income counts in the family. Her physical troubles, of themselves quite enough to bear, have thus extra weight; and mind, nerves, work, and condition act and react in a vicious circle all round. Even where her profession is one that does not take her out of doors, and does not involve any great personal fatigue—as literature or art—the anxiety of her work and the interruption which must needs result from her state are more disastrous to the unborn than to herself; and the child suffers as much from the relaxation as from the strain. As one of the wisest and best-trained women I know said to me the other day: "How much of all the grand force and nervous power, the steadiness and courage of Englishmen,

may not be owing to the fact of the home life and protection of women; and how much shall we not lose when the mothers of the race are rendered nervous, irritable, and overstrained by the exciting stimulus of education carried to excess, and the exhausting anxieties of professional competition!"

This does not say that only the "stupid women" are therefore to be wives and mothers. Specialized education does not necessarily create companionable nor even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a sound Grecian, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all that personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy, and noble self-control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good all-round education is like to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our own history were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements so much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshawe and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them, and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity and her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey? or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher, or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?

Modern men want intelligent companions in their wives. But the race

demands in its turn healthy, wise, and noble mothers of vigorous children. Only a few of the less worthy men desire simply an upper servant for domestic use, or a mistress for personal pleasure, or both in one, with whom they, the husbands, feel no true comradeship. But do the mass of men want the specialized companionship of a like education? Does not human nature rather desire a change—the relaxation of differences?—and do specialists want to be always talking to their wives of literature, art, science, medicine, law—whatever may be their own assigned work? Would they not rather forget the shop, even though that shop be the library or the studio, and pass into a fresh intellectual atmosphere when they lay aside their MSS. or fling down their brushes? We must always remember, too, that the conduct and management of the house and family belong to women; and that if the wife and mother does not actively superintend those departments which the fitness of things has apportioned to her, subordinates must—subordinates who will not put into their work either the love or the conscience of the wife, whose interests are identical with her husband's—of the mother, with whom reason and instinct, education and affection, create that half-divine power to which most great men have owed the chief part of their greatness.

Not going all the length of the Turkish idea that women are born into the world only to be the wives and mothers of men—as mothers of women simply keeping up the supply; and that for themselves they are of no account outside their usefulness to, and relations with, men—it is yet undeniably better that they should be unnoted as individuals and perfect as mothers, rather than famous in their own persons and the mothers of abortive and unsatisfactory children. In this lies the soul of the controversy; for the whole question is contained in the relative importance of individual rights and social duties—freedom for self-development in such direction as may suit ourselves, or subordinating our personal desires to the general and unindividualized good.

We are in the midst of one of the great revolutions of the world. The old faiths are losing their hold and the

new are not yet rooted; the old organization of society is crumbling to pieces and we have not even founded, still less created, the new. In this revolution, naturally one of the most prominent facts is the universal claim for individual freedom, outside the elemental laws which hold the foundations together, made by every one alike. We preach the doctrine of rights everywhere, that of duties straggles in where it can; and the one crying need of the world at this moment is for some wise and powerful organizer who shall recombine these scattered elements and reconstruct the shattered edifice. Women, who always outstrip their leaders, are more disorganized, because at this time they are even more individualized than are men. Scarcely one among them takes into account the general good. Even in those questions where they have made themselves the leaders, individual victories are of greater value than general policy, and they would always subordinate the practical welfare of the majority to the sentimental rights of the minority. An individual sorrow moves them where the massed results of a general law leave them cold. This characteristic is perfectly sound and righteous in those to whom have been confided the care of the family and the arrangement of details. Women ought to be individual, not for themselves, but for others; and in that individualism there ought to be the injustice inseparable from devotion. An altruistic mother who would sacrifice her one child for the sake of her neighbor's two, does not exactly fulfil our ideas of maternal care; on the other hand, a mother who would rather her son was disgraced as a coward than that he should run the dangers of courage—or the partisan of her own sex who would sacrifice twenty men to save one woman inconvenience or displeasure, is as little fit to be the leader of large movements involving many and varied interests, as is that other to be a mother. In their own persons women carry out to a very remarkable degree this principle of individualism, the general good notwithstanding. Speak to an ordinary woman of the evil economic effects of her actions, and you speak a foreign language. She sees only the individual loss or gain of the transaction,

and a public or social duty to creatures unknown and unseen does not count. In the cruel vicissitudes of fashion and the ruin of thousands brought about by simple change of material—in the selfish greed for bargains, no matter at whose cost obtained—in the complete ignoring of and indifference to all the results to others of her own example, a woman of the ordinary type is essentially individual and unsocial. In America—whence, however, we have received so many grand and noble impulses—this female individualism, with its corresponding indifference to the public good or to public duty, is even more pronounced than here; and the right of woman to her own development, though that should include what is called “the painless extinction of man,” is the very heart and soul of the new creed.

Women, seeking to rule, have forgotten how to obey. Wishing to reorganize society according to their own desires, they have at the same time thrown off all sense of discipline in their own lives; and the former feminine virtues of devotion, patience, self-suppression, and obedience are flung aside as so much tarnished finery of a decayed and dishonored idol. The ordinary woman cannot be got to see that she is not only herself but also a member of society and part of an organization; and that she owes, as a duty to the community, the subordination of her individualism to that organization. She understands this only in religious communities, where she obeys her director as one divinely commissioned. Outside religious discipline she refuses obedience to general principles. Society has grown so large and its disorganization is so complete, that, she says to herself, her own example does not count. She is but a fractional part of a grain added to a ton weight; and by the law of psycho-dynamics she is undiscerned and without influence. It was all very well in small communities, like those of Greece for instance, or when the one grand lady of the village was the mirror for all to dress by. Then, the individual example was of value; but now—who cares for one out of the tens of thousands crowded in London? and what duty has she to the community comparable to that which she owes herself?

And this brings us round once more to the subject-matter of this paper:—the effect on the community of the Higher Education of Women, in its good and evil results on mothers and their offspring, and their own indifference to these results.

It is impossible not to sympathize with a bright girl anxious to go on with her education, and petitioning for leave to study higher matters than have been taught her at her school. It is as impossible not to feel a sense of indignation at the injustice when parents say frankly, the education of their girls does not count with them; and, so long as these know how to read and write and can play the piano and are able to dance and perhaps to sew, there is nothing more necessary. We do battle then for the right of the individual to know, to learn, to perfect itself to the utmost of its ability, irrespective of sex. But if we are wise we stop short of such strain as would hurt the health and damage the reproductive energies, if marriage is to come into one of the chances of the future. A girl is something more than an individual; she is the potential mother of a race; and the last is greater and more important than the first. Let her learn by all means. Let her store her mind and add to her knowledge, but always with quietness and self-control—always under restrictions bounded by her sex and its future possible function. Or, if she disregards these restrictions, and goes in for competitive examinations, with their exhausting strain and feverish excitement—if she takes up a profession where she will have to compete with men and suffer all the pain and anxiety of the unequal struggle—let her then dedicate herself from the beginning as the Vestal of Knowledge, and forego the exercise of that function the perfection of which her own self-improvement has destroyed. We cannot combine opposites nor reconcile conflicting conditions. If the mental strain consequent on this higher education does waste the physical energies, and if the gain of the individual is loss to the race, then must that gain be sacrificed or isolated.

Of course it all depends on that If; and of this experts are the only trustworthy judges. We must be guided by

the better knowledge of specialists and those who have studied in all its bearings a subject of which we know only one side, and that side the one turned to our own desire. If one examiner* reports: "That of the boys 29 per cent., and of the girls 41 per cent., were found to be in a sickly state of health;" if another,† in confirmation says, "That 11.6 per cent. of boys and girls in the St. Petersburg schools suffer from headache," we must suppose there is something to be taken note of in the opposition of most medical men to this Higher Education of Women. For we must put out of court, as unworthy of serious consideration, that old well-worn accusation of man's opposition to woman's advancement from jealousy, tyranny, the desire of domination, and the preference of slaves and mistresses over companions and wives. We must accept it as part of all sane argument that people desire the best—ideas as to what is the best differing according to the point of view; as now in this very question under consideration, where the individual gain clashes with the good of the community, and the personal advantage of the woman hurts her usefulness as a mother. We must acknowledge, too, that experts know better than the unlearned; and that in matters of health and the wisest rules for physical well-being, medical men are safer guides than girls ambitious for their own distinction, or women ambitious for their sex—holders, too, of the doctrine of absolute equality in mental strength with men, and of free trade in all employments and careers.

A great deal of the difficulty surrounding the question of woman's employment could be got over by women themselves. If, instead of degrading their own more natural work by the social ostracism of the workers, they would raise it by respect and honor, large fields of productive usefulness would be opened and much cause for heart-burning would cease. The greater democracy of the present age

makes it possible for great ladies to earn money. Even a queen throws her books into the market, and sells them all the same as others. A generation or so ago no lady could have made money, save by the two methods of painting and writing—both done within the sacred seclusion of the four walls of home. Actresses were what we call in the north "chancey." Some were thoroughly respectable and came to good ends and high positions; but the bulk were best left alone by women who wished to keep alive anything like veneration for virtue. Now, however, we have opened all gateways, and made it possible for ladies of condition, repute, and birth to do what they will in the way of money-making and still retain both character and position. A princess opens a milliner's shop; a lady of rank is a cowkeeper and profits by her dairy-farm; women of title go on the stage; ladies of gentle birth and breeding are storekeepers and horse-breeders. But as yet these are only the showy—we had almost said theatrical—and quasi-romantic vanguard; and what we want is a stable condition of self-support for women whose inherited position is not of that high class which no work can degrade, but who, ladies as they are, stand or fall according to the arbitrary estimation of their work.

In this, we repeat, no one can help women save women. Certain tailors and certain shopkeepers are received in London society as among its favorite and most honored guests. Do we meet with a milliner, a lady shopkeeper? Do we not all know milliners and dress-makers who are well-educated, pleasant-mannered, honorable ladies; yet would the countesses and dames for whom they devise their dainty costumes agree to meet them on equal terms at balls and dinners? Why not? Surely it cannot be on the ground of making their own money. The highest ladies in the land do not disdain to turn an honest penny if they can; and where, pray, is the essential difference between the clergyman's daughter who sells mantles or laces in a shop for her living, and the young duchess who sells pin-cushions and button-holes at a bazaar for her vanity, masked as charity? Here, if we will, the principle of indi-

* Dr. Hertel, speaking of over-pressure in the high schools of Denmark.

† Professor J. N. Bystroff. Both quoted by Dr. Withers-Moore in his speech at the British Association.

vidualism would work with advantage. If we could get rid of all caste feeling, and judge of people by themselves and not by their work—if we would allow that a milliner could be a lady, and a shop-girl on a level with her sister the governess, and both on an equality with their brother the clergyman and their aunt the physician's wife—we should have done more for the question of the employment of women than we have done by the establishment of colleges and the creation of educational standards, the attainments of which are inimical to the best interests of society because hurtful to women themselves. We must do what we can in

this life, not always what we would; and the general interests of society are to be considered before those of a special section, by whose advancement will come about the corresponding degeneracy of the majority.

In these two propositions, then, we think the whole thing lies—in voluntary celibacy for those who overtax their vital energies by an intellectual strain that hurts the offspring; and in the honoring of those lighter and easier methods of making money which have hitherto condemned a woman to social ostracism, and denied her the status she deserves and has inherited.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WOMEN OF INDIAN HISTORY.

BY H. G. KEENE.

THE Indian Tableaux that were exhibited in Piccadilly last year, at Prince's Hall, together with the exertions of the National Indian Association, have been the means of calling our attention to one side of female life in the East; the subordination, seclusion, and half-effaced individuality of the sex. But there is another side of the shield which presents a contrast, almost startling in its completeness, caused no doubt by the reaction of human nature against the artificial repression to which the crude supremacy of masculine strength is not ashamed to resort. The paradoxical result has been that in Western lands, where woman (though she will not perhaps allow it) has really been able to take her own part, the sex has kept to its own natural sphere, while in the East it has been otherwise. The times and places where women have been most hidden and their claims most ignored have produced the most vigorous of the sex. Semiramis and Deborah are only familiar types of female humanity which has been not uncommon in all parts of the Oriental world and in all stages of its history. And this, in spite of the position assigned to physical disadvantage by the cynical frankness of apparent superiority.

Most of all—but this part of the

matter is less surprising—have remarkable women been produced among the Aryan races. The dawn of Indian social history is the invasion of the country by Bactrians who honored women, and it has followed that the Peninsula has always been the home of strong female characters.

Before the British nation was dreamed of, before the Arabian Prophet had imposed on the Eastern world his strange travesty of Christianity, there lived in Northern India a grand race of white people who resembled the ancient Germans as described by Tacitus. Originating—like them—from a common source in Central Asia, the Vedic Aryans had spread over the fertile plains of the land now known as "Hindustan," and had imposed upon the savage aborigines their pure and wholesome usages. Whether in towns or in rural hamlets, they set up their homesteads—which they called by the still familiar name of "dama," *domus*—and lighted on their hearths and altars the sacred fire—"agni," *ignis*—generated (like the Celtic need fire) by the friction of a wooden churn. Over this home presided two beings; the father, king and priest in his family, and the mother, his vice-gerent while he went abroad on his daily duties. In the dawn of this society (as revealed in the

oldest songs of the *Veda*) we find the wife free, equal in rights and capacity—though with a separate sphere of her own, like Lucretia—the help-mate of man. As in ancient Germany and in ancient Rome, monogamy was the original rule: if a second wife was introduced, it was only in deference to the imperious necessity for an heir, and when the first wife was childless. Even so, the first remained “the housewife,” the associate being regarded as Hagar was elsewhere. When the husband died the housewife was not, in those days, expected to throw herself on his pyre and perish in the flames that consumed his body. The chief ceremonies—in early Vedic times—were the washing and dressing of the corpse, and its adornment with arms and armor. When the last moment approached these decorations were withdrawn; a barrier was raised between the living and the dead, the dead being abandoned by all his surviving friends, of whom the widow was the last to leave. After her offerings had been laid upon the bier it was lowered reverently into the grave, by those on whom the duty devolved, amid pious wishes that the earth might lie upon it lightly. The grave was then covered in, and the dead left in peace with a last farewell prayer. The widow went back to her old home to be tended by her son, its new lord.

These were the honors due to woman in ancient Hindustan. But the Aryans mingled with the heathen and learned their ways. As in the case of their cousins, in ancient Greece, the wife degenerated into a household drudge, doomed to toil for her lord in life, and perish on his funeral pile. The softening influences that man craves at the hands of enlightened woman had to be sought away from home in the haunts of unshackled adventuresses, as was the case in the Athens of Aspasia. In one of the earliest, and best, of the Hindu dramas, the *Toy Cart*, we have an instance of this kind. Charudatta, a Timon of the Brahmins, having spent his substance in hospitality and munificence, has (unlike the Greek spend-thrift) maintained the gentle frankness of his original disposition. His virtues have endeared him to a beauty of the city; and he, though a family man,

openly returns the disinterested admiration. Vasanta—such is the lady's name—has another lover, the brother-in-law of the Raja. The mingled art and originality of the author are exhausted on this truly comic character, a combination of the pedant, the libertine, and the dandy; Don Juan made ludicrous; a man at once egotistic, cowardly, cruel, and forever vainly aiming at the distinctions of a scholar and a wit. Flying from the unwelcome pursuit of this frivolous wooer, Vasanta finds herself misled into a garden where she falls into his arms. In a frenzy at her steady rejection of his addresses he strangles the poor girl, and then goes to the police and falsely charges the hero with the murder. But when the police go to the garden the body is not to be found. For all that, the helpless Charudatta is found guilty of the murder; but on his way to execution he is rescued by his supposed victim, who has recovered from the murderous attack, and who hurries to the spot accompanied by her lover's wife and child. The absurd villain is dismissed with a word of contempt; and the curtain falls on the two ladies encircling Charudatta in an ecstasy of Mormonistic sisterhood. The situation may be strange, but the pathos is true.

Such was woman in the early and middle history of Hindustan. But in the twelfth century the Muslims appeared. The old gay freedom fled; the faithful female friend who, in spite of an equivocal position, was sweet and womanly, had to fall behind the oppressive shade of the *parda*.

In a drama of that day we find none but male characters; the ladies all concealed from the pursuit of the conqueror. “A little boy of five,” reports the agent of a Minister, “ran out into the Banker's court-yard while I was talking. Cries of ‘He is gone out,’ in female tones proceeded from within; and a woman came to the door, laid hold of the child, and drew him in. She showed herself with caution, so that little more of her could be seen but a pair of lovely arms.” That is all that is seen of woman in the whole drama.

Accordingly, the next Hindu beauty of whom we have to take notice is found in a Mussulman household: I mean the

celebrated poetess, Rupmati, the favorite consort of Báẓ Bahádur, governor of Málwa. When besieged in Sárangpur by a bastard of the Imperial family, Adham Khán, the chief sallied forth, leaving Rupmati and the rest of his family in the palace under the charge of a trusted servant. To this man he is said to have given strict orders that, if news came of his death or flight, all the ladies were to be immediately put to death, in order to prevent their falling into the power of the Mughals. The battle going against him, Bahádur fled southward. As soon as the tidings were brought to the servant he began with cruel fidelity to carry out his master's stern behest. As he was still at his grim work of blood the enemy arrived and interrupted the unfinished massacre. Rupmati, being informed of Adham Khán's arrival, caused him to be admitted to her presence. But when he entered the apartment she had taken a quick and potent drug, and was already stretched on her couch, faithful in death* to him who had been unable to protect her.

Heroic energy, however, was not confined to the Hindus. Among Muslim ladies, we may notice Sultána Razia, the daughter of the Turkish King of Dehli, Shamsuddin Altimsh. She succeeded her elder brother on his death, in A.D. 1236, but was deposed and imprisoned after a reign of just three years. She made her escape from the fort where she had been placed; and, raising a force, advanced upon Dehli. Her brother, Bahrám, encountered her, and she was slain in the engagement that ensued.

Another royal lady was Sultána Ruquia, of whom there would be very little to record but for her connection with one of the best known of all the women of Indian history. Ruquia was the granddaughter of the celebrated Mughal hero, Sultán Bábar, and married to her first cousin, the Emperor Akbar. As a member of the family, and the earliest in point of time, she was the chief of the Imperial consorts;

and in that capacity it fell to her lot to protect and provide for the famous Mihr-un-Nissa, known to readers of history as the Empress Nur-Jahán. It is to this lady's extraordinary adventures that we must now turn.

Mirza Ghaiás, her father, was a Mughal—or Persian Turk—who came to India in search of fortune, bringing with him a beautiful female child. Obtaining a post at Court—where men of his race were usually welcomed by Akbar when they had anything in them—Ghaiás was enabled to place his daughter under the Empress's immediate protection in the Palace at Lahore. Here her budding charms and talents did not fail to attract the attention of the Heir Apparent (then known as Sultán Selim, afterward Emperor by the title of Jahángir), a purple-born idler, unaccustomed to be denied. The Empress—who was not the young man's mother—persuaded the Emperor that it would be to his credit to withdraw the girl from probable danger. Akbar accordingly gave her in marriage to a young Turkman noble, of high lineage and great renown, named Ali Quli Beg, but better known as "Sher Afgan" (Lion-killer), from his having encountered and slain a lion in single combat. The young couple then took their departure to Bengal, where a post of honor and profit awaited the bridegroom. Years rolled on; and on Akbar's death the heir succeeded with the title of Jahángir. What ensued has been dressed up by tradition as a tale of the nature of that of Uriah the Hittite; but a little analysis seems to show that the suspicious events only amount to a coincidence. Jahángir was not the kind of man to brood for years over a hopeless passion; but it so happened that, soon after his accession, it became necessary to send an agent from the Court to inquire into alleged maladministration on the part of Sher Afgan. On the arrival of this man Sher Afgan rode forth to meet him, and, losing his temper, assassinated him in the first interview. He was cut down by the escort, and his widow went back to her august friend the Empress-Mother. Here she remained for some years, living a retired and a quiet life.

The ladies of that court were an exception to all preconceived notions of

* See *Peepul Leaves*; poems written in India. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1879. Also *Kaiser Akbar*, von Noer (Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein). Leiden. 1880.

Eastern ladies. They were not "black," nor even, as a rule, brunettes. Nor did they observe the complete seclusion usual among Muhamadan ladies. Sir Thomas Roe, the Ambassador of James I. of England, encountered the Empress Nur Jahán in Durbar. The Spanish friar Manrique, in the following reign, met a number of the Princesses at a dinner-party, and found them blonde and "rutilous." * It may, therefore, be understood that members of the Imperial family would have many opportunities of being smitten by the fair ladies of the Harem, meeting them on what would almost be a European footing. Especially might this happen with a woman like Mihr-un-Nissa; no longer young, but lovely, intelligent, well-educated, ambitious, and mindful of days when she had caused confusion in Imperial bosoms. "On a New Year's festival," says a native historian, "she attracted the desire and affection of the Emperor, and was soon made his favorite consort, by the title of Nur Jahán Begam. For some time she sate in the *gharauka* (audience-balcony), where the officers came to receive her orders. Coins were struck bearing her name, as did also the great seal fixed to imperial patents. By degrees she became supreme in the Empire; the Emperor used to say that she was capable of conducting all affairs, and that all that he wanted was a joint and a bottle of wine to keep himself merry."

This extraordinary woman was an artist and a patron of the arts of poetry, painting, and embroidery. Having attained the mature age of thirty-four when she was espoused by the Emperor, she was evidently indebted to other than merely physical attractions for her good fortune. Nor did she, on the whole, abuse it. "In the hour of her greatness," goes on the same historian (writing many years after the death of the royal couple), "she won golden opinions from all sorts of people, being just and beneficent to all. She is believed to have provided, out of her private purse, dowries for the marriage of as many as five hundred portionless damsels. She likewise brought forward in the public

service her very able brother, Asaf Khán, and also the brilliant Pathán general, Muhábat Khán, by both of whom, however, her patronage was but ill-required."

The Empress appeared in a somewhat less favorable light to an Englishman. Sir T. Roe, the envoy already mentioned, appears to have had a good deal of trouble in satisfying her love of political intriguing and of having presents made her. But these are faults for which a lady, and an Eastern lady especially, ought not to be too severely blamed. What is, on the contrary, to be entered to her credit is her consideration for others (as shown in our second extract) and her extraordinary personal courage. A time came when the increasing infirmity and indolence of the never very energetic monarch had thrown a monopoly of administration into the hands of the Empress. This was viewed with dislike by Muhábat Khán, the warlike Pathán; and he succeeded in overthrowing the system by force. In a battle in the Punjab he obtained possession of the person of the Empress, though not before the heroic woman had led her guards against him. An eye-witness relates that a person sitting in her howdah was wounded, and that the elephant she rode received several sabre-cuts on its trunk in this action. The Emperor had already been captured; and the successful soldier—in an unlucky hour for himself—let the royal couple live in the same tent. The Empress soon availed herself of her opportunities. She appealed to the loyalty of a Rajput guard by whom her husband was surrounded; and ultimately succeeded in bringing him off in triumph, while Muhábat fled in disgrace to the Deccan.

The end—as often happens in the most successful lives—was gloomy. In 1627 the Emperor died. Nur Jahán had married her daughter (by her former husband) to one of the Princes, and endeavored to put her son-in-law on the vacant throne. But Muhábat, marching up from the Deccan with the eldest Prince—afterward the Emperor Sháh Jahán—Asaf Khán turned against his sister and her *protégé*. The latter was forthwith slain, and Nur Jahán sent into honorable confinement. She accepted

* See translation of his curious description in *Turks in India*, p. 128 ff.

her position, wore weeds—the white robes of a Mughal widow—for nineteen years, and died in A.D. 1646, when she was buried by the side of her husband at Lahore. Their monument is still to be seen. Her life as wife of the Emperor had lasted about sixteen years; and as she was thirty-four at its commencement she must have died in her seventieth year: which showed a strong vitality in view of the events she had witnessed and the labors she had endured. Among other instances of her personal courage, we may note that the Emperor records in his Memoirs that once, when he took her out tiger-hunting, their elephant was charged by a tiger whom she shot with one discharge of her husband's arquebus. No simple feat with the fire-arms of those days.

Another heroic lady of those days was the Sultána of Ahmadnagar, named Chánd Bibi, who defended that city with heroic resolution against the Mughals, under Mirza Murád, son of the great Akbar, and obtained favorable terms. In a second siege she was less fortunate; and, failing to inspire her followers with a portion of her own undaunted spirit, was murdered by them in the year 1599 as a preliminary to the surrender of the place, to which she would not agree.

Nor were the Hindu ladies of the Middle Ages inferior in courage to their Muslim sisters. Durgavati, daughter of the Prince of Mahoba, made a love-match with a neighboring Rája; and, on his death, undertook the regency of the State, on behalf of her infant son, and administered with success for fifteen years. Asaf Khán, the Imperial Viceroy of the adjoining provinces of Allahabad, invaded her dominions in A.D. 1564, with 12,000 regular infantry, a train of artillery, and 6,000 mounted men-at-arms. He was met by Durgavati at the head of her troops; and an action ensued in which she was defeated. She was wounded in the eye by an arrow, and her son—a youth of eighteen by this time—was severely wounded and sent to the rear. At this moment the heroine received another wound as she directed the retreat from her elephant, with her face to the foe. Seeing her troops giving way on all sides before the

pressure of the conquerors, she—in the spirit of Saul with his armor-bearer—snatched a dagger from her attendant and stabbed herself to death. The strange structure near Jabalpur, known as the *Madan Mahal*, is her monument to this day; it stands on a single gigantic boulder on the Narbada bank, and is a familiar object to visitors to the celebrated "Marble Rocks," of whom few, probably, are aware of her romantic story.

In modern times there have been many other distinguished Indian ladies, the best known being, perhaps, Joanna Nobilis, commonly called "Begam Samru," or Sombre. Every one knows something of this lady, from the accounts of Heber, Sleeman, Baillie Fraser, and other travellers. She was of Arab extraction, and succeeded to the little principality of Sardhana on the death of Walter Reinhardt, in May 1778. The story of this man would bear relating, but not in this place. Suffice it here to say that he was entitled to the designation of the Last of the Condottieri, being a soldier of fortune of the school of the Middle Ages of Europe, who rose from the ranks to be a general and a prince. The Begam was his slave, not his wife, as is plain from the fact that his lawful wife, and the mother of his children, long survived him. Being a Christian, he could not have got a priest to consecrate a bigamous union with the Church's rites. The territory, being a military fief, did not in such lawless times necessarily devolve on the heirs-at-law. Reinhardt left a son, but the slave-girl was able and astute; and having obtained recognition from the Emperor at Dehli, she assumed command of the brigade and administered the affairs of the fief. Three years later she availed herself of the occasion of the baptism of Aloysius, her step-son, to be herself baptized. The first scene in which she appeared conspicuously as a public character was in the spring of 1788, when she accompanied the Emperor Sháh Alam in an expedition into Rájputána, taking with her a contingent of troops under the well-known Irish adventurer, George Thomas. On the 5th of April the Sardhana force was the means of saving the Emperor from a very critical position before the walls of

Gokalgarh, a fort in the Rewári country. This place was occupied by a contumacious chief, whom it was considered requisite to coerce, but who made a vigorous sortie against the Imperialists on the morning in question. The besiegers were thrown into utter confusion, the attack upon them being a complete surprise. The rebels had penetrated to the very tents of the Sovereign, when the Begam and Thomas appeared at the head of three battalions and a field-piece, manned by European gunners. Deploying, with the gun in his centre, Thomas opened fire with grape and musketry, and with such immediate effect that the attack was arrested and time afforded for the Mughal cavalry to form and charge. The result was the repulse of the garrison and the capture of the fort. In the Durbar that ensued the Emperor embraced the Begam as his daughter, and bestowed on her a patent, with the title of "Zebunnissa" (the Glory of the Sex). Colonel Skinner related that he had often seen her leading her troops through the tumult and carnage of battle.

At this time she was—according to Thomas—a plump and lively brunette, fair for a native, and with large and sparkling eyes. She spoke Persian as well as Hindustáni, and conducted her business with assiduity, receiving reports and issuing her orders behind a curtain, as long as her native employés were present. In social intercourse with Christians, however, she assumed her place at table, only taking care to be served by maid-servants, and to have all male native attendants excluded from the room.

Four years later Thomas had left the service and gone to shift for himself. The Begam, who by this time was over thirty-five years of age, had entrusted her forces to a new commander, a Frenchman named Levassoult, whom she afterward married. Unfortunately for the husband the wedding was private, only witnessed by two of his countrymen, MM. Bernier and Saleur. Scandal arose, of which the stepson, Aloysius, took advantage; and a mutiny arose in his interest before which the Begam and Colonel Levassoult were obliged to fly. They left Sardhana on

an October morning in 1795, intending to seek refuge with the British brigade under General McGowan, then quartered at Anupshahr on the Ganges. The lady was in her palanquin, the husband armed rode by her on horseback; and they had with them their portable property, cash and jewels, to the value of some twenty thousand pounds. This being known determined the course of events. Some of the soldiers started to pursue and plunder the fugitives. They were soon overtaken; the Begam was wounded—or, as some suppose, wounded herself—and the unhappy Levassoult, believing that she was slain, put a pistol to his temple and shot himself dead. The Begam, who had escaped with a flesh-wound, was taken back to Sardhana and kept three days bound under a gun-carriage, where she was kept alive by the care of a faithful female servant. A reign of terror ensued, but it was swiftly suppressed by Thomas, who came gallantly to the aid of his old mistress. The restoration was complete and final, nor did the Begam ever again yield to the weakness of a *Grande Duchesse*. Colonel Saleur was placed at the head of the Brigade, which he kept in good fighting order until it was rudely abolished by Wellesley and Lake.

On the fall of Dehli in 1803, the Begam at once submitted and repaired to the camp of the victor. As her palanquin was deposited at the door of Lake's tent, the General (who was at dinner) hastened out to receive his distinguished visitor. In a flush of hospitality and post-prandial excitement Lake caught her in his arms as she got out, and gave her a hearty kiss. But the astute lady was equal to the occasion. "See! my children," said she, turning to her astonished attendants, "see how a father receives his repentant daughter."

She was confirmed in her possessions, on both sides of the Jumna: and for the next thirty-three years maintained a medialized rule in her little capital. Here she kept up great state. Every night there was a dinner-party, at which, besides her brigadier, her chaplain, and her land-steward, she entertained officers of the neighboring garrison of Meerut. A military band played during the banquet, and the best wines of France

and the Peninsula circulated in the unstinted fashion of those days.

The simple-hearted Heber relates a sensational story of her having buried a slave-girl alive in these times. The true fact out of which this tradition arose is believed to have been that some of her servants having attempted to burn down her house in aid of a scheme of intended plunder, concocted by some of the soldiery, she inflicted corporal punishment upon them from the effects of which one of them died, and was thrown into a dry well. This is Sleeman's account, who knew the place and people well. He testifies that "the Begam's object was to make a strong example. . . . Had she failed she would have lost that respect without which it would have been impossible for her to retain command a month."

In 1834, finding her end approaching, she made preliminary dispositions in regard to her property. By deed-of-gift she transferred the bulk to David Dyce, the son of her manager by a daughter of the late Walter Reinhardt, or "General Sombre" as he was usually called. She sent the Pope a letter, covering a remittance of £13,700, and informing His Holiness that she had built and endowed a Church, of which "she was proud to say that it was admitted to be the finest in India." She added that she had bequeathed a *lakh* of rupees (say, £10 000) for the support of a college at Sardhana, and a similar sum for the support of an Episcopal see which she prayed the Holy Father to constitute there. Another *lakh* was left to the general purposes of the Catholic Church in India; thirty thousand rupees were bestowed on the Cathedral Church at Agra, the interest of half a *lakh* was settled for the relief of the local poor, and the same to the poor of Calcutta, while a third sum of like amount was devoted to charitable purposes in England.

After her death, which occurred two years later, the heir confirmed all these dispositions, and found himself possessed of a residuary estate yielding nearly £20,000 a year. With this fortune he visited England, where he married and died, under circumstances which need not be further stated here. His widow ultimately married again, and is now the wife of Lord Forester. In addition to the Church, Convent, and College, the Begam left a handsome monument of herself in the shape of a Palace which, like them, is still extant in good preservation.

Such were the extraordinary fortunes of this lady, once a friendless slave-girl. In a less precarious state of society we may notice the Baija Bai, wife, and afterward for many years the relict, of Daulat Rao Sindhia, mentioned by several English ladies of this century, including the Hon. Emily Eden, whose letters have been published under the title of *Up the Country*, and form one of the most readable and amusing books ever written about India.

Still more examples crowd upon us. There was the celebrated Sikandar Begam, of Bhopál, well-known for her unswerving loyalty to the Government during the dark days of Fifty-Seven, and now worthily represented by her daughter and successor, Shah Jahán Begam.

Of another complexion was the famous Ráni of Jhánsi. Whether or no she actually betrayed to slaughter the unhappy British officers and their families there is no conclusive evidence. But she heartily threw herself into the rebel cause, and was killed in a lost fight. Her epitaph was pronounced by her conqueror, Lord Strathnairn, who publicly declared her to have been "the best and bravest of the rebel leaders." —*National Review*.

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.D.

GEORGE ELIOT, in one of her early works, has given a powerful description of a girl taking refuge in music

from her own passion. "Caterina," runs the narrative, went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-

room. "It seemed as if playing massive chords, bringing out volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's 'Messiah' stood open on the desk at the chorus 'All we like sheep,' and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happier moments she could never have played it so well; for now all the passion that made her misery was hurled by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble." This is no exaggerated conception of the power of music at times on the human mind; for, as Herbert Spencer remarks, "it arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility, and do not know the meaning;" or, as Richter says, "tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see." Mr. Darwin, too, has remarked in his "Descent of Man" (1874, p. 571), how "music arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, rage, etc. It awakens the gentler feelings of tenderness and love, which readily pass into devotion. In the Chinese annals it is said, 'music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth.' It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardor for war." Indeed, among the most primitive races we find the same ideas very strongly represented in their social habits; music being regarded as an enchanting influence whereby even evil deities are overpowered and temporarily deprived of their sway over mortals. Hence, it is not surprising that, in semi-civilized countries where it is commonly believed that sickness is produced by evil spirits, one of the ordinary methods of driving these away from the patient should be by the effect of music. As Mr. Buckle,* moreover, has pointed out, we may expect to find this form of superstition in greater force in those communities where medical knowledge happens to be most backward, or where disease is most abundant. In countries, therefore, where both these conditions

are fulfilled, the superstition is supreme. Accordingly, Professor Monier Williams* informs us, describing the devil dances of Southern India, how when pestilences are rife, exceptional measures are taken to entice and draw off the malignant spirits supposed to cause such visitations by inducing them to enter into these wild dances, and so by this means become dissipated. In certain districts, too, Schoolcraft, in his "Indian Tribes," tells how all diseases are treated alike, being referred to one cause—the presence of an evil spirit which must be expelled. This the medicine-man tries to banish by making certain incantations intended to secure the assistance of the spirits he worships, and then he proceeds to make all kinds of frightful noises and gestures. Among the Araucanian Indians,† the hut in which the patient lies is illuminated with a number of torches, in a corner of which is placed a large branch of cinnamon, to which is suspended the magic drum. A band of women then sing aloud and beat upon little drums, during which time the medicine-man, by various gesticulations and contortions, exorcises the evil spirit which is supposed to be the cause of the malady. Occasionally, we are informed, he will suddenly display a spider, a toad, or some other supposed obnoxious animal which he pretends to have extracted from the body of the sufferer. We may note here, that this idea of animal spirits causing disease is by no means uncommon among uncivilized races. Thus with the Northern Californians, snakes and reptiles get most of the blame for sickness, and among the wild tribes of Mexico the animals generally guilty are monstrous ants or worms.‡ Again, the natives of Brazil imagine that disease is produced by the spirit of some animal entering the body of the patient, in revenge for some wrong.§ Accordingly, the chief of the tribe, who acts as physician, asks the patient if he has offended a tortoise, deer, or other animal. Once more, the Abipones of Paraguay believe that if any

* *Indian Wisdom.*

† See *The Araucanians*, by E. R. Smith, 1855, 235; Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 91.

‡ Bancroft's *Native Races*, i. 640.

§ See Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, 54.

* *History of Civilization*, 1867, ii. 477.

one happens to give the flesh of a tortoise, stag, or boar to dogs, it is an indignity to these animals, and that punishment will overtake him.* The Indian tribes in Columbia and Vancouver Island have a curious method of curing disease by music, an interesting account of which is given by R. C. Mayne in his "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island" (1862, p. 261):—"Toward night the doctor came, bringing with him his own and another family to assist in the ceremony. After they had eaten supper, the centre of the lodge was cleared and fresh sand strewn upon it. A bright fire of dry wood was then kindled, and a brilliant light kept up by occasionally throwing oil upon it. I considered this a species of incense offered, as the same light would have been produced by a quantity of pitch-knots which were lying in the corner. The patient, well wrapped in blankets, was laid on her back with her head a little elevated, and her hands crossed on her breast. The doctor knelt at her feet, and commenced singing a song, the subject of which was an address to the dead, asking them why they had come to take his friend and mother, and asking them to go away and leave her. The rest of the people then sang the chorus in a low, mournful chant, keeping time by knocking on the roof with long wands they held. As the performance proceeded, the doctor became more and more excited, singing violently and loudly, with great gesticulation, and occasionally making passes with his hand over the face and person of the patient, similar to those made by mesmeric manipulators." It should be observed, too, that among most uncivilized communities these musical ceremonies have a close resemblance. Thus, among the Mapuches, where disease is attributed to an evil spirit, the medicine-man makes himself as horrible-looking as he can, beating a drum and working himself into a frenzy until he falls to the ground with his breast jerking convulsively. At this stage of the proceedings, a body of young men outside the hut begin yelling and running round the hut with lighted torches. If this does not frighten the evil spirit away, then the illness is at-

tributed to witchcraft.* Similarly, the Abipones place "an immense drum which makes a loud bellowing near a sick person's head to frighten away the evil spirit." In Burmah, when severe illness of any kind has baffled the greatest skill, it is customary to abandon all further medical treatment, the patient's complaint being supposed to be caused by an evil spirit which must be driven away before any hope of recovery can be expected. This is accomplished by means of music and dancing, during which certain mystic rites are performed.† Among the New England Indians music and singing are much employed, and are regarded as possessing a magic influence over disease. Among the tribes of the North-West, writes Mr. Dorman,‡ the medicine-men in their practice generally begin by singing, accompanying it with rattles or something that will make a great noise. They get more excited as time passes, if quieter methods do not succeed. According to Mr. Swan,§ one of the most violent of their doctors around Shoalwater Bay was always called when the others failed, whose operations he thus describes:—"Old John came bringing with him his family of some half-dozen persons, who aided him in the cure by attacking the roof with long poles. Old John sat at the patient's feet with his head covered up with a blanket for some time. All at once he threw off his blanket and commenced to sing and throw himself about in the most excited manner, rattling large scallop-shells, the chorus in the mean time keeping up their pounding on the roof, and also on a couple of tin pans and a brass kettle. He soon mesmerized his patient till she was asleep, when he pounced upon her breast with his whole weight and scraped his hands together as if he had caught something, which he tried to blow through his hands into the coals." Of course we have the same idea here of illness being caused by some kind of evil spirit which must be banished.

To give one further illustration of

* See Wood's *Uncivilized Races*, ii. 562; Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, 55.

† Winter's *Six Months in British Burmah*, 1858, 161.

‡ *Primitive Superstitions*, 356.

§ *Wash. Ter.* 176.

* See Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*.

these music cures, we are informed by Abbé Huc in his interesting volume on "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China" (1844, vol. i. p. 76), how on one occasion when a certain lady was attacked with an intermittent fever, she was informed by the doctor that a demon of considerable rank was present, and that no time must be lost in expelling it. Eight more doctors were forthwith called in, who constructed of dried herbs a puppet, which was termed the "Demon of Intermittent Fevers," and placed in the patient's tent. They then ranged themselves in a semicircle round the upper portion of the tent with cymbals, bells, tambourines, and other musical instruments, while the members of the family assembled, completed the circle. At a given signal the music struck up, at the conclusion of which the chief doctor opened his book of exorcisms, and after abusing the puppet with fierce invectives, he struck up "a tremendously noisy chorus in hurried, dashing tones; all the instruments here set to work." In addition to this, every one made as much noise as possible, the proceedings terminating by the burning of the herb figure.

It has been stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music, and that there are very few cases which are unaffected thereby.* Thus we are told how a new life is infused into these unfortunate persons by the harmony of sweet sounds: "all exhibit pleasure; some move their bodies in time to the air which is played, others sing after their own fashion; some even of the most torpid when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up, and dance in their own way. Mr. Plott in his 'History of Staffordshire,' relates the case of an idiot who, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire." Indeed, in men-

tal cases, music from the earliest period has been considered highly efficacious, and it is recorded how both Pythagoras and Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds. Coming down to modern times, much has been written on the subject, and experiments of various kinds made with more or less success. Music, as a remedy for insanity, is alluded to by Shakespeare in "Richard II." (Act v. scene 5), where the king says:

This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

And again referring to music as soothing the spirits and inducing sleep, we may quote the touching passage in "Henry IV." (Act iv. scene 5) where the king says:

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
Wor. Call for music in the other room.

Ariel, too, it may be remembered in "The Tempest" (Act ii. scene 1) enters playing solemn music to produce this effect. Once more, music as a cure for madness is perhaps alluded to in "King Lear" (Act iv. scene 7) where the physician of King Lear says: "Louder the musick there!"* Mr. Singer,† however, speaking of this passage, says: "Shakespeare considered soft music favorable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the physician desires louder music to be played, for the purpose of awakening him." So in "Pericles," Cerimon, to recover Thaisa who had been thrown into the sea, says:

The rough and woeful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1881, p. 367), has given an elaborate account of the medical qualities of music, and speaking of its influence on the mind, says: "Besides that excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." M.

* See Chambers's *Journal*, 1857, p. 377-379; and D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

* Halliwell Phillipps, *Handbook Index to Shakespeare*, 1866, p. 333.

† *Shakespeare's Works*, 1875, ix. 461.

Burette was of opinion, too, that music has the power of affecting the whole nervous system so "as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a temporary cure." Among some of the well-known modern instances of music as a cure for mental complaints, may be mentioned the remarkable case of Farinelli on Philip of Spain. It is related that this monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency that he even refused to be shaved or to appear in public. Accordingly, when all other remedies failed, the Queen resolved to try the effects of music, and arranged for Farinelli to sing in a room adjoining the King's chamber.

At the Queen's request he sang two of his best airs, which so overpowered the King that he ordered Farinelli to be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. In the most respectful manner Farinelli begged of the King to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which he assented. Before many days had passed, the voice of Farinelli accomplished what no medicine had succeeded in doing—the restoration of the King's health.* Again, Jacques Bonnet,† in his "*Histoire de la Musique et de ses Effets*" (Amsterdam, 1725), tells us how, when at the Hague in the year 1688, he was entertained by one of his friends then in the service of the Prince of Orange, with the performance of three first-rate musicians. This was the remedy, he informed him, which his master employed to get rid of melancholy whenever he was therewith oppressed. Cases of this kind are very numerous, and form an interesting chapter in the history of medicine in bygone years.

Thus music is reported to have exercised a remarkable influence over the Flemish painter, Hugo Van der Goes, who, toward the close of a laborious life, entered the Convent of Rooden Clooster, a *rouge cloître* near Brussels, and spent there the last of his days.

* Millingen's *Curiosities of Medical Experience*.

† See *Medica Musica: or a Mechanical Essay on the Effects of Singing, Musick, and Dancing on Human Bodies*, by Richard Browne, 1729.

The cause of his determination "to take the frock" remained a secret, but the stories of his demeanor and conduct, chronicled in the annals of the monastery, show that he was frequently assailed with doubts as to the prospect of his salvation in the next world; and that these doubts at last drove him mad. Numbers of people of rank, the Archduke Maximilian among the rest, constantly came to see him and admire his pictures; and through their intercession he obtained permission to frequent the guest-room and join the strangers' diners. Five or six years after he professed he went with his brother Nicholas and others to Cologne, and on his return he was seized with such a hot fit that but for his friends he would have laid violent hands on himself. He was brought back with difficulty to Brussels, and there the prior, who had been sent for, endeavored to soothe his passion with the sound of music; but for a time nothing would quiet him, and he labored long under the delusion that he was a "son of perdition."*

The case is related of a man in Yorkshire who, some years ago, after severe misfortunes, lost his senses, and was placed in a lunatic asylum. There, in a short time, the use of the violin gradually restored him to his intellect; and at the end of six weeks after the experiment, on hearing the inmates of the establishment passing by, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen. I am quite well, and shall be most happy to accompany you."

Again, Madame de la Marche, on hearing one day of her husband's inconstancy, was so deeply mortified that she made several attempts to destroy herself—in fact she went mad. Although attended by physicians, she obtained but little relief and remained incurable, till one day a monk chanced to be begging alms in the neighborhood where Madame de la Marche lived. He heard of the lady's state, and suggested the experiment of music at the hands of some skilful performer. This was speedily arranged, and with so much success that in less than three months the violent symptoms began to diminish,

* *The Early Flemish Painters*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Caval-Caselle, 1872, p. 163, 165.

and ultimately Madame de la Marche was restored to health both of body and mind.*

We are also told of a woman who was once prevented starving herself to death by the intervention of music. It seems that for many months she had been laid up with an illness which threw her into such a desponding state that she conceived the notion of starving herself to death. She was, however, prevailed upon to see a representation of a musical piece entitled the "Serva Padrona." At its conclusion she found herself decidedly better, and quickly renouncing her melancholy resolution, was entirely restored to health by witnessing one or two more representations of the same composition.†

Among some of the many other strange causes produced through the agency of music may be noticed the recovery of the voice, the following account of which we quote from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803: "In the beginning of December, 1801, Elizabeth Sellers, a scholar in the Girls' Charity school at Sheffield, aged thirteen, lost her voice; so that she was unable to express herself on any occasion otherwise than by a whisper. She, however, enjoyed very good health, and went through several employments of the school, such as knitting, sewing, spinning on the high and low wheel, etc., without any indulgence. Read audibly, she could not, and her infirmity resisted without intermission all medical assistance, till in the evening of March, 1803, she, hearing some of her schoolfellows singing a hymn in which she wished to join, went up to one, Sarah Milner, and whisperingly begged that she would shout down her throat. Milner at first was shocked at the proposal, and refused to comply with her request. But, at length, through her repeated solicitations, she consented, and shouted down her throat with all her might, upon which Sellers immediately gained her voice, and to the astonishment of the whole school, wept and sang as if she had been almost in a state of mental derangement, and has continued in possession of her voice

ever since." Without enumerating further instances of this class of musical cures—for they are of frequent occurrence—it may be safely asserted that they form an important subject for psychological research. Indeed, in past years music as a medical agency was regarded with more or less scepticism, and many of the remarkable remedies reported to have been effected by this means are occasionally discarded as savoring of superstition and ignorance—and hence did not meet with the attention they deserved.

Perhaps few maladies have been more closely connected with music than that which in the fifteenth century, under the name of Tarantism, made its first appearance in Apulia, and thence spread over the other provinces of Italy, where, during the two following centuries, it prevailed as a great epidemic.* This strange disorder was popularly supposed to be caused by the bite of the Tarantula (*Lycosa tarantula*), a species of ground-spider common in Apulia;† but this explanation has long ago been discarded by medical science as throwing no light upon the nature of the disease in question, especially as the bite of the said insect does not produce the alarming effects once attributed to it. Anyhow, the fear of this insect was so general from the highly superstitious and exaggerated reports spread about it that, as Professor Hecker remarks, "its bite was in all probability much oftener imagined, or the sting of some other kind of insect mistaken for it, than actually received." The earliest account of this disease is in a work of Nicholas Perotti, a man of learning, born in 1430, who writing of it, says: "hic majorum nostrorum temporibus in Italia visus non fuit, nunc frequens in Apulia visitur."‡ According to Perotti, those who suffered from the mischievous effects of this venomous spider generally fell into a stage of melancholy—a condition which, in many cases, was "united with so great a sensibility to

* Hecker's *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, translated by E. G. Babington, 1859, pp. 101-2.

† It is one of the largest of European spiders, of a somewhat elongated shape, with rather long legs.

‡ *Cornucopia Latina Lingua*: Basil, 1563.

* Crowest, *Musical Anecdotes*, 1878, ii. 195-6.

† Ibid. pp. 251-2.

music that at the very first tones of their favorite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless." *

Thus a case is recorded of a young man in a secluded village in the kingdom of Naples, who when seized with a violent attack of Tarantism, danced during a paroxysm of his disorder "with astonishing vehemence, and violently leaped like a madman, keeping time, however, with the music that was played for him. But as soon as it ceased he fell to the ground in a state of syncope, from which he recovered when the musicians recommenced." On this account, the influence of music as a medical agency was considered so infallible that a class of songs and tunes was composed, designated "Tarantella," to be specially employed in the cure of those suffering from this epidemic. These, it may be remembered, have lingered long after the extinction of the malady, and may still be heard in the wilder districts of Italy.

There were different kinds of Tarantella, so arranged "as to represent even the idiosyncrasies of the mind as expressed in the countenance." Thus, as Prof. Hecker tells us, one kind of tune was called "Panno Torso," a lively impassioned style of music; another, known as "Panno Verde," was suited to the milder excitement of the senses; whereas a sixth had the appropriate designation of "Spallata," as if it were only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. For those, again, who loved water love songs were selected "which were sung to corresponding music, such persons delighting to hear of gushing springs and rushing cascades and springs." Slow music had the curious effect of making the tarantate feel as if they were being crushed; false notes simply tortured them; while if they disliked any particular melody, they generally "indicated their displeasure by violent gestures expressive of aversion." † Among

further peculiarities of this enchanting influence is the startling fact that persons who throughout life have never manifested any taste for music now acquired "an extremely refined sense of hearing, as if they had been initiated into the profoundest secrets of the musical art." Nor was this all, for even the deaf and hard of hearing were, for the time, equally under the same mesmeric influence, listening with an enthusiastic eagerness to the inspiring strains. In short, "against the effects of Tarantism neither youth nor age afforded any protection, so that even old men of ninety threw aside their crutches at the sound of the Tarantella, and, as if some magic potion, restorative of youth and vigor, were flowing through their veins, joined the most extravagant dancers." We even read, too, of a philosophic bishop, Jo. Baptist Quinzato, Bishop of Ialingo, who allowed himself by way of a joke to be bitten by a tarantula, but could obtain a cure only through the influence of the tarantella, compelled to dance under its power as fast and furiously as the peasantry.* Dr. Martinus Kähler, a Swedish physician, who visited Apulia in the year 1756, for the purpose of investigating the history of this complaint, came to the conclusion that it was a peculiar form of hypochondria with hysteria, to which "the inhabitants of the island of Taranto are especially subject on account of their mode of living, and from their food consisting entirely of green vegetables, oysters, and periwinkles. Be this as it may, the complaint is, according to medical opinion, curable by means of music and dancing." †

Lastly, it should be noticed that music has been stated to produce undue excitement bordering on madness. Thus Butler, in his "Principles of Music," ‡ tells an old story of the power of music over the human mind. It appears that a musician of Eneus, king of Denmark—who reigned about the year 1130—having given out that he was able by his art to drive men "into what affections he listed, even into anger and fury, and

* *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, 104. See Madden's *Illusions and Fanaticisms*, 1857, i. 415.

† Hecker's *Epidemics*, p. 114. See Kircher, *de Arte Magica*; Hawkins, *History of Music*. Epiphan. Ferdinand. *Centum historia seu Observationes et Casus Medici*: Venet. 1621, p. 259.

* See Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 102.

† Ibid. p. 103.

‡ See Hawkins's *History of Music*, 1853, ii. 493.

being required by the king to put his skill into practice, played so upon his harp that his auditors began first to be moved, and at last he sent the king into such a frantic mood that in a rage he fell upon his most trusty friends, and, for lack of weapon, slew some of them with his fist, which, when he came to himself, he did much lament." Again, the story runs that on the occasion of the marriage of Henry III.'s favorite, the Duc de Joyeuse, to Mademoiselle de Vaudemont, the king's favorite musician, Claude le Jeune, caused a spirited air to be sung which, to quote the words of the old chronicler, "so animated a gentleman who was present that he clapped his hand on his sword and swore that it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting with the first person he met; upon which Claude caused another air to be performed, of a soothing kind, which immediately restored him to his natural temperament."* In modern times, it may be remembered what a wonderful effect, amounting almost to inspiration, music

had upon Philpot Curran, who at the latter part of the last century gained an eminent reputation at the bar. Thus it is related how on the day before making any important speech he was in the habit of assisting his imagination by running carelessly for hours over the strings of his violoncello, this being the manner in which he prepared himself for many of his most important cases.* In truth, the beneficial effects of music have been universally acknowledged in medical treatment; and, after all, this is not surprising when we recollect that "no other is so capable of easily moving a man to tears of grief, of exciting him in a moment to cheerfulness, of inspiring him with courage, and of making him forget his real or imaginary troubles and anxieties."† It was, indeed, on account of its wondrous influence in soothing the ills to which flesh is heir that made Luther speak of music as "one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God to which Satan is a bitter enemy."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CANKERS OF A CALM WORLD.

THE WORLD'S DEAD-LOCK.

MOST of us know by heart the maxim that that people is happy whose annals are uneventful. According to this, when many peoples have but commonplace annals there must be widespread happiness; and if the whole world should fall into a jog-trot pace, felicity must be well-nigh universal. The sentiment or doctrine underlying the axiom no doubt is, that when nations have nothing to leave on record, they have been enjoying an even sunshine of prosperity; because sorrows or quarrels would certainly have led to events, and events would have furnished striking annals.

Now these ideas concerning recordless peoples, looked at in the light of passing events, would seem to have been formed at times when the world was much disturbed, and thoughtful persons

were sighing after quiet days which should yield only blank registers of their passage, not at times which were unchecked by incident. In proof of what is here said, we have only to look around, at our own land, at neighboring countries, at the world, to regard the widespread dearth of events that obtains, and to take stock of the amount of happiness as demonstrated by prevailing contentment. We are not particularly happy in Great Britain. We have a good deal of political friction. Beyond politics proper there is a deplorable prevalence of envy and jealousy, and of coveting and desiring other men's goods, and there is an already low and a decreasing demand for labor, skilled and unskilled. If we look across St. George's Channel we find simply a pandemonium—a fearful blot upon the

* See Crowest, *Musical Anecdotes*, i. 139-140.

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* *The Georgian Era*, 1832, ii. 311-312.

† Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 84.

age. Across the English Channel, though there certainly may not be much to record, there is not happiness, not contentment. The present distribution of property does not appear to give satisfaction in France, or the Low Countries, or in Switzerland; and we hear from many points of turbulence and pitiful poverty. Looking eastward at the European empires, we find no evidence of tranquillity or satisfied well-doing. We know only too sensibly the trouble, likely to become chronic, which buzzes like a hornet in the northwest of India. Possibly things may be more promising in Japan and the Celestial Empire; but if we look to the setting instead of the rising sun, we find trouble showing itself among the people of the United States in a form quite new to them. They have been accustomed to look at contentions between capital and labor as peculiarities of the Old—the besotted Old—World. They do not half welcome the struggle among themselves, nor the extensive ravages, out-harassing by much the contracted European ebullitions, which promise to become naturalized on that side of the Atlantic. So then, although the world may not be making history, mankind scarcely appear to have found very real contentment.

The truth is, that the population of the world is continually increasing; and when a generation may happen to do little besides sustain itself on the ancient ways, the additional mouths find some difficulty in getting filled. The mouths not being filled, the owners of them are apt to become troublesome. In former days, the supernumeraries would certainly have put in their claim to a share of the world's goods. They would have joined in some war which they found going on ready for their needs; or they would perhaps have originated a war, seizing on something to satisfy their requirements, or perishing in the attempt to do so—such methods having been considered legitimate as well as natural till recently. We have cried down war now; but it so happened that just when we began to accept the doctrine of the wickedness of arms, we found enough, and more than enough, of peaceful work for all our hands. Forty years ago we began to

dig, not without success, for gold; we began the construction of railways; we built ships innumerable; we laid cables and stretched telegraph wires; and we made—that is, Europeans (chiefly Frenchmen) and Egyptians made—a canal, one of the wonders of the age, which revolutionized commerce and intercommunication. There were a big war or two also to occupy the wilder spirits, notwithstanding the discredit which began to be attached to strifes; and so the mouths, increase as they might, hardly came in excess.

Now all is different. We have pretty nearly done with constructing railways and telegraphs; the digging for gold and emigration appear to have got out of favor; there are ships enough and sailors too many for our needs. A projected large work, the Manchester Ship-Canal, has been postponed, because the public will not heartily promote it. The Panama Canal seems likely to come to a standstill for a similar reason. The world, in fact, is doing nothing. It may be doubted whether or not this is a subject for congratulation, although it may be, for the present, a cause of our having nothing to record.

All conditions of communities, when they become excessive in degree, have the tendency to correct themselves: calms as well as disturbances carry their remedies with them. Without doubt, the world will get to work again sooner or later, and do more than recover its equilibrium. But there are signs that the recovery may be long delayed. For the world would seem to be poorer than it was ten or twelve years ago. It does not fancy the investment of money in great enterprises; add to this that there is a tired aspect in most quarters—a disposition to hold back from extensive undertakings. And somehow opinion has run into grooves which are decidedly opposed to invasions, wars, and other heroic methods of dispelling stagnation; so that these, although they may be eventually forced upon us in spite of opinion, will probably be long retarded. What, then, is likely to be the fortunes of our race if the torpor which has begun should be long drawn out?

Although we probably do enough for the supply of our daily needs, yet we

are putting nothing to the exchangers—a state of things which generally argues loss of substance, and which, regard being had to the additional mouths appearing every year upon the globe, must indicate that we grow poorer. We have a lively idea of growing rich, because the time is not so long past when we were attaining to prosperity by leaps and bounds; but to conceive a general impoverishment requires an effort of the imagination. The downward slide, though it will not depress each individual in regular proportion—nay, though some exceptional smart men may contrive to acquire wealth while their fellows are declining—must affect communities according to some rule. Rich men, rich companies, land-owners, ship-owners, will all feel the change; but the wealthier classes will, in the early years of the calm, have to give up little more than luxuries and indulgences. A decline, however, in these things must lead to a fearful falling off in many industries, and must throw thousands out of work. We have heard already the bitter cry of the unemployed; and if we have no other annals to write, *that* will be the leading entry in our coming registers.

In old days, as we know, tribes or peoples whose daily bread ran short, overran countries where sustenance was more abundant, and changed the face of the world. Invasions and raids on smaller scales were continually being made all over the globe, urged on by the great *Venter*, the master of arts: the history of our own islands depicts plenty of these. After migratory invasions became somewhat inconvenient, and therefore ceased to be the fashion and were pronounced to be immoral, a good deal of redistribution of property was effected by wars more or less justifiable. The wars of the first French Republic were made chiefly for plunder. They are set down now to the greed and ambition of wicked men. No doubt the leaders in those transactions were very unscrupulous and very covetous; but for all that, were not the wars a necessity? The wealth of France had been exhausted by the extravagance of monarchs; and the Republic, which began by proclaiming universal fraternity and goodwill toward men, soon found it

necessary to lay the greater part of Europe under contribution.

As long as we held that the big wars could "make ambition virtue," things took their natural course, and the equipoise of the world maintained itself through the instrumentality of invasions and hostilities which men were so far from condemning, that they pronounced the leaders in them to be illustrious, and allowed his share of honor and praise to the humblest soldier. "What! a young knave and beg!" says Sir John Falstaff. "Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than rebellion can tell how to make it." This speech, as we fancy, gives a fair idea of the estimation in which fighting, as a business, was held by a large portion of the civilized world in the days of Shakespeare. There were then no "peace at any price" men; and a dinner seized at the sword's-point was not considered a dishonorable meal. But it is by no means in accordance with the taste of these present times that men should resort to violence and robbery, whether to get their dinners or to supply any other natural want. Our disposition is an excellent one so far as it regards plunder and wrong; but before it can ward off these evils it must take a practical shape, and find some work for idle hands to do. Honest occupation must be found, or we shall have incision as Pistol put it—we shall imbrue.

Evidently what we are striving for is to keep what little wealth we have left wrapped carefully in napkins, and at the same time to preach down all encouragement of the robber and adventurer. We may as well attempt to serve God and Mammon. To quote Falstaff again, "Young men must live;" and at present we believe they are inclined to live honestly and peaceably if they can. But those who have got capital in hand must give them something to do; the world must rouse itself to a little enterprise.

It may be replied to us that this call upon capital is all very fine, but that capital does not keep itself locked up

without pressing reason. The tendency of money to turn itself and to collect more money in its revolutions is proverbial. When, therefore, its wheels become locked, it is not likely to be from idleness or indifference; it is more probably because the circumstances of the time are unfavorable to its free rotation. The spirit of Socialism which is abroad, and which leads workmen to oppose their employers and impede business, is a leading obstacle to enterprise. Of course the Socialists do not see this, or they would not resort to practices calculated to paralyze and starve their own order. They are only for screwing more out of employers, while in effect they seriously contract employment itself. Capitalists cannot choose but be cautious and backward when they know that the very hands by which their work must be done are banded together to injure and impoverish them. Again, it is not Socialist workmen only who thus depress their calling. Men in a position to know better than they—men really philanthropic, or else quick to avail themselves of patent follies—assist most banefully the efforts of the workman to hurt himself. Legislators and leading men do not tire of shackling and weighting employers in the apparent interests of the workmen, but certainly not in their real interests. For, if the law shows itself to be the oppressor rather than the protector of the employer of labor, it unquestionably furnishes an inducement for reducing employment to its lowest terms. "Even if that be so," says the humanitarian—"even if the sky is to fall, justice must be done. We must see to the protection of those who are unable to protect themselves; we *must* interfere. Can we stand by and see poor workmen's lives, limbs, or health sacrificed in the service of rich employers, and not insist on penalties or compensations? Forbid it, heaven!" This benevolent argument, however, contains two very important errors. The first is, that the dangers and hardships of a service are not entirely understood and considered when the bargain is made between employer and employed; the second, that to make his service safe, easy, and pleasant to the employed, should be the first thing aimed at.

If we consider for a while, we must be convinced that the laborers and servants in any calling know the risks of that calling quite as well as the employers. There may be exceptions to this when some new agent—as electricity—has to be dealt with; or when large systems—such as those of railways—have first to be organized. Inexperience or want of prevision on the part of superintendents may in such cases lead to accidents such as no one expected. But in the established callings the risks are perfectly well understood, and workmen make their bargains in full view of the dangers to which they may be exposed. To burden a large employer with the prospect of damages for any accident which may befall a person in his employ while on duty, is to seriously discourage the embarkation of capital in industrial undertakings. Again, all daring, all enterprise will be taken out of our ventures if before all things we are bound to secure perfect immunity for the workman, and to make his duty pleasant to him. The absurdity of attempting this may be apparent if we regard a well-known profession where the danger is extreme. Suppose that in making regulations for an army it were laid down as a first postulate that the men must be exposed to no risk, and must suffer no inconvenience or privation. The absurdity of such a rule is apparent at once. The end for which an army is put into the field cannot possibly be attained except by soldiers undergoing dangers, privations, and sufferings. But the attainment of this end is accepted by the community as compensation for all the casualties of campaigns. Now, if not in degree yet in principle, the same regardlessness of danger must enter into all our enterprises if we are to maintain the character of a high-spirited and progressive people. The end—that is to say, the advancement of the whole community—is so great a gain, that the dangers, or the lives even of individuals, may be hazarded in attaining it. We may rely on it that, once we English begin to make avoidance of hazard our chief study, we shall decline and give place to other races who may believe that success shall cover the multitude of dangers.

It is quite true that there is such a thing as wanton or negligent carelessness, entirely distinct from the generous daring which contributes so largely to success. But this carelessness or foolhardiness is said to be at least as much a fault of workmen as of employers. Study the accounts of appalling accidents, and observe how frequently the evil is due to the men not taking the trouble to use the safeguards which have been provided for them. Converse with foremen and overseers, and learn with what difficulty artificers and laborers are induced to take well-known precautions on which their lives may depend. No doubt employers, too, may often be in fault; and where this is plainly the case, there is justice in making them responsible. But surely all such imposition of responsibility should be impartially made; employers should not be treated as criminals whose nature and delight it is to harass, endanger, and destroy the unfortunate beings who may enter their service and take their wages. Treat them in this way, and, instead of really befriending workmen, you inflict on them a deadly injury, inasmuch as you discourage the employment of capital, from which alone the working class at large can obtain occupation.

We do not undertake to decide the great and burning questions which at the present agitate and alienate employers and employed. We merely state the arguments that come to us from either side, and on the sound answers (argumentative or practical) to which the tranquillity of the world would seem to depend. To come back to the proposition with which we set out, our race cannot remain much longer inert. Either we must find peaceful occupation for our surplus hands, or the said hands will make work that is not peaceful for themselves. It appears to us to be of the utmost importance that some works involving extensive labor should be undertaken with little delay. The way for these would be smoothed if the jealousy with which labor regards capital could be appeased, and if rich men's hoards could be employed in the prosecution of useful and remunerative work. If our view be right, those men must be public enemies (though perhaps not consciously) who foment the bitter feeling

which is already too pronounced between class and class. The present interest of the world demands that there be peace, or at least a truce, between capital and labor, in order that wages and profits may be forthcoming once more. Let us recover the old faculty of creating wealth. Till that has been done, the time will hardly have come for disputing about the wealth's distribution.

We cannot get on long without having something to note; but it may, and must, rest in great measure with ourselves whether we may record the conquest of natural difficulties and the advancement of our kind, or the ferocity and ingenuity with which a portion of us may seize upon the good things of the world, and directly or indirectly make an end of competitors for these prizes.

COST OF PEACE AND WELL-DOING.

From what was said in the foregoing section, it may be seen that to have an entirely quiet world may be a very expensive thing for society, although it is the *summum bonum* of the peace party. Though we do not, when such a calm prevails, require the people's money to maintain ships and armies and munitions of war, we may pay by having multitudes without the means of earning subsistence. We do not say this as wishing in any way to underrate the blessing of peace, but to call attention to the truth that long and profound peace, blissful as it undoubtedly is, may have to be paid for as dearly as war, unless proper steps be taken for giving employment to the population. It is the duty of those who lead opinion to recognize this danger, and on entering upon a time of calm, to advocate zealously such legislative measures and such a condition of public feeling as may best conduce to honest and peaceful enterprise. The commencement of a peace which we desire to render lasting is no time for inflaming jealousies and emulations, nor to let our eye be evil toward our brethren because we have not a foreign enemy to engage our attention.

To take a slight review of the payments which we have to make for doing what is undoubtedly right, let us note the falling off of the public revenue

through decrease in the consumption of wine and spirits. It is a distinct moral and physical gain that ebriety and careless living should be less and less prevalent. Our teachers, orators, and writers have been urgent enough, and have to a great extent succeeded, in detaching us from these baneful practices. But they have never, that we know of, even considered the question, What is to be done to create a revenue after we shall have made the body of the community sober? The question is a harder one than may at first sight appear, and ought to have received earnest attention ere this. The duties in question have (simply as sources of revenue) very peculiar advantages. They are indirect taxes, and yet popular rather than otherwise. The teetotal people inflict them as vindictively as an Indian buries his tomahawk in an enemy's skull, and we all feel a shamefacedness about seeking to reduce the impost. These duties stand, therefore, in the position of fair game; and all the world, sincerely or otherwise, aids and abets the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his exactions through them. There is scarcely any other taxable commodity sufficiently discredited to be readily given up to taxation in place of wines and spirits. On the contrary, attempt to lay a tax on what other commodity we may, the public will rise in indignation and refuse to submit to it. We remember the fate of the match-tax and the sorrows of Mr. Lowe, and cannot imagine that any substitute of the kind for the alcohol duties would be tolerated.

Hitherto the great expedient, when the revenue has fallen short, has been to augment the income-tax; but it is questionable how far beyond the present point the augmentation of it will be permitted. There is already much murmuring against the impost. However true it may be that, though levied upon only some classes of the community, it really presses upon the whole body, such even pressure is certainly not apparent. The popular view is, that this is a most partial tax, that a very large portion of the community escape payment of it altogether, and that other portions escape payment of their fair quota. We have entirely shot past the old doctrine that representation and tax-

ation should coexist in our electors. It was thought to be admirable and incontrovertible when taxation was more extensive than representation; but it seems to have quite lost its force now that representation falls to thousands who are not tax payers. Besides the evil which lies in the unfairness of this method, there is the further ill effect that the masses may force the nation into heavy expenses, to the payment of which they do not directly contribute a farthing; and this must tend to make them reckless. It would certainly be a good thing if we had a Chancellor of the Exchequer gifted with invention and address sufficient to impose a sensible indirect tax. But, if that may not be done, the next best expedient is to make the income-tax a fair and equal burden, and to do away with the privileges now enjoyed by persons with small incomes; or, not to push the change to an extreme, to do away with these privileges where incomes suffice for anything beyond the mere necessities of life. So would the tax be made very much more productive; all would be equally interested in restricting expenditure, and there would be far fewer *sound* arguments against its imposition. A poll-tax, graduated or equal (probably the former would be preferred), might also produce a good return without being severely burdensome. Many minds must have been exercised during the last twelve years by the endeavor to divine how it has happened that Mr. Gladstone, who in 1874 offered to readjust taxation on a sound basis and to dispense with the income-tax, has never, since he returned to power in 1880, made any move in this direction. Though the times may not have been propitious for carrying out his whole scheme, he certainly ought to have done something for our relief after raising expectation so high. His offer cannot be said to have been wholly without result; because he has placed it on record that a minister, conversant with finance, has once seen his way to discontinuing the income-tax, and compensating for it by a readjustment of the general system of imposition. What a minister has once conceived a minister may conceive again; and the attempt to rediscover Mr. Gladstone's design, or to devise something like it, ought not to be given up.

Another instance of our having to pay roundly for new ideas which all men will allow to be philanthropic as well as wise and prudent, is to be found in the new education charges. However desirable it may be that these should be met, the money for meeting them must come from somewhere, and it seems an untoward stroke of fate that the new demand should come at a time when nothing is being done to make money multiply. The school-rate has been made, as we believe, unnecessarily odious by false methods and extreme recklessness on the part of the boards. These faults it is to be hoped that the rate-payers may find means of correcting; meanwhile they intensify the demonstration that the best and most peaceful public institutions cost money, and they call upon us not to go to sleep, but to be up and doing.

Half a century ago our fathers, most generously and humanely disposed, decided to set free all the slaves on our plantations. It was fairly and clearly shown them that this could not be done for nothing. We had not yet advanced to the teaching that the State may honestly deprive any class of citizens of their property without awarding to them compensation; and it was admitted that, if we desired to enjoy the luxury of decreeing emancipation, we must pay a stiff price. To this the United Kingdom consented; the House of Commons came down with its millions, and the benevolent work was carried out. In this case the cost was counted, or thought to have been counted, beforehand; and the nation went about its charitable design with its eyes open. Why we said that the cost was "thought to have been counted" is that the real cost, the ruin of the colonies, was never anticipated or seen to be possible as a consequence of the great act. It was fondly believed that as soon as planters and others should be supplied with a money capital in place of a property in human bodies, they would get labor for wages instead of by coercion, and the work of their estates or businesses would go on the same as before. But if the British Legislature meant this the negroes meant nothing of the sort. The wants, natural and artificial, which force white men to work in cold and temperate climates, did not operate upon blacks

in the tropics; they could supply all the wants that they felt without laboring, or by laboring very little; and so it came to pass that the estimated cost was by far below the real cost, that for years our colonies were in large proportion unproductive, and the national wealth proved to have been immensely and for long decreased through the emancipation of the slaves. We cite this instance, not to take from the greatness of the sentiment which effected the liberation, but to show that even well-doing may be very costly, and that a nation zealous of good works must in no wise neglect the national substance which forms the sinews of good works as well as of war.

It need scarcely be said that, if measures which manifestly are righteous and beneficent cost much, and tend (especially in bad times) to depress us, we ought to be strictly careful about doing sentimental acts, the virtue of which is disputable, while the cost is certainly great. We have of late years indulged ourselves without much caution in acts no doubt intended to be beneficent and generous, but which have proved to be very costly without doing any good. These are without question among the causes of the present hard times. We have not availed ourselves of the opportunities which wise policy or fortune put in our way, and we have in very reckless fashion thrown away our rights and our dependencies. A most miserable retrospect comes into view when we turn back toward our proceedings with regard to the Transvaal. We had acquired, certainly without fraud or injustice, this territory, and might most undoubtedly have kept it. Had we kept it, it would have furnished at once an outlet for a certain number of our increasing population, and established valuable trading stations and a theatre for the employment of British capital, while at the same time we should have acquired the power of protecting and improving the condition of those whom we take to be the original inhabitants. We chose to forego those advantages and to make away with the territory. Can we wonder, if we do such ill-advised things, that we have to submit to their natural consequence—a sad array of unemployed workmen at home?

Moreover, it was not only that we

parted with a valuable possession which we might fairly and profitably have kept ; we suffered ourselves to be dispossessed under circumstances the most humiliating and discreditable to us. We tamely accepted defeat, we allowed our troops and our settlers to be murdered without take any vengeance for their deaths, and we endured the almost immediate breach of the convention which was manufactured to be paraded as some result of our poltroonery ; while the Boers at their meetings for business of State publicly insulted us. By this unwise conduct, we, a nation who subsist and have hitherto prospered on our reputation, suffered our reputation to be tarnished, and underwent degradation in the opinion of those who had been accustomed to respect us, and to value our friendship and commercial intercourse. It was not long before we were forced to see the mischiefs which we had created by debasing ourselves ; and the pressure which our people are feeling to-day is no doubt traceable to evils which grew out of that folly.

There can hardly be a dispute as to what animated Arabi Pacha to contend with us on Egyptian soil. It was clearly our pusillanimous behavior in the Transvaal. He calculated on our behaving with equal recreancy in face of his rebellious troops, and opposed us in a manner which has resulted in the heavy expenses which we have had to pay and are still paying for Egyptian wars. The expenses, in fact, resulted from this temerity of Arabi's which we had so unwisely cultivated ; but all of them did not *necessarily* result from Arabi's attitude. The conduct of our affairs in Egypt was marked by as conspicuous a lack of prudence, and as damning an incapacity, as ever sullied the good name of a nation claiming to be great. Whatever the character or object of our intervention in Egypt may have been—and we declare ourselves utterly unable to say what they were—that intervention cost us millions of money, and is the main cause why we are paying war-taxes to-day in a time of profound peace. Though it be contended that our Egyptian expeditions, however disastrous they may have been, or whatever slaughter they may have involved, were undertaken in the interests of jus-

tice and peace, that argument only helps the demonstration which we are trying to establish—namely, that philanthropic undertakings cost money directly and indirectly.

It is a fair question, when we are discussing our condition, and the many symptoms which seem to point toward change, What ought our Government or our people to do or to refrain from doing under the circumstances ? The answer can be given in only general terms, but with sufficient clearness to be in most cases applicable. Our want is that peaceful occupation should be found for our population, so that they may be contented and prosperous, while keeping on good terms with their neighbors ; also that, until we may have passed the crisis of the inertia which now prevails, we have a care how we impoverish ourselves either by good deeds or bad. To acquire the right to do romantic, even though benevolent, exploits on a large scale, we must first get ourselves above the world—we must have means to spare. And, as a method of bringing back some of our vanished wealth, we should leave no stone unturned to restore confidence between employers and employed ; and we should certainly promote the undertaking of needful and useful works. Our reputation abroad ought to be carefully upheld, and must not be suffered to decline through any mistaken fancies about self-effacement. With a constantly increasing population, we cannot afford to give away territory or to refuse to utilize acquisitions which may have been honestly made. We ought, while the world is quiet, to stimulate emigration to our plantations, and to cultivate a friendly intercourse with all the colonies that we have established. The tendency of the great wave of education which we have set so energetically flowing, is to unsettle the minds of those classes which have hitherto been uneducated, and to create among them a repugnance to manual labor : this tendency, which is a ruinous and absurd one, ought to be counteracted. It is worth some pains to put this right, because the world will never be able to dispense with hard work ; and the object of education, in a general sense, is to inform and elevate the mind, not to pamper and emasculate the body.

Before the fact nobody would have pronounced a calm world as likely to produce widespread discontent ; nevertheless, now that the world is calm, the sounds of discontent come from every quarter. A great deal of this discontent is artificial, and fomented by people who hope to gain thereby. He who wishes well to the commonwealth will at such a time as the present do his best to discountenance unreasonable repining.

PERPLEXING FACTS REGARDING EMPLOYMENT.

We can imagine two schools of anti-quaries having, a century or two hence, some brisk disputing about the condition of British seamen toward the end of this nineteenth century. One side may maintain that sailors were subjected to much suffering through loss of employment, the consequence of the decline of commerce, the proof of which will be obtained from the fact that they were wandering in crowds about the streets of seaport towns, appealing to the authorities against their enforced idleness and their straitened circumstances, holding meetings to protest, claiming the help of the press, and endeavoring to interest philanthropic individuals in their case. On the other hand, it may be maintained, and demonstrated from documents, that so far was the British seaman from adversity at the time stated, that he allowed foreigners to man some of our finest ships, rather than abate one fraction of the wages, which he thought to be his due, or than submit himself to the discipline so necessary to be observed on shipboard.

The disputants on both sides would be right. They would probably be quite unable to conceive how they could both be so ; and no marvel either, since we who are living among the circumstances to which they must refer, cannot understand how such contradictory revelations can both be true.

We give to foreigners employment while we let our countrymen starve, is the reproach that is levelled at us ; but when inquiry is made into the matter, it appears that the employer is driven, against his inclination, to seek for mariners in foreign markets, because Britons, first, demand higher wages than

can profitably be paid ; second, are tiresome and unmanageable. But exorbitant demands and wilful conduct are generally the effects of steady prosperity. " Fat and saucy " is a proverbial expression. How can we reconcile sauciness with such misery as not long since our sailors were said to be groaning under ?

The answer is, that our starving seamen would probably be only too glad, while under the pressure of adversity, to take reasonable, or even low wages, and to be obedient, if only on any terms they could get work. But vacant places cannot be found for them in the moment when they find that they must yield to necessity. During a previous state of things foreigners found their way into our vessels, and these cannot be displaced on a sudden. English sailors, blind to the sad consequences of their conduct, persisted in behaving themselves frowardly, until the owners were constrained to look abroad for help ; now that they would be willing to mend their ways, the door is for a time shut against them. Their view of the state of things, no doubt, is that ship-owners are encouraging foreigners to come and take the bread out of their (the sailors') mouths—and this as if the owners' resort to the foreign hands were a mere wanton, malignant practice, adopted to wrong the hard-working, honest, highly skilled British tar. But it is certainly no cruel caprice. The owners are, no doubt, satisfied of the superiority of the Briton as a seaman ; and they would not deprive themselves of his services if he had not himself made the employment of him inconvenient and dangerous. He has had to learn the disagreeable lesson that if he, by ill-advised conduct when engaged, makes himself a thorn in the side of his employer, the latter has in his hands a remedy to which sooner or later, he will have recourse, and the operation of which is a severe infliction, and one not easily or quickly to be remedied. Before, therefore, forlorn Jack sends up to the skies his sad complaint that " no man hath hired " him, let him consider whether, when he was in full work, he troubled himself much about giving satisfaction to the man from whom he derived his wages. If he finds that he, in his rôle of free-born, independent operative, has

been over-exacting, or has allowed himself to lean too much toward swagger and disputation, he should at once make up his mind to moderate his demands and his style. After some perseverance in a reformed course, he will no doubt recover his birthright, and supersede the intrusive foreigner.

We have offered what, from the testimony which we have been able to procure, appears to be the real explanation of the sailors' adversity. At the same time, we are well aware that there are many cases which our explanation will not solve—which proceed so much from prejudice, or obstinacy, or caprice, that it is almost impossible to give a rational account of them. We recollect a time, not very remote, when ladies found it extremely difficult to get maids: at this very time columns of newspapers were filled with complaints of distressed needle-women, dressmakers, and milliners, on whose behalf the charitable public was appealed to. Not a few lookers-on, appreciating the state of things, set forth the facts in the newspapers, and showed how at least a portion of the ill-paid or unemployed might assuage their wants. But preaching was of no use. There was at that time a strong feeling against domestic service, and a great deal of privation was borne rather than take places in ladies' households. It is presumed that the inexorable logic of facts in time wore out the silly sentiment; but, until time had been allowed to bring about his revenges, it was useless to reason with the poor creatures who were suffering.

There is an item in our contradictory state of things which has, we confess, often caused us some perplexity. It is the very frequent employment of Germans as waiters in English hotels and places of entertainment. It certainly seems strange that while there is a very sad cry of the unemployed to be heard here, we should be readily employing foreigners in work which our own people might do as well. To fall back upon Germany for carpet duties when our population was finding harder and more congenial work in making railways and canals, in shipbuilding, in manufactures, and in grand commercial enterprises, was convenient and fair; but now that so many Englishmen want bread,

one does not see why indoor berths should be given to foreigners. We much fear that similar causes must have brought the foreigner into hotels and into ships. During the prosperous period when our revenue was advancing by leaps and bounds, it is to be apprehended that waiters as well as sailors waxed fat and kicked. The German came in as an alternative to impracticable pantlers and drawers, and cannot now be summarily got rid of. This point—the time that it takes to recover lost ground when opportunities have been wantonly neglected—will impress all those workers who are wise. The bad condition which they create for themselves must endure for long after they have repented of their stiff-neckedness, and would be glad to get their old work on reasonable terms.

The number of women who have entered the different fields of labor must be one cause why labor is redundant with us. The gentler sex had an undoubted right to undertake such duties as they could fulfil; but the time they chose—just when employment in many lines was becoming scarce—seems to have been unfortunate. The laborers are many and the harvest is small. We hardly know what to pray for, except that peaceful enterprises may be set going so as to keep idle hands out of mischief. Is this favorable opportunity being seized for manning her Majesty's services with the able-bodied, mature, and respectable? It ought to be; for although our hearts are all toward peace for the present, there are, as we have endeavored to show, influences about which make for war, and which may force us into strife with some suddenness. However smooth the surface of things may look, it would be well to secure for the public service a levy of broad-chested, full-grown, lusty men while they are to be had. If they are not wanted for active service, so much the better; if they are, it will be a grand satisfaction that our ships and battalions are manned with the best.

OUGHT WE NOT TO SPREAD OURSELVES?

It can scarcely be doubted that, if a calm like the present should endure for any time in the world, the attention of this country must be drawn more and

more toward emigration. There are as yet extensive regions, both British and foreign, where settlers are greatly wanted, and where the means of living are assured to healthy energetic persons. It ought to be at the present time a subject of great satisfaction to us that the colonizing disposition and the nautical aptitude of the people of Great Britain in the past, has led to the provision of convenient refuges for the redundant population which must swarm from the parent hive. There is a natural repugnance, not for a moment to be unkindly spoken of, to quitting the shores of the old country and committing household gods to the vicissitudes of a far land. But stronger than this repugnance must be the pressure of over-population—a pressure which in many a former age has precipitated irruptions and expeditions into untried regions. Hopefully or with “longing, lingering looks behind,” some of us must take the plunge into “pastures new.” We have in these days at least the consolation that if we change our locality, we need not go where sentiment, or custom, or the law of the land, differs materially from that under which we have grown up. We may go to the antipodes and yet find a little England.

Ought not, then, the word to be given by those who can influence the many, to spread ourselves, in obedience to the irresistible law? Accurate information might be made available as to the climates, requirements, and modes of life in different new countries; and intending settlers should receive much sympathy and material assistance from those who remain behind. When the difficulties arose last winter about the unemployed, it seemed to us that much greater advantage might have been taken than was taken to stimulate those fitted for the change to emigrate. It can hardly be matter of difficulty in these days to bring to the knowledge of the depressed and unemployed what plantations are most suitable for particular kinds of ability, where artisans' labor is wanted and is likely to succeed, where agricultural, and where good thews and sinews for rough work will be welcomed. There may also be means afforded of procuring information regarding the climate and requirements of any place

to which a workman may be disposed to emigrate. Then, if some of the numerous charitable societies will give a little aid to buy a proper outfit, and to secure that there shall be a small sum in hand on landing, many of those who are enduring a hard time here might be enabled to find comparative prosperity under another sky. We write this, not in ignorance that already means exist for promoting emigration, but under the belief that the means are not made known and the plan of emigration made attractive, among the classes whom we wish to benefit. Lectures on the subject might do much, and notices distributed through clubs and reading-rooms would tend to keep this resource always before men's minds, so that they might at least know of some aid to turn to in troublous times. The more we are able to continue the reign of peace, the more assuredly we shall be compelled to spread ourselves over the earth. But in order to make the migratory movements popular, there should be very few disappointments, very few returns home of settlers who report that their expedition was a mistake, and that others should not follow in their footsteps. And these disappointments might be obviated if, before “taking the plunge,” workmen could be well and soundly guided as to the choice of their new homes, and the indispensable conditions of beginning their new lives.* It is a scandalous thing that, while we possess half-peopled colonies where our tongue is spoken and British law and British ideas prevail, decent men should be left to roam the

* We are exceedingly glad to announce some good news of which we were not aware when the text was written—viz., on and after the 11th October, general information will be procurable at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster. The Home Government does not assist emigrants, but certain colonies do, and on this subject the latest-known particulars will be communicated at the office above named. Cost and opportunity of proceeding to the different colonies may there be accurately ascertained, together with the rates of wages, prices of provisions, rents, climates, etc. We think the new arrangement likely to prove a great boon to intending emigrants; and we are glad to hear that notice of what is proposed to be done will be sent to workmen's clubs, reading-rooms, institutes, etc. A more detailed notice than we are able to give here will be found in the “Daily News” of 31st August.

streets of our towns by thousands, complaining that, though they don't want charity but only fair employment, the employment is not procurable. It is high time that this subject were receiving anxious attention.

We suppose—we have no doubt—that there are Socialists taking a higher view of their persuasion than that it simply teaches them to agitate and inflame, who now and then survey the results attained by Socialism during the past decade. Those who do so can find very little on which to congratulate themselves and each other. They see employment becoming continually more difficult to procure. Idle hands in the market mean a lowering of wages. Their great aim has been to raise wages. But they have so taken their measures that they have produced, or helped to produce, an aggravation of the complaint which they set themselves to reform. Causes beyond their control have no doubt been at work to create a general depression in business. They nevertheless have, by strikes, by hostile obstruction, by continual agitation and accusation, discouraged capitalists, reduced enterprise, and so thrown hundreds of their fellows out of work—in other words, they have been indirectly instrumental in lowering wages. To all Socialists this must be an unsatisfactory result ; but to reflecting Socialists it must suggest grave doubts as to the methods which their body have been using. They cannot, we believe, claim to have benefited the working classes in any degree. We have already granted them the objection that they have been working in very unfavorable times : but then we add that

their proceedings have tended to aggravate, not to diminish, the pressure of the time ; and that the workman, left alone, would have borne that pressure far better than he has with all their nursing.

Socialists who do not follow agitation as a trade may reasonably take exception to courses which debar them from, rather than approximate them to, the object they have in view. As to what they should do instead, we, who are not believers in Socialistic doctrines, are wholly unable to advise them. We only point out that so far they have utterly failed. What appears to us the most convincing test of what is fair between capital and labor is the resort to co-operative establishments, which were some years ago in great favor. These institutions cannot fail to show to their members both sides of the question—the workman's side and the master's side, for each member must be both workman and master. They would seem to be the obvious and corrective resource where it is suspected that secret profits can be made out of a business to gorge employers with riches, while the employed are grudging a fair price for their labor. Under the co-operative system the whole profits, whatever they may be, will be known to and will belong to, the workers.

What we wish to impress upon reflecting Socialists is, that up to this present time their efforts have produced no material advantage. They have only made workmen discontented, and bitterly divided classes of the community.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



THE NEW PAPAL HIERARCHY IN INDIA.

THE Apostolic Letter of "our Most Holy Lord, Leo XIII.," on the establishment of an Episcopal Hierarchy in the East Indies suggests, indirectly at least, matter of interesting reflection to others besides those immediately concerned. The failure of Christian missions which at the close of eighteen centuries have left, on the lowest computation, over two thirds of the human race ignorant of any kind of knowledge

of the Gospel, is a commonplace topic of lamentation to the devout and exultation to the scoffer. And after all reasonable deductions and explanations have been allowed for, it is no doubt a portentous fact. And when he declares, in proof of the triumphant advance of Christianity in India, that there are now "1,600,000 children of the Church in the entire peninsula," the Pope virtually admits that under existing circumstances

it behoves the Church in this respect to be thankful for small mercies. And this becomes the more manifest, when we remember that, according to the received, and possibly authentic tradition—to which His Holiness refers at the beginning of his Brief—the conversion of India was already taken in hand in the Apostolic age, and by one of the Twelve, St. Thomas. “After the Ascension,” we are told, “according to ancient documents, he passed into Ethiopia, Persia, Hyrcania, and finally into the Peninsula beyond the Indies, and after the most difficult journeys and immense labors was the first to bring the light of the Gospel to those peoples.” The Pope was probably thinking of a statement of Sophronius, cited by St. Jerome, which however does not mention India. And he might have gone on to say that, in the time of Xavier, an oratory was still shown on the Malabar coast, near Meliapore, where St. Thomas was said to have worshipped, and a tomb in which his body was believed to have been laid. King John III. of Portugal had a body exhumed from thence and transported to Goa. The Pope does add, in reference no doubt to the so-called “Christians of St. Thomas,” that from that time the Apostle has never wholly ceased to be held in honor there, and that “in later ages, even after the lamentable propagation of errors,” his memory was not forgotten nor the faith he taught altogether obliterated. There is little authentic record however of Indian Christianity for considerably over a thousand years. The Franciscans were during the three centuries preceding the Reformation what the Jesuits afterward became, the chief missionary power of the Roman Church, and early in the fourteenth century they, as well as the rival Order of Dominicans, strove to revive the dormant Christianity of India. But it was not till two centuries later that any serious attempt was made at evangelization on a large scale. That enterprise, we need hardly say, is indelibly associated with the name of the great Jesuit hero, whose title to honor the sturdiest and fiercest of Protestants will hardly care to dispute, St. Francis Xavier. To his apostolic labors Leo XIII. of course refers, though without dwelling on them at any length. Nor is

this the place for doing so. But a word must be said on the career of the devoted missionary to whom more than to any other human agency it is due that his Church is now, three hundred years after his death, in a position to establish an episcopal hierarchy in India.

The idea originated with John III. of Portugal, who determined to plant the Christian faith in the Indian territories which had come under his control, and applied to the Pope to select a fit leader of the mission. The choice fell first on Bobadilla, but he was disabled by illness, and Ignatius Loyola, with the approval of the Pope, then selected Francis Xavier. The choice was fully justified by the event. Xavier landed first at Goa, where he was more scandalized by the utter depravity of the Portuguese settlers than by the natives. Thence, after some months, he went on to Cape Comorin, and he there began the method of procedure which he pursued in all his subsequent missionary work, and has put on record in a letter to his superiors at home. He first made a translation into their own language, with the help of some intelligent natives, of the Catechism, Apostles' Creed, Decalogue, Lord's Prayer, and certain devotional offices of the Church, which he committed to memory. He then made a circuit through the neighboring towns and villages, gathering the people around him at each place by ringing a bell, and repeated these formularies to them again and again till they had learnt them by heart, when they were sent to teach what they had themselves acquired to others; the children naturally proved his aptest scholars. Every Sunday he preached on the texts thus become familiar to them, with the help of an interpreter when necessary, first giving an instruction on the Creed, to each article of which his hearers—especially if candidates for baptism—were required to express their assent. He then explained the Commandments in order, the whole assembly repeating after each a prayer for grace to observe it. Then followed the Lord's Prayer, an epitome of the Christian faith, and an exhortation to live a Christian life; and the service closed with the baptism of the catechumens. He considered the living exhibition of the Christian character the

first great instrument for converting the heathen, and the inculcation of elementary Christian truth the second. So much we learn on his own testimony. The nature and precise extent of his success has been a matter of hot dispute ever since, and the inevitable difficulty in such cases of arriving at any sure conclusion is indefinitely further aggravated on both sides in this case by the zeal of enthusiasts or opponents. The former attribute to him a miraculous gift of tongues, the latter deny, with more conspicuous unreason, that he ever acquired any command of the vernacular speech at all. That he was at best but a moderate linguist may be true, but that after years of devoted labor he knew nothing of the tongues in which he was constantly accustomed to preach and converse would be incredible, even if we had not his own express testimony to the contrary; to miraculous powers Francis did not himself lay claim. The late Sir James Stephen certainly does not overstate the case when he says that, "whatever may have been the ultimate fate of Xavier's missions, or the causes of their decay, it is nothing more than wanton scepticism to doubt that, in his own lifetime, the apparent results were such as to justify his most sanguine anticipations." His extraordinary success indeed might alone, as the same writer intimates, serve to account for the marvellous tales which became current about him; "there is at least one well-authenticated miracle in his story; it is that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did, and have sustained them too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some irrepressible exigency of his nature." He is said to have made 700,000 converts, though he died in 1552 at the early age of forty-seven. None who have examined the simple record of his life, especially as depicted by himself, will be disposed to deny that he has been justly styled "the canonized saint, not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom."

Goa, the first scene of the labors of Xavier, was created by Paul IV. into an archbishopric, with various suffragan Sees, and the patronage was conceded to the Portuguese Crown. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the

missionary work was carried on, as the Papal Letter informs us, by the Carmelites, Capuchins, Barnabites, and Oratorians. It appears that from various reasons, which do not greatly concern the general public, some change was thought desirable in the agreement between the Holy See and the Portuguese Government, and this has now been effected by Leo XIII. in accord with the reigning King of Portugal. Hence the Archbishopric of Goa has been raised into a Patriarchate with three suffragan dioceses. All the other Apostolic Vicariates in India have been made into episcopal Sees, while seven of the new dioceses are raised to the dignity of archbishoprics, still, however, as before, under the supervision of Propaganda. In one sense no doubt Francis Xavier, were he still among us, would hail with satisfaction the result of his devoted toils, when he beheld the heathen country to whose conversion he had devoted his life under the jurisdiction of an organized hierarchy of eight archbishops with their suffragans. But on the other hand, if there is any, even approximate, accuracy in the enumeration of seven hundred thousand converts made in the course of his own brief ministry of barely twelve years in India, it would surely be to him matter of bitter disappointment to find, above three centuries after his death, only a little more than double that number of converts claimed by the Head of his Church as a signal evidence of the success of missionary effort in India. That still less has been accomplished by Protestant missions is indeed true enough, but Xavier would hardly have found much consolation in this fresh evidence that the great disruption of Christendom, of which he in his day only witnessed the first beginnings, had *inter alia* gone far to paralyze all efforts for the conversion of the heathen, whether made by those who adhered to the Church of his undoubting affections or those who had left it. It was observed some years ago by an English Protestant civilian in India that far the most successful missionaries there were the Jesuits, and probably he was right. But that only shows how comparatively infinitesimal is the result of three centuries even of Jesuit enterprise. There is no producible authority beyond the

late and certainly apocryphal Greek Acts for the preaching of St. Thomas in India. Still it is not impossible, and there is anyhow reason to believe that the Gospel was preached there at a very early date. But if the first converts could not hold their own, still less did they convert their countrymen. During the Mahometan occupation of India about a sixth of the natives were brought over to the faith of Islam, but it has been the policy of the English Government to discourage rather than to promote proselytism. The step the Pope has just taken may in itself tend to further the work ; Anglican missions have certainly been found to take a fresh start since the organization of a foreign

and Colonial episcopate. But as yet the elaborate framework of a hierarchy with its long list of episcopal and archiepiscopal Sees reminds one a little of a certain short-lived university nearer home whose professors outnumbered its students. It would be easy to name English dioceses which contain a larger population than the whole Roman Catholic community of India according to papal reckoning. But in such cases geographical area of course has to be considered as well as numbers. The entire population of Australia is not much over three millions, but it contains dioceses, both Anglican and Roman Catholic, larger than the whole of Great Britain.—*Saturday Review*.

FLATTERY.

DEMOCRACY, Mr. Goldwin Smith has lately reminded us (and we are rather surprised to find that the reminder was necessary), is something more than "a form of government." We might say, with very little exaggeration, that it is rather a form of religion. The twilight of an ideal lingers long, and we hardly yet realize how much is swept away that our fathers thought worthy of reverence ; but we already feel in every relation of life the influence of a new code. The moral standard set up by the aim at universal equality alters men's views of the whole hierarchy of duty ; for there is hardly any moral difference between men which we may not adequately describe by saying that they differ as to which is the least of two evils, and those who consider inequality as of itself an evil will take a different view of every other. We no longer confront each other as elder and younger, as upper and lower, as members of an organic society ; a keen criticism eats away from human relation all that cannot justify itself as part of the relation of any human being to all others, and leaves society a collection of separate individualities endowed with common duties and with equal claims. Respect must be reserved for moral worth ; genius and virtue seem defrauded of their due when station is acknowledged with the externals of reverence. Men must stand

on their own merits, and on nothing else. The *Spectator* has never given in its adhesion to that fashionable fatalism which supposes that the moment we discern a general tendency, our duty is to further it. A great democracy, we have always urged, can hardly be more usefully occupied than in considering the temptations of democracy. To eulogize its merits at the present day is as if one should denounce its dangers at the Court of Louis XIV. The better men see the advantages of what they are losing, the less they will lose. Those who think we must accept the loss as we accept the shortening days of autumn, do their utmost to make the change what they think it,—inevitable. We refuse their limitations, and seek to turn attention, on every occasion, to the dangers of that ideal under which it would seem that we and our children are to live and die.

It may not at first sight appear sensible to say that a strong tendency toward flattery is one of these dangers. Obsequious cringing seems impossible toward genius and virtue ; and these, under the Democratic ideal, are to be the only objects of reverence. And no doubt, if flattery be necessarily insincere, it cannot be called the temptation of a democratic society. We do not suppose that great wealth will ever fail to infuse the poison into susceptible organisms in its

neighborhood, and the difference of rich and poor is greater now probably than ever before. But on the whole, we should imagine that there is much less insincere flattery in the world than there was; and if that be the only flattery, we need some other name for the profuse, unmeasured, but not hypocritical eulogium which becomes the tendency of generous minds when the formulas of good breeding no longer convey a reminder that praise is an impertinence; and a hierarchy of worth is substituted for a hierarchy of caste. The utterers have no private ends of their own to gain; they express a feeling in which there is no selfishness,—in which often there is, to a certain small extent, willingness for self-sacrifice; but if it appear unjust to describe this utterance by a name associated with the adulation of greed and servile fear, it must be remembered that all intemperate eulogium, in the long-run, does the harm that flattery does; and sins which do the same harm may very well be called by the same name. Toward flattery that is absolutely insincere we are inclined to feel; “*Je crois, entre nous, que vous n'existez pas.*” Unless under the impulsion of fear—such fear as can hardly now be said to exist in civilized society—people are not guilty of flattery that has no ground whatever. Our danger is of exaggeration not only in expression, but in feeling; a real idolatry, not an interested pretence. Perhaps, indeed, the decay of conventional religion has as much to do with the tendency we are criticising as the decay of conventional deference. In former days, the Divine monarch was as little a subject of question to the average mind as the earthly one. Christianity used to be a part of the scheme of things that was taken for granted; a man who answered a question as to his religion, as Macaulay did on the hustings, by calling himself a Christian, gave little more of an answer than if he had called himself an Englishman. At the present day, it would mean that he had certain definite convictions, and the Members of Parliament who could say as much are possibly in a minority. The number of those who seek to recall in daily life the precepts of Christianity does not probably greatly vary from age to age. But the

number of those who make a corporate profession of adhesion to those precepts, simply as good citizens and loyal Englishmen, has, we might almost say, sunk to zero. Hence, many who are not at home in the unseen feel the want of an organizing, external worship, and they find this in a sort of ritual of devotion to great men.

Hero-worship is not readily seen to be an evil; and the opposite of hero-worship is an unquestionable evil. The harm done by a carping, grudging estimate is obvious. “We live by admiration, hope, and love,” and we lower all vital power when we diminish admiration. Possibly if it were given more freely, there would, in some cases, actually be more to admire, for distrust has a wonderful power of justifying itself, and there is no surer way of making a man despicable than to despise him. We are not equally sure that the way to make a man admirable is to admire him; but we should allow indiscriminate admiration to be no great evil, if it were also impartial. To think a little too well of everybody does no harm, in some cases it even does good. But nobody thinks a little too well of everybody. Indiscriminate praise in one direction always means indiscriminate blame in another; if one person or set of persons can do nothing wrong, another can do nothing right. It will be found invariably that an Ormuzd and an Ahriman emerge together. The habit of hero-worship, indeed, creates a good many Ahrimans to every Ormuzd, for one hero has always many antagonists. Moreover, we do not allow that when a habit is shown to be the characteristic of generous natures a reason is given against pointing out its dangers. Quite the contrary. This is the only kind of temptation that it seems to us worth while to preach against. It is not by words that the evil of cruelty, of arrogance, of the lower passions of our nature, can be made more clear than it is already, unless to an individual conscience by an individual voice. The harm done by the enthusiastic, the generous, the trustful, is not so much out of reach of warning; all may surely recognize, and some might possibly avoid, those temptations which are allowed to assail the good. Perhaps, indeed, we

might make a confession of guilt even easier; flattery is the temptation not only of the good, but, in a peculiar sense, that of the great also. Any reader who reviews his intercourse with men, supposing if there be enough of it, will generally find that the confession of this weakness has proceeded from distinguished lips. "I can no more go to see So-and-so without flattering him," we remember hearing it said by one well-known man of another, "than I could ask him to dinner and give him nothing to eat." The flattered person has been long forgotten. And it is not that great men alone can venture to say that they are tempted to flatter; temptation, in all but its lowest forms, appeals to them more than to ordinary men. Probably every one knows the feeling that he has to supply a kind of tribute as much expected as food by a guest. But none, depend upon it, know it as a great man does. His temptation to respond to appeals for encouragement with words true on his lips and false in the hearer's ears, as we remember it being said on some such occasion, should be judged very leniently. Indeed, we are not inclined to be hard on this kind of flattery in any one. We have no wish whatever to do away with the difference between the way a person naturally speaks of another and the way he speaks to him. It is not flattery to greet a visitor with "I am glad to see you," although it would give a false impression in narrating his visit to say that you were glad to see him. The adjective changes its meaning with the pronoun, though even so it may no doubt be used insincerely. As to that more dubious region where a great poet, for instance, allows himself to discover signs of promise in poor verses, we will only say that the sense of unkindness or slight which the true proportions of sympathy would produce, sometimes does more harm than an exaggeration of sympathy, though it is true also that if everybody were careful to attend to proportion in expressing sympathy, this sense of unkindness would lose its justification. However, we think the flattery of the inferior by the superior should always be judged mercifully, and if flattery were regarded as the tribute to insig-

nificance (as it ought to be), it would very soon go out of fashion altogether.

The flattery that we deprecate is that which springs from genuine admiration, and is attracted by real greatness. It may be mixed with some less noble feelings; we all like to associate ourselves with what is brilliant, and perhaps the fact that what is roughly called snobbishness has always appeared in the *cortège* of rank, forms its disguise in the neighborhood of genius. But it is honest, unaffected admiration, unchecked by a sense of responsibility, which does the worst harm. The petted heir of a great property, surrounded by inferiors and dependants from his childhood, pampered with the gratification of every whim and the admiration of every achievement, is not so much injured, we verily believe, as a man of genius who is taught to take himself at the valuation of his disciples, and comes to believe in himself. A firm belief in a cause or a principle is as unlike a belief in oneself as one feeling can possibly be to another. We do not mean, though that is true also, that it is wrong to give to a man the trust that should be kept for a principle. A great man should not believe in himself in the same sense that his disciples may rightly believe in him. His belief is, as far as it goes, a reason for theirs; it should never be a reason for itself. And if any one deny that belief can be a reason for itself, he knows but little of the development of thought; nothing is commoner than to mistake liveliness of conception for evidence. The belief in plenary inspiration is a perennial danger; every great man needs his sceptical critics, and would gain incalculably by attention to the criticisms that appear to him most frivolous. But the power to do this is rare, and not likely to be allied with genius; and a great man's admirers should fill up his deficiencies and distinguish his inspiration from his fancies, as it is almost impossible that he should do it for himself. No service is greater, but none needs more courage, or earns less gratitude.

A man of genius should be judged rather differently from ordinary men. In some respects he should be judged more leniently, for we should never forget our gratitude for what he has done

in our regret for what he has left undone. But it is a more important truth in our day to remember that a great man should in some respects be judged more severely than other men. To judge a man's standard is almost futile. That is the part of judgment that man does *not* share with the Divine judge. And to judge his conduct by his standard is unquestionably easier with great men than with small ones. "Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" We may declare war upon one who says that a man should steal, but can hardly judge; or at least, we can judge him only when he refuses to let himself be robbed. What we have to ask of every one is,—Does he carry out his own standard irrespective of the part he and those he cares for take in it? Does it make a difference in his view that it has to be interpreted actively or passively? Does his own conduct mirror his own claim? Is he ready to bear what he is ready to inflict? Surely

we might as well question whether it be easier to read by daylight or candle-light, as whether we see this most clearly under the illumination of genius. One of the chief benefits that great men do their kind is that they force us to recognize what is true of ordinary men. Genius is the momentary flicker of average experience, expanded to fill a life; and the great man exhibits what many a small man feels. It is not flattery to recognize this isolation of the individual with that law which has appealed to him as the mandate of the Divine ruler or the postulate of a world of order, until we allow him to prescribe the limits of that law; but from this temptation genius is as little exempt as ordinary humanity, while its errors here are disastrous to mankind. Nothing that man can do and leave undone is much more important than that the many should, in such a danger, strengthen and guard the one.—*Spectator*.

PROSE-POEMS.

THE poetry of prose and the poetry of verse must not be compared together. Their laws of expression are different. That the magic of the power of verse is, in its own domain, immensely greater than that of prose, is indisputable. Nevertheless, the poetry of prose has a very real existence. Without aspiring to the peculiar power of verse it has its own perfections; it has its own *curiosa felicitas* of words, its own delectable and haunting melodies. It is true that instances of its perfection are extremely rare. Yet these are sometimes to be found; instances in which a poetic thought is perfectly expressed; so that although verse might say it differently, it could not in that instance say it better, or with more telling power.

Such an instance is the brief but exquisitely beautiful prose-poem which Lander puts into the mouth of Æsop. He, desiring that in the life of Rhodope "The Summer may be calm, the Autumn calmer, and the Winter never come," and being answered with a fond remonstrance, "I must die then earlier?" replies—

"Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

What verse, except the rarest, was ever sweeter or took the ear more surely captive? And this of Lander's also may compare with it. It may be called the Depths of Love.

"There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

There is not much in our language which can really rival this. Lander himself rarely broke into such singing. In truth, the spirit of his prose was "vowed unto austerity;" it loved the hermit's cell, the vigil, and the scourge of cords, better than the "gorgeous storms of music," and the glow of painted panes. His mind was of that

curious cast, in this resembling Mr. Browning's, which has the gift of turning words to music, and which yet seems careless or disdainful of its power; in consequence of which misfortune we are accustomed to receive from these great men ten volumes of the words of Mercury to one of Apollo's songs. Let us remember, for our comfort, that the rarity of jewels makes them of a richer value, and be thankful even for what we have.

But such fragments of poetic prose are not, in the strictest sense, prose-poems; for a poem is a work of art, designed to stand alone, rounded, complete, and self-sustained. Prose-poems of this finished kind are among the rarest forms which literature has taken in our language. The specimens which we possess are scattered through the works of a few great writers. If we attempt to reckon up the list of them, we shall find the task before us only too brief and easy; for in truth, we possess no more than a few scattered jewels. It will not, alas! take long to count them, though we count as slowly and as gloatingly as a miser tells his hoard.

In such a summary as that proposed, the three Dreams of Landor stand almost at the head, "The Dream of Euthymedes," "The Dream of Petrarca," and, above all, "The Dream of Boccaccio." The last, which is too long for purpose of quotation, and too fine to be disjointed, contains a "Dream within a Dream,"—the scenes which passed before the eyes of Boccaccio when first he drank the waters of forgetfulness from the vase of Fiammetta. One passage may be cited from the introduction to this Dream, as an apt illustration of what prose can do, and of what, except in its last perfection, it cannot do. It is spoken by Petrarca to Boccaccio—

"Poets know the haunts of poets at first sight: and he who loved Laura—O Laura! did I say he who loved thee?—hath whisperings where those feet would wander which have been restless after Fiammetta."

The very spirit of poetry is in these words, and yet they seem to fail of full perfection; they do not fill the soul with music, as does the finest verse; they have not the sweet and haunting charm, for instance, of these,—

"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if

ye find my beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love."

Nothing in Landor's work quite equals this. But then—what does?

Among English authors of prose-poems, three names, after Landor's, stand out pre-eminent, the names of De Quincey, Poe, and Ruskin. Each of these writers is possessed of a power and charm peculiarly his own. Neither has much in common with the others. The change from Landor to De Quincey is immense; from Landor's idiom, brief, self-restrained, even when (too rarely) "musical as is Apollo's lute," to De Quincey's Nile-like overflow, at times in its diffuseness spreading like waste waters, yet rising (at its best) into a movement almost like the "solemn planetary wheelings" of the verse of Milton. Compare a Dream of his with one of Landor's. Both are noble; but the difference is world-wide.

"The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dire extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom,—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurrys to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!"

De Quincey's Dreams, it must not be forgotten, though now embedded in the substance of other work, were separately written, and designed to stand alone. The one above given, together with the three from "Suspiria de Profundis"—the "Mater Lacrymarum" above all—

touches the high-water mark of poetic prose. And, like Landor's, De Quincey's highest flights are dreams; a fact which leads one to remark the curious fondness—curious, that is, in extent, though in itself most natural—which minds of great imaginative power have felt for embodying their conceptions in the form of dreams and visions. In all ages has this been the case. In a vision Isaiah saw the Seraph flying with a coal from off the altar. In a vision the Spirit stood before Job. In a vision the author of the Apocalypse saw the woman clothed in scarlet, and Apollyon cast into the pit, and Death on the pale horse. So also in a vision Bunyan saw his pilgrim, journeying through perils. So Novalis saw visions, so Richter dreamed dreams. In a vision (recorded in the only prose-poem he has left us) Lamb saw the Child-Angel—most beautiful of apparitions—who keeps in heaven perpetual childhood, and still goes lame and lovely.

Poe's prose-poems stand apart. In their peculiar characteristics no other writings in the world resemble these. Nor is this wonderful—for what mortal ever resembled their extraordinary creator? His was a cast of mind beyond all other men's unearthly. His spirit set up her abiding house in a strange and weird land. It was a land haunted by shapes of loveliness and by shapes of terror; a land in which were sights and sounds to freeze the blood; but a land which also held in its odd angles the Island of the Fay and the Valley of the Many-colored Grass. His style became, when he so desired, a power which added a deeper color of romance to what was in itself romantic, as sunset wraps some wild land of ruins in its glow of sombre fires. Undoubtedly Poe's finest effort is the piece called "Silence." It is a piece which stands among the finest specimens existing of the power of prose to take poetic tone, the power which loads a sentence with impressiveness. The sweet and limpid music of Landor's "Depths of Love" is far away. The words move forward, in the phrase of Casca, like "a tempest dropping fire." Take any paragraph, at random—

"And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray

rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray and ghastly, and tall—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decipher them. And I was going back into the morass when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock and upon the characters; and the characters were *Desolation*."

Poe's other work in this direction, prose-poems which may stand in the same rank with "Silence," are "The Island of the Fay," and "Eleanora." But all his poetry, whether prose or verse, is such as has no counterpart elsewhere. Alike at its best and at its weakest it bears the recognized impression of his mind. It breathes in every line its own peculiar fragrance, not to be mistaken—as the honey of Hymettus tasted of the wild thyme.

Mr. Ruskin comes into our category by reason rather of his unrivalled mastery of poetic prose than for any deliberate prose-poem, which, indeed, he has never set himself to write. There are passages without number in his works in which word-painting (to use a phrase which would be hateful were it not so convenient), and even eloquence—two things vastly different from poetry, however often they are confused with it—are made poetical by sheer excess of beauty. This distinction between description which is poetical, and description which, however fine, is merely graphic, is a distinction which, if rigorously applied, at once puts out of court nine tenths of what is generally called poetic prose. An illustration here is far better than any argument, for the distinction is one that must be felt, not argued. Compare, then, together these two descriptions of the same scene—the scene of Turner's picture of "Chryses on the Shore." The first is by a recent critic, the second is Mr. Ruskin's.

"The large picture of Chryses merits attention not only from its fine drawing of rocks, trees, and above all of waves, but also from its departure from the conventional brown landscape-manner of the time. We have here warm and noble color; the golden light of sunset suffuses the whole scene, and turns from blue to green the sea round the path of the sun."

This is a fair instance of the descrip-

tion which is pictorial, but not poetical. Now take the next :

"There the priest is on the beach alone, the sun setting. He prays to it as it descends ; flakes of its sheeted light are borne to him by the melancholy waves, and cast away with sighs upon the sand."

This is a prose-poem. It is a poem both in tone and cadence. Its words have something of the power usually found only in the finest verse. Like that, it steals upon the soul with music, dies off, and leaves it satisfied.

And what is this on Venice ?

"—a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet, so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City and which the Shadow."

Or this on lichens ?

"Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the Autumn wastes not. Strong in loveliness, they neither blanch in heat, nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills ; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance ! and while the winds of departing Spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and Summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone ; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

Or, as a last example, this on Imagination ?

"Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth, and her home is in heaven. Shut her from the fields of the celestial mountains, bar her from breathing their lofty, sun-warmed air ; and we may as well turn upon her the last bolt of the Tower of Famine, and give the keys to the keeping of the wildest surge that washes Capraja and Gorgona."

Such a passage bears the highest mark of the poetic mind ; the mind of which even the most abstract thought comes forth in form and shape, calls up a train of glorious imageries, as a sultan calls his slaves, and so appears before the eye in visible presentment—rich, impressive, solemn, or gorgeous as the procession of a king. But a consideration of this power, in which no prose writer ever rivalled Mr. Ruskin, would beguile us from our purpose. We must go no more astray. Our design was not to wander in the wild and witching regions

of poetic prose, but to reckon up our stock of strict prose-poems. And in truth, when we descend to the work of weaker writers, it is to find, too often, that the Muse, released from building verse into a finished structure, is apt to prove contented with a heap of rich material. The pilgrim whom she undertakes to guide, far from finding himself ushered into some fair Palace of Art, made beautiful with loving skill, firm-built on its crag-platform, fringed with its golden gallery, a statue poised on every peak, its pictured windows glowing like fixed flames, finds himself perpetually, like Clarence, among the wedges of gold and heaps of pearls, surrounded by waste wrecks of futile treasure.

What, then, of strict prose-poems have we left ?—of the highest rank, that is, what have we ? Hawthorne, to whom some may be disposed to turn, is, at least to certain readers, repellently self-conscious. Coleridge has given us "The Wanderings of Cain" and the "Allegoric Vision ;" Dickens has given us, "A Child's Dream of a Star ;" Christopher North, "The Fairy's Funeral." But these—and such as these are all we have remaining—rank far below the highest. These are no rivals of the power of verse. On the whole, our list of greatest must consist of five names only—Landor, Poe, Lamb, Ruskin, and De Quincey. *Inter viburna cupressi*—these are the cypresses among the vines.

Collections of verse-poems are not rare ; but of prose-poems proper no such collection has as yet been made. And this is strange. It is true that the volume which collected our possessions would, if made, be far from bulky. Yet it is not too much to say that such a volume would contain specimens of the noblest writing in our language. Glowing imagery, rich and varied music, would combine to make its pages "a perpetual feast of nectared sweets." In these would meet together all the lovely and awful creations of the great men at whose writings we have been glancing. There would be Fiammetta, holding the vase of magic water, the lilies gleaming in her hair. There would be the caverns, the warm ocean, the innumerable arches, and the breezy sunshine of the mole of Baiæ ; and the grottoes, forts,

and dells of Naples. There would be the dust of Posilippo, "soft as the feathers in the wings of Sleep;" the form of Love hiding his arrow-barb behind his heels, and Hope, whose face is always shadowed by a colored cloud. There would be the crashing forest and the yellow ghastly marsh beside the river Zaire, with the man trembling on the rock, and the demon hiding among the sighing lilies beneath the crimson moon. There would be the ghostly Island, and the frail canoe, and the fading Fay upon the shadowy waters; and the asphodels,

the red flamingoes, the singing river and the golden clouds of the Valley of the Many-colored Grass. There would be the Babe "who goeth lame and lovely," and the grave of Adah by the river Pison; and there would be our Lady of Tears, with the diadem about her brow, calling by night and day for vanished faces. Well might the slender volume which gathered up such treasures bear for the motto of its title-page this inscription, "INFINITE RICHES IN A NARROW ROOM."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

The author publishes in a collected form in this volume a series of parlor lectures given in Baltimore to a class of ladies. She tells us in her preface that she was surprised, in examining the total mass of Shakespearian criticism, to find how little of the same kind of work has been done. She acknowledges her obligations to Hazlitt, Coleridge, Gervinus, Richard Grant White, Christopher North, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Martin, etc., but disclaims meddling with any of the more knotty or serious points of criticism. The object she has in view is merely to bring out obvious points of dramatic interest, and to enable her readers to get a clear idea of the story and the characters. The purpose set forth is one well within the grasp of a thoughtful, cultivated, and appreciative woman, and though she gives us what some of her more austere and cynical critics might denounce as well-threshed straw, in some instances she succeeds in intermingling with it considerable good and wholesome grains of thought and fancy, matter which, if never strikingly original or illuminating, is nevertheless gracefully and cogently put. What more than this can be demanded? Indeed, to write at this time about Shakespeare on any high plane of fresh and brilliant research would require both eminent genius in criticism and the most extensive equipment in scholarship. Mrs. Latimer very modestly forestalls fault-finding in the setting forth of her plan.

The comedies selected are "Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night,"

"Merchant of Venice," and "Cymbeline." She gives a careful history of each play, the sources whence the story was drawn, an analysis of the plot and characters, and such other things as would interest the reader of average cultivation. Frequent and lengthy extracts from Coleridge, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Martin, and others, give increased interest to the discussion. There are thousands of young ladies throughout the land who will receive this book with no less interest than did those fair students who first listened to the oral lectures. The pabulum, fairly nourishing, is well dressed and nicely served.

BEN JONSON. By John Addington Symonds. (English Worthies, edited by Andrew Lang.) New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Next to the unapproachable sun and centre of the Elizabethan planetary system, William Shakespeare, no one of the brilliant literary lights which adorned the epoch is more worthy of attention, none filled a more important place than "rare old Ben Jonson." Had there been no Shakespeare, Jonson, as also Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Kit Marlowe, and others would have stood much higher in critical estimation; but they lived too near the refulgent centre. Of all the companion dramatists of the time, Massinger and Jonson suffer least by the comparison, and both these great men are the fathers of plays which, however rarely they are acted, are immortal.

Ben Jonson is specially worthy of study, for he was *sui generis*. Of great scholarly accomplishments, which he wore ponderously and pretentiously, of a brilliant, incisive intellect and the keenest observation, he united a sturdy, combative, and somewhat cynical

temperament with a lofty sense of the dignity and grandeur of the poet's mission. No one of his age more consistently exalted his calling nor bore himself more proudly. In this he differed notably from Shakespeare, who seemed to have given his immortal works to the world in the same careless spirit with which a bird sings, little recking of the piercing sweetness of his own transcendent strain. Jonson, indeed, was conscious of this, and sings with a spirit of half-reproach,

"Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's Child,
Warbles his native wood note wild,"

as if he recognized with some impatience the careless and easy affluence of his friend's production. "Rare old Ben's" method and ideal were antipodal to this. He seems never to have conceived his characters by synthesis, by the power of pure creative imagination, nor to have evolved these characters, pitched to the key-note of the great issues of life, by an inevitable internal law—the law of their own being. We have, on the other hand, a careful realistic analysis of the follies, crimes, and shortcomings of society, almost terrible at times in its ruthless plainness of speech; characters laboriously built up with a firmness as solid as granite; and a dramatic structure artificial and well-balanced, though oftentimes unable to conceal the machine work and scaffolding with which the building has gone on to completion. Yet this does not argue poverty of imagination. Scattered profusely through these massive plays are strokes of insight, play of fancy, poignant reflection which illuminates as with the lightning flash, poetic outbursts worthy of Shakespeare himself, diamond-bright wit, and satire scathing as fire. But doughty and dazzling as Jonson's harness was, he did not move in it with nimble ease, and many a modern reader will sigh as he so often stumbles over the far-fetched pedantic allusions, the straining after the classical method, and the anxiety of the dramatist to empty all the resources of his vast learning into each separate work.

His conscientiousness as an author is no less evident in the labor he bestowed, sometimes so unfortunately, in the workmanship of his plays, than in his apparent conviction that the highest justification of the dramatic poet is his attitude as teacher or reformer. In pursuance of this Ben Jonson is so logically extreme that his personages sometimes lose all the vitality of flesh and blood, and become mere abstractions of virtue and vice. Yet he

arms these phantoms with such trenchant and sturdy weapons, that we often forget their insubstantiality in the potency of their words.

Ben Jonson, born in 1753, though bred to the trade of bricklaying, yet had in him the blood of a gentleman. His ancestral instincts quickly resented such "base mechanical use," and he seems to have persuaded his bricklaying stepfather to send him to school. He received a scholarship in Westminster school, and was fortunate in the instruction of the great scholar William Camden, who found him a pupil not only of marvellous aptness but burning zeal. Young Jonson here laid the foundation of the scholarship which he so assiduously cultivated in after years, for he seems never to have gone to the University. We next find him soldiering with the forces under Leicester and Sydney in the Low Countries, and after a year or two returned home again, when he speedily becomes a husband and a father. That Jonson shortly after this began to write for the stage is tolerably certain, but it was not till six years subsequently that his first great play (and certainly one of the greatest, as it is the only one which has retained its hold on the acting stage), "Every Man in his Humor," was produced. At the outset Jonson did not belong to the company headed by Shakespeare and Burbage, though later he was associated with it, and found his greater rival one of his warmest friends and patrons. Their connection thereafter was most intimate, and in spite of Jonson's fierce arrogance and almost brutal assumption, we never find it exercised at the expense of his "gentle Shakespeare." Indeed, does he not in one of the noblest panegyrics ever written hail in his great comrade a tragic and comic genius, born "not of an age but for all time," who might compete with "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth" and with all that had been furnished from their ashes by the feebler poets of a colder clime?

It does not lie within our purpose to follow Ben Jonson in his long and brilliant career. He gave to the world a succession of comedies and tragedies which belong to the glory of his age. His fierce temper and indomitable pugnacity, inspired by a conceit truly colossal, involved him in literary quarrels of the bitterest sort, and his hand was against every one except Shakespeare. His great comedies were "Every Man in his Humor," "Volpone," "The Silent Woman," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Alchemist;" his great tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline;" but it is in

comedy rather than tragedy that he shines resplendently.

Some passages from Mr. Symonds's brilliant study will convey to our reader not only a clear notion of Jonson's quality as a dramatist and writer, but give some flavor of the pleasant banquet he has before him in the biographer's work. "Without predecessor and without legitimate successor, he stands alone, colossal, iron-jointed, the Behemoth of the drama." . . . "Though a careful observer and minute recorder, Jonson rarely touched more than the outside of character. Not penetrating with the clairvoyance of imagination into the groundwork of personality, but constructing individuals from what appears of them on the surface, he was too apt to present one glaring quality to the exclusion of all others. Thus his men and women are the incarnations of abstract qualities rather than living human beings." . . . "In this respect the feeblest of the romantic dramatists excelled him. While Jonson made masks, the despised Dekker and Heywood created souls." . . . "He starts with character set, formed, well-defined; a master passion in complete empire; the man absorbed in his specific humor. This he unfolds with inexhaustible variety and brilliant wit before our eyes. He creates as many situations and occasions as he can for its display. But it never alters. The strict logic of his powerful understanding, his grasp of common circumstance, the immense resources of his thought and language enabled him to flash rays of light on each facet of the chosen humor," etc., etc. His greatness and defect as a dramatic writer may be summed up in this, that, while in no sense deficient in imagination, his pure intellectuality was so strong that it was never dominated and transfigured by imagination into the highest creative power, as was the case with Shakespeare.

The latter part of Ben Jonson's life, particularly after the accession of King James, a monarch after Jonson's own heart in his love of the Latins and the Greeks, was devoted to duty as a court poet in the writing of Masques and Revels, a species of diversion greatly in vogue. The only parts of these worthy of remembrance are delicious bits of lyrics, which stud them like gems. Many of these are immortal. In his old age the poet became poor and of such invalid health that life became a burden to him, but his old friends proved generous patrons and relieved his needs with unstinting hand. He died in 1637 at the ripe age of eighty-four, Charles I. then being on the

throne. Mr. Symonds in his final summing up says, with great force: "His throne is not with the Olympians, but with the Titans; not with those who share the divine gifts of creative imagination and inevitable instinct, but with those who compel our imagination by their untiring energy and giant strength of intellectual muscle. What we most marvel at in his writings is the prodigious brain-work of the man, the stuff of constant and inexhaustible cerebration they contain."

Mr. Symonds has added to his already brilliant reputation as critic and essayist in this study. His facts have been carefully sifted from contradictory evidence, and his analysis of Jonson as man and poet is a masterpiece of its kind. It is hardly necessary to say that few contemporary writers have greater command of a prose style at once graceful and trenchant.

RICHARD STEELE. By Austin Dobson. (English Worthies. Edited by Andrew Lang.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The days of Queen Anne have a charm to the lover of English literature and history only less than those of Queen Elizabeth. The creative splendor and audacity of the earlier age were lacking, but in their place we have a genial humanity and a distinct striving after perfection of artistic form, which belong to the natural order of literary development. The name of Sir Richard or "Dick" Steele is perhaps a little more obscure in the minds of the general reader than that of Pope, Swift, and Addison, but to the student of the times it is associated with a more warm and hearty regard if it fails to evoke the same high admiration. As a factor in the evolution of social and literary England, this man was one of great importance. He was the father of English journalism, fully as much as Fielding was the father of the English novel.

Steele was born in Dublin, in 1672, of a respectable Irish family, and was educated at the Charterhouse School, and finally at Christ Church, Oxford. Addison, his lifelong friend and literary co-worker, was at both institutions with him, though somewhat his senior. Steele did not finish his University career, but, inspired by the martial enthusiasm of the times (this was during William's reign), enlisted as a gentleman volunteer in the army. It was about this time that he wrote his first production that attracted notice, "The Christian Hero." As Steele was known as a young man of dissipated tendencies, he avowed the reason for the book in the fact that he, knowing his

own weaknesses, aimed to create a perfect ideal of life, which, being continually in his mind, should have influence to restrain and correct his habits. For poor Steele, whose instincts were of the noblest and manliest sort, whose sympathies reached out to all that was purest and best in life, could echo the words of Horace :

"Video meliora proboque, sed deteriora sequor."

The book was a great success, and if Captain Steele did not find his ideal quite the check he had hoped on his roystering tendencies, the way in which he had set it before the world opened the gateway of literary success for him, in spite of his love of the wine-cup, which left him in a lifelong alternation of sinning and repenting.

The attention of all authors of the day was naturally turned to the stage, which had begun to recover from the gross immoralities of Vanbrugh, Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and others of the earlier school of old English comedy. Steele in his "Funeral, or Grief à la Mode," set an example of the purer drama, and this first play of our author made a distinct hit. It was followed by "The Lying Lover" and "The Tender Husband." Some of the most brilliant players of the age, such as Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, Wilks, and Colley Cibber, appeared in them. We cannot linger over this portion of Steele's life, except to say that in his play-writing he displayed the same distinct purpose to set up a higher ideal which animated all his work.

In 1706 he succeeded to a considerable property in the West Indies through the death of his wife, and, as he had been appointed "Gazetteer," or the editor of the Government weekly record of important current events, his finances became comparatively easy, for such an immoderate spendthrift as Steele always was. His second marriage with Mistress Mary Scurlock, his "darling Prue," followed shortly, and with her poor "Dick" led as comfortable a life as matrimony could allow to one so improvident, facile, good-natured, and easily tempted. Mrs. Scurlock probably had the worst of it after all, and her love for the fascinating scapegrace was no doubt as severely tried, as it once had been attracted, by those qualities which, however agreeable in the Benedict are not altogether desirable in the spouse. In spite of the West Indian estate and large earnings, the Steele family soon began a long and hard fight with poverty, and if our hero did not land in the sponging-house and the debtors' jail, it was more by good luck than by

desert. Having said so much of personal detail about Steele, let us now occupy ourselves with his work in literature.

It was his labor over the thin gruel of stuff given to the world by Government authority in the *Gazette*, which then stood for the newspaper, that gave Steele the idea of the *Tatler*. The first number appeared on April 12th, 1709, and was announced as "by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," published Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; its scope covered accounts of society and amusements, poetry, current learning and literature, and foreign and domestic news. It was full of bright and pungent little essays, some of the type of what is known to-day as the leader or editorial, some of them merely descriptive or satirical. But all were animated by charm of style and freedom of treatment. It was the precursor of the great daily journal of to-day, though distinctly different in so many ways. The *Tatler* was a success from the first, and its studies of social life in many respects compared favorably with the delightful essays afterward contributed by Addison and Steele to the *Spectator*, which succeeded the *Tatler*. It is known, too, that some of the *Tatler* papers were the products of Addison's pen, but Steele fathered nine tenths of the work. Mr. Dobson thus compares the contributions of the two men, a comparison which holds good for their later association on the *Spectator* as well: "What Steele, with his veined humanity and ready sympathy, derived from 'conversation,' to use the eighteenth-century expression for intercourse with the world, he flung upon his paper then and there without much trouble of selection; what Addison perceived in his environment, when, to use Steele's expression, he began 'to look about and like his company,' he carried carefully home to carve into some gem of graceful raillery or refined expression. If Addison delights us by his finish, he repels us by his restraint and absence of fervor. If Steele is careless, he is always frank and genial. Addison's papers are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence which was far beyond the reach of Steele's quicker and more impulsive action. But for the words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white-heat of generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation, we must turn to the essays of Steele."

The *Tatler* was dropped after little more than a year and was succeeded by the *Spectator*. The latter is, of course, familiar to all

lovers of English literature as one of the landmarks. Steele contributed to it almost as largely as did Addison, and literary students find but little less pleasure in Steele's part than in the charming papers by the other more celebrated name. When the *Spectator* discontinued it was succeeded by the *Guardian*, which was more political in its tone, as by this time Steele had got into the thick of controversy and had among his opponents no less a redoubtable foe than Dean Swift. We cannot follow Steele's relation to the politics of the age, his association with such men as Pope, Swift, Gay, and others, nor attempt to discuss his connection with such public men as Henley and St. John. All this, interesting as it is, must be sought by the reader in the biography.

In his latter years Steele made considerable money as a theatrical manager, but was never entirely out of financial difficulties. It was in these latter years, too, that he wrote the play of "The Conscious Lovers," which furnished a favorite part for Mrs. Abingdon and Peg Woffington. One of the cardinal virtues of Steele was that, in a day when woman was regarded as legitimate prey for man's licentious pursuit, he ever depicts her with the most chivalrous respect and tenderness, and that throughout the whole tenor of his writings, dramatic and social, essay, poem and play, there is a manly sincerity and fervor which go straight to the heart and make us think we would have liked to have known the man. Steele was greatly beloved by his friends, and the modern readers of his writings all include themselves in this term. Mr. Dobson's biographical sketch is an admirable account of his life, and one that deserves to be widely read.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE literary event in France is the publication of a philosophical drama in five acts, by M. Ernest Renan, entitled *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*.

THE new native printing-houses of Constantinople are now bringing out Persian books in a decorated style. Although some copies are sent for sale to Teheran, the chief supply is for the local school of Persian scholarship, in which ladies also indulge. We may mention incidentally that there are now four Turkish ladies publishing poetry, and the works of one of those of the last generation have been collected. The new enterprise of printing Persian books is likely to find customers in the

large and wealthy Persian colonies of Constantinople and Smyrna.

DR. ARNOLD LANG, formerly assistant to Prof. Haeckel, is to be the first Ritter Professor of Philogeny. It will be remembered that Herr Paul von Ritter gave 15,000*l.* to the Jena University for the purpose of investigating the hypotheses of evolution and examining the Darwinian theory. It has been decided that one half of this sum shall be devoted to the maintenance of the above professorship.

It is proposed to hold a meeting of the various scientific societies in Australia and New Zealand in 1888 (the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the colonies), upon the lines of the British Association meetings, and to form an Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, with similar aims and objects. The general committee or council will be composed of delegates from the different colonies or colonial scientific societies. The number of delegates from each society or colony is to be proportionate to the number of members from the particular colony or society taking part in the proceedings. If the general committee be established on the basis suggested, viz., one delegate to each hundred members or less, the total number of such representatives would be about twenty-five or thirty, since there are some twenty scientific societies in the Australasian colonies, and the number of members is between 2,500 and 3,000. To the seven sections corresponding to the seven of the British Association there will be three added: H, Medical and Sanitary Science; I, Literature and the Fine Arts; J, Architecture and Engineering.

MR. WADDINGTON's selection of translated sonnets will be published in December in Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Canterbury Poets." It will include a number of hitherto unpublished translations, by Mr. E. Gosse, from the Swedish and Dutch poets; by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, from Salvator Rosa and Mr. Rossetti's father, Gabriele Rossetti; by Mr. Austin Dobson, from Molière and other French poets; by Dr. Garnett, from Italian and Polish; and by Mrs. Edmonds, from modern Greek sonneteers. Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, and Mr. A. Lang are also represented in the selection, which concludes with a translation by the editor of a sonnet by Hugo Grotius.

M. PAUL DU CHAILLU, who for several years has been residing in the North, chiefly Copenhagen, has just finished a work on the wan-

derings, religion, culture, and conquests of the earliest Scandinavians, entitled "The Viking Age."

THE first volume of the letters of Baron Ricasoli has just been published at Florence. Those inserted in this instalment are most of them addressed to his brother Vincenzo, to Raffaello Lambruschini, to G. P. Vieusseux, Vincenzo Salvagnoli, Francesco Cempini, Cosimo Ridolfi, and the Grand Duke Leopold II., who in 1847 sent Ricasoli on an extraordinary mission to obtain the mediation of Carlo Alberto in a dispute with the Duke of Modena, "che in quel tempo provocò serli torbidi nella Lunigiana." The first document is dated 1829; the last is dated "28 maggio 1849," and addressed to his brother, and gives an account of the entry of the Austrians into Florence on the 25th of that month.

"ONE of the few remaining links between us and Shelley's friends—Mr. E. Silsbee, of Boston, Mass.—has been lately in London," says the *Academy*, "and will return for the winter when his trip in Spain is over. Mr. Silsbee was a Shelley devotee from his youth; and the first time he was in Florence he found out Jane Clairmont, so long an inmate of Shelley's house, and by whom Byron had a daughter who died young. Miss Clairmont sold Mr. Silsbee the only two manuscript books of Shelley's which she had; and they are now in safe custody at Harvard till Mr. Silsbee facsimiles them, which we hope he will do soon, either for the Shelley Society, to which he belongs, or his friends and the public. They contain a few unprinted lines of no special importance, some happy emendations of the 'Skylark' still unpublished, and the first draft of some shorter poems, commonplace at first, but lifted into perfectness by many changes of stanza, line, and word by Shelley's pen."

A MONUMENT was unveiled last week at Antwerp to the memory of Henri Conscience.

AN important sale of MSS. and early printed books has taken place at Strasbourg. Among the former are a richly illustrated Psalter of 1250, conjectured to have belonged to Irmingard of Baden, founder of the convent of Lichtental; numerous liturgical works written in South Germany from the thirteenth century to the fifteenth; MSS. of Tauler, Suso, and other mystical and devotional writers. Among the latter is a hitherto unknown Collectarius on vellum, printed in the same type as Joh. Senseschmidt's Missale Bambergense

of 1481. Catalogues may be had from Mr. D. Nutt, who will take charge of commissions.

THE death is announced, at the age of seventy, of the well-known Danish writer Dr. Adolph Steen, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Copenhagen, and a leading politician.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of Pushkin will fall on February 10th next year, and it is proposed to celebrate it in Russia by a popular subscription for the purpose of preserving the different houses in which he resided. His memory is also to be honored by the publication of a new edition of his works in Moscow.

THE *Bombay Gazette* is publishing a series of letters from Count Angelo de Gubernatis, descriptive of his recent visit to India. Though Count de Gubernatis had long cherished the wish to "live in the air, the light, the life of India," the principal object of his visit was to collect material for the formation of an oriental museum at Florence, in which he received the cordial co-operation of the wealthy natives of India.

SIR THOMAS WADE, K.C.B., has offered to present to the University of Cambridge the collection of Chinese literature he brought together during his long residence in China, on the condition that so long as his health permits he shall be its curator.

M. LÉON VALLÉE is about to bring out a supplement to his "Bibliographie des Bibliographies," published in 1884. The supplement will extend to about 300 pages.

THE adherents of the "New Philology" held a conference, or, as it was styled, a congress, at Hanover on the 4th inst. to which professors and students resorted from many parts of Germany. They declare that they do not attack the classic school of philology, but that they claim equal attention for the older and the Turanian languages, the study of which in the last thirty years has made much progress, and the philological value of which they consider has not received due appreciation.

ON the occasion of the Courban Bairam the Sultan set free Mr. Aivasli, an Armenian professor, poet, and editor. About four years ago Mr. Aivasli in his journal the *Mamul* (*Press*) indulged in publishing some verses of his which had been recited at a school examination in Cilicia. For these he was tried and found guilty of sedition, being sentenced to

banishment for life to the island of Chios, poets in the East enjoying, like Ovid, the privilege of being banished. Banishment, of course, does not prevent them from writing poetry, and, indeed, they are generally led to write panegyrics on the sovereign. However that may be, the Sultan on the festival pardoned Mr. Aivasli, who had not found Armenian poetry a gainful profession in a Greek Island.

M. JULES SIMON tells in the *Débats* an amusing story of Cousin. For the twelfth volume of Cousin's translation of Plato M. Simon made a version of the "Timæus" which, he hints, appeared without alteration by the nominal translator. Shortly after its publication M. Simon went to see Cousin, and began by inquiring after his health. "Very poorly," Cousin answered; "people will never know what labor that translation of the 'Timæus'—" Then, suddenly checking himself, he said, "Ah, I beg your pardon. You know better than I," and went on composedly to talk of other matters.

THE last number of the *Rousski Viestnik* (*Russian Messenger*) contains an interesting article by Prof. Julian Koulakovski, of Kief, on the present condition of the English universities. The professor visited Oxford and Cambridge during the summer of 1885. He finds many traces of the monastery among us, and thinks that, although England broke away from the Roman Church in the sixteenth century, we have cherished too many of its traditions. He is surprised at the luxury of the rooms of undergraduates, at the meagre amount of knowledge required for a pass degree, and the many signs that the universities have to deal with schoolboys merely. He remarks on the absence of any dissertations, whether for the B.A. or M.A. degree. Concerning the latter he must have been strangely misinformed, for he adds, somewhat naively, "The degree of master of arts is given to those of the bachelors who have remained in their colleges after taking their bachelor's degree, and, according to the testimony of the head of the college, have devoted their time to a course of study."

THE "autobiographical chapter" which will be included in the "Life of Charles Darwin," by his son, is occupied mainly, it is said, with an explanation of the writer's religious opinions. The book will, it is understood, be out before the close of the year.

THE approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will be celebrated by the publication

of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the apostle of the north of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint; and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation, the most notable will be that by Father Stevenson, S. J.

THE exhibition at the Public Record Office in connection with the Domesday commemoration will comprise the manuscript of Domesday Book (2 vols.), the Abbreviatio, the Breviate, a copy of the Boldon Book, the Red and Black Books of the Exchequer, the two volumes entitled "Testa de Nevil," early Hundred Rolls, and the Book of Aids of Edward III.; while at the British Museum will be shown the Survey of Lindsey, monastic cartularies containing surveys, the Inquisitio Eliensis, the transcript of the original Domesday return for Cambridge, printed editions of the Survey and translations, and loan contributions from other libraries. The following MSS. have been lent for exhibition: The Winton Domesday and the Liber Niger of Peterborough (the Society of Antiquaries); the two MSS. of the Inquisitio Eliensis (Trinity College, Cambridge); the Domesday Monachorum of Christ Church, Canterbury (Dean and Chapter of Canterbury); the Exon Domesday (Dean and Chapter of Exeter); and the Domesday of St. Paul's (Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's). The Principal Librarian of the British Museum will take charge of any documents that may be sent to him, and the committee will be glad to receive additions.

It is proposed to compile a list of existing works relating to Domesday Book, which will supply brief descriptions of the various Domesday MSS., the titles of all separate works dealing with any portions of Domesday Book, and the titles of all papers and pamphlets on the subject. A bibliography, which is believed to be complete except as to portions of Domesday Book in county histories and the transactions of societies, is at present in the press.

THE next volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which will get down as far as *sia*, will be out in a few weeks. One of the most important articles is, as we have previously said, Shakspeare, by the editor, with a bibliography supplied by Mr. H. R. Tedder. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes upon Sainte-Beuve, Mr. James Sime on Schiller, Mr. Rossetti on Shelley, and Prof. Minto on Sir Walter Scott; Madame Villari on Savonarola, Mr. Saintsbury

on Rousseau, and Mr. J. S. Reid on Ruhnken. Chief among the art articles is the "Rubens" of M. Hymans, Prof. Middleton contributing an article on "Schools of Painting." Sir E. Bunbury contributes a number of articles on classical geography. Russia is treated of by Prince Kropotkin and Mr. Morfill; while Scotland, as was to be expected in a work published in Edinburgh, requires five writers to do adequate justice to it. Among the scientific articles we may mention, "Rotifera," by Prof. Bourne, of Madras; "Series," by Prof. Cayley; "Seal," by Prof. Flower; and "Schizomycetes," by Prof. Marshall Ward. Semitic languages are dealt with by Prof. Nöldeke, Sir N. Barnaby writes on "Shipbuilding," and the Head Master of Eton on "Ship;" but "Rowing" falls to Mr. E. D. Brickwood, not to Dr. Warre.

MISCELLANY.

DOMESTIC INSTINCTS OF THE PUMA.—The men all went out one day beyond the frontier to form a *cercu*, as it is called, to hunt ostriches and other game. The hunters, numbering about thirty, spread themselves round in a vast ring, and, advancing toward the centre, drove the animals before them. During the excitement of the chase which followed, while they were all engaged in preventing the ostriches, deer, etc., from doubling back and escaping, it was not noticed that one of the hunters had disappeared; his horse, however, returned to its home during the evening, and on the next morning a fresh hunt for the lost man was organized. He was eventually found lying on the ground with a broken leg, where he had been thrown at the beginning of the hunt. He related that about an hour after it had become dark a puma appeared and sat near him, but did not seem to notice him. After a while it became restless, frequently going away and returning, and finally it kept away so long that he thought it had left him for good. About midnight he heard the deep roar of a jaguar and gave himself up for lost. By raising himself on his elbow he was able to see the outline of the beast crouching near him, but its face was turned from him and it appeared to be intently watching some object on which it was about to spring. Presently it crept out of sight, then he heard snarlings and growlings and the sharp yell of a puma, and he knew that the two beasts were fighting. Before morning he saw the jaguar several

times, but the puma renewed the contest with it again and again until morning appeared, after which he saw and heard no more of them. Extraordinary as this story sounds, it did not seem so to me when I heard it, for I had already met with many anecdotes of a similar nature in various parts of the country, some of them vastly more interesting than the one I have just narrated; only I did not get them at first hand and am consequently not able to vouch for their accuracy; but in this case it seemed to me that there was really no room for doubt. All that I had previously heard had compelled me to believe that the puma really does possess a unique instinct of friendliness for man, the origin of which, like that of many other well-known instincts of animals, must remain a mystery. The fact that the puma never makes an unprovoked attack on a human being or eats human flesh, and that it refuses, except in some very rare cases, even to defend itself, does not seem really less wonderful in an animal of its bold and sanguinary temper than that it should follow the traveller in the wilderness, or come near him when he lies sleeping or disabled and even occasionally defend him from its enemy the jaguar. We know that certain sounds, colors, or smells, which are not particularly noticed by most animals, produce an extraordinary effect on some species; and it is possible to believe, I think, that the human form or countenance, or the odor of the human body, may also have the effect on the puma of suspending its predatory instincts and inspiring it with a gentleness toward man, which we are only accustomed to see in our domesticated carnivores or in feral animals toward those of their own species. Wolves, when pressed with hunger, will sometimes devour a fellow-wolf; as a rule, however, rapacious animals will starve to death rather than prey on one of their own kind, nor is it a common thing for them to attack other species possessing instincts similar to their own. The puma, we have seen, violently attacks other large carnivores, not to feed on them, but merely to satisfy its animosity; and, while respecting man, it is, within the tropics, a great hunter and eater of monkeys, which of all animals most resemble men. We can only conclude with Humboldt that there is something mysterious in the hatreds and affections of animals.—*Longman's Magazine*.

AMERICAN PAUPERISM AND AMERICAN CHARITY.—No people are so tender, so generous, so lavish of active sympathy toward the

sick, the bereaved, and the unfortunate. In States which, probably from an instinct under their circumstance just and wise, refuse to recognize the right to subsistence by a legal provision for the poor—whereby the idle and vicious would chiefly benefit—nevertheless paupers by the visitation of God, the aged and infirm, the blind, the deaf and dumb, lunatics and idiots, are amply provided for by public and private charity, with all that can alleviate their lot, or teach them, as far as possible, the means of self-dependence. American charity toward the victims of great natural catastrophe, far more common there than here—communities burned out by a forest fire or ruined by a flood—and yet more the personal sacrifices made, the readiness with which men and women devote their leisure, thought, and energy to the supervision of their public institutions, the succor and nursing of a community stricken by pestilence, the efficient distribution of public subscriptions, are above praise. A careful study of transatlantic examples might put our own boasted lavishness to shame.—*Quarterly Review*.

COMPULSORY ATTENTION TO CHILDREN'S TEETH.—The prevalence of caries of the teeth among so large a majority of the units that comprise civilized communities, and the consequent pain and inconvenience entailed, and, perhaps unconsciously, the absence of those pleasures attending a good digestion which makes up so large a part of individual happiness, have induced the public to interest itself in the pathology and treatment, especially prophylactic, of these organs. Now, if we wish to get at the root of the evil we must commence our treatment with the deciduous teeth. Many patients—nay, even medical practitioners—ask, What is the use of preserving teeth which have only to serve their purpose for a time, and which nature will replace? If a surgeon were asked what is the use of provisional callus in a case of fracture his answer would be readily formulated, and just such an answer is applicable to the teeth. We will run over just a few of the points that may result from disease and its neglect. First, with regard to the child's health. With decayed teeth, and often, in addition, chronic gumboils, the little sufferer is kept awake at night and his digestion affected by inability to masticate his food, and more so by swallowing the fetid discharge from the abscesses. As a consequence the child becomes weak and puny, and so the already developing permanent teeth suffer from

the constitutional disturbance. Supposing each tooth as it becomes the seat of pain is extracted, then the masticatory power is greatly enfeebled, and, moreover, it has been shown that where many deciduous teeth have been removed, especially in the case of the canines, the jaw does not develop as rapidly as it should do, and consequently, when the permanent teeth erupt, some take their position inside and some outside the arch, which irregularity is a potent predisposing cause of caries, apart from its unsightliness. Again, take, for instance, a very common case, that of a second temporary molar extensively decayed. The first permanent molar assumes its due position posterior, and the first bicuspid anterior to it. Both these permanent teeth are frequently found affected on the side corresponding with the deciduous tooth, and the disease is undoubtedly due to the infection from decomposing food harbored by it. Although much more might be said upon this subject, we think that enough has been advanced to show the importance of first teeth with reference to the welfare of their successors, which should, but so often do not, do duty for a lifetime. We believe that nothing short of the periodical examination every six months, and treatment if necessary, of the teeth of children can effectually cope with this evil. At the recent meeting of the British Dental Association, Mr. Fisher, of Dundee, read a very able paper, in which he strongly advocated that dental surgeons should be appointed, with sufficient salaries to insure the possibility of conservative treatment, and not, as heretofore, only extraction, to all public schools, reformatories, industrial and endowed schools, training-ships, etc. He has examined the teeth of a large number of children attending schools, and found that on an average over 75 per cent. required dental treatment; he also mentions the startling fact that the principal manufacturers in London supply 10,000,000 artificial teeth per annum, showing the enormous loss of natural teeth among the community. There is already a move in the direction of Mr. Fisher's suggestion; as we noticed some time ago, the North Surrey District Schools have appointed a dental surgeon at £60 per annum, and since then the District School of Upper Norwood has a dental officer. The Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage has had for some years a dental surgeon.—*Lancet*.

CHANGING RELIGIONS IN RUSSIA.—The story of M. Conradi merits note. He is a Baptist

minister, a citizen of the United States. How this gentleman came to be at Simferopol is not mentioned, but when there lately he converted two Lutherans to his religious views and baptized them. For this offence the Governor promptly arrested him, and—after trial, we presume—passed sentence of imprisonment. The American Minister at St. Petersburg protested, naturally, and naturally also M. Conradi was released, but with an order to leave the country forthwith. The incident is curious, but it has produced results of a valuable character. The Russian Government declares a principle in such matters, long established, doubtless, but not generally known. It forbids conversion under any circumstances; whether a proselyte belong to the Orthodox Church or another is of no consequence. In this case certain Lutherans turned Baptists, a change, one might suppose, vastly indifferent to authorities who could not define the difference betwixt two creeds equally heretical. But it seems to be the law that such questions do not signify. In religion, as in other things, Russia follows the Protective system vigorously. The native article is encouraged, and foreign importations are not merely checked, but prohibited. One must be interested to know whether this rule applies to Pagans or Moslems. In logic it should, but reason is peculiarly subject to an autocrat's control. Even the Holy Synod might hesitate in this era of the world to expel a gentleman who had converted a Tartar or Samovede to Christianity. Yet the theory applies to this case, and since the Orthodox have made a dismal failure of their own missions, they may be urged by jealousy if the case should arise.—*Evening Standard.*

THE METROPOLIS OF NOISE.—“*Tu sei l'impero dell' armonia*,” sings one of the most widely known, if not the most classical, of Neapolitan composers, in chanting the praises of his native city. One can imagine the traveller, when he looks out of his bedroom window the first morning after his arrival, exclaiming, as he recalls this line to memory, “Noise there is plenty, but where is the harmony?” Further, one may think of him remarking, on being told that this screaming, shouting, perpetual hum of hideous noises is the true *armonia* signified by the poet, “Well, if this be harmony, Heaven preserve me from discord!” The Neapolitan delights in “the noise of folly,” for there is nothing serious in his reckless, gay, harlequin soul, and he is always astonished, and often resentful, that strangers

from the saturnine North should object to the strident atmosphere in which he himself rejoices. If you have only just left sober, silent Rome, with its dignified people, in whose mouth the Italian language sounds almost as sonorous as Spanish, and arrive at Naples, the contrast is great enough to persuade you that you must have fallen into another planet, instead of having only travelled ten hours by railway. Porters, octroi officials, omnibus touts, scream at each other in the highest key of their inharmonious voices, and as you are being buffeted about from one to the other, you begin to realize how little use your Italian guide-book phrases will be to you. But a handful of sous here and a half-franc there represents a dialect well understood from one end of the peninsula to the other. So you get under way at last, and arrive at your hotel, where you find that a serenade has been generously provided for you in the shape of a piano-organ a little out of tune. One powerful ruffian is grinding at it with all his might, while two others stand grinning, hat in hand, expectant of the shower of sous from the appreciative hands of the *Signori forestieri*. From morning till night the hubbub goes on. They begin long before you are dressed in the morning, sometimes five of them playing at the same time, all in different keys, all in different time, all out of tune, and all within ear-shot. Then, should it be the season of Advent, the piano-organs will be supplemented by the Pifferari of the Abruzzi, playing that music which is supposed to delight the long-suffering Madonna. Not but what there is something weirdly fascinating in this savage melody, with its melancholy drone and shrill scream, of the pipes, for round it clings something of the indefinable charm of antiquity. Some such as these, in Tempe or the dales of Arcady, might have been the models for the sculptor who worked at that Grecian urn which gave Keats the theme for the loveliest ode in the English language. But then they piped to Pan or Artemis; now they have changed the name of their goddess, but that is all. The people who use the same plough, delight in the same games, play the same instruments that their ancestors did two thousand years before, would hardly bow down before new gods. They also have the highest property of the true musician, in that they are in sympathy with their instrument, whose notes give out truly the humor and passion of the player; while the piano-organ, let the grinder grind his best, will do no more than rattle out its tunes in mechanical monotony. The Pifferaro believes

that the Madonna delights in his musical offering ; if the piano grinder believes likewise that his roaring deluge of notes gives us pleasure, he has at least a strong and living faith. Next to the so-called musician as a producer of noise comes the Neapolitan Jehu. The London cabman, although he may be at times prodigal of words in the settlement of his fare, cannot be accused of touting noisily for custom. The most he ever says is to mutter "Keb?" in a stage aside, when he sees a delicately shod pedestrian on a muddy bit of pavement ; not so his Neapolitan brother. How violently is he agitated, how deeply are his sensibilities outraged at the sight of a lady walking in the streets ! If you start to cross a *piazza* you feel that you become as it were the moving *meta* in a modern chariot race. From each corner a cab starts and bears down upon you at full gallop, and as they draw near, you begin to hope that you may escape the fervid wheels. This you may do if you can keep your head clear in the tempest of noise, for all four charioteers will be shouting and cracking their whips, and offering their rickety old cabs in a language which they think the stranger must understand. "*Mossii, vooles la vettoor!*" "*Madam, venti francs pour San Marti.*" "*Jannus a Posilip.*" (The Neapolitan form of "Let us go to Posilippo.") But sometimes the cabman refuses to take you, and neither blandishments nor threats of the police will move him. His only answer is "*Aggio già mangiat,*" the equivalent for "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day." In other words, he has earned enough to give himself a platter of macaroni, and to stuff his skinny horse with a bundle of the curious-looking fodder which passes in these realms for hay ; and, committing you to the care of the next cabman, who, of course, is his brother, he curls up inside his cab and goes to sleep. And now, having done with the horse and his driver, let us consider the case of the humble Zuccariello, the cabbage-vendor's donkey. How plaintively his ears droop as he stands with his nose almost touching the ground, while his master shouts and chaffers with the old woman at the stall over a drink of lemonade. What a paradise to poor Zuccariello would be the life of a Hampstead Heath donkey, even with a double allowance of Bank Holidays ! He has never been groomed ; kicks and blows have been his portion from babyhood, and the only food he gets are those vegetables which even the lazaroni find too "advanced." Surely there cannot be within his meagre little carcass breath

enough for a wheeze, much less for a bray ! But stop a minute. Suddenly round the corner comes Cocumella, the property of Pepino, the man who lets donkeys for strangers to ride. Cocumella is struggling up the hill to Camaldoli, staggering under the weight of the Frau Professor Mèhlsack, the ponderosity of whose body agrees with that of her husband's condition and style. Arrived in front of Zuccariello, Cocumella comes to a dead stop. They are old acquaintances, and immediately our friend of the cabbages is himself again. Elevating his nose, laying back his ears flat, he bursts forth into profuse strains of unpremeditated bray, loud and strident enough to break the drums of all but Neapolitan ears. The windows, being used to Vesuvius's eruptions and occasional earth tremors, stand the shock ; but not so our illusions. Zuccariello has destroyed the last of them.—*Home Chimes.*

THE ANTI-MISSIONARY RIOTS IN CHINA.—The truth about the origin of the recent anti-missionary riots in Chung-King, on the Yangtze River in China, has (the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* learns from undoubted authority) at length been discovered. Many buildings were destroyed and native Christians murdered, and the missionaries were forced to fly for their lives. It will be remembered that a telegram was received in Paris from the Roman Catholic bishop of the province alleging that the indiscreet conduct of the Protestant missionaries was the cause of the outbreak. This appears now to be wholly incorrect. A Roman Catholic cathedral has lately been built in the city in a most prominent position, as almost all the Roman Catholic edifices in China are. When putting on the roof, the Bishop persisted, in spite of repeated and urgent protests and warnings of the Governor and other local authorities, in using yellow tiles for the purpose. Now yellow is a color sacred in China to the Emperor, and yellow tiles are used in the Imperial palaces in Peking. The result was that popular annoyance, which was smouldering for a long time, broke out during the presence in the city of a large number of young men at one of the provincial examinations. The mob soon reduced the cathedral to a heap of ruins, and the Bishop's house and other missionary residences shared the same fate. The rioters went on to attack Europeans, including Protestant missionaries, who had nothing to do with the offending edifice.



